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AND A MEMOIR BY  
WILLIAM GIFFORD

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FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM



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# CONTENTS

OF

## THE THIRD VOLUME.

	PAGE
THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS. 1605-6 . . . . .	2
THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY. 1608-9 . . . . .	10
HYMENÆI OR THE SOLEMNITIES OF MASQUE AND BARRIERS AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF ESSEX AND LADY FRANCES HOWARD. 1606 . . . . .	18
THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID. 1608 . . . . .	36
THE MASQUE OF QUEENS. 1609-10. . . . .	44
THE SPEECHES AT PRINCE HENRY'S BARRIERS. 1610 . . . . .	63
OBERON, THE FAIRY PRINCE. 1610. . . . .	72
LOVE FREED FROM IGNORANCE AND FOLLY. 1610-11 . . . . .	78
LOVE RESTORED. 1610-11 . . . . .	83
A CHALLENGE AT TILT, AT A MARRIAGE . . . . .	88
THE IRISH MASQUE AT COURT . . . . .	92
MERCURY VINDICATED FROM THE ALCHEMISTS . . . . .	96
THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED. 1615 . . . . .	101
CHRISTMAS HIS MASQUE. 1616 . . . . .	105
THE MASQUE OF LETHE. 1617-18 . . . . .	111
THE VISION OF DELIGHT. 1617 . . . . .	115
PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE . . . . .	121
FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES . . . . .	127
NEWS FROM THE NEW WORLD IN THE MOON . . . . .	134



	PAGE
A MASQUE OF THE METAMORPHOSED GIPSIES . . . . .	140
THE MASQUE OF AUGURS. 1622-3 . . . . .	161
TIME VINDICATED. 1623-4 . . . . .	169
NEPTUNE'S TRIUMPH. 1624-5 . . . . .	177
PAN'S ANNIVERSARY. 1625-6 . . . . .	184
THE MASQUE OF OWLS. 1626 . . . . .	188
THE FORTUNATE ISLES, AND THEIR UNION. 1626-7 . . . . .	191
LOVE'S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS. 1630 . . . . .	200
CHLORIDIA : RITES TO CHLORIS AND HER NYMPHS. 1630 . . . . .	204
AN EXPOSTULATION WITH INIGO JONES . . . . .	209
LOVE'S WELCOME AT WELBECK. 1633 . . . . .	214
LOVE'S WELCOME AT BOLSOVER. 1634 . . . . .	220

---

EPIGRAMS . . . . .	224
DEDICATION TO THE EARL OF PEMBROKE . . . . .	224
1. TO THE READER . . . . .	225
Pray thee take care, that tak'st my book in hand.	
2. TO MY BOOK . . . . .	225
It will be looked for, Book, when some but see.	
3. TO MY BOOKSELLER . . . . .	225
Thou that mak'st a gain thy end, and wisely well.	
4. TO KING JAMES . . . . .	225
How, best of Kings, dost thou a scape bear.	
5. ON THE UNION . . . . .	226
When was there contract better driven by fate.	
6. TO ALCHEMISTS . . . . .	226
If all you boast of your great art be true.	
7. ON THE NEW HOT-HOUSE . . . . .	226
Where lately harboured many a famous whore.	
8. ON A ROBBERY . . . . .	226
Ridway robbed Duncote of three hundred pounds.	
9. TO ALL TO WHOM I WRITE . . . . .	226
May none whose scattered names honour my book.	
10. TO LORD IGNORANT . . . . .	226
Thou call'st me poet, as a term of shame.	
11. ON SOMEBODY THAT WALKS SOMEWHERE . . . . .	226
At court I met it, in clothes brave enough.	
12. ON LIEUTENANT SHIFT . . . . .	226
Shift, here in town, not meanest among squires.	
13. TO DOCTOR EMPIRIC . . . . .	227
When men a dangerous disease did 'scape.	

# CONTENTS.

vi

	PAGE
14. TO WILLIAM CAMDEN . . . . .	227
Camden ! most reverend head, to whom I owe.	
15. ON COURT-WORM . . . . .	227
All men are worms ; but this no man. In silk.	
16. TO BRAINHARDY . . . . .	227
Hardy, thy brain is valiant, 'tis confest.	
17. TO THE LEARNED CRITIC . . . . .	228
May others fear, fly, and traduce thy name.	
18. TO MY MERE ENGLISH CENSURER . . . . .	228
To thee, my way in Epigrams seems new.	
19. ON SIR COD THE PERFUMED . . . . .	228
That Cod can get no widow, yet a knight.	
20. TO THE SAME SIR COD . . . . .	228
The expense in odours is a most vain sin.	
21. ON REFORMED GAMESTER . . . . .	228
Lord, how is Gamester changed ! his hair close cut.	
22. ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER . . . . .	229
Here lies, to each her parents ruth.	
23. TO JOHN DONNE . . . . .	229
Donne, the delight of Phœbus and each Muse.	
24. TO THE PARLIAMENT . . . . .	229
There's reason good, that you good laws should make.	
25. ON SIR VOLUPTUOUS BEAST . . . . .	229
While Beast instructs his fair and innocent wife.	
26. ON THE SAME BEAST . . . . .	229
Than his chaste wife though Beast now know no more.	
27. ON SIR JOHN ROE . . . . .	229
In place of scutcheon, that should deck thy hearse.	
28. ON DON SURLY . . . . .	230
Don Surly, to aspire the glorious name.	
29. TO SIR ANNUAL TILTER . . . . .	230
Tilter, the most may admire thee, though not I.	
30. TO PERSON GUILTY . . . . .	230
Guilty, be wise ; and though thou know'st the crimes.	
31. ON BANCK THE USURER . . . . .	230
Banck feels no lameness of his knotty gout.	
32. ON SIR JOHN ROE . . . . .	230
What two brave perils of the private sword.	
33. TO THE SAME . . . . .	231
I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more.	
34. OF DEATH . . . . .	231
He that fears death, or mourns it, in the just.	
35. TO KING JAMES . . . . .	231
Who would not be thy subject, James, t' obey.	
36. TO THE GHOST OF MARTIAL . . . . .	231
Martial, thou gav'st far nobler Epigrams.	
37. ON CHEVERIL THE LAWYER . . . . .	231
No cause, no client fat, will Cheveril lose.	
38. TO PERSON GUILTY . . . . .	231
Guilty, because I bade you late be wise.	

	PAGE
39. ON OLD COLT For all night-sins, with others wives unknown.	232
40. ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE Marble, weep, for thou dost cover.	232
41. ON GIPSY Gipsy, new bawd, is turned physician.	232
42. ON GILES AND JOAN Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?	232
43. TO ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY What need hast thou of me, or of my Muse.	232
44. ON CHUFFE, BANCKS THE USURER'S KINSMAN Chuffe, lately rich in name, in chattels, goods.	233
45. ON MY FIRST SON Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy.	233
46. TO SIR LUCKLESS WOO-ALL Is this the sir, who, some waste wife to win.	234
47. TO THE SAME Sir Luckless, troth, for luck's sake pass by one.	234
48. ON MUNGRIL ESQUIRE His bought arms Mung' not liked; for his first day.	234
49. TO PLAYWRIGHT Playwright me reads, and still my verses damns.	234
50. TO SIR COD Leave, Cod, tobacco-like, burnt gums to take.	234
51. TO KING JAMES That we thy loss might know, and thou our love.	234
52. TO CENSORIOUS COURTLING Courtling, I rather thou shouldst utterly.	234
53. TO OLD-END GATHERER Long-gathering Old-end, I did fear thee wise.	235
54. ON CHEVERIL Cheveril cries out my verses libels are.	235
55. TO FRANCIS BEAUMONT How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse.	235
56. ON POET-APPE Poor Poet-appe, that would be thought our chief.	235
57. ON BAWDS AND USURERS If, as their ends, their fruits were so, the same.	236
58. TO GROOM IDIOT Idiot, last night I prayed thee but forbear.	236
59. ON SPIES Spies, you are lights in state, but of base stuff.	236
60. TO WILLIAM, LORD MOUNTEAGLE Lo, what my country should have done, have raised.	236
61. TO FOOL, OR KNAVE Thy praise or dispraise is to me alike.	236
62. TO FINE LADY WOULD-BE Fine Madam Would-be, wherefore should you fear.	236
63. TO ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY Who can consider thy right courses run.	236

# CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
64. TO THE SAME . . . . . Not glad, like those that have new hopes, or suits.	237
65. TO MY MUSE . . . . . Away, and leave me, thou thing most abhorred.	237
66. TO SIR HENRY CARY . . . . . That neither fame nor love might wanting be.	237
67. TO THOMAS, EARL OF SUFFOLK . . . . . Since men have left to do praiseworthy things.	238
68. ON PLAYWRIGHT . . . . . Playwright, convict of public wrongs to men.	238
69. TO PERTINAX COB . . . . . Cob, thou no soldier, thief, nor fencer art.	238
70. TO WILLIAM ROE . . . . . When Nature bids us leave to live, 'tis late.	238
71. ON COURT PARROT . . . . . To pluck down mine, Poll sets up new wits still.	239
72. TO COURTLING . . . . . I grieve not, Courtling, thou art started up.	239
73. TO FINE GRAND . . . . . What is't, Fine Grand, makes thee my friendship fly.	239
74. TO THOMAS, LORD EGERTON, CHANCELLOR . . . . . Whilst thy weighed judgments, Egerton, I hear.	239
75. ON LIPPE, THE TEACHER . . . . . I cannot think there's that antipathy.	240
76. ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD . . . . . This morning, timely rapt with holy fire.	240
77. TO ONE THAT DESIRED ME NOT TO NAME HIM . . . . . Be safe, nor fear thyself so good a fame.	240
78. TO HORNET . . . . . Hornet, thou hast thy wife-frest for the stall.	240
79. TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF RUTLAND . . . . . That Poets are far rarer births than kings.	240
80. ON LIFE AND DEATH . . . . . The ports of death are sins: of life good deeds.	240
81. TO PROULE THE PLAGIARY . . . . . Forbear to tempt me, Proule, I will not show.	241
82. ON CASHIERED CAPTAIN SURLY . . . . . Surly's old whore in her new silks doth swim.	241
83. TO A FRIEND . . . . . To put out the word where thou dost me woo.	241
84. TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD . . . . . Madam, I told you late how I repented.	241
85. TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE . . . . . Goodyere, I'm glad, and grateful to report.	241
86. TO THE SAME . . . . . When I would know thee, Goodyere, my thought looks.	242
87. ON CAPTAIN HAZARD, THE CHEATER . . . . . Touched with the sin of false play in his peruke.	242
88. ON ENGLISH MONSIEUR . . . . . Would you believe when you this Monsieur see	242

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
89. TO EDWARD ALLEN . . . . .	242
If Rome so great, and in her wisest age.	
90. ON MILL, MY LADY'S WOMAN . . . . .	243
When Mill first came to Court, the unprofiting fool.	
91. TO SIR HORACE VERE . . . . .	243
Which of thy names I take not only bears.	
92. THE NEW CRY . . . . .	243
Ere Cherries ripe, and strawberries be gone.	
93. TO SIR JOHN RADCLIFFE . . . . .	244
How, like a column, Radcliffe, left alone.	
94. TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD, WITH MASTER DONNE'S SATIRES . . . . .	244
Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are.	
95. TO SIR HENRY SAVILE . . . . .	245
If, my religion safe, I durst embrace.	
96. TO JOHN DONNE . . . . .	246
Who shall doubt, Donne, whér I a poet be.	
97. ON THE NEW MOTION . . . . .	246
See you yon motion, not the old fa-ding.	
98. TO SIR JOHN ROE . . . . .	246
Thou hast begun well, Roe, which stand well to.	
99. TO THE SAME . . . . .	247
That thou hast kept thy love, encreased thy will.	
100. ON PLAYWRIGHT . . . . .	247
Playwright, by chance hearing some toys I'd writ.	
101. INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER . . . . .	247
To night, grave sir, both my poor house and I.	
102. TO WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE . . . . .	248
I do but name thee, Pembroke, and I find.	
103. TO MARY, LADY WROTH . . . . .	248
How well, fair crown of your fair sex, might he.	
104. TO SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY . . . . .	248
Were they, that named you, prophets? Did they see.	
105. TO MARY, LADY WROTH . . . . .	249
Madam, had all antiquity been lost.	
106. TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT . . . . .	249
If men get name for some one virtue, then.	
107. TO CAPTAIN HUNGRY . . . . .	249
Do what you come for, Captain, with your news.	
108. TO TRUE SOLDIERS . . . . .	250
Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view.	
109. TO SIR HENRY NEVIL . . . . .	250
Who now calls on thee, Nevil, is a muse.	
110. TO CLEMENT EDMONDS ON HIS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES, OBSERVED AND TRANSLATED . . . . .	251
Not Cæsar's deeds, nor all his honours won.	
111. TO THE SAME ON THE SAME . . . . .	251
Who, Edmonds, reads thy book, and does not see.	
112. TO A WIAK GAMESTER IN POETRY . . . . .	251
With thy small stock why art thou venturing still.	
113. TO SIR THOMAS OVERBURY . . . . .	252
So Phœbus make me worthy of his bays.	

	PAGE
114. TO MISTRESS PHILIP SIDNEY . . . . .	252
I must believe some miracles still be.	
115. ON THE TOWN'S HONEST MAN . . . . .	252
You wonder who this is, and why I name.	
116. TO SIR WILLIAM JEPHSON . . . . .	253
Jephson, thou man of men, to whose loved name	
117. ON GROYNÉ . . . . .	253
Groyne, come of age, his state sold out of hand.	
118. ON GUT . . . . .	253
Gut eats all day, and lechers all the night.	
119. TO SIR RALPH SHELTON . . . . .	253
Not he that flies the Court for want of clothes.	
120. AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF THE CHAPEL . . . . .	254
Weep with me all you that read.	
121. TO BENJAMIN RUDYERD . . . . .	254
Rudyerd, as lesser dames to great ones use	
122. TO THE SAME . . . . .	255
If I would wish for truth, and not for show.	
123. TO THE SAME . . . . .	255
Writing thyself, or judging others writ.	
124. EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H. . . . .	255
Wouldst thou hear what man can say.	
125. TO SIR WILLIAM UVEDALE . . . . .	255
Uvedale thou piece of the first times, a man.	
126. TO HIS LADY, THEN MISTRESS CARY . . . . .	256
Retired, with purpose your fair worth to praise.	
127. TO ESME, LORD AUBIGNY . . . . .	256
Is there a hope that man would thankful be.	
128. TO WILLIAM ROE . . . . .	256
Roe, and my joy to name, thou'rt now to go.	
129. TO MIME . . . . .	256
That not a pair of friends each other see.	
130. TO ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO ON HIS BOOK . . . . .	257
To urge, my loved Alphonso, that bold fame.	
131. TO THE SAME . . . . .	257
When we do give, Alphonso, to the light.	
132. TO MR. JOSHUA SILVESTER . . . . .	258
If to admire were to command, my praise.	
133. ON THE FAMOUS VOYAGE . . . . .	258
No more let Greece her bolder fables tell.	
 THE FOREST . . . . .	 262
1. WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE . . . . .	262
Some act of Love's bound to rehearse.	
2. TO PENSHURST . . . . .	262
Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show.	
3. TO SIR ROBERT WROTH . . . . .	264
How blam art thou canst love the country, Wroth.	

	PAGE
4. TO THE WORLD, A FAREWELL FOR A GENTLEMAN, VIRTUOUS AND NOBLE . . . . .	266
False world, good night, since thou hast brought.	
5. SONG : TO CELIA . . . . .	266
Come, my Celia, let us prove.	
6. SONG : TO THE SAME . . . . .	267
Kiss me sweet, the wary lover.	
7. SONG : THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS . . . . .	267
Follow a shadow, it still flies you.	
8. SONG : TO SICKNESS . . . . .	267
Why, disease, dost thou molest.	
9. SONG : TO CELIA . . . . .	268
Drink to me only with thine eyes.	
10. PRÆLUDIUM . . . . .	268
And must I sing? what subject shall I chuse?	
11. EPODE . . . . .	269
Not to know vice at all, and keep true state.	
THE PHENIX ANALYSED (Note) . . . . .	269
Now, after all, let no man.	
ODE : <i>εὐθουλαστὴν</i> (Note) . . . . .	269
Splendor! O more than mortal.	
12. EPISTLE TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF RUTLAND . . . . .	271
Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold.	
13. EPISTLE TO KATHARINE, LADY AUBIGNY . . . . .	273
'Tis grown almost a danger to speak true.	
14. ODE TO SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY, ON HIS BIRTHDAY . . . . .	275
Now that the hearth is crowned with smiling fire.	
15. TO HEAVEN . . . . .	276
Good and great God, can I not think of Thee.	

### UNDERWOODS : CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.

THE SINNER'S SACRIFICE . . . . .	278
1. TO THE HOLY TRINITY . . . . .	278
O holy, blessed, glorious Trinity.	
2. A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER . . . . .	278
Hear me, oh God.	
3. A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR . . . . .	279
I sing the birth was born to-night.	

### A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS : IN TEN LYRIC PIECES.

1. HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING . . . . .	280
Let it not your wonder move.	
2. HOW HE SAW HER . . . . .	280
I beheld her on a day.	
3. WHAT HE SUFFERED . . . . .	280
After many scorns like these.	
4. HER TRIUMPH . . . . .	281
See the chariot at hand here of love.	

	PAGE
5. HIS DISCOURSE WITH CUPID . . . . .	281
Noblest Charis, you that are.	
6. CLAIMING A SECOND KISS BY DESERT . . . . .	282
Charis, guess, and do not miss.	
7. BEGGING ANOTHER, ON COLOUR OF MENDING THE FORMER . . . . .	282
For Love's sake, kiss me once again.	
8. URGING HER OF A PROMISE . . . . .	282
Charis one day in his course.	
9. HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN . . . . .	283
Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me.	
10. ANOTHER LADY'S EXCEPTION, PRESENT AT THE HEARING . . . . .	283
For his mind I do not care.	

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

1. THE MUSICAL STRIFE : A PASTORAL DIALOGUE . . . . .	284
Come, with our voices let us war.	
2. A SONG . . . . .	284
O do not wanton with those eyes.	
3. A SONG APOLOGETIC, IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND . . . . .	284
Men, if you love us, play us more.	
4. ANOTHER, IN DEFENCE OF THEIR INCONSTANCY . . . . .	285
Hang up those dull and envious fools.	
5. A NYMPH'S PASSION . . . . .	285
I love, and he loves me again.	
6. THE HOUR-GLASS . . . . .	285
Consider this small dust, here in the glass.	
7. MY PICTURE LEFT IN SCOTLAND . . . . .	286
I now think Love is rather deaf than blind.	
8. AGAINST JEALOUSY . . . . .	286
Wretched and foolish Jealousy.	
9. THE DREAM . . . . .	286
Or scorn, or pity, on me take.	
10. AN EPIGRAPH ON MASTER VINCENT CORBET . . . . .	287
I have my piety too, which could.	
11. ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE. TO THE READER . . . . .	287
This figure that thou here seest put.	
12. TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US . . . . .	287
To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name.	
13. ON THE HONOURED POEMS OF HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, BART. . . . .	290
This book will live : it hath a genius ; this.	
14. TO MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS "FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS" . . . . .	290
The wise and many-headed bench that sits.	
15. EPIGRAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE . . . . .	291
Underneath this sable horse.	
16. A VISION, ON THE MUSES OF HIS FRIEND, MICHAEL DRAYTON . . . . .	291
It hath been questioned, Michael, if I be.	
17. EPIGRAPH ON MICHAEL DRAYTON . . . . .	293
Do, pious marble, let thy readers know.	



	PAGE
18. TO MY TRULY BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER BROWN, ON HIS PASTORALS Some men, of books or friends not speaking right.	273
19. TO HIS MUCH AND WORTHILY ESTEEMED FRIEND, THE AUTHOR [JOHN STEPHENS] Who takes thy volume to his virtuous hands.	293
20. TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER GEORGE CHAP- MAN Whose work could this be, Chapman, to refine.	294
21. TO MY CHOSEN FRIEND, THE LEARNED TRANSLATOR OF LUCAN, THOMAS MAY, ESQUIRE When, Rome, I read thee in thy mighty pair.	294
22. TO MY DEAR SON AND RIGHT LEARNED FRIEND, MASTER JOSEPH RUTTER You look, my Joseph, I should something say.	295
23. EPIGRAM: IN AUTHOREM [NICHOLAS BRETON] Thou that would'st find the habit of true passion.	295
24. TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR, ON THE HUSBAND It fits not only him that makes a book.	296
25. TO THE AUTHOR [THOMAS WRIGHT] In picture, they which truly understand.	296
26. TO THE AUTHOR [T. WARRE] Truth is the trial of itself.	296
27. TO EDWARD FILMER, ON HIS MUSICAL WORK, DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN What charming peals are these.	297
28. TO RICHARD BROME, ON HIS COMEDY OF THE "NORTHERN LASS". I had you for a servant once, Dick Biome.	297
29. A SPEECH AT A TILTING Two noble knights, whom true desire and zeal.	298
30. AN EPISTLE TO SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, NOW EARL OF DORSET If, Sackvile, all that have the power to do.	298
31. AN EPISTLE TO MASTER JOHN SELDEN I know to whom I write: here I am sure.	301
32. AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND (MASTER COLBY) TO PERSUADE HIM TO THE WARS Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy. The drum.	302
33. AN EPITAPH ON MASTER PHILIP GRAY Reader, stay!	305
34. EPISTLE TO A FRIEND They are not, sir, worst owers that do pay.	305
35. AN ELEGY Can beauty, that did prompt me first to write.	305
36. AN ELEGY By those bright eyes, at whose immortal fires.	306
37. A SATIRICAL SHRUB A woman's friendship! God, whom I trust in.	306
38. A LITTLE SHRUB GROWING BY Ask not to know this man, if fame should speak	307
39. AN ELEGY Though beauty be the mark of praise.	307

# CONTENTS.

xvii

	PAGE
87. AN EPIGRAM TO A FRIEND AND SON . . . . .	327
Son, and my Friend, I had not called you so.	
88. A PINDARIC ODE ON THE DEATH OF SIR H. MORISON . . . .	342
Brave infant of Saguntum, clear.	
89. AN EPIGRAM TO WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE, ON HIS FENCING .	344
They talk of fencing, and the use of arms.	
90. TO THE LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND, AN EPISTLE MENDICANT . . . . .	344
Poor, wretched States, prest by extremities.	
91. TO THE KING ON HIS BIRTHDAY, NOV. 19, 1632 . . . . .	345
This is King Charles his day, speak it, thou Tower.	
92. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND VIRTUOUS LORD WESTON, LORD HIGH TREASURER . . . . .	345
Look up, thou seed of envy, and still bring.	
93. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HIEROME, LORD WESTON . . . .	345
Such pleasures as the teeming earth.	
94. EPITHALAMION, OR A SONG, CELEBRATING THE NUPTIALS OF MR. HIEROME WESTON . . . . .	347
Though thou hast past thy summer standing, stay.	
95. THE HUMBLE PETITION OF POOR BEN . . . . .	350
To the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men, King Charles.	
96. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD TREASURER, AN EPIGRAM .	351
If to my mind, great Lord, I had a state.	
97. AN EPIGRAM TO MY MUSE, THE LADY DIGBY, ON HER HUSBAND .	351
Though, happy Muse, thou know my Digby well.	
98. A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, SUNG TO KING CHARLES . . . . .	352
New years expect new gifts : Sister, your harp.	
99. ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY . . . . .	353
Rouse up thyself, my gentle Muse.	
100. TO MY LORD THE KING, ON THE CHRISTENING HIS SECOND SON, JAMES . . . . .	353
That thou art loved of God, this work is done.	
101. AN ELEGY ON THE LADY JANE PAWLET, MARCHIONESS OF WINTON .	354
What gentle host, besprent with April dew.	
102. EUPHEME, OR THE FAIR FAME LEFT TO POSTERITY OF THAT TRULY NOBLE LADY, THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY . . . . .	357
I. The Dedication of her Cradle . . . . .	357
II. The Song of her Descent . . . . .	358
III. The Picture of the Body . . . . .	358
IV. The Picture of the Mind . . . . .	359
VIII. To Knelm, John, George . . . . .	360
IX. Elegy on my Muse, the Lady Venetia Digby . . . . .	360

LEGES CONVIVALES. ENGRAVEN IN MARBLE OVER THE CHIMNEY IN THE APOLLO OF THE "OLD DEVIL" TAVERN . . . . . 364

## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LATIN POETS.

HORACE : HIS ART OF POETRY . . . . .	367
" ODE 2, BOOK V. THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE . . . .	384
Happy is he that from all business clear.	

	PAGE
HORACE : ODE 1, BOOK IV. TO VENUS . . . . .	385
Venus, again thou mov'st a war.	
" ODE 9, BOOK III. DIALOGUE OF HORACE AND LYDIA . . . . .	387
Whilst, Lydia, I was loved of thee.	
PETRONIUS ARBITER : A FRAGMENT . . . . .	387
Doing, a filthy pleasure is, and short.	
MARTIAL : EP. 77, BOOK VIII. . . . .	388
Liber, of all thy friends thou sweetest care.	
" EP. 47, BOOK X. . . . .	388
The things that make the happier life are these.	
EXPLORATA ; OR DISCOVERIES . . . . .	389
1. <i>Fortuna</i> . . . . .	390
2. <i>Casus</i> . . . . .	390
3. <i>Consilia</i> . . . . .	390
4. <i>Fama</i> . . . . .	390
5. <i>Negotia</i> . . . . .	390
6. <i>Amor Patriæ</i> . . . . .	390
7. <i>Ingenia</i> . . . . .	390
8. <i>Applausus</i> . . . . .	390
9. <i>Opinio</i> . . . . .	390
10. <i>Impostura</i> . . . . .	390
11. <i>Factura vilæ</i> . . . . .	390
12. <i>Hypocrita</i> . . . . .	390
13. <i>Mutua auxilia</i> . . . . .	391
14. <i>Cognit. universi</i> . . . . .	391
15. <i>Consiliarii adjunct</i> . . . . .	391
16. <i>Vita recta</i> . . . . .	391
17. <i>Obsequentia. — Humanitas. — Sollicitudo</i> . . . . .	391
18. <i>Modestia. — Parrhesia</i> . . . . .	391
19. <i>Perspicuitas. — Elegantia</i> . . . . .	391
20. <i>Natura non effæta</i> . . . . .	391
21. <i>Non nimium credendum antiquitati</i> . . . . .	391
22. <i>Dissentire licet, sed cum ratione</i> . . . . .	392
23. <i>Non mihi credendum sed veritati</i> . . . . .	392
24. <i>Scientiæ liberales</i> . . . . .	392
25. <i>Non vulgi sunt</i> . . . . .	392
26. <i>Honestæ ambitio</i> . . . . .	392
27. <i>Marius improbus</i> . . . . .	392
28. <i>Afflictio pia magistra</i> . . . . .	392
29. <i>Deploratus facilis descensus Averni</i> . . . . .	392
30. <i>Ægidius cursu superat</i> . . . . .	392
31. <i>Prodigio nummi nauci</i> . . . . .	392
32. <i>Munda et sordida</i> . . . . .	392
33. <i>Debitum deploratum</i> . . . . .	392
34. <i>Latro sesquipedalis</i> . . . . .	392
35. <i>Calumniæ fructus</i> . . . . .	392
36. <i>Impertinens</i> . . . . .	392

	PAGE
37. <i>Bellum Scribentium</i>	393
38. <i>Differentia inter Doctos et Sciolos</i>	393
39. <i>Impostorum fucus</i>	393
40. <i>Icuncularum motio</i>	393
41. <i>Principes et Administri</i>	393
42. <i>Scitum Hispanicum</i>	393
43. <i>Non nova res livor</i>	393
44. <i>Nil gratius protervo lib.</i>	393
45. <i>Jam litteræ sordent.—Pastus hodiern. Ingen.</i>	393
46. <i>Sed seculi morbus</i>	394
47. <i>Alastoris malitia</i>	394
48. <i>Mali Choragi fuere</i>	394
49. <i>Hear-say news</i>	394
50. <i>Lingua sapientis, potius quam loquentis</i>	394
51. <i>Opanda.—Thersites Homeri</i>	394
52. <i>Homeri Ulysses.—Demacatus Plutarchi</i>	394
53. <i>Argute dictum</i>	395
54. <i>Acutius cernuntur vitia quam virtutes</i>	395
55. <i>Vulgi expectatio</i>	395
56. <i>Claritas patris</i>	395
57. <i>Eloquentia</i>	395
58. <i>Amor et Odium</i>	395
59. <i>Injuria</i>	395
60. <i>Beneficia</i>	396
61. <i>Valor rerum</i>	396
62. <i>Memoria</i>	396
63. <i>Comit. suffragia</i>	396
64. <i>Stare à partibus</i>	396
65. <i>Deus in creaturis</i>	396
66. <i>Veritas proprium hominis</i>	397
67. <i>Nullum vitium sine patrocinio</i>	397
68. <i>De non argutis</i>	397
69. <i>Censura de poetis</i>	397
70. <i>Cestius.—Cicero.—Heath.—Taylor.—Spenser</i>	397
71. <i>De Shakspeare nostrat.—Augustus in Hat.</i>	398
72. <i>Ingeniorum discrimina. Not. 1</i>	398
"    "    "    2	398
"    "    "    3	399
"    "    "    4	398
"    "    "    5	399
"    "    "    6	399
"    "    "    7	399
"    "    "    8	399
"    "    "    9	399
"    "    "    10	399
73. <i>Ignorantia animæ</i>	400
74. <i>Scientia</i>	400
75. <i>Otium.—Studiorum</i>	400

	PAGE
76. <i>Stili eminentia.</i> — <i>Virgil.</i> — <i>Tully.</i> — <i>Sallust.</i> — <i>Plato</i> . . . . .	400
77. <i>De claris Oratoribus</i> . . . . .	401
78. <i>Dominus Verulamius</i> . . . . .	401
79. <i>Scriptorum Catalogus</i> . . . . .	401
80. <i>De Augmentis Scientiarum.</i> — <i>Julius Cæsar.</i> — <i>Lord St. Albans</i> . . . . .	401
81. <i>De Corruptela Morum</i> . . . . .	402
82. <i>De Rebus Mundanis</i> . . . . .	402
83. <i>Vulgi Mores.</i> — <i>Morbus comitialis</i> . . . . .	402
84. <i>Princeps</i> . . . . .	402
85. <i>De eodem.</i> — <i>Orpheus' Hymn</i> . . . . .	402
86. <i>De optimo Rege Jacobo</i> . . . . .	402
87. <i>De Princ. adjunctis.</i> — <i>Lycurgus.</i> — <i>Sylla.</i> — <i>Lysander.</i> — <i>Cyrus</i> . . . . .	402
88. <i>De Malign. Studentium</i> . . . . .	403
89. <i>Contravers. Scriptores, more Andabatarum, qui clausis oculis pugnant</i> . . . . .	403
90. <i>Morbi</i> . . . . .	403
91. <i>Factantia intempestiva</i> . . . . .	403
92. <i>Adulatio</i> . . . . .	403
93. <i>De vitâ humanâ</i> . . . . .	404
94. <i>De Piis et Probis</i> . . . . .	404
95. <i>Mores Aulici</i> . . . . .	404
96. <i>Impiorum querela.</i> — <i>Augustus.</i> — <i>Varus.</i> — <i>Tiberius</i> . . . . .	404
97. <i>Nobilium ingenia</i> . . . . .	404
98. <i>Principum varia.</i> — <i>Jus hæreditarium</i> . . . . .	404
99. <i>Clementia.</i> — <i>Machiavell</i> . . . . .	404
100. <i>Clementia tutela optima</i> . . . . .	405
101. <i>Religio.</i> — <i>Palladium Homeri.</i> — <i>Euripid</i> . . . . .	405
102. <i>Tyranni.</i> — <i>Sejanus</i> . . . . .	405
103. <i>Illiteratus princeps</i> . . . . .	405
104. <i>Character principis.</i> — <i>Alexander Magnus</i> . . . . .	405
105. <i>De gratiosis</i> . . . . .	406
106. <i>Divites.</i> — <i>Heredes ex asse</i> . . . . .	406
107. <i>Fures publici</i> . . . . .	406
108. <i>Lewis XI.</i> . . . . .	406
109. <i>De bonis et malis.</i> — <i>De innocentia</i> . . . . .	406
110. <i>Amor nummi</i> . . . . .	407
111. <i>De mollibus et effæminatis</i> . . . . .	407
112. <i>De stultitiâ</i> . . . . .	408
113. <i>De sibi molestis</i> . . . . .	408
114. <i>Periculosa melancholia</i> . . . . .	408
115. <i>Falsæ species fugiendæ</i> . . . . .	408
116. <i>Decipimur specie</i> . . . . .	408
117. <i>Dejectio Aulic.</i> . . . . .	408
118. <i>Poesis et pictura.</i> — <i>Plutarch</i> . . . . .	409
119. <i>De Pictura</i> . . . . .	409
120. <i>De stylo.</i> — <i>Pliny</i> . . . . .	409
121. <i>De progres. Picturæ</i> . . . . .	409
122. <i>Parasiti ad mensam.</i> . . . . .	410
123. <i>Imò serviles</i> . . . . .	410

# CONTENTS.

xxi

	PAGE
124. <i>De stylo, et optimo scribendi genere</i> . . . . .	411
125. <i>Præcipiendi modi</i> . . . . .	412
126. <i>Fals. querel. fugiend.—Platonis peregrinatio in Italiam</i> . . . . .	412
127. <i>Præcept. element</i> . . . . .	413
128. <i>De orationis dignitate.—Encyclopædia.—Metaphora</i> . . . . .	413
129. <i>Consuetudo.—Virgil.—Lucretius.—Chaucerism</i> . . . . .	414
130. <i>De Stylo.—Tacitus.—Suetonius.—Seneca, and Fabianus</i> . . . . .	414
131. <i>Periodi.—Obscuritas.—Superlatio</i> . . . . .	414
132. <i>Oratio imago animi</i> . . . . .	415
133. <i>Structura et statura, sublimis, humilis, pumila</i> . . . . .	415
134. <i>Mediocris plana et placida</i> . . . . .	415
135. <i>Vitiosa oratio, vasta—tumens—enormis—affectata, abjecta</i> . . . . .	415
136. <i>Figura</i> . . . . .	415
137. <i>Cutis sive Cortex. Compositio</i> . . . . .	415
138. <i>Carnosa—adipata—redundans</i> . . . . .	416
139. <i>Æjuna, macilenta, strigosa.—Ossea, et nervosa</i> . . . . .	416
140. <i>Notæ domini Sti. Albani de doctrin. intemper.—Dictator.—Aristoteles.</i> . . . .	416
141. <i>De optimo scriptore.—Cicero</i> . . . . .	416
142. <i>De stylo epistolari.—Inventio</i> . . . . .	417
i. <i>Brevitas</i> . . . . .	417
<i>Quintilian</i> . . . . .	417
ii. <i>Perspicuitas</i> . . . . .	418
iii. <i>Vigor</i> . . . . .	418
iv. <i>Discretio</i> . . . . .	418
143. <i>De Poetica</i> . . . . .	418
144. <i>Hieronymus</i> . . . . .	418
145. <i>Remedii votum semper verius erat, quàm spes.—Sexus fæmin.</i> . . . .	418
146. <i>What is a Poet?—Poeta</i> . . . . .	419
147. <i>What mean you by a Poem?—Poema</i> . . . . .	419
148. <i>Horatius.—Lucretius</i> . . . . .	419
149. <i>Epicum.—Dramaticum.—Lyricum.—Elegiacum.—Epigrammat.</i> . . . .	419
150. <i>But how differs a Poem from what we call Poesy?</i> . . . . .	419
i. <i>Ingenium.—Seneca.—Plato.—Aristotle, &amp;c.</i> . . . .	420
<i>Lipsius.—Petron. in Fragment.</i> . . . .	420
ii. <i>Exercitatio.—Virgil.—Scaliger.—Euripides.</i> . . . .	420
iii. <i>Imitatio.—Horatius.—Virgil, &amp;c.</i> . . . .	420
iv. <i>Lectio.—Parnassus.—Helicon, &amp;c.</i> . . . .	421
151. <i>Virorum schola respub.—Lysippus.—Apelles</i> . . . . .	421
152. <i>L. Ælius Stilo.—Plautus</i> . . . . .	421
153. <i>Sophocles</i> . . . . .	421
154. <i>Demosthenes.—Pericles.—Alcibiades</i> . . . . .	422
155. <i>Aristotle</i> . . . . .	422
156. <i>Euripides.—Aristophanes</i> . . . . .	422
157. <i>Cens. Scal. in Lil. Germ.—Horace</i> . . . . .	422
158. <i>Terence.—Menander</i> . . . . .	422
159. <i>The parts of a Comedy and Tragedy</i> . . . . .	422
160. <i>Aristotle.—Plato.—Homer</i> . . . . .	422
161. <i>The wit of the Old Comedy</i> . . . . .	423

	PAGE
162. <i>Aristophanes.—Plautus.</i>	423
163. <i>Socrates.—Theatrical Wit.</i>	423
164. <i>The Cart</i>	423
165. <i>What the measure of a fable is</i>	423
166. <i>What we understand by whole</i>	423
167. <i>What is the utmost bound of a Fable</i>	424
168. <i>What by One and Entire</i>	424
169. <i>Hercules.—Theseus.—Achilles.—Ulysses.—Homer and Virgil</i>	424
170. <i>Theseus.—Hercules.—Juvenal.—Codrus.—Sophocles</i>	424
171. <i>The conclusion concerning the Whole and the Parts</i>	425

## THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

## THE FIRST BOOK, ETYMOLOGY, THE TRUE NOTATION OF WORDS.

CHAPTER I. OF GRAMMAR AND THE PARTS.	427
„ II. OF LETTERS AND THEIR POWERS	427
„ III. OF THE VOWELS	428
„ IV. OF THE CONSONANTS	431
„ V. OF THE DIPHTHONGS	437
„ VI. OF THE SYLLABLES	437
„ VII. OF THE ACCENT.	438
„ VIII. THE NOTATION OF A WORD	439
„ IX. OF THE PARTS OF SPEECH	439
„ X. OF THE I JUN	440
„ XI. OF THE DIMINUTION OF NOUNS	440
„ XII. OF COMPARISONS	440
„ XIII. OF THE FIRST DECLENSION	441
„ XIV. OF THE SECOND DECLENSION	441
„ XV. OF PRONOUNS	442
„ XVI. OF A VERB.	442
„ XVII. OF THE FIRST CONJUGATION	443
„ XVIII. OF THE SECOND CONJUGATION	443
„ XIX. OF THE THIRD CONJUGATION	444
„ XX. OF THE FOURTH CONJUGATION	445
„ XXI. OF ADVERBS	445
„ XXII. OF CONJUNCTIONS	446

## THE SECOND PART—SYNTAX, THE RIGHT ORDERING OF WORDS.

CHAPTER I. OF APOSTROPHUS	447
„ II. OF THE SYNTAX OF ONE NOUN WITH ANOTHER	447
„ III. OF THE SYNTAX OF A PRONOUN WITH A NOUN	449
„ IV. OF THE SYNTAX OF ADJECTIVES	451
„ V. OF THE SYNTAX OF A VERB WITH A NOUN	452
„ VI. OF THE SYNTAX OF A VERB WITH A VERB	452
„ VII. OF THE SYNTAX OF ADVERBS	453
„ VIII. OF THE SYNTAX OF CONJUNCTIONS	455
„ IX. OF THE DISTINCTION OF SENTENCES	456

# CONTENTS.

KAM

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

	PAGE
CHARLES CAVENDISH TO HIS POSTERITY . . . . .	459
EPITAPH ON LADY KATHERINE OGLE . . . . .	459
EPITAPH ON THE LADY JANE . . . . .	460
AN INTERLUDE, &c. . . . .	461
A SONG OF THE MOON . . . . .	465
A SONG . . . . .	465
TO ROBERT, EARL OF SOMERSET, ON HIS WEDDING-DAY, 1613 . . . . .	465
AN EPIGRAM TO MR. ROBERT DOVER . . . . .	466
LINES PREFIXED TO FARNABY'S "JUVENAL" . . . . .	466
A FRAGMENT OF ONE OF THE LOST QUATERNIONS OF "EUPHEME" . . . . .	466
MASTER JONSON'S ANSWER TO MASTER WITHER . . . . .	467
TO MY DETRACTOR . . . . .	468

BEN JONSON'S CONVERSATIONS WITH DRUMMOND . . . . .	469
INDEX OF NAMES MENTIONED IN THE "CONVERSATIONS" . . . . .	495

JONSONUS VIRBIUS: OR, THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON. REVIVED BY	
THE FRIENDS OF THE MUSES, 1638 . . . . .	496
LUCIUS CARY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND . . . . .	497
RICHARD SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST . . . . .	500
SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, BART. . . . .	501
SIR THOMAS HAWKINS . . . . .	502
HENRY KING [AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF CHICHESTER] . . . . .	502
HENRY COVENTRY . . . . .	503
THOMAS MAY . . . . .	504
DUDLEY DIGGES . . . . .	504
GEORGE FORTESCUE . . . . .	505
WILLIAM HABINGTON . . . . .	505
EDMUND WALLER . . . . .	506
JAMES HOWELL . . . . .	507
JOHN VERNON OF THE INNER TEMPLE . . . . .	507
J. C. [JOHN CLEVELAND] . . . . .	507
JOHN CLEVELAND . . . . .	508
JASPER MAYNE . . . . .	508
WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT . . . . .	510
JOSEPH RUTTER . . . . .	513
OWEN FELTHAM . . . . .	513
GEORGE DONNE . . . . .	514
SHACKERLEY MARMION . . . . .	516
JOHN FORD . . . . .	516
RALPH BRIDEQAKE [AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF CHICHESTER] . . . . .	517
RICHARD WEST . . . . .	519
ROBERT MEADE . . . . .	519
H. RAMSAY . . . . .	520



	PAGE
SIR FRANCIS WORTLEY . . . . .	520
THOMAS TERRENT . . . . .	521
ROBERT WARING . . . . .	523
WILLIAM BEW . . . . .	523
SAMUEL EVANS . . . . .	524
RALPH BRIDEOAKE . . . . .	524
ANONYMOUS [GREEK] . . . . .	524

## SUPPLEMENTARY PIECES.

LINES PREFIXED TO "CINTHIA'S REVENGE" . . . . .	525
LINES FROM THE "NEW ENGLISH CANAAN" . . . . .	525
THE GHYRLOND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARIE . . . . .	527
THE REVERSE, ON THE BACK SIDE . . . . .	527
ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO THE COCK-LORREL'S SONG . . . . .	528
ODE Ἀλληγορικά . . . . .	529

# MASQUES AT COURT.



Up springs the dance, along the lighted dome,  
Mixed and involved a thousand sprightly ways,  
The glittering court effuses every pomp.  
The circle deepens ; beamed from gaudy robes  
Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
**A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves.—THOMSON.**

# The Queen's Masques.

THE FIRST, OF

## BLACKNESS.

PERSONATED AT THE COURT AT WHITEHALL, ON THE TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1605-6.

---

*Salve festa dies, meliorque revertere semper.*—OVID.

---

THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS.] This and the *Masque of Beauty* which follows it were published in 4to with this title, "The characters of two royal Masques. The one of Blacknesse, the other of Beautie, personated by the most magnificent of Queens, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, &c. with her honourable Ladyes, 1605 and 1608, at Whitehall: [and invented by Ben Jonson—Ovid. *Salve festa dies, meliorque revertere semper.* Imprinted at London for Thomas Thorp, and are to be sold at the signe of the Tigers head in Paules Church-yard.]

Great preparations were made for this masque, which was performed with unusual magnificence. Among Winwood's State Papers, there is a letter to that minister from Mr. Chamberlaine, of which the following passage is an extract: "Here is great provision of masks and revells against the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan Vere, which is to be celebrated on St. John's day; the Queen hath likewise a great mask in hand against Twelfth-tide, for which there was 3000*l.* delivered a month ago."—Dec. 18, 1604, vol. ii. p. 41.

Sir Thomas Edmonds also thus writes to the great Earl of Shrewsbury, Dec. 5, 1604: "Our corte is preparing to solemnize the Christmas with a gallant maske, which doth cost the Exchequer 3000*l.* Sir Phi. Herbert's marriage will also produce an other maske among the noblemen and gentlemen."—*Lodge's Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 250.

It should be added that this was the first entertainment given by the Queen, that her brother, the Duke of Holstein, was present at it, and that the day was a day of peculiar state, several Knights of the Bath having been installed, and the King's second son (the unfortunate Charles) created Duke of York.

The Garrick copy of this masque, now in the British Museum, was the presentation copy of Jonson to the Queen (James's wife), and has this inscription in the poet's own writing:

D. ANNÆ  
M. BRITANNIARUM INSU. HIB. &c.

REGINÆ  
FELICISS. FORMOSISS.

MUSÆO

S. S.

HUNC LIBRUM VOVIT  
FAMÆ ET HONORI EJUS  
SERVIENTISS.

IMO ADDICTISSIMUS

BEN JONSONIUS.

VICTURUS GENIUM DEBET HABERE LIBER.

[Mr. Collier has printed for the Shakspeare Society, 1849, a version of this masque from an original MS. in the British Museum, not in the poet's autograph, but revised by him, and characteristically authenticated under his own hand

'Hos ego versiculos feci.'

BEN. JONSON.]

## The Masque of Blackness.

The honour and splendour of these Spectacles was such in the performance as, could those hours have lasted, this of mine now had been a most unprofitable work. But when it is the fate even of the greatest and most absolute births to need and borrow a life of posterity, little had been done to the study of magnificence in these, if presently with the rage of the people, who (as a part of greatness) are privileged by custom to deface their carcasses, the spirits had also perished. In duty therefore to that Majesty who gave them their authority and grace, and, no less than the most royal of predecessors, deserves eminent celebration for these solemnities, I add this later hand to redeem them as well from ignorance as envy, two common evils, the one of censure, the other of oblivion.

Pliny,\* Solinus,† Ptolemy,‡ and of late Leo§ the African, remember unto us a river in Æthiopia, famous by the name of Niger; of which the people were called Nigritæ, now Negroes; and are the blackest nation of the world. This river|| taketh spring out of a certain lake eastward; and after a long race falleth into the western ocean.<sup>1</sup> Hence (because it was her majesty's will to have them blackmoors at first) the invention was derived by me, and presented thus:

First, for the scene, was drawn a landscape (landscape) consisting of small

woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billow to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six tritons,¶ in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind these a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which two great sea-horses, as big as the life, put forth themselves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sink forwards; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better:\*\* upon their backs Oceanus and Niger were advanced.

Oceanus presented in a human form, the colour of his flesh blue; and shadowed with a robe of sea-green; his head grey, and horned,†† as he is described by the ancients: his beard of the like mixed colour: he was gyrlanded with alga, or sea-grass; and in his hand a trident.

\* Nat. Hist. l. 5, c. 8.

† Poly. hist. c. 40 and 43.

‡ Lib. 4, c. 5. § Descrip. Afric.

¶ Some take it to be the same with Nilus, which is by Lucan called Melas, signifying Niger. Howsoever Pliny in the place above noted, hath this: *Nigri fluvio eadem natura, quæ Nil, calanum, popyrum, et eandem signit animantes*. See Solin. above mentioned

¶ The form of these tritons, with their trumpets, you may read lively described in Ov. Met. lib. 1. *Cæruleum Tritona vocat, &c.*; and in Virg. Æneid. l. 10. *Hunc vehit immanis triton, et sequent*.

\*\* Lucian in PHTOP. *Διδασ.* presents Nilus so, *Equo Æneiatibus insidentem*. And Statius Neptune, in Theb.

†† The ancients induced Oceanus always with a bull's head: *propter vim ventorum, à quibus*

*incitatur, et impellitur: vel quia tauris similem fremitum emittat; vel quia tanquam taurus furibundus, in littora feratur*. Euripid. in Orest. *Ἀέαντος ὃν ταυρόκρατος ἀγκάλαις ἐλισσων, κυκλεῖ χθονα*. And rivers sometimes were so called. Look Virg. *de Tiberi et Eridano*. Georg. 4. *Æneid*. 8. Hor. *Car.* lib. 4. ode 14, and Euripid. in *Ione*.

<sup>1</sup> And falleth into the Western Ocean.] We now know that the Niger runs towards the east. Had the adventurous discoverer of this important geographical fact happily lived to return from his second expedition, we should probably have also learned whether the Niger loses itself in the sands, is swallowed up in some vast inland lake, or constitutes, as some think, the chief branch or feeder of the Nile.

Niger, in form and colour of an Æthiop; his hair and rare beard curled, shadowed with a blue and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wrists adorned with pearl, and crowned with an artificial wreath of cane and paper-rush.

These induced the masquers, which were twelve nymphs, negroes, and the daughters of Niger; attended by so many of the Oceaniae,\* which were their light-bearers.<sup>1</sup>

The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which indented to the proportion of the shell, strook a glorious beam upon them as they were seated one above another: so that they were all seen, but in an extravagant order.<sup>2</sup>

On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torch-bearers, who were planted there in several graces; so as the backs of some were seen; some in purple, or side; others in face; and all having their lights burning out of whelks or murex-shells.

The attire of masquers was alike in all, without difference: the colours azure and silver; but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers, and jewels interlaced with ropes of pearl. And for the front, ear, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl; best setting off from the black.

For the light-bearers, sea-green, waved

\* The daughters of Oceanus and Tethys. See Hesiod. in *Theogon.* Orph. in *Hym.* and Virgil in *Georg.*

† All rivers are said to be the sons of the Ocean: for, as the ancients thought, out of the vapours exhaled by the heat of the sun, rivers and fountains were begotten. And both by Orph. in *Hym.* and Homer, *Il. &* Oceanus is celebrated *tanquam pater, et origo diis, et rebus, quia nihil sine humectatione nascitur, aut putrescit.*

<sup>1</sup> Which were their light-bearers.] It will not be amiss to observe here once for all, that every masquer was invariably attended by his torch-bearer, who preceded his entrance and exit, and sided him (though at a distance) while in action.

<sup>2</sup> The prose descriptions of Jonson are singularly bold and beautiful. I do not, however, notice the paragraph on this account, but solely to show with what facility an ill-natured critic may throw an air of ridicule on things of this nature. In giving an account of this splendid exhibition to Winwood, Sir Dudley Carleton

about the skirts with gold and silver; their hair loose and flowing, gyrlanded with sea-grass, and that stuck with branches of coral.

These thus presented, the scene behind seemed a vast sea, and united with this that flowed forth from the termination, or horizon of which (being the level of the state, which was placed in the upper end of the hall) was drawn by the lines of perspective, the whole work shooting downwards from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty: to which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of Master Ymgo Jones his design and act.

By this one of the tritons, with the two sea-maids, began to sing to the others' loud music, their voices being a tenor and two trebles.

#### SONG.

Sound, sound aloud  
The welcome of the orient flood,  
Into the west;  
Fair Niger, † son to great Oceanus,  
Now honoured thus  
With all his beauteous race:  
Who, though but black in face,  
Yet are they bright,  
And full of life and light.  
To prove that beauty best,  
Which, not the colour, but the feature  
Assures unto the creature.

*Occa.* Be silent, now the ceremony's done,  
And, Niger, say how comes it, lovely son,

says: "At night we had the Queen's Maske in the Banqueting-House: there was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors: the indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water."—There was assuredly as much of one as the other; but this it is to be witty. Sir Dudley proceeds: "At the further end there was a great shell in form of a skallop, wherein were four seats: on the lowest sat the Queen with any Lady Bedford; on the rest were placed the Ladies Suffolk, Darby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil. Their appearance was rich, but too light and courtesan-like for such great ones. Instead of vizzards, their faces and arms up to the elbows were painted black, but it became them nothing so well as their own red and white," &c.—*Winwood's Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 44. Sir Dudley would make no indifferent newspaper critic for the present times. The plot required the actors to appear as Moors, and he finds out

That thou, the Æthiop's river, so far  
east,

Art seen to fall into the extremest west  
Of me, the king of floods, Oceanus,  
And in mine empire's heart, salute me  
thus?

My ceaseless current now amazed stands  
To see thy labour through so many lands  
Mix thy fresh billow with my brackish  
stream ;\*

And in the sweetness stretch thy diadem  
To these far distant and unequalled skies,  
This squared circle of celestial bodies.

*Niger.* Divine Oceanus, 'tis not strange  
at all

That since th' immortal souls of creatures  
mortall

Mix with thy bodies, yet reserve for ever  
A power of separation, I should sever  
My fresh streams from thy brackish, like  
things fixed,

Though with thy powerful saltness thus far  
mixed.

"Virtue, though chained to earth, will  
still live free :

And hell itself must yield to industry."

*Ocea.* But what's the end of thy Hercu-  
lean labours,

Extended to these calm and blessed  
shores?

*Niger.* To do a kind and careful father's  
part,

In satisfying every pensive heart  
Of these my daughters, my most loved  
birth :

Who, though they were the first formed  
dames of earth,†

And in whose sparkling and refulgent  
eyes

The glorious sun did still delight to rise ;  
Though he, the best judge, and most for-  
mal cause

Of all dames beauties, in their firm hues,  
draws

that they would look better if they kept their  
natural colour! It is to be hoped that some  
handsome Othello will take the hint. "The  
Spanish and Venetian Ambassadors," our letter-  
writer adds, "were both present, and sate by  
the King in state," to the great annoyance of  
the French Ambassador, who vowed in a pet,  
"that the whole court was Spanish."

\* There wants not enough in nature to  
authorize this part of our fiction, in separating  
Niger from the Ocean (beside the fable of  
Alpheus, and that to which Virgil alludes of  
Arethusa, in his 30 Eclog.

Signs of his fervent'st love ; and thereby  
shows

That in their black the perfect'st beauty  
grows ;

Since the fixt colour of their curled hair,  
Which is the highest grace of dames most  
fair,

No cares, no age can change ; or there  
display

The fearful tincture of abhorred gray ;  
Since death herself (herself being pale and  
blue)

Can never alter their most faithful hue ;  
All which are arguments to prove how far  
Their beauties conquer in great beauty's  
war ;

And more, how near divinity they be,  
That stand from passion or decay so free.  
Yet since the fabulous voices of some few  
Poor brain-sick men, styled poets here with  
you,

Have, with such envy of their graces, sung  
The painted beauties other empires sprung ;  
Letting their loose and winged fictions fly  
To infect all climates, yea, our purity ;  
As of one Phaeton,‡ that fired the world,  
And that, before his heedless flames were  
hurled

About the globe, the Æthiops were as fair  
As other dames ; now black with black  
despair :

And in respect of their complexions  
changed,

Are eachwhere since for luckless creatures  
ranged ;§

Which when my daughters heard (as women  
are

Most jealous of their beauties), fear and  
care

Possessed them whole ; yea, and believing  
them,||

They wept such ceaseless tears into my  
stream,

That it hath thus far overflowed his shore  
To seek them patience : who have since,  
e'er more

*Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,  
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.*)

Examples of Nilus, Jordan, and others, whereof  
see Nican. lib. 1, *de flumin.* and Plut. in *vita  
Syllæ*, even of this our river (as some think) by  
the name of Melas.

† Read Diod. Sicul. lib. 3. It is a conjecture  
of the old ethnics, that they which dwell under  
the south were the first begotten of the earth.

‡ *Notissima fabula*, Ovid. Met. lib. 2.  
§ Alluding to that of Juvenal, Satyr. 5. *Et  
cui per medium nolis occurrere noctem.*

|| The poets.

As the sun riseth,\* charged his burning throne  
 With volleys of revilings; 'cause he shone  
 On their scorched cheeks with such intemperate fires,  
 And other dames made queens of all desires.  
 To frustrate which strange error, oft I sought,  
 (Tho' most in vain, against a settled thought  
 As women's are) till they conformed at length  
 By miracle, what I with so much strength  
 Of argument resisted; else they feigned:  
 For in the lake where their first spring they gained,  
 As they sat cooling their soft limbs one night,  
 Appeared a face all circumsufed with light;  
 (And sure they saw't, for Æthiops† never dream)  
 Wherein they might decipher through the stream  
 These words:

That they a land must forthwith seek,  
 Whose termination (of the Greek)  
 Sounds TANIA; where bright Sol, that heat  
 Their bloods, doth never rise or set,‡  
 But in his journey passeth by,  
 And leaves that climate of the sky,  
 To comfort of a greater light,  
 Who forms all beauty with his sight.

In search of this, have we three principedoms past

That speak out Tania in their accents last;  
 Black Mauritania first; and secondly,  
 Swarth Lusitania: next we did descry  
 Rich Aquitania: and yet cannot find  
 The place unto these longing nymphs designed.

Instruct and aid me, great Oceanus,  
 What land is this that now appears to us?

Ocea. This land, that lifts into the temperate air

His snowy cliff, is Albion§ the fair;

So called of Neptune's son,|| who ruleth here:

For whose dear guard myself four thousand year

Since old Deucalion's days have walked the round

About his empire, proud to see him crowned  
 Above my waves.—

*At this the Moon was discovered in the upper part of the house, triumphant in a silver throne, made in figure of a pyramis. Her garments white and silver, the dressing of her head antique, and crowned with a luminary, or sphere of light: which striking on the clouds, and heightened with silver, reflected as natural clouds do by the splendour of the moon. The heaven about her was vaulted with blue silk, and set with stars of silver, which had in them their several lights burning. The sudden sight of which made Niger to interrupt Oceanus with this present passion.*

O see, our silver star!

Whose pure auspicious light greets us thus far!

Great Æthiopia, goddess of our shore,¶  
 Since with particular worship we adore  
 Thy general brightness, let particular grace

Shine on my zealous daughters: shew the place

Which long their longings urged their eyes to see,

Beautify them, which long have deified thee.

Æthi. Niger, be glad: resume thy native cheer.

Thy daughters' labours have their period here,

And so thy errors. I was that bright face  
 Reflected by the lake in which thy race

Read mystic lines; which skill Pythagoras  
 First taught to men by a reverberate glass.<sup>1</sup>

\* A custom of the Æthiops, notable in Herod. and Diod. Sic. See Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. 5, cap. 8. † Plin. *ib.*

‡ Consult with Tacitus, in *vita Agric.* and the *Paug. ad Constant.*

§ Orpheus, in his *Argonaut.* calls it *Δευκάριον χέρσον.*

|| Alluding to the right of styling princes after the name of their principedoms: so is he still Albion and Neptune's son that governs. As also his being dear to Neptune in being so embraced by him.

¶ The Æthiopsians worshipped the moon by

that surname. See Step. *περι πόλεων, in voce* ΑΙΘΙΟΠΙΩΝ.

<sup>1</sup> Which skill Pythagoras  
*First taught to men by a reverberate glass.*  
 The allusion is to what is told us by the scholiast on Aristophanes, that Pythagoras discovered a method of writing with blood on a speculum, or polished mirror; and this being held opposite to the moon, what was written on the glass would be reflected on the orb of the moon, and would appear to be written thereon. *Nub.* v. 750.—WHALE

This blessed isle doth with that TANIA  
end,  
Which there they saw inscribed, and shall  
extend

Wished satisfaction to their best desires,  
Britania, which the triple world admires,  
This isle hath now recovered for her name;  
Where reign those beauties that with so  
much fame

The sacred Muses' sons have honoured,  
And from bright Hesperus to Eous spread.  
With that great name Britania, this blest  
isle

Hath won her ancient dignity and style,  
A WORLD DIVIDED FROM THE WORLD:  
and tried

The abstract of it in his general pride.  
For were the world with all his wealth a  
ring,

Britania, whose new name makes all  
tongues sing,  
Might be a diamant worthy to inchase it,  
Ruled by a sun that to this height doth  
grace it:

Whose beams shine day and night, and are  
of force

To blanch an Æthiop and revive a corse.  
His light scintial is, and, past mere nature,  
Can save the rude defects of every creature;  
Call forth thy honoured daughters then;  
And let them, 'fore the Britan men,  
Indent the land with those pure traces  
They flow with in their native graces.  
Invite them boldly to the shore;  
Their beauties shall be scorched no more:  
This sun is temperate, and refines  
All things on which his radiance shines.

*Here the Tritons sounded, and they danced  
on shore, every couple as they advanced  
severally presenting their fans: in one  
of which were inscribed their mixt names,  
in the other a mute hieroglyphic expressing  
their mixed qualities.\* Their own single  
dance ended, as they were about to make  
choice of their men: one from the sea  
was heard to call them with this CHARM,  
sung by a tenor voice.*

Come away, come away,  
We grow jealous of your stay:  
If you do not stop your ear,  
We shall have more cause to fear

\* Which manner of Symbol I rather chose than  
Imprese, as well for strangeness as relishing of  
antiquity, and more applying to that original  
doctrine of sculpture which the Egyptians are  
said first to have brought from the Æthiopians.  
*Diod. Sicul. Herod.*

Syrens of the land, than they  
To doubt the Syrens of the sea.

*Here they danced with their men several  
measures and corantos. All which  
ended, they were again accited to sea,<sup>1</sup>  
with a SONG of two trebles, whose ca-  
dences were iterated by a double echo from  
several parts of the land.*

Daughters of the subtle flood,  
Do not let earth longer entertain you;  
1 *Ech.* Let earth longer entertain you.  
2 *Ech.* Longer entertain you.

'Tis to them enough of good,  
That you give this little hope to gain  
you.

1 *Ech.* Give this little hope to gain you.  
2 *Ech.* Little hope to gain you.

If they love,  
You shall quickly see;  
For when to flight you move,  
They'll follow you, the more you flee.  
1 *Ech.* Follow you, the more you flee.  
2 *Ech.* The more you flee.

If not, impute it each to other's matter;  
They are but earth, and what you vowed  
was water.

1 *Ech.* And what you vowed<sup>2</sup> was  
water.  
2 *Ech.* You vowed<sup>2</sup> was water.

*Æthi.* Enough, bright nymphs, the  
night grows old,  
And we are grieved we cannot hold  
You longer light; but comfort take.  
Your father only to the lake  
Shall make return: yourselves, with feasts,  
Must here remain the Ocean's guests.  
Nor shall this veil the sun hath cast  
Above your blood more summers last.  
For which you shall observe these rites:  
Thirteen times thrice on thirteen nights,  
(So often as I fill my sphere  
With glorious light throughout the year)  
You shall, when all things else do sleep  
Save your chaste thoughts, with reverence  
steep

Your bodies in that purer brine  
And wholesome dew called ros-marine:  
Then with that soft and gentler foam  
Of which the ocean yet yields some

<sup>1</sup> [*Accited to sea.* In the Brit. Mus.  
MS this stands "provoked from the sea."—  
F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> [*Vowed was water. Owed was water, MS.—  
F. C.]*



Whereof bright Venus, beauty's queen,  
Is said to have begotten been,  
You shall your gentler limbs o'er-lave,  
And for your pains perfection have :  
So that this night, the year gone round,  
You do again salute this ground ;  
And in the beams of yond bright sun,  
Your faces dry,—and all is done.

*At which, in a dance, they returned to the sea, where they took their shell, and with this full SONG went out.*

Now Dian, with her burning face,  
Declines apace :

By which our waters know  
To ebb, that late did flow.  
Back seas, back nymphs ; but with a forward grace,  
Keep still your reverence to the place :  
And shout with joy of favour you have won,  
In sight of Albion, Neptune's son.

*So ended the first Masque; which, beside the singular grace of music and dances, had that success in the nobility of performance as nothing needs to the illustration but the memory by whom it was personated.<sup>1</sup>*

#### The Names.

#### The Symbols.

THE QUEEN, CO. OF BEDFORD, <sup>2</sup>	1. { EUPHORIS, AGLAIA.	1. { A golden tree, laden with fruit.
LA. HERBERT, <sup>3</sup> CO. OF DERBY. <sup>4</sup>	2. { DIAPHANE, EUCAMPSE.	2. { The figure Icosaedron of crystal.
LA. RICH. <sup>5</sup> CO. OF SUFFOLK. <sup>6</sup>	3. { OCYTE, KATHARE.	3. { A pair of naked feet in a river.
LA. BEVILL, <sup>7</sup> LA. EFFINGHAM. <sup>8</sup>	4. { NOTIS, PSYCHROTE.	4. { The SALAMANDER simple.

<sup>1</sup> *By whom it was personated.* Jonson gives us the names of the masquers as they danced on shore in couples, from their splendid shell, together with the symbols which they bore in their hands.

<sup>2</sup> *Countess of Bedford.* Lucy, the lady of Edward, third Earl of Bedford, and daughter of John, Lord Harrington. She was a munificent patron of genius, and seems to have been peculiarly kind to Jonson. One of the most exquisite compliments that ever was offered to talents, beauty, and goodness, was paid by the grateful poet to this lady. (Epig. 76.) The biographers are never weary of repeating after one another, that she was "the friend of Donne and Daniel, who wrote verses on her;" but of Jonson, who wrote more than both, they preserve a rigid silence.

<sup>3</sup> *Lady Herbert.* Called by Sir Dudley Carleton, Ann Herbert. She was the daughter of Sir William Herbert, of St. Julian's, Monmouthshire, and a great heiress. This lady was at first intended for her cousin, Philip Herbert, brother of the celebrated Lord Pembroke, the friend of Jonson and of genius; but married Sir Edward, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cheshire.

<sup>4</sup> *Countess of Derby.* Alice, the daughter of Sir John Spencer, of Althorpe (where Jonson's beautiful Entertainment of *The Satyr* was represented), and widow of Ferdinando, fifth Earl of Derby. She took for her second husband Lord Keeper Egerton.

For this celebrated lady, who appears to have greatly delighted in these elegant and splendid exhibitions, Milton wrote his *Arcades*, the songs of which are a mere cento from our

author's Masques, of which, in fact, it is a very humble imitation.

<sup>5</sup> *Lady Rich.* There were two of this name; but the person here meant was probably Penelope, Lady Rich, whose story made some noise at a subsequent period. She parted from her husband, as it was said, by consent, and while he was yet living married Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire. The match was unfortunate. The King was offended, the Earl miserable, and Laud, who performed the ceremony, passed through many years of obloquy for his officiousness, notwithstanding his pretended ignorance of the lady's former marriage.

<sup>6</sup> *Countess of Suffolk.* Catharine, the daughter of Sir Henry Knevit, of Charlton, in Wiltshire, married first to Richard, Lord Rich, and afterwards to Lord Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk. She was more famed for accomplishments than virtues, and is said to have trafficked for more favours than those of her lord.

<sup>7</sup> *Lady Bevil.* This lady, I believe (for I have but little skill in these matters), was Frances, sister of the Countess of Suffolk, just mentioned. She was the wife of Sir William Bevil, a gentleman of Cornwall; after his death she married Roger, fifth Earl of Rutland, and brought him one daughter, who married the favourite Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

<sup>8</sup> *Lady Effingham.* Probably Anne, the daughter of Lord St. John, married in 1597 to William, eldest son of Charles, second Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral at the period of the Spanish invasion.

LA. EL. HOWARD, <sup>1</sup>	} 5.	GLYCYTE,	} 5.	{ A cloud full of rain dropping.
LA. SUS. VERE. <sup>2</sup>		MALACIA.		
LA. WORTH, <sup>3</sup>	} 6.	BARYTE,	} 6.	{ An urn sphered with wine.
LA. WALSINGHAM. <sup>4</sup>		PERIPHIERE.		

*The Names of the OCEANIÆ were.\**

DORIS	} {	CYDIPPE,	} {	BEROE,	} {	IANTHE,
PETRÆA,		GLAUCE,		ACASTE,		LYCORIS,
OCYRHIOE,	} {	TYCHE,	} {	CLYTIA,	} {	PLEXAURE.

*\* Hesiod. in Theog.*

<sup>1</sup> *Lady Elizabeth Howard.*] Daughter of the lady just mentioned. She married Lord Mordaunt, afterwards Earl of Peterborough.

<sup>2</sup> *Lady Susan Vere.*] Susan Herbert as Sir Dudley calls her, daughter of Edward, Earl of Oxford. About a week before this Masque was performed she married Philip Herbert, afterwards Earl of Montgomery. Her marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Court, of which many particulars are recorded among the state papers of the day.

<sup>3</sup> *Lady Worth.*] Lady Mary Wroth, to

whom our author subsequently dedicated the *Alchemist*. See vol. ii. p. 2

<sup>4</sup> *Lady Walsingham.*] Of this person I can say nothing. She appears too old for the granddaughter of the Countess of Suffolk, who married a Thomas Walsingham of Kent, and too young for the daughter of Elizabeth's celebrated minister, who had besides twice changed her name.

The Oceaniæ are not appropriated; they were probably personated by the younger branches of the noble families mentioned above. They were the "light bearers," as the poet terms them, and he has judiciously managed to make them an integral part of the exhibition.

## The Queen's Second Masque, which was of Beauty.

THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY.] "The second Masque (Jonson says), which was of Beauty, was presented in the same Court at Whitehall, on the Sunday night after the Twelfth-night, 1608-9."

This masque was published together with the former in 4to, without date, but probably in 1609, and again in fol. 1616.

Two years being now past that Her Majesty had intermitted these delights, and the third almost come, it was her highness's pleasure again to glorify the Court, and command that I should think on some fit presentment which should answer the former, still keeping them the same persons, the daughters of Niger, but their beauties varied according to promise, and their time of absence excused, with four more added to their number.

To which limits, when I had apted my invention, and being to bring news of them from the sea, I induced BOREAS, one of the winds, as my fittest messenger; presenting him thus:

In a robe of russet and white mixt, full and bagged; his hair and beard rough and horrid; his wings gray, and full of snow and icicles; his mantle borne from him with wires, and in several puffs; his feet\* ending in serpent's tails; and in his hand a leaveless branch laden with icicles.

But before, in midst of the hall, to keep the state of the feast and season, I had placed JANUARY† in a throne of silver; his robe of ash-colour, long, fringed with silver; a white mantle; his hands white, and his buskins; in his hand a laurel-bough; upon his head an anadem of

laurel, fronted with the sign Aquarius, and the character: who, as Boreas blustered forth, discovered himself.

*Boreas.* Which among these is Albion, Neptune's son?

*Januarius.* What ignorance dares make that question?

Would any ask who Mars were in the wars, Or which is Hesperus among the stars? Of the bright planets, which is Sol? or can

A doubt arise, 'mong creatures, which is man?

Behold, whose eyes do dart Promethean fire

Throughout this All; whose precepts do inspire

The rest with duty; yet commanding cheer:

And are obeyed more with love than fear.

*Boreas.* What Power art thou that thus informest me?

*Janu.* Dost thou not know me? I too well know thee

By thy rude voice,‡ that doth so hoarsely blow;

Thy hair, thy beard, thy wings, o'er-hilled with snow,<sup>1</sup>

\* So Paus. in *Eliacis* reports him to have, as he was carved in *areæ Cipselli*.

† See *Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa*.

‡ *Ovid. Metam.* lib. 6, near the end see—*horridus tri, Quæ solita est illi, nimumque domestica, vento, &c.*

<sup>1</sup> *Thy wings o'er-hilled with snow.* i.e., covered over with snow: the spelling is varied, but it is the same with the Saxon word *hele*.—*WHAL.*

It is scarcely worth dispute; but surely Jonson uses the word in its common acceptation.

Thy serpent feet, to be that rough North-wind,

Boreas, that to my reign art still unkind.  
I am the prince of months, called January;  
Because by me, Janus\* the year doth vary;  
Shutting up wars, proclaiming peace and feasts,  
Freedom and triumphs; making kings his guests.

*Boreas.* To thee then thus, and by thee to that king,  
That doth thee present honours, do I bring  
Present remembrance of twelve Æthiop dames:

Who, guided hither by the moon's bright flames,

To see his brighter light, were to the sea  
Enjoined again, and (thence assigned a day  
For their return) were in the waves to leave

Their BLACKNESS, and true BEAUTY to receive.

*Janu.* Which they received, but broke their day: and yet

Have not returned a look of grace for it,  
Shewing a course and most unfit neglect.  
Twice have I come in pomp here to expect

Their presence; twice deluded, have been fain

With other rites† my feasts to entertain;  
And now the third time, turned about the year,

Since they were looked for, and yet are not here!

*Boreas.* It was nor will nor sloth that caused their stay;

For they were all prepared by their day,  
And with religion forward on their way:  
When Proteus,‡ the grey prophet of the sea,

Met them, and made report how other four

Of their black kind (whereof their sire had store)

Faithful to that great wonder so late done  
Upon their sisters by bright Albion,

Had followed them to seek Britannia forth,

And there to hope like favour, as like worth,

Which Night envied, as done in her despite,§

And, mad to see an Æthiop washed white,  
Thought to prevent in these; lest men should deem

Her colour, if thus changed, of small esteem.

And so, by malice and her magic, tost  
The nymphs at sea, as they were almost lost,

Till on an island they by chance arrived,  
That floated in the main;|| where yet she had gyved

Them so in chains of darkness, as no might

Should loose them thence, but their changed sisters' sight.

Whereat the twelve, in piety moved, and kind,

Straight put themselves in act the place to find;

Which was the Night's sole trust they so will do,

That she with labour might confound them too.

For ever since with error hath she held  
Them wand'ring in the ocean, and so quelled

Their hopes beneath their toil, as (desperate now

Of any least success unto their vow;  
Nor knowing to return to express the grace,

Wherewith they labour to this prince, and place)

One of them meeting me at sea, did pray  
That for the love of my Orithya,¶

Whose very name did heat my frosty breast,

And made me shake my snow-filled wings and crest,

To bear this sad report I would be won,  
And frame their just excuse: which here I have done.

\* See the offices and power of Janus, *Ovid. Fast.* 1.

† Two marriages, the one of the Earl of Essex, 1606; the other of the Lord Hay, 1607.

‡ Read his description, with *Vir. Geor.* 4, *Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates, Cereleus Proteus.*

§ Because they were before of her complexion.

|| To give authority to this part of our fiction, Pliny hath a chap. 95 of his 2 book *Nat. Hist. de insulis fluctuantibus. Et Card. lib. 1 de rerum vari. &c.*, cap. 7, reports one to be in his time known in the lake of Lomond, in Scotland. To let pass that of Delos, &c.

¶ The daughter of Erectheus, King of Athens, whom Boreas ravished away into Thrace, as she was playing with other virgins by the flood Ilissus: or (as some will) by the fountain Cephissus.

*Janu.* Would thou hadst not begun, un-  
lucky Wind,  
That never yet blew'st goodness to man-  
kind;  
But with thy bitter and too piercing breath,  
Strik'st\* horrors through the air as sharp as  
death.

*Here a second wind came in, VULTURNUS,*  
*in a blue coloured robe and mantle, puffed*  
*as the former, but somewhat sweeter; his*  
*face black, and on his head a red sun,*  
*showing he came from the east: his wings*  
*of several colours; his buskins white, and*  
*wrought with gold.*

*Vult.* All horrors vanish, and all name  
of death,  
Be all things here as calm as is my breath.  
A gentler wind, Vulturnus, brings you news  
The isle is found, and that the nymphs now  
use  
Their rest and joy. The Night's black  
charms are flown.

For being made unto their goddess known,  
Bright Æthiopia, the silver moon,  
As she was Hecate, she brake them soon:†  
And now by virtue of their light and grace,  
The glorious isle wherein they rest, takes  
place

Of all the earth for beauty. There their  
queen§  
Hath raised them a throne, that still is  
seen

To turn unto the motion of the world;  
Wherein they sit, and are, like heaven,  
whirled

About the earth; whilst, to them contrary,  
(Following those nobler torches of the sky)  
A world of little Loves and chaste Desires  
Do light their beauties with still moving  
fires.

And who to heaven's consent can better  
move,

Than those that are so like it, beauty and  
love?

Hither, as to their new Elysium,  
The spirits of the antique Greeks are come,  
Poets and singers, Linus, Orpheus, all  
That have excelled in knowledge musical;||

\* The violence of Boreas Ovid excellently  
describes in the place above quoted.

*Hæc nubila pello,*  
*Hæc freta concutio, nodosque robora verto,*  
*Induorque nives, et terras grandine pulso.*

† According to that of Virgil—*Denuntiat*  
*igneus Euros.*

‡ She is called *φωσφορ' Εκατη*, by *Eurip.* in

Where, set in arbours made of myrtle and  
gold,

They live again these beauties to behold.  
And thence in flowery mazes walking  
forth,  
Sing hymns in celebration of their worth.  
Whilst to their songs two fountains flow,  
one bright

Of Lasting Youth, the other Chaste De-  
light,

That at the closes, from their bottoms  
spring,

And strike the air to echo what they sing.  
But why do I describe what all must see?  
By this time, near the coast, they floating  
be;

For so their virtuous goddess, the chaste  
moon,

Told them the fate of th' island should, and  
soon

Would fix itself unto thy continent,  
As being the place, by destiny fore-meant,  
Where they should flow forth, drest in her  
attires:

And that the influence of those holy fires,  
First rapt from hence, being multiplied  
upon

The other four, should make their beauties  
one.

Which now expect to see, great Neptune's  
son,

And love the miracle which thyself hast  
done.

*Here a curtain was drawn, in which*  
*the Night was painted, and the scene*  
*discovered, which (because the former*  
*was marine, and these, yet of neces-*  
*sity, to come from the sea) I devised*  
*should be an island floating on a calm*  
*water. In the midst thereof was a seat*  
*of state, called the Throne of Beauty,*  
*erected: divided into eight squares, and*  
*distinguished by so many Ionic pilasters.*  
*In these squares the sixteen masquers*  
*were placed by couples: behind them in*  
*the centre of the throne was a translucent*  
*pillar, shining with several coloured*  
*lights, that reflected on their backs.*  
*From the top of which pillar went several*

*Helena*, which is *Lucifera*, to which name we  
here presently allude.

§ For the more full and clear understanding  
of that which follows, have recourse to th  
succeeding pages, where the scene presents  
itself.

|| So Terence and the ancients called *Poesy*,  
*artem musicam.*

*arches to the pilasters that sustained the roof of the throne, which was likewise adorned with lights and gyrlands : and between the pilasters, in front little Cupids in flying posture, waving of wreaths and lights, bore up the cornice : over which were placed eight figures, representing the elements of beauty ; which advanced upon the Ionic, and being females had the Corinthian order. The first was*

## SPLENDOR,

in a robe of flame colour, naked breasted ; her bright hair loose flowing : she was drawn in a circle of clouds, her face and body breaking through : and in her hand a branch with two roses,\* a white and a red. The next to her was

## SERENITAS,

in a garment of bright sky-colour, a long tress, and waved with a veil of divers colours, such as the golden sky sometimes shews : upon her head a clear and fair sun shining, with rays of gold striking down to the feet of the figure. In her hand a crystal,† cut with several angles, and shadowed with divers colours, as caused by refraction. The third,

## GERMINATIO,

in green, with a zone of gold about her waist, crowned with myrtle, her hair likewise flowing, but not of so bright a colour : in her hand a branch of myrtle.‡ Her socks of green and gold. The fourth was

## LÆTITIA,

in a vesture of divers colours, and all sorts of flowers embroidered thereon : her socks so fitted. A gyrland of flowers§ in her hand ; her eyes turning up and smiling : her hair

flowing, and stuck with flowers. The fifth,

## TEMPERIES,

in a garment of gold, silver, and colours weaved ; in one hand she held a burning steel,|| in the other an urn with water. On her head a gyrland of flowers, corn, vine-leaves, and olive-branches interwoven. Her socks as her garment. The sixth,

## VENUSTAS,

in a silver robe, with a thin, subtle veil over her hair and it : pearl about her neck¶ and forehead. Her socks wrought with pearl. In her hand she bore several coloured lilies.\*\* The seventh was

## DIGNITAS,

in a dressing of state, the hair bound up with fillets of gold, the garments rich, and set with jewels and gold ; likewise her buskins ; and in her hand a golden rod.†† The eighth,

## PERFECTIO,

in a vesture of pure gold, a wreath of gold upon her head. About her body the zodiac,‡‡ with the signs : in her hand a compass of gold drawing a circle.

On the top of all the throne (as being made out of all these) stood

## HARMONIA,

a personage whose dressing had something of all the others, and had her robe painted full of figures. Her head was compassed with a crown of gold, having in it seven jewels equally set.§§ In her hand a lyra, whereon she rested.

This was the ornament of the throne. The ascent to which, consisting of six steps,

\* The rose is called elegantly by *Achil. Tat. lib. 2, φυτόν ἀλαιομα*; the splendour of plants, and is everywhere taken for the hieroglyphic of splendour.

† As this of serenity, applying to the optic's reason of the rainbow, and the mythologists making her the daughter of Electra.

‡ So *Hor. lib. i. od. 4.* makes it the ensign of the Spring. *Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt soluta, &c.*

§ They are everywhere the tokens of gladness, at all feasts and sports.

|| The sign of temperature, as also her gyrland mixed of the four seasons.

¶ Pearls with the ancients were the special hieroglyphics of loveliness ; in *quibus nitor tantum et labor expetebantur.*

\*\* So was the lily, of which the most delicate city of the Persians was called *Suse* : signifying that kind of flower in their tongue.

†† The sign of honour and dignity.

‡‡ Both that, and the compass, are known ensigns of perfection.

§§ She is so described in *Iconolog. de Cælest. Ripa*; his reason of seven jewels in the crown alludes to Pythagoras's comment, with *Mar. lib. 2, Som. Scip.* of the seven planets and their spheres.

was covered with a multitude of Cupids\* (chosen out of the best and most ingenious youth of the kingdom, noble, and others) that were the torch-bearers; and all armed with bows, quivers, wings, and other ensigns of love. On the sides of the throne were curious and elegant arbors appointed; and behind, in the back part of the isle, a grove of grown trees laden with golden fruit, which other little Cupids plucked and threw at each other, whilst on the ground leverets† picked up the bruised apples, and left them half eaten. The ground-plot of the whole was a subtle indented maze: and in the two foremost angles were two fountains that ran continually, the one Hebe's,‡ the other Hedone's:§ in the arbors were placed the musicians, who represented the shades of the old poets, and were attired in a priest-like habit of crimson and purple, with laurel gyrlands.

The colours of the masquers were varied; the one half in orange-tawny and silver: the other in sea-green and silver. The bodies and short skirts on white and gold to both.

The habit and dressing for the fashion was most curious, and so exceeding in riches, as the throne whereon they sat seemed to be a mine of light struck from their jewels and their garments.

This throne, as the whole island moved forward on the water, had a circular motion of its own, imitating that which we call *motum mundi*, from the east to the west, or the right to the left side. For so *Hom. Ilia.* μ. understands by δέξια, *Orientalia Mundi*: by ἀριστερά, *Occidentalia*. The steps whereon the Cupids sate had a motion contrary, with analogy *ad motum planetarum*, from the west to the east: both which turned with their several lights. And with these three varied motions at once, the whole scene shot itself to the land.

Above which, the moon was seen in a silver chariot, drawn by virgins, to ride in the clouds, and hold them greater light:

\* The inducing of many Cupids wants not defence, with the best and most received of the ancients, besides *Prop. Stat. Claud. Sido. Apoll.*, especially *Phil. in Icon. Amor.*, whom I have particularly followed in this description.

† They were the notes of loveliness, and sacred to Venus. See *Phil.* in that place mentioned.

‡ Of Youth.

§ Of Pleasure.

|| So he is feigned by Orpheus to have appeared first of all the gods, awakened by

with the sign Scorpio and the character placed before her.

The order of this scene was carefully and ingeniously disposed; and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the king's master carpenter. The painters, I must needs say (not to belie them), lent small colour to any to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencils. But that must not be imputed a crime either to the invention or design.

Here the loud music ceased; and the musicians, which were placed in the arbors, came forth through the mazes to the other land: singing this full song, iterated in the closes by two Echoes, rising out of the fountains.

When Love at first did move  
From out of Chaos,|| brightned  
So was the world, and lightned,  
As now.

1 Ech. As now!

2 Ech. As now!

Yield Night, then to the light,  
As *Blackness* hath to *Beauty*:  
Which is but the same duty.

It was for Beauty¶ that the world was made,  
And where she reigns,\*\* Love's lights admit  
no shade.

1 Ech. Love's lights admit no shade.

2 Ech. Admit no shade.

Which ended, Vulturuss, the wind, spake to the river Thamesis, that lay along between the shores, leaning upon his urn that flowed with water, and crowned with flowers; with a blue cloth of silver robe about him; and was personated by Master Thomas Giles, who made the dances.

*Vul.*

Rise, aged Thames, and by the hand  
Receive these nymphs within the land.  
And in those curious squares and rounds,  
Wherewith thou flow'st betwixt the  
grounds

Of fruitful Kent and Essex fair,  
That lend thee gyrlands for thy hair,

Clotho: and is therefore called Phanes, both by him and Lactantius.

¶ An agreeing opinion both with divines and philosophers, that the great artificer, in love with his own Idea, did therefore frame the world.

\*\* Alluding to his name of Himerus, and his signification in the name, which is *Desiderium post aspectum*: and more than *Eros*, which is only *Cupido, ex aspectu amare*.

Instruct their silver feet to tread,<sup>1</sup>  
Whilst we again to sea are fled.

With which the Winds departed : and the river received them into the land by couples and fours, their Cupids coming before them.

These dancing forth a most curious dance, full of excellent device and change, ended it in the figure of a diamant, and so standing still, were by the musicians with a second song, sung by a loud tenor, celebrated.

So Beauty on the waters stood,  
When Love had severed earth from flood !\*  
So when he parted air from fire,  
He did with concord all inspire !  
And then a motion he them taught,  
That elder than himself was thought.  
Which thought was yet the child of earth,†  
For love is elder than his birth.

*The song ended, they danced forth their second dance, more subtle and full of change than the former : and so exquisitely performed, as the king's majesty (incited first by his own liking to that which all others there present wished) required them both then again, after some time of dancing with the lords. Which time, to give them respite, was intermitted with a SONG ; first, by a treble voice, in this manner.*

If all these Cupids now were blind,  
As is their wanton brother ;‡  
Or play should put it in their mind  
To shoot at one another :  
What pretty battle they would make.  
If they their objects should mistake,  
And each one wound his mother !

Which was seconded by another treble ;  
thus :

It was no polity of court,  
Albe the place were charmed,

\* As in the creation he is said by the ancients to have done.

† That is, born since the world, and out of those duller apprehensions that did not think he was before.

‡ I make these different from him, which they feign *cæcum Cupidinem*, or *petulantem*, as I express beneath in the third song, these being chaste Loves that attend a more divine beauty than that of Love's common parent.

§ There hath been such a profane paradox published.

¶ The Platonick's opinion. See also *Mac. lib. 1* and *2 Som. Scip.*

To let in earnest, or in sport,  
So many Loves in, armed.  
For say the dames should with their eyes,  
Upon the hearts here mean surprise ;  
Were not the men like harmed !

To which a tenor answered :

Yes, were the Loves or false or straying,  
Or beauties not their beauty weighing :  
But here no such deceit is mixed,  
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fixed :  
They do not war with different darts,  
But strike a music of like hearts.

*After which songs they danced galliards and corantos ; and with those excellent graces, that the music appointed to celebrate them shewed it could be silent no longer : but, by the first tenor, admired them thus :*

Had those that dwelt in error foul  
And hold that women have no soul,§  
But seen these move ; they would have then  
Said women were the souls of men.  
So they do move each heart and eye  
With the world's soul, true harmony.¶

*Here they danced a third most elegant and curious dance, and not to be described again by any art but that of their own footing, which ending in the figure that was to produce the fourth, January from his state saluted them thus :*

Janu. Your grace is great as is your  
beauty, dames ;  
Enough my feasts have proved your thank-  
ful flames.  
Now use your seat : that seat which was  
before  
Thought straying, uncertain, floating to  
each shore,  
And to whose having¶ every clime laid claim,  
Each land and nation urged as the aim

¶ For what country is it thinks not her own beauty fairest yet ?

<sup>1</sup> *Instruct their silver feet to tread.* Warton seemed inclined to compliment Milton with the introduction of this expression, when Mr. Bowle (the keen detector of Jonson's plagiarisms, vol. ii p. 16 a) informed him that *silver-footed* was to be found in Brown's *Pastorals* (1619)—"perhaps," subjoins the former, "for the first time in English poetry." It had previously occurred in twenty places in Jonson !



Of their ambition, beauty's perfect throne,  
Now made peculiar to this place alone;  
And that by impulsion of your destinies,  
And his attractive beams that lights these  
skies:

Who, though with th' ocean compassed,  
never wets

His hair therein, nor wears a beam that  
sets.

Long may his light adorn these happy  
rites,

As I renew them; and your gracious sights  
Enjoy that happiness, even to envy, as  
when

Beauty at large brake forth and conquered  
men!

*At which they danced their last dance into  
their throne again; and that turning,  
the scene closed with this full SONG.*

Still turn and imitate the heaven

In motion swift and even;

And as his planets go,

Your brighter lights do so:

May youth and pleasure ever flow.

But let your state the while,

Be fixed as the isle.

*Cho.*

So all that see your beauties' sphere,  
May know the Elysian fields are here.

1 *Ech.* The Elysian fields are here.

2 *Ech.* Elysian fields are here.

The Persons who were received on land by the river god were,

THE QUEEN,  
LADY ARABELLA,<sup>1</sup>  
COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL,<sup>2</sup>  
COUNTESS OF DERBY,<sup>3</sup>

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD,<sup>4</sup>  
COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY,<sup>5</sup>  
LADY ELIZ. GUILFORD,<sup>6</sup>  
LADY KAT. PETER,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Lady Arabella.*] Lady Arabella Stewart. This beautiful and accomplished lady was the only child of Charles Stewart, fifth Earl of Lennox (uncle to James I. and great-grandson to Henry VII.) by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavendish of Hardwick. Mr. Lodge, in his admirable *Illustrations of British History*, has given with his usual elegance a concise narrative of her eventful life. "She was brought up (he says) in privacy under the care of her grandmother, the old Countess of Lennox, who had for many years resided in England. Her double relation to royalty was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her leaving a legitimate offspring. The former therefore prevented her from marrying Esme Stuart, her kinsman, and heir to the titles and estates of her family, and afterwards imprisoned her for listening to some overtures from the son of the Earl of Northumberland;" the latter, by obliging her to reject many splendid offers of marriage, unwarily encouraged the hopes of inferior pretenders, among whom, as we may fairly infer from some passages in his letters in this collection, was the fantastical William Fowler, secretary to Anne of Denmark. Thus circumscribed, she renewed a childish connexion with William Seymour, grandson to the Earl of Hertford, which was discovered in 1609, when both parties were summoned to appear before the Privy Council, and received a severe reprimand.

\* Sully says that Henry IV. once told him he should have no objection to marry her if he thought the succession to the crown of England could be obtained for her; but immediately added, that was a very improbable thing.

This mode of proceeding produced the very consequence which James meant to avoid; for the lady, sensible that her reputation had been wounded by this inquiry, was in a manner forced into a marriage, which becoming publicly known in the course of the next spring, she was committed to close custody in the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and Mr. Seymour to the Tower. In this state of separation, however, they concerted means for an escape, which both effected on the same day, June 3, 1611, and Mr. Seymour got safely to Flanders; but the poor lady was retaken in Calais Road, and imprisoned in the Tower; where the sense of these undeserved oppressions operating too severely on her high spirit, she became a lunatic, and languished in that wretched state, augmented by the horrors of a prison, till her death on the 27th of September, 1615."

<sup>2</sup> *Countess of Arundel.*] Anne, daughter of Thomas, Lord Dacre, and widow of the unfortunate Philip, Earl of Arundel, who was imprisoned by Elizabeth for some imaginary plot, and died in the Tower 1595. She was a most excellent woman. "Her letters to her family (says a very competent judge) are written in the best style of the time in which she lived, and in a strain of unaffected piety and tenderness."—*Lodge*, vol. iii. 35. But see p. 21.

<sup>3, 4, 5</sup> See p. 8.

<sup>6</sup> *Lady Elizabeth Guilford.*] Eldest daughter of Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester, and wife of Sir Henry Guilford, of Hemsted Place, in Kent.

<sup>7</sup> *Lady Katherine Peter.*] Sister to Lady Guilford, second daughter of the Earl of Worcester, and wife of William, second Lord Petre. She died in 1624, in her forty-ninth year; *avidior celestis habitationis* (as her Epitaph says) *quam longioris vite*.

LADY ANNE WINTER,<sup>1</sup>  
 LADY WINSOR,<sup>2</sup>  
 LADY ANNE CLIFFORD,<sup>3</sup>  
 LADY MARY NEVILLE,<sup>4</sup>

LADY ELIZ. HATTON,<sup>5</sup>  
 LADY ELIZ. GARRARD,<sup>6</sup>  
 LADY CHICHESTER,<sup>7</sup>  
 LADY WALSINGHAM.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Lady Anne Winter.*] Another daughter of the Earl of Worcester, and wife of Sir Edward Winter, of Lydney, Gloucestershire, Knight.

<sup>2</sup> *Lady Winsor.*] Either the widow of Henry, fifth Lord Winsor, or her daughter Elizabeth, married to her cousin, who bore the family name.

<sup>3</sup> *Lady Anne Clifford.*] The daughter of George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, so remarkable for his naval adventures in the reign of Elizabeth. This lady married some time after her appearance in the present masque, Richard, third Earl of Dorset, and in 1630 Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, whom she outlived many years. The English Court, or, to go further, the English nation, never possessed a nobler character than this celebrated lady. This is no place for her history, of which a spirited sketch is given by Dr. Whitaker; but it is almost impossible to pass her by without noticing her well-known answer to Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State to Charles II., who had ventured to name a candidate to her for the borough of Appleby:—

"I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a Court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand."

"ANNE Dorset, Penbroke, & Montgomery."  
 [There is, I believe, some doubt as to the authenticity of this letter.—F. C.]

<sup>4</sup> *Lady Mary Neville.*] Wife of Henry, seventh

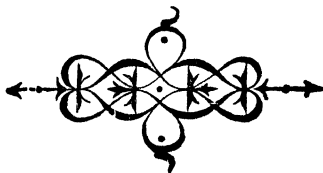
Lord Abergavenny, and daughter of the Lord Treasurer Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

<sup>5</sup> *Lady Elizabeth Hatton.*] Fourth daughter of Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter, and widow of Sir William Hatton. This beautiful creature afterwards married Sir Edward Coke. A strange match—and which seems to have afforded more amusement to the bystanders than comfort to the parties concerned.

<sup>6</sup> *Lady Elizabeth Garrard.*] Wife of Thomas, Lord Gerard, son of Sir Gilbert Gerard, Master of the Rolls, 23 Elizabeth. Thomas was raised to the Peerage on the accession of James I. She died 1613.

<sup>7</sup> *Lady Chichester.*] Letitia (as I believe), daughter of Sir John Perrot, and wife of Sir Arthur Chichester (Baron Chichester of Belfast), a man eminent for his great services in Ireland, and of distinguished talents and virtue. There was indeed another lady of this name: Frances, second daughter of Lord Harrington, married to Sir Robert Chichester, of Rawleigh, Devon, Knight of the Bath. This lady died in 1615, and was buried, as the record says, with "much solemnitie, in the parrish church of Pylton." The reader must decide between the claimants.

<sup>8</sup> *Lady Walsingham.*] Probably Anne, fourth daughter of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, and wife of Thomas Walsingham, of Scadbury, in Kent.



# Hymenæi; or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers at a Marriage.

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**HYMENÆI; OR THE SOLEMNITIES OF MASQUE AND BARRIERS AT A MARRIAGE.]**  
This is the title in the fol. 1616. Upon which Chetwood remarks:—"What reason our author had for not being more particular in the title of this Masque, neither when nor for whom it was performed, we cannot conceive; but we have, with some little search, found out it was ordered by the Court for the celebration of the nuptials between the Palsgrave and the Princess Elizabeth." "This Masque, by the description, was very magnificent, and the reader may find the expence of the machinery, &c., set down in the cost of that prince's marriage."—*Life of Jonson*, p. 41.

Chetwood's labour was thrown away. Had he fortunately met with the 4to edition of this Masque, he would have found all his doubts removed. There the title-page runs, "*Hymenæi, or the Solemnities of Masques and Barriers, magnificently performed on the eleventh and twelfth nights from Christmas at Court; to the auspicious celebrating of the Marriage-union betwene Robert, Earle of Essex, and the Lady Frances, second daughter of the most noble Earle of Suffolke*, 1606.

*Jam venit virgo, jam dicitur Hymenæus."*

The author's reason for "not being more particular" is now sufficiently apparent. The marriage was a most inauspicious one, and terminated in shame and guilt. The Earl of Essex (only son of the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth and the English nation) was in his fifteenth, and the Lady Frances in her fourteenth year, when the ceremony took place. Not long afterwards the Earl set out on his travels, and was abroad about four years. The Countess, who in the interim had transferred her affections to Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, the well known minion of James, was with difficulty persuaded to cohabit with her husband, whom, after a series of bickering, little to the honour of any of the parties concerned, she finally abandoned in 1613. She then solicited and obtained a divorce, under a pretence of his being incompetent to the duties of matrimony, and on the 5th of December in the same year espoused Carr, who had been created the day before Earl of Somerset.

This infamous connexion led to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, the execution of the minor agents in that diabolical transaction, and the trial and condemnation of the Earl and Countess, whose lives, though spared by the weakness of James, were worn out in mutual disgust. Somerset died neglected and despised, and his wife an object of loathing and horror. Essex (the repudiated husband) lived to be a famous rebel, and to command the Parliamentary army with skill and success till he sunk under the ascendancy of Cromwell.

It is to Jonson's praise that he took no part in the celebration of the second marriage, which was solemnized with great pomp, and for which a Masque was composed by Campion, a writer of some name. It is melancholy to reflect that this adulterous marriage was eagerly promoted by the Lord Chancellor Bacon, to whom Campion inscribed his performance, "he being (as the dedication says) the *Principall*, and in effect the only person that did both incourage and warrant the gentlemen (of Graies Inn) to shew their good affection towards so noble a *Conjunction*."

With respect to the Masque of which Chetwood speaks (and which was written six years after the present), he might have learned from the official papers that it was called the *Lord's Masque*. It was not written by Jonson, but by Campion, and published by him in 4to, 1613. It is of very rare occurrence, but I have been favoured with it from

the valuable collection of Mr. Dent. Mr. Chamberlaine, who was present at the representation, tells his correspondent that, "though it was rich and sumptuous, yet it was long and tedious, and with many devices more like a play than a masque."—*Winwood's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 435. It cost the Court 400*l*. The masquers probably paid their own expenses. After all it is but a poor affair, trite though extravagant, and manifesting neither taste nor fancy.

[In the *Annals of the Stage*, i. 365, Mr. Collier prints a very interesting letter from John Pory to Sir Robert Cotton on the subject of this Masque. "I have seen both the Maske on Sunday and the Barriers on Munday night. The Bridegroom carried himself as gravely and gracefully as if he were of his father's age. He had greater guiftes given him then my Lord of Montgomery had, his plate being valued at 3000*l*<sup>h</sup> and his jewels, mony, and other guiftes at 1000*l*<sup>h</sup> more. But to returne to the Maske. Both Inigo, Ben, and the actors, men and women, did their partes with great commendation. The concept or soule of the Maske was Hymen bringing in a bride, and Juno pronubas priest a bridegroom, proclaiming that those two should be sacrificed to nuptial union : and here the poet made an apostrophe to the union of kingdoms. But before the sacrifice could be performed, Ben Jonson burned the globe of the erth standing behind the altar." Gifford is no doubt right in saying that England has never seen any entertainment of the kind to equal these masquings. With all our infinite advantages in science and machinery, Mr. E. T. Smith and Mr. Harry Boleno differ hardly less from Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones than (Mr. Carlyle's parallels) Sheridan Knowles and Beau Brummell from Shakspeare and Sir Walter Raleigh.—F. C.]

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## HYMENÆI, &c.

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It is a noble and just advantage that the things subjected to understanding have of those which are objected to sense ; that the one sort are but momentary, and merely taking ; the other impressing and lasting : else the glory of all these solemnities had perished like a blaze, and gone out, in the beholders' eyes. So short lived are the bodies of all things, in comparison of their souls. And though bodies oft times have the ill-luck to be sensually preferred, they find afterwards the good fortune (when souls live) to be utterly forgotten. This it is hath made the most royal princes, and greatest persons (who are commonly the personaters of these actions) not only studious of riches, and magnificence in the outward celebration or shew, which rightly becomes them ; but curious after the most high and hearty inventions, to furnish the inward parts, and those grounded upon antiquity and solid learnings : which though their voice be taught to sound to present occasions, their sense or doth or should always lay hold on more removed mysteries. And howsoever some may squeamishly cry out, that all endeavour of learning and sharpness in these transitory devices,

especially where it steps beyond their little, or (let me not wrong 'em), no brain at all, is superfluous ; I am contented these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers, fittest for such airy tastes ; where perhaps a few Italian herbs, picked up and made into a sallad, may find sweeter acceptance than all the most nourishing and sound meats of the world.

For these men's palates, let not me answer, O Muses. It is not my fault if I fill them out nectar and they run to metheglin.

*Vaticana bibant, si delectentur.*

All the courtesies I can do them, is to cry again,

*Prætereant, si quid non facit ad stomachum.*

As I will from the thought of them, to my better subject.

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On the night of the Masques (women were two, one of men, the other of women) the

scene being drawn, there was first discovered an altar; upon which was inscribed, in letters of gold,

\* Ioni. Oimæ. Mimæ.

UNIONI.

SACR.

To this altar entered five pages, attired in white, bearing five tapers of virgin wax;† behind them, one representing a bridegroom: his hair short,‡ and bound with party-coloured ribbons, and gold twist; his garments purple and white.

On the other hand, entered HYMEN (the god of marriage) in a saffron-coloured robe,§ his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram,§ in his right hand a torch of pine-tree.¶

After him a youth attired in white,¶ bearing another light, of white thorn; under his arm, a little wicker flasket shut: behind him two others in white, the one bearing a distaff, the other a spindle. Betwixt these a personated bride, supported, her hair flowing, and loose, sprinkled with gray; on her head a gyrland of roses, like

a turret; her garments white: and on her back, a wether's fleece hanging down: her zone, or girdle about her waist of white wool, fastened with the Herculean knot.

In the midst went the Auspices; \*\* after them, two that sung, in several coloured silks. Of which one bore the water, the other the fire; last of all the musicians,†† diversely attired, all crowned with roses; and with this SONG began:

Bid all profane away;  
None here may stay  
To view our mysteries,  
But who themselves have been,  
Or will in time be seen,  
The self-same sacrifice.  
For Union, mistress of these rites,  
Will be observed with eyes  
As simple as her nights.

Cho.

Fly then all profane away,  
Fly far off as hath the day;  
Night her curtain doth display,  
And this is Hymen's holy-day.

The song being ended, HYMEN presented himself foremost, and, after some sign of admiration, began to speak.

\* Mystically implying that both it, the place, and all the succeeding ceremonies, were sacred to marriage, or Union, over which Juno was president: to whom there was the like altar erected at Rome, as he was called Jugo Juno, in the street, which thence was named Jugarius. See *Fest.*; and at which altar the rite was to join the married pair with bands of silk, in sign of future concord.

† Those were the *Quinque Ceræ*, which Plutarch in his *Quest Roman.* mentions to be used in nuptials.

‡ The dressing of the bridegroom (with the ancients) was chiefly noted in that. *Quod tonderetur. Juven. Sat. 6. Jamque a tonsore magistro l'eteris.* And Lucan, *lib. 2.* where he makes Cato negligent of the ceremonies in marriage, saith, *Ille nec horrificam sancto dimovit ab ore Casarem.*

§ See how he is called out by Catullus in *Nup. Jul. et Manl. Cinge tempora floribus Sævae olentis amaraci, &c.*

¶ For so I preserve the reading there in *Catul. Pinæam quate tadam*, rather than to change it *Spineam*; and moved by the authority of Virgil in *Ciri.* where he says, *Pronuba nec castos incendit Pinus amores.* And Ovid, *Fast. lib. 2. Expectet furvos pinæa tæda dies.* though I deny not there was also *spineæ tæda, &c.* which Pliny calls *Nuptiarum facibus auspiciatissimam, Nat. Hist. lib. 16, cap. 18.* and whereof *Sextus Pompeius Fest.* hath left so particular testimony. For which see the following note.

¶ This (by the ancients) was called *Camillus*, *quasi minister* (for so that signified in the Etrurian tongue), and was one of the three which by *Sex. Pompei.* were said to be *Patrimi et Matrini, Pueri prætextati tres, qui nubentem deducunt: unus, qui facem præfert ex spina alba. Duo qui tenent nubentem.* To which confer that of *Varro, lib. 6 de lingua Lat. Dicitur in nuptiis camillus, qui cunernum fert.* As also that of *Fest. lib. 3. Cunernum vocabant antiqui vas quoddam quod opertum in nuptiis ferebant, in quo erant nubentis utensilia, quod et camillum dicebant: eo quod sacrorum ministrum καμῖλλον ἀπellaυαν.*

\*\* Auspices were those that handfasted the married couple; that wished them good luck: that took care for the dowry; and heard them profess that they came together for the cause of children. *Juven. Sat. 10. Veniet cum signatoribus auspex.* And *Lucan, lib. 2. Junguntur taciti, contentique auspice Bruto.* They are also styled *Pronubi, Proxenetæ, Paranymphei.*

†† The custom of music at nuptials is clear in all antiquity. *Ter. Adel. act. 5. Verum hoc mihi mora est, Tibicina, et Hymenæum qui cantent.* And *Claud. in epithal. Ducant per virgiles carmina tibia, &c.*

† On the other hand, entered Hymen in a saffron-coloured robe, &c.] It is to this that Milton alludes:

Then let Hymen off appear  
In saffron robe, &c.

Hy.

What more than usua llight,  
Throughout the place extended,  
Makes Juno's fane so bright !  
Is there some greater deity descended ?

Or reign on earth those Powers  
So rich, as with their beams  
Grace U nion more than ours ;  
And bound her influence in their happier  
streams ?

'Tis so this same is he,  
The king, and priest of peace :  
And that his empress, she,  
That sits so crowned with her own  
increase !

O you, whose better blisses  
Have proved the strict embrace  
Of Union, with chaste kisses,  
And seen it flow so in your happy  
race ;

That know how well it binds  
The fighting seeds of things,  
Wins natures, sexes, minds,  
And every discord in true music brings :

Sit now propitious aids,  
To rites so duly prized ;  
And view two noble maids,  
Of different sex, to Union sacrificed.  
In honour of that blest estate,  
Which all good minds should celebrate.

*Here out of a microcosm or globe (see p. 30 a)  
figuring man, with a kind of con-  
tentionous music, issued forth the first masque  
of eight men.\**

*These represented the four Humours and  
four Affections, all gloriously attired,  
distinguished only by their several co-  
signs and colours : and, dancing out on  
the stage, in their return at the end of*

\* Whose names as they were then marshalled by couples, I have heraldry enough to set down.

LORD WILLOUGHBY,<sup>1</sup>  
LORD WALDEN,<sup>2</sup>  
SIR JAMES HAY,<sup>3</sup>  
EARL OF MONTGOMERY,<sup>4</sup>

SIR THOMAS HOWARD,<sup>5</sup>  
SIR THOMAS SOMERSET,<sup>6</sup>  
EARL OF ARUNDEL,<sup>7</sup>  
SIR JOHN ASHLEY.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Lord Willoughby*.] William, third Lord Willoughby of Parham ; he was a performer in the masque exhibited at Court on the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert, so often mentioned. His lady was Frances, daughter of John, fourth Earl of Rutland.

<sup>2</sup> *Lord Walden*.] Theophilus, eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Dunbar, and died 1640. This nobleman was called up to the House of Peers in his father's lifetime (1603) by the title of Lord Howard of Walden.

<sup>3</sup> *Sir James Hay*.] Son of Sir James Hay, of Kingask ; he came into England in the suite of James, by whom he was greatly esteemed, and successively created Baron Sowlic, Viscount Doncaster, and finally Earl of Carlisle. He continued a favourite under this and the following reign, and died in 1636, having received more grants and spent more money than any man of that age. He married, Lord Clarendon says, a beautiful young lady, daughter to the Earl of Northumberland.

<sup>4</sup> *Earl of Montgomery*.] Philip Herbert, brother to the Earl of Pembroke.

<sup>5</sup> *Sir Thomas Howard*.] Probably a cousin of Lord Arundel. He is mentioned in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, as preparing "for journey to France with Lord Cranborn ;" but I know nothing more of him. *Lodge's Illus.* vol. iii. 366.

<sup>6</sup> *Sir Thomas Somerset*.] Third son of Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester. He was sent by the privy council to announce to James the death of Elizabeth, was much and deservedly

esteemed by the King, and in 1626 created Viscount Somerset of Cashel.

<sup>7</sup> *Earl of Arundel*.] Thomas Howard, son of that Earl of Arundel, who died in the Tower, 1595, and grand-son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded on account of his connexion with Mary, Queen of Scots. He is called the young Earl of Arundel by Mr Chamberlaine, at this period, and if the dates in Collins's *Peerage* may be trusted, he could not be more than sixteen. When he married I know not, but in 1607, when he was little more than eighteen, James stood godfather to his first son. It is therefore possible, and indeed probable, that the Countess of Arundel, who performed in the *Masque of Beauty*, (p. 10), was the wife, and not the mother of this nobleman. She was the Lady Althea Talbot, third daughter of Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury. With respect to Lord Arundel, he was one of the brightest characters of the Court. We are indebted to him for the Arundel marbles.

<sup>8</sup> *Sir John Ashley*.] Unknown to me ; but probably Sir John Cooper, who married Anne, daughter and sole heir of Sir Antony Ashley (a famous soldier under Elizabeth), and who, with the immense property, might also enjoy the name of his father-in-law. Sir John was the father of Antony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury.

† That they were personated in men hath already come under some grammatical exception. But there is more than grammar to release it. For besides that *humores* and *affectus*

*their dance, drew all their swords, offered to encompass the altar, and disturb the ceremonies. At which Hymen, troubled, spake :*

*Hy.* Save, save the virgins ; keep your hallowed lights  
Untouched ; and with their flame defend our rites.  
The four untampered Humours are broke out,  
And with their wild Affections go about To ravish all religion. If there be A power like reason left in that huge body Or little world of man, from whence these came,  
Look forth, and with thy bright and numerous flame\*  
Instruct their darkness, make them know and see,  
In wronging these they have rebelled 'gainst thee.

*Hereat Reason, seated in the top of the globe, as in the brain or highest part of man, figured in a venerable personage, her hair white and trailing to her waist, crowned with lights, her garments blue, and semined with stars, girded unto her with a white bend filled with arithmetical figures, in one hand bearing a lamp, in the other a bright sword, descended and spake :*

*Rea.* Forbear your rude attempt ; what ignorance  
Could yield you so profane, as to advance  
One thought in act against these mysteries ?  
Are Union's† orgies of so slender price ?  
She that makes souls with bodies mix in love,  
Contracts the world in one, and therein Jove ;

are both masculine in *genre*, not one of the *specialia* but in some language is known by a masculine word. Again, when their influences are common to both sexes, and more generally impetuous in the male, I see not why they should not so be more properly presented. And for the allegory, though here it be very clear, and such as might well escape a candle, yet because there are some must complain of darkness that have but thick eyes, I am contented to hold them this light. First, as in natural bodies so likewise in minds, there is no disease or distemperature, but is caused either by some abounding humour, or perverse affection ; after the same manner, in politic bodies (where order, ceremony, state, reverence, devotion, are parts of the mind) by the difference or predominant will of what we metaphorically call humours and affections, all things are troubled and confused. These therefore were tropically brought in before marriage as disturbers of that mystical

Is spring and end of all things : ‡ yet, most strange,  
Herself nor suffers spring, nor end, nor change.  
No wonder they were you, that were so bold ;  
For none but Humours and Affections would Have dared so rash a venture. You will say It was your zeal that gave your powers the sway ;  
And urge the masqued and disguised pretence  
Of saving blood and succouring innocence :  
So want of knowledge still begetteth jars,  
When humorous earthlings will control the stars.  
Inform yourselves, with safer reverence,  
To these mysterious rites, whose mystic sense,  
Reason, which all things but itself confounds,  
Shall clear unto you from the authentic grounds.

*At this the Humours and Affections sheathed their swords, and retired amazed to the sides of the stage, while Hymen began to rank the persons, and order the ceremonies : and REASON proceeded to speak :*

*Rea.* The pair which do each other side,  
Though, yet, some space doth them divide,  
This happy night must both make one  
Blest sacrifice to Union.  
Nor is this altar but a sign  
Of one more soft and more divine.  
The genial bed, § where Hymen keeps  
The solemn orgies, void of sleeps :  
And wildest Cupid, waking, hovers  
With adoration 'twixt the lovers.  
The tead of white and blooming thorn,  
In token of increase, is borne :

body, and the rites which were *soul* unto it ; that afterwards in marriage, being dutifully tempered by her power, they might more fully celebrate the happiness of such as live in that sweet union, to the harmonious laws of nature and reason.

\* Alluding to that opinion of Pythagoras, who held all reason, all knowledge, all discourse of the soul to be mere number. See *Plut. de Plac. Phil.*

† *Opyia*, with the Greeks, value the same that *ceremoniæ* with the Latins ; and imply all sorts of rites : howsoever (abusively) they have been made particular to Bacchus. See *Serv.* to that of *Virg. Æneid* 4, *Qualis commotis excilia sacris Thyas*.

‡ *Macrob. in Som. Scip. lib. 1.*

§ Properly that which was made ready for the new-married bride, and was called *Genialis, à generandis liberis*. *Serv. in 6 Æn.*

And also, with the ominous light,\*  
To fright all malice from the night.  
Like are the fire and water set;†  
That ev'n as moisture mixt with heat  
Helps every natural birth to life,  
So, for their race, join man and wife.  
The blushing veil‡ shews shamefastness  
Th' ingenuous virgin should profess  
At meeting with the man; her hair  
That flows so liberal§ and so fair,  
Is shed with gray, to intimate  
She entereth to a matron's state,  
For which those utensils|| are born.  
And that she should not labour scorn,  
Herself a snowy fleece¶ doth wear,  
And these her rock and spindle bear,\*\*  
To shew that nothing which is good  
Gives check unto the highest blood.  
The zone of wooll‡ about her waist,  
Which, in contrary circles cast,  
Doth meet in one strong knot‡ that binds,  
Tells you so should all married minds.  
And lastly, these five waxen lights  
Imply perfection in the rites:  
For five§§ the special number is  
Whence hallowed Union clams her bliss.  
As being all the sum that grows  
From the united strengths of those  
Which male and female numbers we||  
Do style, and are first two and three.  
Which joined thus you cannot sever  
In equal parts, but one will ever

\* See Ovid. *Iust. lib. 6.*

*Sic fatus spinam, quâ tristes fellere posset  
A foribus noxas, hæc erat alba, dedit.*

† *Plutar. in Quest. Rom. and Var. lib. 4, de ling. Lat.*

‡ *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 21, cap. 8.*

§ *Pomp. Fest. Briss. Histo. de Rit. Nup.*

|| *Var. lib. 6 de ling. Lat. and Fest. in Prag.*

¶ *Fest. lib.*

\*\* *Plutar. in Quest. Rom. et in Romul.*

†† *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 8, cap. 48.*

‡‡ That was *Nodus Heredæus*, which the husband at night untied, in sign of good fortune, that he might be happy in propagation of issue, as Hercules was, who left seventy children.—See *Fest. in voc. Cingul.*

§§ *Plutar. in Quest. Rom.*

||| See *Mart. Capel. lib. 6 de Nupt. Phil. et Mor. in numero Pentade.*

¶¶ With the Greeks Juno was interpreted to be the air itself. And so *Maer. de Som. Scipio. l. 1, c. 17*, calls her. *Mar. Cap.* surnames her *Aëria*, of reigning there.

\*\* They were sacred to Juno in respect of their colours and temper, so like the air. *Ovid. de Arte Amand. Lantatas ostendit aves Junonia pennas*; and *Met. lib. 2*:

Remain as common; so we see  
The binding force of Unity:  
For which alone the peaceful gods  
In number always love the odds;  
And even parts as much despise,  
Since out of them all discords rise.

*Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open: and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno,¶¶ sitting in a throne, supported by two beautiful peacocks,\*\*\* her attire rich, and like a queen,††† a white diadem‡‡‡ on her head, from whence descended a veil, and that bound with a fascia of several coloured silks,§§§ set with all sorts of jewels, and naved in the top with lilies and roses:¶¶¶ in her right hand she held a sceptre, in the other a timbrel, at her golden feet the *kyrca lion*¶¶¶ was placed: round about her sat the spirits of the air in several colours, making music: above her the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top (figuring the heaven) brandishing his thunder. beneath her the rain-bow lay, and on the two sides eight bodies, attired richly and alike, in the most celestial colours, who represented her powers, as she is the governess of mar-*

*Habitu Saturnia curru*

*Ingruitur liquidum pavonibus Æthera patris.*

¶¶ She was called *Regina Juno* with the Latins, because she was *soror et conjux Jovis, decorem et hominum regis*.

††† Read *Apul.* describing her, in his 10th of the *Ass*.

§§§ After the manner of the antique bend, the varied colours implying the several mutations of the air, as showers, dews, serenity, force of winds, clouds, tempest, snow, hail, lightning, thunder, all which had their noises signified in her timbrel: the faculty of causing these being ascribed to her by *Virg. Æneid. lib. 4*, where he makes her say,

*Hic ego nigrament commista grandine nimbum  
Desuper infundam, et tonitru cælum omne ciebo.*

¶¶¶ Lilies were sacred to Juno, as being made white with her milk that fell upon the earth, when Jove took Hercules away, whom by stealth he had lured to her breast: the rose was also called Junonia.

¶¶¶ She was figured at Argos, as a step-mother, insulting on the spoils of her two privigni, Bacchus and Hercules.



riage,\* and made the second Masque. All which, upon the discovery, REASON made narration of.

Rea. And see where Juno, whose great name

Is Unio in the anagram,  
Displays her glittering state and chair  
As she enlightened all the air!  
Hark how the charming tunes do beat  
In sacred concords 'bout her seat!  
And lo! to grace what these intend,  
Eight of her noblest Powers descend,<sup>1</sup>  
Which are enstyled her faculties,†  
That govern nuptial mysteries;  
And wear those masques before their faces,  
Lest dazzling mortals with their graces,  
As they approach them, all mankind  
Should be, like Cupid, strooken blind.  
These Order waits for, on the ground,  
To keep, that you should not confound  
Their measured steps, which only move  
About the harmonious sphere of love.

*Their descent was made in two great clouds, that put forth themselves severally, and, with one measure of time, were seen to stoop; and fall gently down upon the earth. The manner of their habits came after some statues of Juno, no less airy than glorious. The dressings of their heads rare; so likewise of their feet: and all full of splendor, sovereignty, and riches. Whilst they were descending, this SONG was sung at the altar.*

These, these are they,  
Whom Humour and Affection must obey;  
Who come to deck the genial bower,

\* See *Virg. Æneid. lib. 4. Junoni ante omnes cui vincula jugalia curæ*: and in another place, *Dant signum prima et Tellus et Pronuba Juno*: and *Ovid. in Phil. Epist. Junonemque terris quæ præsidet alma Maritis*

† They were all eight called by particular surnames of Juno, ascribed to her for some peculiar property in marriage, as somewhere after is more fully declared.

‡ This surname Juno received of the Sabines; from them the Romans gave it her: of the spear, which (in the Sabine tongue) was called *curis*, and was that which they named *hasta celibaris*, which had stuck in the body of a slain sword-player, and wherewith the bride's head was drest, whereof *Fest. in voce celibar.* gives these reasons: *Ut quemadmodum illa conjuncta fuerit cum corpore gladiatoris, sic ipsa cum viro sit; vel quia matrone Junonis curitis in tutelâ sit, quæ ita appellabatur à ferenda hasta; vel quod fortes viros genitura omittit; vel quod nuptiali jure imperio viri subicitur nubens, quia hasta summa armorum, et imperii est, &c.* To most of which Plutarch, in his *Quæst. Rom. con-*

And bring with them the grateful Hour  
That crowns such meetings, and excites  
The married pair to fresh delights:

As courtings, kissings, coyings, oaths and vows,

Soft whisperings, embracements, all the joys

And melting toys  
That chaster love allows.

Cho. Haste, haste, for Hesperus his head  
down bows.

*This song ended, they danced forth in pairs, and each pair with a varied and noble grace, to a rare and full music of twelve lutes, led on by Order, the servant of Reason, who was there rather a person of ceremony than use His under garment was blue, his upper white, and painted full of arithmetical and geometrical figures: his hair and beard long, a star on his forehead, and in his hand a geometrical staff: to whom, after the dance, REASON spake:*

Rea. Convey them, Order, to their places,

And rank them so, in several traces,  
As they may set their mixed powers

Unto the music of the Hours;

And these, by joining with them, know

In better temper how to flow:

Whilst I, from their abstracted names,

Report the virtues of the dames.

First, *Curis* comes to deck the bride's fair tress,

Care of the ointments *Unxia* doth profess.

sents, but adds a better in *Romul.* That when they divided the bride's hair with the point of the spear, *συμβολον ειναι του μετα μάχης και πολεμικως τον πρώτον γάμον γενεσθαι*, it noted their first nuptials (with the Sabines) were contracted by force, and as with enemies. Howsoever, that it was a custom with them, this of *Ovid. Fast. lib. 2.* confirms. *Comat virgineas hasta recurva comas.*

§ For the surname of *Unxia*, we have *Mart. Capel.* his testimony, *De Nup. Phil. et Merc. lib. 2, quod unctioibus præest*: as also *Servius, libro quarto Æneid.*, where they both report it a fashion with the Romans, that before the new-

<sup>1</sup> *Eight of her noblest Powers descend.*] The folio does not give their names; but the 4to supplies the defect. "The names of the eight ladies as they were ordered (to the most conspicuous shew) in their dances, by the rule of their statures, were the Countess of Montgomery, Lady Knolles, Mistress A. Sackville, Lady Berkly, Lady Dorothy Hastings, Lady Blanch Somerset, Co. of Bedford, Co. of Rutland."

Juga,\* her office to make one of twain :  
Gameliat sees that they should so remain.  
Fair Iterduca† leads the bride her way ;  
And Domiduca§ home her steps doth stay :  
Cinxia|| the maid, quit of her zone, defends.  
Telia,¶ for Hymen, perfects all and ends.

*By this time the ladies were paired with  
the men, and the whole sixteen ranked  
forth, in order, to dance ; and were with  
this SONG provoked.*

Now, now begin to set  
Your spirits in active heat ;  
And, since your hands are met,  
Instruct your nimble feet,  
In motions swift and meet,  
The happy ground to beat ;

*Cho.*

Whilst all this roof doth ring,  
And each discord string  
With every varied voice  
In UNION doth rejoice.

married brides entered the houses of their husbands, they adorned the posts of the gates with woollen tawdries or fillets, and anointed them with oils, or the fat of wolves and boars ; being superstitiously possess that such ointments had the virtue of expelling evils from the family ; and that thence were they called *Uxores, quasi Unxores*.

\* She was named *Juga*, *propter Jugum* (as Servius says), for the yoke which was imposed in matrimony on those that were married, or (with *Sex. Pomp. Fest.*) *quod Juges sunt ejusdem Jugi Pares, unde et Conjuges*, or in respect of the altar (which I have declared before) sacred to Juno, in *Vico Jugario*.

† As she was Gamelia, in sacrificing to her, they took away the gall, and threw it behind the altar ; intimating that (after marriage) there should be known no bitterness nor hatred between the joined couple, which might divide or separate them. See *Plutarch. Connub. Præ.* This rite I have somewhere following touched at.

‡ The title of *Iterduca* she had amongst them, *quod ad sponsi ædes sponsas comitabatur*, or was a protectress of their journey. *Mart. Capel. de Nupt. Philol. et Mercur. libro secundo.*

§ The like of *Domiduca*, *quod ad optatas domus duceret*. *Mart. ibid.*

|| *Cinxia*, the same author gives unto her, as the defendress of maids, when they had put off their girdle, in the bridal chamber ; to which *Festus*, *Cinxia Junonis nomen sanctum habebatur in nuptiis, quod initio conjugis solutio erat cinguli, quo nova nupta erat cincta*. And *Arnobius*, a man most learned in their ceremonies, *lib. 3. advers. Gent.* saith, *Uncionibus superest Unxia. Cingulorum Cinxia replicatione.*

¶ *Telia* signifies *Perfecta*, or, as some translate it, *Perfectrix* ; with *Gul. Pol. lib. 3. Onomast.* *ἡρα τέλεια* values *Juno ! Præses Nup-*

*Here they danced forth a most neat and curious measure, full of subtilty and device ; which was so excellently performed, as it seemed to take away that spirit from the invention, which the invention gave to it : and left it doubtful whether the forms flowed more perfectly from the author's brain or their feet. The strains were all notably different, some of them formed into letters very signifying to the name of the Bridegroom, and ended in the manner of a chain, linking hands : to which this was spoken :*

*Rea.* Such was the golden chain\*\* let  
down from heaven ;

And not those links more even

Than these : so sweetly tempered, so combined

By union and refined.

Here no contention, envy, grief, decent,  
Fear, jealousy have weight ;

*tiarum* : who saith, the attribute depends of *τέλειος*, which (with the ancients) signified marriage, and thence were they called *τέλειοι* that entered into that state. *Servius* interprets it the same with *Gamela* *Æneid. 4. ad verb. Et Junone secunda*. But it implies much more, as including the faculty too, mature and perfect. See the Greek *Scholias* on *Pind. Nem. in Hym. ad Thyæum Ulæ filium Argi.* *τέλειος δὲ ὁ γάμος διὰ τὸ κατασκευάζειν τὴν τελευτήσαντα τοῦ βίου* ; that is, Nuptials are therefore called *τέλειοι*, because they affect perfection of life, and do note that maturity which should be in matrimony. For before nuptials, she is called *Juno παρθένος*, that is, *Virgo* ; after nuptials, *τέλεια*, which is, *Adulta* or *Perfecta*.

\*\* Mentioned by *Homer*, *Ilia. 8.*, which many have interpreted diversely, all allegorically. *Pla. in Thæteto*, understands it to be the Sun, which while he circles the world in his course, all things are safe and preserved ; others vary it. *Macrobi.* (to whose interpretation I am specially affected in my allusion) considers it thus : in *Som. Scip. libr. 1. cap. 14.* *Ergo cum ex summo Deo mens, ex mente anima sit ; anima vero et condita, et vita complet omnia quæ sequuntur, cunctaque hic unus fulgor illuminet, et in universis appareat, ut in multis speculis, per ordinem positus, vultus unus : cunctique omnia continuis successionibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad initium meari : invenietur pressius intuenti à summo Deo usque ad ultimam rerum fecem una mutuis se vinculis religans, et nusquam interrupta connexio. Et hæc est Homeri Catena aurea, quam pendere de calo in terras Deum fuisse commemorat.* To which strength and evenness of connexion, I have not absurdly likened this uniting of Humours and Affections by the sacred Powers of marriage.

But all is peace and love, and faith and bliss :

What harmony like this ?

The gall behind the altar quite is thrown ;

This sacrifice hath none.

Now no affections rage, nor humours swell ;

But all composed dwell.

O Juno, Hymen, Hymen, Juno ! who

Can merit with you two ?

Without your presence Venus can do nought

Save what with shame is bought ;

No father can himself a parent show,

Nor any house with prosperous issue grow.

O then, what deities will dare

With Hymen or with Juno to compare ?

*This speech being ended, they dissolved : and all took forth other persons (men and women) to dance other measures, galliards, and corantos : the whilst this SONG importuned them to a fit remembrance of the time.*

Think yet how night doth waste,

How much of time is past,

What more than winged haste

Yourselves would take,

If you were but to taste

The joy the night doth cast

(O might it ever last)

On this bright virgin, and her happy make.

*Their dances yet lasting, they were the second time importuned by speech.*

*Rea.* Sec, see ! the bright\* Italian star,  
That lighteth lovers to their war,  
Complains that you her influence lose ;  
While thus the night-sports you abuse.

*Hy.* The longing bridegroom† in the porch

Shews you again the bated torch ;

And thrice hath Juno† mixt her air

With fire, to summon your repair.

\* *Stella Veneris*, or *Venus*, which when it goes before the sun, is called *Phosphorus*, or *Lucifer* ; when it follows, *Hesperus*, or *Noctifer* (as *Cat.* translates it.) See *Cic. 2. de Nat. Deor. Mar. Cap. de Nup. Phil. et Mer. l. 8.* The nature of this star *Pythagoras* first found out ; and the present office *Clau.* expresseth in *Fescen. Atollens thalamis Idaliū jubar Dilectus Veneri nascitur Hesperus.*

† It was a custom for the man to stand there, expecting the approach of his bride. See *Hottot. de Rit. Nupt.*

*Rea.* See, now she clean withdraws her light ;

And, as you should, gives place to night,

That spreads her broad and blackest wing

Upon the world, and comes to bring

As thousand several-coloured loves,

Some like sparrows, some like doves,

That hop about the nuptial-room,

And fluttering there, against you come,

Warm the chaste bower which Cypria strows

With many a lily, many a rose.

*Hy.* Haste, therefore haste, and call away !

The gentle night is prest to pay

The usury of long delights

She owes to these protracted rites.

*At this, the whole scene being drawn again, and all covered with clouds, as a night, they left off their intermixed dances, and returned to their first places ; where, as they were but beginning to move, this SONG, the third time, urged them.*

O know to end, as to begin :

A minute's loss in love is sin.

These humours will the night outwear

In their own pastimes here ;

You do our rites much wrong

In seeking to prolong

These outward pleasures :

The night hath other treasures

Than these, though long concealed,

Ere day to be revealed.

Then know to end, as to begin ;

A minute's loss in love is sin.

*Here they danced their last dances, full of excellent delight and change, and, in their latter strain, fell into a fair orb or circle ; REASON standing in the midst, and speaking.*

*Rea.* Here stay, and let your sports be crowned :

The perfect'st figure is the round.

† Alluding to that of *Virg. Æneid. 4. Prima et Tellus, et Pronuba Juno, Dant signum : fulsere ignes, et conscius aether Connubii, &c.*

§ *Stat. in Epit. Fulcra, torosque dea, temerum premit agmen Amorum.* And *Claud. in Epith. Pennati passim pueri, quo quemque vocavit Umbra, jacent.* Both which proved the ancients feigned many Cupids. Read also *Prop. eleg. 29. l. 2.*

|| *Venus* is so induced by *Stat.*, *Claud.*, and others, to celebrate nuptials.

Nor fell you in it by adventure,  
When reason was your guide and centre.  
This, this that beauteous\* cestion is  
Of lovers' many-coloured bliss.  
Come, Hymen, make an inner ring,  
And let the sacrificers sing;  
Cheer up the faint and trembling bride,  
That quakes to touch her bridegroom's side:  
Tell her what Juno is to Jove,  
The same shall she be to her love;  
His wife: which we do rather measure  
At name of dignity than pleasure.  
Up, youths! hold up your lights in air,  
And shake abroad† their flaming hair.  
Now move united, and in gait,  
As you in pairs do front the state,  
With grateful honours thank his grace  
That hath so glorified the place:  
And as in circle you depart,  
Linked hand in hand, so heart in heart  
May all those bodies still remain  
Whom he with so much sacred pain  
No less hath bound within his realms  
Than they are with the ocean's streams.  
Long may his Union find increase,  
As he to ours hath deigned his peace!

*With this, to a soft strain of music, they paced once about, in their ring, every pair making their honours, as they came before the state: and then dissolving, went down in couples, led on by Hymen, the bride, and auspices following, as to the nuptial bower. After them, the musicians with this SONG.*

Glad time is at his point arrived,  
For which love's hopes were so long lived.  
Lead, Hymen, lead away;  
And let no object stay,  
Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,  
The turtles from their blisses.  
'Tis Cupid calls to arm;  
And this his last alarm.

*Of this SONG then only one staff was sung; but because I made it both in form*

\* Venus's girdle, mentioned by Homer, *Il.* 8, which was feigned to be variously wrought with the needle, and in it woven love, desire, sweetness, soft parley, gracefulness, persuasion, and all the powers of Venus.

† See the words of *Ælius Verus* in *Spartian*.  
‡ So *Cat.* in *Nupt. Jul. et Mantii* hath it. *Videntur facies splendidas quatunt comas?* and by and by after, *aureas quatunt comas.*

§ This poem had for the most part *versum intercalarem*, or *carmen amabilem*: yet that not always one, but oftentimes varied, and sometimes neglected in the same song, as in ours you shall find observed.

*and matter to emulate that kind of poem which was called Epithalamium, and by the ancients used to be sung when the bride was led into her chamber, I have here set it down whole, and do heartily forgive their ignorance whom it chaunceth not to please. Hoping that nemo doctus me jubeat Thalassionem verbis dicere non Thalassionis.*

### EPITHALAMION.

Glad time is at his point arrived,  
For which love's hopes were so long lived.  
Lead, Hymen, lead away;  
And let no object stay,  
Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,  
The turtles from their blisses.  
'Tis Cupid calls to arm;  
And this his last alarm.  
Shrink not, soft virgin, you will love  
Anon, what you so fear to prove.  
This is no killing war,  
To which you pressed are;  
But fair and gentle strife  
Which lovers call their life.  
'Tis Cupid cries to arm;  
And this his last alarm.

Help, youths and virgins, help to sing  
The prize, which Hymen here doth bring.  
And did so lately¶ rap  
From forth the mother's lap,  
To place her by that side  
Where she must long abide.  
On Hymen, Hymen call,  
This night is Hymen's all.

See! Hesperus is yet in view.  
What star can so deserve of you?  
Whose light doth still adorn  
Your bride, that ere the morn  
Shall far more perfect be,  
And rise as bright as he;  
When,\*\* like to him, her name  
Is changed, but not her flame.

Haste, tender lady, and adventure;  
The covetous house would have you enter,

¶ It had the name à *Thalamo*; dictum est autem θαλαμος cubiculum Nuptiale primo suo significatu, παρὰ τὸ θάλειν ὅμα, quod est simul gentilem vitam agere Scal. in *Poet.*

¶ The bride was always feigned to be ravished ex gremio matris: or (if she were wanting) ex proximi necessitudine, because that had succeeded well to Romulus, who by force got wives for him and his from the Sabines. See *Past.* and that of *Catui*. Qui rapis teneram ad virum virginem.

\*\* When he is Phosphorus, yet the same star as I have noted before.

That it might wealthy be,  
And you, her<sup>\*</sup> mistress, see :  
Haste your own good to meet ;  
And lift your golden feet  
Above the threshold high,  
With prosperous augury.

Now, youths, let go your pretty arms ;  
The place within chants other charms.

Whole showers of roses flow ;  
And violets seem to grow,  
Strewed in the chamber there,  
As Venus<sup>†</sup> mend it were.  
On Hymen, Hymen call,  
This night is Hymen's all.

Good matrons, that so well are known  
To aged husbands of your own,

Place you our bride to-night ;  
And snatch away the light :  
That she not hide it dead  
Beneath her spouse's bed ;  
Nor he reserve the same  
To help the funeral flame.

So ! now you may admit him in ;

The act he covets is no sin,  
But chaste and holy love,  
Which Hymen doth approve :  
Without whose hallowing fires  
All aims are base desires.  
On Hymen, Hymen call,  
This night is Hymen's all.

Now free from vulgar spite or noise,  
May you enjoy your mutual joys ;

Now, you no fear controls,  
But lips may mingle souls ;  
And soft embraces bind  
To each the other's mind,  
Which may no power unite,  
Till one or both must die !

\* At the entrance of the bride, the custom was to give her the keys, to signify that she was absolutely mistress of the place, and the whole disposition of the family at her care. *Fest.*

† This was also another rite : that she might not touch the threshold as she entered, but was lifted over it. Servius saith, because it was sacred to Vesta, *Plut. in Quest. Rom.* remembers divers causes. But that which I take to come nearest the truth, was only the avoiding of sorcerous drugs, used by witches to be buried under that place, to the destroying of marriage amity or the power of generation. See *Alexand. in Genialibus* and *Christ. Landus upon Catul.*

‡ For this, look *Fest in Voc. Rapt.*

§ *Quo utroque mors propinqua alterius ultrius capturi putatur.* *Fest. ib.*

|| A frequent surname of Venus, not of the place, as Cypris : but *quod parere faciat, η το ευρειν παρηνουσα*, Theoph. Phurnut. and the grammarians upon Homer, see them.

And look, before you yield to slumber,  
That your delights be drawn past number ;

Joys, got with strife, increase.  
Affect no sleepy peace ;  
But keep the bride's fair eyes  
Awake with her own cries,  
Which are but maiden fears :  
And kisses dry such tears.

Then coin them 'twixt your lips so sweet,  
And let not cockles closer meet ;

Nor may your murmuring loves  
Be drowned by Cypris's<sup>¶</sup> doves :  
Let ivy not so bind  
As when your arms are twined :  
That you may both ere day  
Rise perfect every way.

And, Juno, whose great powers protect  
The marriage-bed, with good effect

The labour of this night  
Bless thou, for future light :  
And thou, thy happy charge,  
Glad Genus,<sup>¶</sup> enlarge ;  
That they may both ere day  
Rise perfect every way.

And Venus,\*\* thou, with timely seed,  
Which may their after-comforts breed,

Inform the gentle womb ;  
Nor let it prove a tomb :  
But ere ten moons be wasted,  
The birth by Cynthia hasted.  
So may they both ere day  
Rise perfect every way.

And when the babe to light is shown,<sup>1</sup>

Let it be like each parent known ;  
Much of the father's face,  
More of the mother's grace ;  
And either grandsire's spirit,  
And fame let it inherit.

¶ *Deus Naturæ, sive gignendi.* And is the same in the male, as Juno in the female. Hence *Genialis Lectus, qui nuptiis sternitur, in honorem Genii.* *Fest. Genius meus, quia me genuit.*

\*\* She hath this faculty given by all the ancients. See *Hon. Iliad. 6. Lucret. in prim. Virg. in 2 Georg. &c.*

<sup>1</sup> And when the babe to light is shown, Let it be like each parent known.] This Epithalamium is an imitation of Catullus's poem upon the marriage of Julia and Manlius : the sentiments in general are Jonson's, though the above verses are evidently borrowed from the Latin :

*Sit suo similis patri  
Manlio, et facile insciis  
Noscitur ab omnibus,*

That men may bless th' embraces  
That joined two such races.

Cease, youths and virgins, you have done;  
Shut fast the door: and as they soon

To their perfection haste,  
So may their ardours last.  
So either's strength out-live  
All loss that age can give:  
And though full years be told,  
Their forms grow slowly old.

Hitherto extended the first night's solemnity, whose grace in the execution left not where to add unto it with wishing: I mean (nor do I court them) in those that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the exquisite performance as, beside the pomp, splendour, or what we may call apparelling of such presentments, that alone (had all else been absent) was of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give to the furniture or complement; either in riches or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of music. Only the envy was, that it lasted not still, or, now it is past, cannot by imagination, much less description, be recover'd to a part of that spirit it had in the gliding by.

Yet that I may not utterly defraud the reader of his hope, I am drawn to give it those brief touches which may leave behind some shadow of what it was: and first of the attires.

That of the lords, had part of it, for the fashion, taken from the antique Greek statue, mixed with some modern additions: which made it both graceful and strange.

*Et pudicitiam suae  
Matris indicet ore.*—WHAL.

The couplet, as Whalley observes, may be borrowed from the Latin: or from the "prayer of every gossip" from the days of Inachus to the present. But had the commentator not a word of praise for this chaste and beautiful gem? Surely when he pronounced it to be imitated from the Latin, he might have added, without much suspicion of undue partiality to the author, that nothing so purely classical, so sprightly, and yet so simply elegant, was at the period of its appearance to be found among the poetic treasures of this country, either in the closet or on the stage.

<sup>1</sup> Embroidered with O's.] An heraldic term for a kind of spangles. The word occurs in *Parthenissa Sacra*, 1633. "The purple canopy

On their heads they wore Persic crowns, that were with scrolls of gold plate turned outward, and wreathed about with a carnation and silver net-lawn; the one end of which hung carelessly on the left shoulder; the other was tricked up before, in several degrees of folds, between the plaits, and set with rich jewels and great pearl. Their bodies were of carnation cloth of silver, richly wrought, and cut to express the naked, in manner of the Greek thorax; girt under the breasts with a broad belt of cloth of gold, embroidered, and fastened before with jewels: their labels were of white cloth of silver, laced, and wrought curiously between, suitable to the upper half of their sleeves; whose nether parts with their bases, were of watchet cloth of silver, chevroned all over with lace. Their mantles were of several-coloured silks, distinguishing their qualities, as they were coupled in pairs; the first, sky-colour; the second, pearl-colour; the third, flame-colour; the fourth, tawny; and these cut in leaves, which were subtly tacked up, and embroidered with O's,<sup>1</sup> and between every rank of leaves a broad silver lace. They were fastened on the right shoulder, and fell compass down the back in gracious folds, and were again tied with a round knot to the fastening of their swords. Upon their legs they wore silver greaves, answering in work to their labels. And these were their accoutrements.

The ladies' attire was wholly new, for the invention, and full of glory; as having in it the most true impression of a celestial figure: the upper part of white cloth of silver, wrought with Juno's birds and fruits; a loose under garment, full gathered, of carnation, striped with silver, and parted with a golden zone. Beneath that, another

of the earth, powdered over and beset with silver O'es." And Sir Edmund d'Ewes, in his Journal of Queen Elizabeth's parliaments, p. 65, mentions a patent for "making spangles and O'es of gold." It is impossible to pass over this and what immediately follows without calling the attention of the reader to the richness, elegance, and matchless vigour of Jonson's prose. By the commentators on Shakspeare he is never mentioned but as a hard, jejune, barbarous, and obscure writer; and under this character is handed down to us the great master of the English language, whose style is replete with beauties of every description, and in whose numerous prose (for to this the observation is now confined) may be found almost every epithet which has lent grace, and every variety of expression which has added manliness and precision to our tongue for the last two centuries.

flowing garment of watchet cloth of silver, laced with gold; through all which, though they were round and swelling, there yet appeared some touch of their delicate lineaments, preserving the sweetness of proportion, and expressing itself beyond expression. The attire of their heads did answer, if not exceed; their hair being carelessly (but yet with more art than if more affected) bound under the circle of a rare and rich coronet, adorned with all variety and choice of jewels; from the top of which flowed a transparent veil down to the ground; whose verge returning up, was fastened to either side in most sprightly manner. Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds; so were all their garments; and every part abounding in ornament.

No less to be admired, for the grace and greatness, was the whole machine of the spectacle from whence they came: the first part of which was a ΜΙΚΡΟΚΟΣΜΟΣ, or globe, filled with countries, and those gilded; where the sea was exprest, heightened with silver waves. This stood, or rather hung (for no axle was seen to support it), and turning softly, discovered the first masque (as we have before, but too runningly, declared) which was of the men, sitting in fair composition, within a mine of several metals: to which the lights were so placed as no one was seen; but seemed as if only Reason, with the splendour of her crown, illumined the whole groat.

On the sides of this, which began the other part, were placed two great statues, feigned of gold, one of Atlas, the other of Hercules, in varied postures, bearing up the clouds, which were of relievo, embossed, and tralucēt<sup>1</sup> as naturals: to these a cortine of painted clouds joined, which

reached to the utmost roof of the hall; and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air: in the highest of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest: where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring airy spirits, their habits various, and resembling the several colours caused in that part of the air by reflection. The midst was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made; out of which two concave clouds from the rest thrust forth themselves (in nature of those Nimbi, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c., the gods are feigned to descend), and these carried the eight ladies over the heads of the two terms,\* who, as the engine moved, seemed also to bow themselves (by virtue of their shadows) and discharge their shoulders of their glorious burden: when having set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themselves up again, with some rapture of the beholders.

But that which (as above in place, so in the beauty) was most taking in the spectacle, was the sphere of fire, in the top of all, encompassing the air, and imitated with such art and industry, as the spectators might discern the motion (all the time the shows lasted) without any mover; and that so swift as no eye could distinguish any colour of the light, but might form to itself five hundred several hues out of the tralucēt body of the air, objected betwixt it and them.

And this was crowned with a statue of Jupiter the Thunderer.<sup>2</sup>

\* Atlas and Hercules, the figures mentioned before.

<sup>1</sup> The clouds embossed and tralucēt.] *Tralucēt* wave occurs in *Comus*. This word, says Warton, I always thought to be *first* used by Milton till I found it in Braithwaite, 1615. Warton might have found it ten years before where Milton himself found it, together with most of the beautiful and expressive epithets which he has used with such exquisite taste in his Masques.

<sup>2</sup> The 4to continues thus: "The design and Act of all which, together with the device of their habits, belong properly to the merit and reputation of Master Inigo Jones, whom I take modest occasion in this fit place to remember, lest his own worth might accuse me of an ignominious neglect from my silence.

"And here, that no man's deservings complain of injustice (though I should have done it timelier, I acknowledge), I do for honour's sake and the pledge of our friendship, name Master Alphonso Ferrabosco, a man planted by himself in that divine sphere, and mastering all the spirits of music. To whose judicial care, and as absolute performance, were committed all those difficulties both of song and otherwise. Wherein what his merit made to the soul of our invention would ask to be exprest in tunes no less ravishing than his. Virtuous friend, take well this abrupt testimony and think whose it is. It cannot be flattery in me, who never did it to great ones, and less than love and truth it is not where it is done out of knowledge.

"The dancers were both made and taught by Master Thomas Giles, and cannot be more approved than they did themselves. Nor do I

## THE BARRIERS.

On the next night, whose solemnity was of BARRIERS (all mention of the former being utterly removed and taken away), there appeared at the lower end of the hall a mist made of delicate perfumes;<sup>1</sup> out of which (a battle being sounded under the stage) did seem to break forth two ladies, the one representing TRUTH, the other OPINION; but both so alike attired, as they could by no note be distinguished. The colour of their garments was blue, their socks white; they were crowned with wreaths of palm, and in their hand each of them sustained a palm-bough. These, after the mist was vanished, began to examine each other curiously with their eyes, and approaching the state, the one expostulated the other in this manner:

*Truth.* Who art thou, thus that imitat'st my grace,  
In steps, in habit, and resembled face?

*Opin.* Grave Time\* and Industry my parents are;  
My name is Truth, who, through these sounds of war,  
Which figure the wise mind's discursive sight,  
In mists by nature wrapt, salute the light.

*Truth.* I am that Truth, thou some illusive spright;  
Whom to my likeness, the black sorceress Night  
Hath of these dry and empty fumes created.

\* Truth is feigned to be the daughter of Saturn: who indeed, with the ancients, was no other than time, and so his name alludes, Κρόνος. *Plut. in Quæst.* To which confer the Greek adage, ἀγχι δὲ πρὸς φῶς τὴν ἀλήθειαν χρόνος.

† Hippocrat. in a certain epistle to Philopœm. describeth her, *Mulierem, quæ non mala videtur, sed audacior aspectu et concitator.* To which Cesare Ripa, in his *Iconolog.* alludeth in these words, *Faccia, nè bella, nè dispiacevole, &c.*

want the will but the skill to commend such subtilties, of which the sphere wherein they were acted is best able to judge.

"What was my part, the faults here, as well as the virtues, must speak:

*Opin.* Best herald of thine own birth,  
well related,  
Put me and mine to proof of words and facts  
In any question this fair hour exacts.

*Truth.* I challenge thee, and fit this time of love,  
With this position, which Truth comes to prove,  
That the most honoured state of man and wife  
Doth far exceed the insolate virgin-life.

*Opin.* I take the adverse part; and she that best  
Defends her side, be Truth by all confest.

*Truth.* It is confirmed. With what an equal brow  
To Truth, † Opinion's confident! and how,  
Like Truth, her habit shews to sensual eyes!  
But whosoe'er thou be, in this disguise,  
Clear Truth anon shall strip thee to the heart;  
And shew how mere phantastical thou art.  
Know, then, the first production of things  
Required two; from mere one nothing springs:  
Without that knot, the theme thou gloriest in,  
(The unprofitable virgin) had not been.

*Mutare dominum nec potest liber notus."*

<sup>1</sup> A mist made of delicate perfumes.]. Jonson is truly classical in all the decorations and accompaniments of his Masques. Here he has introduced a circumstance familiar to the Roman theatres, in which mists or showers of perfumes were frequently raised. Pliny observes—"crocum, vino mire congruere, præcipue dulci, tritum ad theatra replendæ."—Lib. 31. c. 17. And both Ovid and Propertius speak of the practice as common in their days.

The voluptuous Sir Epicure has a similar allusion:

"My mists  
I'll have of perfume, vapoured 'bout the room  
To lose ourselves in."—Vol. ii. p. 22 a.



The golden tree of marriage began  
 In Paradise, and bore the fruit of man ;  
 On whose sweet branches angels sat and  
 sung,  
 And from whose firm root all society  
 sprung.  
 Love (whose strong virtue wrapt heaven's  
 soul in earth,  
 And made a woman glory in his birth),  
 In marriage opens his inflamed breast ;  
 And lest in him nature should stifled rest,  
 His genial fire about the world he darts ;  
 Which lips with lips combines, and hearts  
 with hearts.  
 Marriage Love's object is ; at whose bright  
 eyes  
 He lights his torches, and calls them his  
 skies.  
 For her he wings his shoulders ; and doth  
 fly  
 To her white bosom as his sanctuary :  
 In which no lustful finger can profane  
 him,  
 Nor any earth with black eclipses wane  
 him.  
 She makes him smile in sorrows, and doth  
 stand  
 'Twixt him and all wants with her silver  
 hand.  
 In her soft locks his tender feet are tied ;  
 And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.  
 And as geometers have approved  
 That lines and superficies are not moved  
 By their own forces, but do follow still  
 Their bodies' motions, so the self-loved  
 will  
 Of man or woman should not rule in  
 them,  
 But each with other wear the anadem.<sup>1</sup>  
 Mirrors, though decked with diamants,  
 are nought worth,  
 If the like forms of things they set not  
 forth ;  
 So men or women are worth nothing  
 neither,  
 If either's eyes and hearts present not  
 either.

*Opin.* Untouched Virginity, laugh out ;  
 to see  
 Freedom in fetters placed, and urged  
 'gainst thee.  
 What griefs lie groaning on the nuptial  
 bed ?  
 What dull society ? in what sheets of lead

Tumble and toss the restless married pair,  
 Each oft offended with the other's air ?  
 From whence springs all-devouring avarice,  
 But from the cares which out of wedlock  
 rise ?  
 And where there is in life's best-tempered  
 fires  
 An end set in itself to all desires,  
 A settled quiet, freedom never checked ;  
 How far are married lives from this effect ?  
 Euripus,\* that bears ships in all their pride  
 'Gainst roughest winds with violence of his  
 tide,  
 And ebbs and flows seven times in every day,  
 Toils not more turbulent or fierce than  
 they.  
 And then what rules husbands prescribe  
 their wives !  
 In their eyes circles they must bound their  
 lives.  
 The moon, when farthest from the sun she  
 shines,  
 Is most refulgent, nearest, most declines :  
 But your poor wives far off must never  
 roam,  
 But waste their beauties near their lords at  
 home :  
 And when their lords range out, at home  
 must hide,  
 Like to begged monopolies, all their  
 pride.  
 When their lords list to feed a serious fit,  
 They must be serious ; when to shew their  
 wit  
 In jests and laughter, they must laugh and  
 jest ;  
 When they wake, wake ; and when they  
 rest, must rest.  
 And to their wives men give such narrow  
 scopes,  
 As if they meant to make them walk on  
 ropes :  
 No tumblers bide more peril of their necks  
 In all their tricks, than wives in husbands'  
 checks.  
 Where virgins in their sweet and peaceful  
 state,  
 Have all things perfect ; spin their own  
 free fate ;  
 Depend on no proud second ; are their  
 own  
 Centre and circle ; now and always one.  
 To whose example we do still hear named  
 One God, one nature, and but one world  
 framed,

<sup>1</sup> The anadem.] The crown or wreath. The word has frequently occurred before.

\* A narrow sea between Aulis, a port of Boeotia, and the isle Eubœa. See *Pomp. Mela lib. 2.*

One sun, one moon, one element of fire,  
So of the rest ; one king that doth inspire  
Soul to all bodies, in their royal sphere.

*Truth.* And where is marriage more  
declared than there?

's there a band more strict than that doth tie  
The soul and body in such unity?  
Subjects to sovereigns? doth one mind  
display

In the one's obedience and the other's  
sway?

Believe it, marriage suffers no compare  
When both estates are valued as they are.  
The virgin were a strange and stubborn  
thing

Would longer stay a virgin than to bring  
Herself fit use and profit in a make.

*Opin.* How she doth err, and the whole  
heaven mistake!

Look, how a flower that close in closes  
grows,<sup>1</sup>

Hid from rude cattle, bruised with no  
ploughs,

Which th' air doth stroke,<sup>2</sup> sun strengthen,  
showers shoot higher,

It many youths and many maids desire ;  
The same when cropt by cruel hand is  
withered,

No youths at all, no maidens have desired :  
So a virgin, while untouched she doth  
remain,

Is dear to hers ; but when with body's stain  
Her chaster flower is lost, she leaves to  
appear

Or sweet to young men, or to maidens  
dear.

<sup>1</sup> Look, how a flower that close in closes  
grows,

*Hid from rude cattle, bruised with no  
ploughs.* Catullus has again furnished our  
poet with this and the following speech. I  
could wish he had consulted the ear a little  
more in the flow of his numbers, that the trans-  
lation, if possible, might have equalled the  
delicacy and sweetness of the original : but the  
closeness of the version must atone for the  
want of grace.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,  
Ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro,  
Quem nudcent aura, firmat sol, educat imber,  
Multi illum pueri, multa optavere puellæ :  
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,  
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ :  
Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est ;  
Quum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,  
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.*

The comparison that follows in the speech of  
Truth is also as close a copy from the Latin,  
and is there put into the mouth of the young  
men.—WHAL.

That conquest then may crown me in this  
war,

Virgins, O virgins, fly from Hymen far.

*Truth.* Virgins, O virgins, to sweet  
Hymen yield,

For as a lone vine in a naked field  
Never extols her branches, never bears  
Ripe grapes, but with a headlong heaviness  
wears

Her tender body, and her highest spout  
Is quickly levelled with her fading root ;  
By whom no husbandman, no youths will  
dwell ;

But if by fortune she be married well  
To the elm her husband, many husband-  
men

And many youths inhabit by her then :  
So whilst a virgin doth untouched abide,  
All unmanured, she grows old with her  
pride ;

But when to equal wedlock, in fit time,  
Her fortune and endeavour lets her climb,  
Dear to her love and parents she is held.  
Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen yield.

*Opin.* These are but words ; hast thou a  
knight will try

By stroke of arms the simple verity?

*Truth.* To that high proof I would have  
dared thee.

I'll straight fetch champions for the bride  
and me.

*Opin.* The like will I do for virginity.

*Here they both descended the hall, where at  
the lower end, a march being sounded  
with drums and fifes, there entered (led*

<sup>2</sup> Which the air doth stroke.] i.e., soothe,  
encourage, flatter, &c. Jonson frequently uses  
this word as the translation of *mulceo*. These  
speeches, it should be observed, are merely in-  
troductions to the Tilting ; and seem to aim at  
nothing more than maintaining a plain content  
in plain language. As one of the opponents is  
Truth, and the other pretends to be Truth,  
Jonson evidently thought it consistent with the  
character of the speakers to forego all the  
graces of invention, and all the ornaments of  
poetry.

It is fit to observe (to the credit of Hurd's  
candour), that in his feeble and parasitical en-  
deavours to sacrifice the reputation of Jonson  
to Milton, Pope, and every poet who hap-  
pens to come in his way, he has produced the  
speech of Opinion just noticed, as a general  
specimen of his most elaborate attempts at  
translation ! "It is (he says) but one instance  
of a thousand ;" and he appears to enjoy by  
anticipation the marvellous "entertainment,"  
which he supposes the quotation will afford his  
friend Mason.

forth by the Earl of Nottingham, who was Lord High Constable for that night, and the Earl of Worcester, Earl Marshal sixteen knights armed with pikes and swords; their plumes and colours carnation and white; all richly accoutred, and making their honours to the state,<sup>1</sup> as they marched by in pairs, were all ranked on one side of the hall. They placed sixteen others like accoutred for riches and arms, only that their colours were varied to watchet and white; who were by the same carls led up, and passing in like manner by the state, placed on the opposite side.<sup>2</sup>

By this time, the BAR being brought up, TRUTH proceeded.

Truth. Now join; and if this varied trial fail,  
To make my truth in wedlock's praise prevail,  
I will retire, and in more power appear,  
To cease this strife, and make our question clear.

Whereat Opinion, insulting, followed her with this speech.

Opin. Ay, do; it were not safe thou shouldst abide:  
This speaks thy name, with shame to quit thy side.

Here the champions on both sides address themselves for fight, first single; after,

three to three: and performed it with that alacrity and vigour as if Mars himself had been to triumph before Venus, and invented a new masque. When on a sudden (the last six having scarce ended) a striking light seemed to fill the hall, and out of it an ANGEL or messenger of glory appearing.

Angel. Princes, attend a tale of height and wonder,

Truth is descended in a second thunder,  
And now will greet you with judicial state,  
To grace the nuptial part in this debate;  
And end with reconciled hands these wars.

Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,

Through which her orient hair waves to her waist,

By which believing mortals hold her fast,  
And in those golden cords are carried even,  
Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.

She wears a robe encased with eagles eyes,

To signify her sight in mysteries:  
Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,

And at her feet do witty serpents move:  
Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,

And you may see her heart shine through her breast.

Her right-hand holds a sun<sup>3</sup> with burning rays,

Her left a curious bunch of golden keys,

<sup>1</sup> Making their honours to the state.] Where James and his Queen sat. State has been already noticed as the raised platform on which the royal seats were placed under a canopy.

<sup>2</sup> The names of the combatants (Jonson says in the 4to) as they were given to me, both in Order and Orthography, were these:—

On the side of  
TRUTH.

Duke of Lennox.  
Lord Effingham.  
Lord Walden.  
Lord Mounteagle.  
Sir Thomas Somerset.  
Sir Charles Howard.  
Sir John Gray.  
Sir Thomas Mounson.  
Sir John Leigh.  
Sir Robert Maunsell.  
Sir Edward Howard.  
Sir Henry Goodyere.  
Sir Roger Dabson.  
Sir Francis Howard.  
Sir Lew Maunsell.  
Master Gauteret.

On the side of  
OPINION.

Earl of Sussex.  
Lord Willoughby.  
Lord Gerrard.  
Sir Robert Carey.  
Sir Oliver Cromwel.  
Sir William Herbert.  
Sir Robert Drewry.  
Sir William Woodhouse.  
Sir Carey Reynolds.  
Sir Richard Houghton.  
Sir William Constable.  
Sir Thomas Geriard.  
Sir Robert Killegrew.  
Sir Thomas Badger.  
Sir Thomas Dutton.  
Master Digbie."

<sup>3</sup> Her right hand holds a sun, &c.] Milton is greatly indebted to this magnificent portraiture of Truth, although his commentators cannot find it out. The purblind Mr. Bowle runs to a Spanish proverb, and Mr. Warton to Dante. These precious discoveries are carefully treasured up in every edition of this great poet. But indeed nothing can be more amusing than the mode in which Jonson is treated in general.

The *Arcades*, with the exception of three trifling songs, is made up of the speech of the Genius. Upon which Warton remarks that, "in the *King's Entertainment*, the Genius speaks somewhat in Milton's manner," &c. In Milton's manner! If the reader will turn to the passage (vol. ii. p. 559) he will find that Jonson speaks in his own manner. In whose manner Milton (who was not then born) speaks, is another question. And Mr. Todd "has been induced (he says) to make large extracts from a MS. Masque by Marston, that the reader may comprehend the nature of those entertainments." (*Arcades*, 132.) This is the more kind and considerate, as nothing on this head is to be found elsewhere.

With which heaven's gates she locketh and displays.

A crystal mirror hangeth at her breast,  
By which men's consciences are searched  
and drest :

On her coach-wheels Hypocrisy lies racked ;  
And squint-eyed Slander with Vainglory  
backed

Her bright eyes burn to dust, in which  
shines Fate :

An angel ushers her triumphant gait,  
Whilst with her fingers fans of stars she  
twists,

And with them beats back Error, clad in  
mists.

Eternal Unity behind her shines,  
That fire and water, earth and air com-  
bines.

Her voice is like a trumpet loud and shrill,  
Which bids all sounds in earth and heaven  
be still.

And see ! descended from her chariot now,  
In this related pomp she visits you.

*Enter Truth.*

*Truth.* Honour to all that honour  
nuptials,

To whose fair lot, in justice now it falls,  
That this my counterfeit be here disclosed,  
Who for virginity hath herself opposed.

Nor though my brightness do undo her  
charms,

Let these her knights think, that their equal  
arms

Are wronged therein. For valure wins  
applause,

That dares but to maintain the weaker  
cause.

And princes, see, 'tis mere Opinion  
That in Truth's forced robe, for Truth  
hath gone !

Her gaudy colours, pieced with many  
folds,

Shew what uncertainties she ever holds :  
Vanish, adulterate Truth ! and never  
dare

With proud maids' praise to press where  
nuptials are.

And, champions, since you see the Truth I  
held,

To sacred Hymen, reconciled, yield :  
Nor (so to yield) think it the least de-  
spight :

" It is a conquest to submit to right."

'This royal judge of our contention  
Will prop, I know, what I have under-  
gone ;

To whose right sacred highness I resign.  
Low at his feet, this starry crown of mine  
To shew his rule and judgment is di-  
vine ;

These doves to him I consecrate withal,  
To note his innocence, without spot, or  
gull ;

These serpents, for his wisdom : and these  
rays,

To shew his piercing splendor : these bright  
keys

Designing power to ope the ported skies,  
And speak their glories to his subjects  
eyes.

Lastly, this heart, with which all hearts  
be true :

And Truth in him make treason ever rue

*With this they were led forth, hand i  
hand, reconciled, as in triumph. An  
thus the solemnities ended.*

*Vivite concordēs, et nostrum disci-  
munus.*



## The Hue and Cry after Cupid.

THE HUE AND CRY, &c.—This Masque, which I have called *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*, bears the following title in the folio, 1616. *The Description of the Masque with the Nuptial Songs, at the Lord Viscount Haddington's Marriage at Court, on the Shrove-Tuesday at Night, 1608.* The 4to, 1608, adds after *Nuptial Songs*—"celebrating the happy marriage of John Lord Ramsey, Viscount Haddington, with the Lady Elizabeth Ratcliffe, daughter to the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Sussex." With this motto :

*Acceleret partu decimum bona Cynthia mensem."*

This Masque was celebrated with the utmost magnificence. Rowland White, a courtier, and a very intelligent correspondent of the Earl of Shrewsbury, thus writes from Whitehall. "The K. is newlie gon to Tibballes for 6 daies. The Spanish Ambassador hath invited the 15 ladies that were of the Qs. maske (the Masque of Beauty, see p. 41), to dinner upon Thursday next, and they are to bring with them whom they please, without limitation. The great Maske intended for my L. Haddington's marriage is now the *only thing thought upon* at Court, by 5 English; L. Arundel, L. Pemb. L. Montgomery, L. Theoph. Howard, and Sir Robt. Rich; and by 7 Scottes; D. Lenox, D'Aubigny, Hay, Mr. of Mar, young Erskine, Sankier, and Kenedie: Yt will cost them about 300*l.* a man."—*Lodge's Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 343.

John Lord Ramsey, the bridegroom, was one of the persons present at the assault upon James, Aug. 3, 1600, at Perth, when he killed the Earl of Gowrie with his own hand, and was rewarded with a pension and the title of Viscount Haddington. He was greatly beloved by the king, of which he continued to receive many substantial proofs, till having, in March, 1612, struck another favourite, Philip, Earl of Montgomery, on the race-course at Croydon, he was forbid the Court. James recalled him some time afterwards, and in 1620 created him Baron of Kingston-upon-Thames and Earl of Holderness. [He died, 1625, *s.p.*, when these honours became extinct.—F. C.]

The bride, whom Arthur Wilson calls "one of the prime beauties of the kingdom," did not live to enjoy this last honour. She died of the small-pox, and Bishop Corbet wrote an "Elegia" on the occasion, strangely compounded, as the fashion then was, of wit and woe. She was "girl'd and boy'd," he says; but none of her offspring seem to have long survived her.

The worthy custom of honouring worthy marriages with these noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us; to the reputation no less of our Court than Nobles: expressing besides (through the difficulties of expense and travail, with the cheerfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personaters, to those for whose sake they would sustain these persons. It behoves then us, that are trusted with a part of their honour in these celebrations, to do nothing in them beneath the dignity of either. With this proposed part of judgment, I adventure to ~~say~~ that abroad which in my first concep-

tion I intended honourably fit: and though it hath laboured since under censure, I, that know truth to be always of one stature, and so like a rule, as who bends it the least way must needs do an injury to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance that will offer to slight me (in these things being an artificer) and give themselves a peremptory licence to judge who have never touched so much as to the bark, or utter shell of any knowledge. But their daring dwell with them. They have found a place to pour out their follies; and I a seat to sleep out the passage.

The scene to this Masque was a high,

steep, red cliff, advancing itself into the clouds, figuring the place, from whence (as I have been, not fabulously, informed) the honourable family of the Radcliffs first took their name, *a clivo rubro*, and is to be written with that orthography; as I have observed out of Master Camden, in his mention of the Earls of Sussex. This cliff was also a note of height, greatness, and antiquity. Before which, on the two sides, were erected two pilasters, charged with spoils and trophies of Love and his Mother, consecrate to marriage: amongst which were old and young persons figured, bound with roses, the wedding garments, rocks and spindles, hearts transfixt with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, gyrlonds, and worlds of such like; all wrought round and bold: and over head two personages, Triumph and Victory, in flying postures, and twice so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a gyrlond of myrtle for the key. All which, with the pillars, seemed to be of burnished gold, and embossed out of the metal. Beyond the cliff was seen nothing but clouds, thick and obscure; till on the sudden, with a solemn music, a bright sky breaking forth, there were discovered first two doves,\* then two swans\* with silver geers, drawing forth a triumphant chariot; in which Venus sat, crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charites, Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, all attired according to their antique figures. These, from their chariot, alighted on the top of the cliff, and descending by certain abrupt and winding passages, Venus having left her star only flaming in her seat, came to the earth, the Graces throwing gyrlonds all the way, and began to speak.

*Ven.* It is no common cause, ye will conceive,  
My lovely Graces, makes your goddess leave  
Her state in heaven to-night to visit earth.  
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,  
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my son;  
And, whom long absent, Venus is undone.

\* Both doves and swans were sacred to this goddess, and as well with the one as the other, her chariot is induced by Ovid, *lib. 10* and *11*, *Metamor.*

† Alluding to the Loves (the torch-bearers) in the Queen's Masque before.

‡ In this Love I express Cupid, as he is *Veneris filius*, and owner of the following qualities, ascribed him by the antique and later poets.

Spy, if you can, his footsteps on this green;

For here, as I am told, he late hath been,  
With divers of his brethren,† lending light  
From their best flames, to gild a glorious night;

Which I not grudge at, being done for her,

Whose honours to mine own I still prefer.  
But he not yet returning, I'm in fear  
Some gentle Grace or innocent Beau.  
here

Be taken with him: or he hath surprised  
A second Psyche, and lives here disguised.

Find ye no track of his strayed feet?

1 *Grace.* Not I.

2 *Grace.* Nor I.

3 *Grace.* Nor I.

*Ven.* Stay, nymphs, we then will try  
A nearer way. Look all these ladies' eyes,  
And see if there he not concealed lies;  
Or in their bosoms, 'twixt their swelling  
breasts;

The wag affects to make himself such  
nests:

Perchance he hath got some simple heart  
to hide

His subtle shape in; I will have him  
Cried,

And all his virtues told! that, when they'd  
know

What spright he is, she soon may let him go  
That guards him now; and think herself  
right blest,

To be so timely rid of such a guest.

Begin, soft GRACES, and proclaim reward  
To her that brings him in. Speak to be  
heard.

1 *Grace.*

Beauties, have ye seen this toy!

Called Love, a little boy;†

Almost naked, wanton, blind;

Cruel now, and then as kind?

If he be amongst ye, say?

He is Venus' runaway.

scription of Cupid is from the *Ερως Δραπέτης* of Moschus: some additions are made to it by Jonson, but in the spirit of the original:

Δραπέτιδας ἄμος ἐστίν ὁ μανυτὰς γέρας ἔχει  
Μίσθος τοι, φίλαμα το Κυπριδος ἢ δ' ἀγαγῆς  
νῦν,  
Οὐ γυμνὸν το φίλαμα, τὸ δ' ὡς ἐνε, καὶ πλεον  
εἶπες.—MOSCH. Idyl. 1. WHAL.

The same poem had been previously imitated by Tasso in his *Amor Fugitivo*.

1 *Beauties, have ye seen this toy.* This do-

## 2 Grace.

She that will but now discover  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kiss,  
How or where herself would wish :  
But who brings him to his mother,  
Shall have that kiss, and another.

## 3 Grace.

He hath of marks about him plenty :  
You shall know him among twenty.  
All his body is a fire,  
And his breath a flame entire,  
That being shot, like lightning, in,  
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

## 1 Grace.

At his sight, the sun hath turned,\*  
Neptune in the waters burned ;  
Hell hath felt a greater heat ;†  
Jove himself forsook his seat :  
From the centre to the sky,  
Are his trophies reared high.‡

## 2 Grace.

Wings he hath, which though ye elip,  
He will leap from lip to lip,  
Over liver, lights, and heart,  
But not stay in any part ;  
And if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himself in kisses.

## 3 Grace.

He doth bear a golden bow,  
And a quiver, hanging low,  
Full of arrows, that outbrave  
Dian's shafts ; where, if he have  
Any head more sharp than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

## 1 Grace.

Still the fairest are his fuel.  
When his days are to be cruel,

\* See Lucian. *Dial. Deor.*

† And Claud. in *raptu Proserp.*

‡ Such was the power ascribed him by all the ancients : whereof there is extant an elegant Greek epigram, *Phil. Poe.*, wherein he makes all the other deities despoiled by him of their ensigns ; Jove of his thunder, Phœbus of his arrows, Hercules of his club, &c.

§ Which Horat. consents to, *Car. lib. 1, ode 2 :*

*Erycina ridens,  
Quam Jocus circum volat, et Cupido.*

<sup>1</sup> Since you hear his falser play ; i.e., his false play. I should not have noticed so trite an expression had not the Bishop of Dromore mistaken the meaning, and in consequence of it, modernized, that is, corrupted the verse,

Lovers' hearts are all his food ;  
And his baths their warmest blood :  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,  
And he hates none like to Reason.

## 2 Grace.

Trust him not ; his words, though sweet,  
Seldom with his heart do meet.  
All his practice is deceit ;  
Every gift it is a bait ;  
Not a kiss but poison bears ;  
And most treason in his tears.

## 3 Grace.

Idle minutes are his reign ;  
Then the straggler makes his gain,  
By presenting maids with toys,  
And would have ye think them joys :  
'Tis the ambition of the elf,  
To have all childish as himself.

## 1 Grace.

If by these ye please to know him,  
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

## 2 Grace.

Though ye had a will to hide him,  
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

## 3 Grace.

Since you hear his falser play ;<sup>1</sup>  
And that he's Venus' runaway.

*At this, from behind the trophies, CUPID discovered himself, and came forth armed ; attended with twelve boys, most antickly attired, that represented the Sports, and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love, under the titles of Joci and Risus ; and are said to wait on Venus, as she is Præfect of Marriage. §*

as he was something too prone to do. He reads :

Since ye hear *this falser's* play !

Yet Percy has very great merit : and by a singular chance, his only defect as an antiquary, want of accuracy, has led to the most beneficial consequences. Had he published his ancient poems in their genuine state, they would have passed unnoticed ; but by fitting them in some measure to the ignorance of the times, by variations and additions which were always poetical, and sometimes tasteful, he continued to allure readers, who discovered at length that these neglected pieces had sufficient strength and feeling in them to justify a little rudeness and simplicity, and that they might be trusted on better acquaintance to their inherent and unsophisticated claims on the attention of every lover of truth and nature.

*Cup.*

Come, my little jocund Sports,  
Come away ; the time now sorts  
With your pastime : this same night  
Is Cupid's day. Advance your light.  
With your revel fill the room,  
That our triumphs be not dumb.

*Wherewith they fell into a subtle capricious dance, to as odd a music, each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antic faces, with other variety of ridiculous gesture, which gave much occasion of mirth and delight to the spectators. The dance ended, Cupid went forward.*

*Cup.*

Well done, anticks ! now my bow,  
And my quiver bear to show,  
That these beauties here may know  
By what arms this feat was done,  
That hath so much honour won  
Unto Venus and her son.

*At which, his mother apprehended him : and circling him in with the Graces, began to demand.*

*Ven.* What feat, what honour is it that  
you boast,  
My little straggler ? I had given you lost,  
With all your games, here.

*Cup.* Mother !

*Ven.* Yes, sir, she.  
What might your glorious cause of triumph  
be ?  
Have you shot Minerva\* or the Thespian  
dames ?  
Heat aged Ops again,† with youthful  
flames ?  
Or have you made the colder Moon to visit  
Once more a sheep-cote ? Say, what con-  
quest is it  
Can make you hope such a renown to win ?  
Is there a second Hercules brought to spin ?  
Or, for some new disguise, leaves Jove his  
thunder ?

\* She urges these as miracles, because Pallas and the Muses are most contrary to Cupid. See *Luc. Dial. Ven. et Cupid*

† Rhea, the mother of the gods, whom Lucian in that place makes to have fallen frantically in love by Cupid's means with Atys. So of the moon with Endymion. Hercules, &c.

‡ Here Hymen, the god of marriage, entered, and was so induced here as you have him described in my *Hymenai*.

*Cup.* Nor that, nor those, and yet no  
less a wonder!—

[*He espies Hymen.*

Which to tell, I may not stay :

Hymen's presence bids away ;

'Tis already at his night,

He can give you farther light.

You, my Sports, may here abide,

Till I call to light the Bride.

[*Slips from her.**Enter Hymen.*

*Hy.* Venus, is this a time to quit your  
car ?

To stoop to earth, to leave alone your  
star,

Without your influence, and on such a  
night,§

Which should be crowned with your most  
cheering sight,

As you were ignorant of what were  
done

By Cupid's hand, your all-triumphing  
Son ?

Look on this state ; and if you yet not  
know

What crown there shines, whose sceptre  
here doth grow ;

Think on thy loved Æneas,|| and what  
name,

Maro, the golden trumpet of his fame,  
Gave him, read thou in this. A prince

that draws  
By example more than others do by  
laws ;

That is so just to his great act, and  
thought,

To do, not what kings may, but what  
kings ought.

Who, out of piety, unto peace is vowed,  
To spare his subjects, yet to quell the  
proud ;

And dares esteem it the first fortitude,  
To have his passions, foes at home, sub-  
dued.

That was reserved until the Parcae spun  
Their whitest wool ; and then his thread

begun,

§ When she is *nuptiis præfecta*, with Juno, Sualda, Diana, and Jupiter himself *Paus. in Messeniac, et Plut. in Problem.*

|| Æneas, the son of Venus, Virgil makes throughout the most exquisite pattern of piety, justice, prudence, and all other princely virtues, with whom (in way of that excellence) I confer my sovereign, applying in his description his own word usurped of that poet, *Parcere sub-*  
*jectis, et debellare superbos.*



Which thread, when treason would have burst,\* a soul,  
To-day renowned and added to my roll,  
Opposed : and by that act to his name did bring  
The honour to be saviour<sup>1</sup> of his king.†  
This king, whose worth, if gods for virtue love,  
Should Venus with the same affections move,  
As her Æneas ; and no less endear  
Her love to his safety, than when she did cheer,  
After a tempest,‡ long-afflicted Troy,  
Upon the Libyan shore ; and brought them joy.

*Ven.* I love, and know his virtues, and do boast  
Mine own renown, when I renown him most.  
My Cupid's absence I forgive and praise,  
That me to such a present grace could raise.  
His champion shall hereafter be my care :  
But speak his bride, and what her virtues are.

*Hy.* She is a noble virgin, styled The Maid  
Of the Red-cliff, and hath her dowry weighed  
No less in virtue, blood, and form, than gold ;  
Thence, where my pillar's reared, you may behold,  
Filled with love's trophies, doth she take her name.  
Those pillars did uxorious Vulcan frame,§  
Against this day, and underneath that hill,  
He and his Cyclopes are forging still  
Some strange and curious piece, to adorn the night,  
And give these graced nuptials greater light.

*Here Vulcan presented himself, as over-hearing Hymen, attired in a cassock girt to him, with bare arms, his hair*

\* In that monstrous conspiracy of E. Gowry.

† *Titulo tunc crescere posses, Nunc per te titulus.*

‡ *Virg. Æneid.* lib. i.

§ The ancient poets, whensoever they would intend anything to be done with great mastery, or excellent art, made Vulcan the artificer, as *Hom. Il. 2*, in the forging of Achilles' armour, and *Virg.* for Æneas, *Æneid.* 8. He is also said to be the god of fire and light. Sometime

*and beard rough ; his hat of blue, and ending in a cone ; in his hand a hammer and tongs, as coming from the forge.*

*Vul.* Which I have done ; the best of all my life :  
And have my end if it but please my wife,  
And she commend it to the laboured worth.  
Cleave, solid rock ! and bring the wonder forth.

*At which, with a loud and full music, the Cliff parted in the midst, and discovered an illustrious concave, filled with an ample and glistering light, in which an artificial sphere was made of silver, eighteen foot in the diameter, that turned perpetually : the coluri were heightened with gold ; so were the arctic and anti-arctic circles, the tropics, the equinoctial, the meridian and horizon ; only the zodiac was of pure gold ; in which the masquers, under the characters of the twelve signs, were placed, answering them in number ; whose offices, with the whole frame as it turned, Vulcan went forward to describe.*

It is a sphere I've formed round and even,  
In due proportion to the sphere of heaven,  
With all his lines and circles ; that compose  
The perfect'st form, and aptly do disclose  
The heaven of marriage : which I title it :  
Within whose zodiac I have made to sit,  
In order of the signs, twelve sacred powers,  
That are presiding at all nuptial hours :  
The first, in Aries' place, respecteth pride  
Of youth and beauty ; graces in the bride.  
In Taurus he loves strength and manliness ;  
The virtues which the bridegroom should profess.

taken for the purest beam : and by *Orph.* in *Hym.* celebrated for the sun and moon. But more especially by *Eurip.* in *Troas.* he is made *Pacifer* in *Nuptiis.* Which present office we give him here, as being *Calor Naturæ*, and *Præses Luminis.* See *Plato* in *Cratyl.* For his description read *Pausan.* in *Eliac.*

<sup>1</sup> And by that act to his name did bring  
The honour to be saviour of his king.] See  
p. 36.

In Gemini, that noble power is shown  
That twins their hearts, and doth of two  
make one.

In Cancer, he that bids the wife give way  
With backward yielding to her husband's  
sway.

In Leo, he that doth instil the heat  
Into the man : which from the following seat  
Is tempered so, as he that looks from thence  
Sees yet they keep a Virgin innocence.

In Libra's room rules he that doth supply  
All happy beds with sweet equality.

The Scorpion's place he fills, that makes  
the jars  
And stings in wedlock ; little strifes and  
wars :

Which he in th' Archer's throne doth soon  
remove,  
By making with his shafts new wounds of  
love.

And those the follower with more heat  
inspires,  
As in the Goat the sun renews his fires.

In wet Aquarius' stead reigns he that  
showers

Fertility upon the genial bowers.

Last, in the Fishes place, sits he doth say,  
In married joys all should be dumb as they.

And this hath Vulcan for his Venus done,  
To grace the chaster triumph of her son.

*Ven.* And for this gift will I to heaven  
return,

And vow for ever that my lamp shall burn  
With pure and chastest fire ; or never  
shine\*

But when it mixeth with thy sphere and  
mine.

\* As Catul. hath it in *Nup. Jul. et Manl.*  
without Hymen, which is marriage, *Nil potest  
Venus, fama quod bona comprobet, &c.*

† One of the Cyclops, of whom, with the other  
two, Brontes and Steropes, see *Virg. Æneid.*

*Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,  
Brontesque, Steropesque et nudus membra  
Pyracmon, &c.*

‡ As when *Hom. Iliad. 2.* makes Thetis for  
her son Achilles to visit Vulcan's house, he  
feigns that Vulcan had made twenty tripods or  
stools, with golden wheels, to move of themselves  
miraculously, and go out and return fitly. To  
which the invention of our dance alludes, and is  
in the poet a most elegant place, and worthy  
the tenth reading.

§ The two latter dances were made by Master

*Here Venus returned to her chariot with  
the Graces ; while Vulcan, calling out  
the priests of Hymen, who were the  
musicians, was interrupted by Py-  
racmon.†*

*Vul.* Sing then, ye priests.

*Pyrac.* Stay, Vulcan, shall not these  
Come forth and dance?

*Vul.* Yes, my Pyracmon, please  
The eyes of these spectators with our art.‡

*Pyrac.* Come here then, Brontes, bear a  
Cyclops part,  
And Steropes, both with your sledges  
stand,

And strike a time unto them as they land ;  
And as they forwards come, still guide  
their paces,

In musical and sweet proportioned graces ;  
While I upon the work and frame attend,  
And Hymen's priests forth, at their seasons,  
send

To chaunt their hymns ; and make this  
square admire

Our great artificer, the god of fire.

*Here the musicians, attired in yellow,  
with wreaths of marjoram, and veils like  
Hymen's priests, sung the first staff  
of the following Epithalamion : which,  
because it was sung in pieces between the  
dances, shewed to be so many several  
songs, but was made to be read an entire  
poem. After the song they came forth (de-  
scending in an oblique motion) from the  
Zodiac, and danced their first dance ;  
then music interposed (but varied with  
voices, only keeping the same chorus)  
they danced their second dance. So after  
their third and fourth dances, which  
were all full of elegance and curious  
device. And thus it ended.§*

Thomas Giles, the two first by Master Hier.  
Herne : who, in the persons of the two Cyclopes,  
beat a time to them with their hammers. The  
tunes were Master Alphonso Ferrabosco's. The  
device and act of the scene Master Ynigo Jones's,  
with addition of the trophies. For the invention  
of the whole and the verses, *Assertur qui dicat  
esse meos, imponet plagiaro pudorem.*

The attire of the masquers throughout was  
most graceful and noble ; partaking of the best  
both ancient and later figure. The colours car-  
nation and silver, enriched both with embroidery  
and lace. The dressing of their heads, feathers  
and jewels ; and so excellently ordered to the  
rest of the habit, as all would suffer under any  
description after the shew. Their performance  
of all, so magnificent and illustrious, that nothing  
can add to the seal of it, but the subscription of  
their names :

## EPITHALAMION.

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise  
 The god whose nights outshine his days ;  
 Hymen, whose hallowed rites  
 Could never boast of brighter lights ;  
 Whose bands pass liberty.  
 Two of your troop, that with the morn  
 were free,  
 Are now waged to his war.  
 And what they are,  
 If you'll perfection see,  
 Yourselves must be.  
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
 star !

What joy or honours can compare  
 With holy nuptials, when they are  
 Made out of equal parts  
 Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts !  
 When in the happy choice  
 The spouse and spouses have the foremost  
 voice !  
 Such, glad of Hymen's war,  
 Live what they are,  
 And long perfection see :  
 And such ours be.  
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
 star !

The solemn state of this one night  
 Were fit to last an age's light ;  
 But there are rites belund  
 Have less of state, but more of kind :  
 Love's wealthy crop of kisses,  
 And fruitful harvest of his mother's  
 blisses.

Sound then to Hymen's war :  
 That what these are,  
 Who will perfection see,  
 May haste to be.  
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
 star !

Love's commonwealth consists of toys ;  
 His council are those antic boys,  
 Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,  
 That triumph with him on these nights ;  
 To whom we must give way,  
 For now their reign begins, and lasts till  
 day.  
 They sweeten Hymen's war,  
 And in that jar,  
 Make all that married be  
 Perfection see.  
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
 star !

Why stays the bridegroom to invade  
 Her that would be a matron made ?  
 Good-night whilst yet we may  
 Good-night to you a virgin say :  
 To-morrow rise the same  
 Your mother is,\* and use a nobler name.  
 Speed well in Hymen's war,  
 That, what you are,  
 By your perfection we  
 And all may see.  
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
 star !

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.  
 This night no bridegroom ever slept ;  
 And if the fair bride do,  
 The married say, 'tis his fault too.

THE DUKE OF LENOX,<sup>1</sup>  
 EARL OF ARUNDELL,<sup>2</sup>  
 EARL OF PEMBROKE,<sup>3</sup>  
 EARL OF MONTGOMERY,<sup>4</sup>  
 LORD D'AUBIGNY,<sup>5</sup>  
 LORD OF WALDEN,<sup>6</sup>

LORD HAY,<sup>7</sup>  
 LORD SANKRE,<sup>8</sup>  
 SIR RO. RICHE,<sup>9</sup>  
 SIR JO. KENNETHIE,<sup>10</sup>  
 MASTER ERSKINE.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Duke of Lenox.*] Lodowick Stuart, Duke of Lenox, and afterwards of Richmond. For the three succeeding names see p. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *Lord D'Aubigny.*] Esme, younger brother of the Duke of Lenox, who succeeded him in 1623. He married Catherine, the only daughter of Sir Gervase Clifton. He was warmly attached to our poet, who has an Epigram (127) addressed to him, full of respect and gratitude.

<sup>3</sup> 7. See p. 21.

<sup>4</sup> *Lord Sankre.*] Robert Crichton, Lord Sanquhar. This nobleman, in an angry trial of skill with one Turner, a fencing master, was deprived of an eye. The loss, which he confessedly brought upon himself, seems to have rankled in his mind ; and about four years after the date of this Masque, he hired two Scotchmen, Gray and Carlisle, to murder the unfortunate swordsman. For this atrocious act he

was seized, and, in spite of all the interest made to save his life (which appears from Wilson to have been very great), hanged with his two accomplices at Tyburn.

<sup>5</sup> *Sir Robert Rich.*] Third son of Robert, Lord Rich. He succeeded to the barony, and in 1618 was created Earl of Warwick. Jonson has some verses on this nobleman.

<sup>6</sup> *Sir J. Kennethie.*] David Kennedy, created Earl of Cassilis in 1609.

<sup>7</sup> *Master Erskine.*] Called young Erskine by the Earl of Shrewsbury's correspondent ; but whether son of the Earl of Mar, or of Sir Thomas Erskine, afterwards Earl of Kelly, I cannot determine.

\* A wife or matron : which is a name of more dignity than virgin. *D. Heins, in Nup. Ottonis Heurnii. Cras matri similis tua redibis.*

Wake then, and let your lights  
Wake too ; for they'll tell nothing of your  
nights.

But that in Hymen's war  
You perfect are.

And such perfection we

Do pray should be.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished  
star!

That ere the rosy-fingered morn

Behold nine moons, there may be born

A babe, t'uphold the fame  
Of Ratcliffe's blood and Ramsey's  
name :

That may, in his great seed,  
Wear the long honours of his father's  
deed.

Such fruits of Hymen's war

Most perfect are ;

And all perfection we

Wish you should see.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished  
star !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> However desirable it may be to leave the recognition of the poet's merits to the taste and discrimination of the reader, it seems almost impossible to pass in silence over such pre-eminent marks of genius and study as those before us. Not many pages are numbered since we had the most beautiful little piece of its kind in the English language ; and here we have another of the same species, replete with every excellence. The learning of Jonson is prodigious, and the grace, delicacy, and judgment with which he applies it to the embellishment of his subject, cannot be too highly estimated. The dull cold criticism of Hurd, the wanton malignity of Steevens, the blind hatred of Malone (to say nothing of a train of followers), are all directed to the same point—namely, to establish the per-

suasion that Jonson is at his best but "a servile imitator," a "painful plagiarist," a mere "murderer of the ancients ;" and it seems but a part of common justice to invite the attention occasionally to such decisive refutations of the calumny, as are supplied by these and similar pieces profusely scattered through his works.

[On this point Charles Lamb had already said (1808) : "These and the preceding extracts may serve to show the poetical fancy and elegance of mind of the supposed rugged old Bard. A thousand beautiful passages might be adduced from those numerous Court masques and entertainments, which he was in the daily habit of furnishing, to prove the same thing. But they do not come within my plan."—*Dramatic Specimens*. F. C.]



# The Masque of Queens.

CELEBRATED FROM THE HOUSE OF FAME, BY THE QUEEN OF GREAT  
BRITAIN, WITH HER LADIES, AT WHITEHALL, FEB. 2, 1609.

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THE MASQUE, &c.] This is the title of the folio 1616. That of the 4to, 1609, runs thus: "*The Masque of Queens, celebrated from the House of Fame: by the most absolute in all State and Titles, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, &c.*"

*Et memorem famam, quæ bene gessit, habet."*

The 4to is addressed to Prince Henry, who was dead when the folio edition appeared, which accounts perhaps for the omission of the dedication. It is as follows:—

"To the glory of our own, and grief of other nations, my Lord HENRY,  
Prince of Great Britain, &c.

"SIR,

"When it hath been my happiness (as would it were more frequent) but to see your face, and, as passing by, to consider you, I have with as much joy as I am now far from flattery in professing it, called to mind that doctrine of some great inquirers in *Nature*, who hold every royal and *heroic* form to partake and draw much to it of the heavenly virtue. For whether it be that a divine soul being to come into a body, first chooseth a palace for itself; or being come, doth make it so; or that *Nature* be ambitious to have her work equal, I know not; but what is lawful for me to understand and speak, that I dare; which is, that both your *virtue* and your *form* did deserve your *fortune*. The one claimed that you should be born a *prince*, the other makes that you do become it. And when *Necessity* (excellent lord) the mother of the *Fates*, hath so provided that your *form* should not more insinuate you to the eyes of men, than your *virtue* to their minds: it comes near a wonder to think how sweetly that habit flows in you, and with so hourly testimonies which to all posterity might hold the dignity of examples. Amongst the rest, your favour to letters, and these gentler studies that go under the title of *Humanity*, is not the least honour of your wreath. For if once the worthy professors of these learnings shall come (as heretofore they were) to be the care of *princes*, the crowns their *sovereigns* wear will not more adorn their temples, nor their stamps live longer in their medals, than in such subjects' labours. *Poetry*, my lord, is not born with every man, nor every day: and in her general right it is now my minute to thank your *Highness*, who not only do honour her with your care, but are curious to examine her with your eye, and enquire into her beauties and strengths. Where, though it hath proved a work of some difficulty to me to retrieve the particular *authorities* (according to your gracious command, and a desire born out of judgment) to those things which I writ out of fulness and memory of my former readings: yet now I have overcome it, the reward that meets me is double to one act; which is, that thereby your excellent understanding will not only justify me to your own knowledge, but decline the stiffness of others' original ignorance, already armed to censure. For which singular bounty, if my *fate* (most excellent *Prince*, and only *Delicacy of mankind*) shall reserve me to the age of your actions, whether in the camp or the council-chamber, that I may write at nights the deeds of your days; I will then labour to bring forth some work as worthy of your fame, as my ambition therein is of your pardon.

"By the most true admirer of your *Highness's* virtues,

"And most hearty celebrater of them,

"BEN JONSON."

The production of this Masque has subjected Jonson to a world of unmerited obloquy from the commentators. It was written, it seems, "on account of the success of Shakspeare's Witches, which alarmed the jealousy of a man who fancied himself his rival, or rather his superior." And this is repeated through a thousand mouths. Not to observe that if Jonson was moved by any such passion, it must be by Middleton's Witches, not Shakspeare's (for the latter is but a copyist himself in this case), how does it appear that *Macbeth* was prior in date to the *Masque of Queens*? O, says Mr. Davies, "Mr. Malone has with much probability fixed the first representation of *Macbeth* to the year 1606." And he immediately proceeds to reason upon it "as a certainty."

It is worth while to turn to this master-proof. "In July, 1606 (Mr. Malone says), the King of Denmark came to England, and on the 3rd of August was installed a Knight of the Garter. 'There is nothing (says Drummond of Hawthornden) to be heard at Court but sounding of trumpets, hautboys, music, revelling, and comedies.' Perhaps during this visit *Macbeth* was first exhibited." This is the whole; and this it is that "fixes the first appearance of *Macbeth* to the year 1606!" The King of Denmark was in this country about three weeks; a considerable part of the time he spent at Theobalds, where Jonson was employed to entertain him; he was, besides, present at one Masque, and the rest of his time was occupied in moving about, and what Drummond calls music and revelling. In four consecutive letters he details the various amusements of this prince, without the most distant hint of his being present at the exhibition of any play whatever. At any rate *Macbeth* is no "comédie" and in fact, what Drummond calls so are the "Entertainments, Masques, and Revels" (all appropriate terms), which are known to have been provided for him. What amusement could an English tragedy afford to a person who understood not a word of the language?

I have said thus much merely to shew the fallacy of Mr. Malone's argument, and the readiness with which all improbabilities are swallowed when they conduce to the grateful purpose of maligning Jonson. For, in truth, it signifies nothing to the question at which period either piece was produced, or which of them had the priority in point of date; since the characters are totally and radically distinct, and do not bear either in conduct or language the slightest token of affinity. What is decisive on the subject is the remarkable care which Jonson himself takes to disclaim all idea of copying any preceding dramatist. He tells Prince Henry that he described his witches "out of fulness and memory of his former readings, which he has retrieved and set down at his desire;" and he informs the Queen that "he was CAREFUL TO DECLINE not only from others, but from his own steps in this kind." Not one syllable of this has ever been noticed before; the commentators prefer darkness to light, and, so they can rail at "old Ben," make their wantonness their ignorance.

But when spleen and malice have done their worst, the magical part of the *Masque of Queens* will still remain a proof of high poetic powers, of a vigorous and fertile imagination, and of deep and extensive learning, managed with surprising ease, and applied to the purposes of the scene with equal grace and dexterity.

[Mr. Collier printed for the Shakspeare Society, 1849, a version of this Masque "from the original and beautiful autograph of the poet, preserved among the Royal Manuscripts in the British Museum, of which Gifford and his predecessors knew nothing." It has many variations, and is particularly interesting as showing the form in which the poet himself arranged his matter.—F. C.]

It increasing now to the third time of my being used in these services to her majesty's personal presentations, with the ladies whom she pleaseth to honour; it was my first and special regard to see that the nobility of the invention should be answerable to the dignity of their persons. For which reason I chose the argument to be *A celebration of honourable and true Fame, bred out of Virtue*; observing that

rule of the best artist,\* to suffer no object of delight to pass without his mixture of profit and example. And because Her Majesty (best knowing that a principal part of life in these spectacles lay in their variety) had commanded me to think on some dance, or shew, that might precede hers, and have the place of a foil, or false

\* Hor. in Art. Poetic.

masque : I was careful to decline, not only from others, but mine own steps in that kind, since the last year,\* I had an antimasque of boys; and therefore now devised that twelve women, in the habit of hags or witches, sustaining the persons of Ignorance, Suspicion, Credulity, &c., the opposites to good Fame, should fill that part, not as a masque, but a spectacle of strangeness, producing multiplicity of gesture, and not unaptly sorting with the current and whole fall of the device.

His majesty then being set, and the whole company in full expectation, the part of the Scene which first presented itself was an ugly Hell; which flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof. And in respect all evils are morally said to come from hell; as also from that observation of Torrentius upon Horace's *Caniidia*,† *quæ tot instructi venenis, ex Orci faucibus profecta videri possit*: these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till their number increased to eleven, all differently attired; some with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. The device of their attire was Master Jones's, with the inven-

tion and architecture of the whole scene and machine. Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine if there be any found; and for that cause I confess them.

These eleven WITCHES beginning to dance (which is an usual ceremony‡ at their convents or meetings, where sometimes also they are vizarded and masked), on the sudden one of them missed their chief, and interrupted the rest with this speech :—

*Hag.*

Sisters, stay, we want our Dame;§  
Call upon her by her name,  
And the charm we use to say;  
That she quickly anoint,|| and come away.

*I Charm.*

" Dame, dame! the watch is set :  
Quickly come, we all are met.—  
From the lakes, and from the fens,¶  
From the rocks, and from the dens,  
From the woods, and from the caves,  
From the churchyards, from the graves,  
From the dungeo, from the tree  
That they die on, here are we!"

Comes she not yet?  
Strike another heat.

\* In the masque at my Lord Haddington's wedding.

† *Vide Lævin. Tor. comment. in Hor. Epod. lib. ode 5.*

‡ See the King's Majesty's book (our Sovereign) of *Demonology*, Bodin. *Remig. Delrio. Mal. Malefi.* and a world of others in the general: but let us follow particulars.

§ Amongst our vulgar witches the honour of Dame (for so I translate it) is given with a kind of pre-eminence to some special one at their meetings: which Delrio insinuates, *Disquis. Mag. lib. 2, quest. 9*, quoting that of *Apuleius, lib. de Asin. aureo. de quadam carphona, regina Sagarum*. And adds, *ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc titulo honoratas*. Which title *M. Philipp. Ludwiguus Elich. Dæmonomagia, quest. 10*, doth also remember.

|| When they are to be transported from place to place, they use to anoint themselves, and sometimes the things they ride on. Beside *Apul. testimony*, see these later, *Remig. Dæmonolatriæ lib. 1, cap. 14, Delrio, Disquis. Mag. l. 2, quest. 16, Bodin, Dæmonoman. l. 2, c. 14, Barthol. de Spina, quest. de Strigib. Philippo Ludwiguus Elich. quest. 10. Paracelsus in magn. et occul. Philosophia*, teacheth the con-

section *Unguentum ex carne recens natorum infantium, in pulmenti forma coctum, et cum herbis somniferis, quales sunt Papaver, Solanum, Cicuta, &c. And Giov. Bapti. Porta, lib. 2, Mag. Natur. cap. 16.*

¶ These places, in their own nature dire and dismal, are reckoned up as the fittest from whence such persons should come, and were notably observed by that excellent Lucan in the description of his *Erichtho, lib. 6*. To which we may add this corollary out of *Agripp. de occult. philosop. l. 1, c. 48. Saturno correspondent loca quævis fetida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa et funesta, ut cæmeteria, busta, et hominibus deserta habitacula, et vetustate caduca, loca obscura, et horrenda, et solitaria, antra, cavernæ, putei: præterea piscinæ, stagna, paludes, et ejusmodi*. And in *lib. 3, c. 42*, speaking of the like, and in *lib. 4*, about the end, *Aptissima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionum, nocturnarumque incursionum et consimilium phantasmatum, ut cæmeteria, et in quibus fieri solent executiones criminalis judicii, in quibus recentibus annis publicæ strages factæ sunt, vel ubi occisorum cadavera, necdum expiata, nec ritè sepulta, recentioribus annis subhumata sunt.*

2 *Charm.*

"The weather is fair, the wind is good,  
Up, dame, on your horse of wood :\*  
Or else tuck up your grey frock,  
And saddle your goat,† or your green  
cock,‡  
And make his bridle a bottom of thrid,  
To roll up how many miles you have rid.  
Quickly come away ;  
For we all stay."

Nor yet ! nay then,  
We'll try her agen.

3 *Charm.*

"The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,  
And so is the cat-a-mountain,

\* *Delrio, Disq. Mag. lib. 2, quæst. 6*, has a story out of Triezus of this horse of wood : but that which our witches call so, is sometimes a broom-staff, sometimes a reed, sometimes a distaff. See *Remig. Dæmonol. lib. 1, cap. 14. Bodin. l. 2, cap. 4, &c.*

† The goat is the Devil himself, upon whom they ride often to their solemnity, as appears by their confessions in Rem. and Bodin. *ibid.* His majesty also remembers the story of the devil's appearance! to those of *Calicut* in that form, *Dæmonol. lib. 2, cap. 3.*

‡ Of the green cock we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch, that with a cock of that colour and a bottom of blue thread, would transport herself through the air ; and so escaped (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of justice. It was a tale when I went to school ; and somewhat there is like it in *Mart. Delr. Disq. Mag. lib. 2, quæst. 6*, of one Zytii, a Bohemian, that, among other his dexterities, aliquoties equis rhedariis vectum, gallis gallinaceis ad epirrhædium suum alligatis, subsequēbatur.

§ All this is but a periphrasis of the night, in their charm, and their applying themselves to it

1 *His majesty also remembers the story, &c.* Jonson cannot escape the commentators, and his name serves them as a foil upon all occasions. Warburton having incidentally observed that a passage in *Macbeth* was "intended as a compliment to James," Steevens subjoins that the truth of history was also perverted for the same purpose ; yet, continues he, "the flattery of Shakspeare is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has"—done what, does the reader think!—"condescended to quote his majesty's ridiculous book on *Demonology*!" The reader has here the whole of the poet's offence : with respect to "his majesty," his book was not more "ridiculous" than any of the others quoted on the subject ; and as Jonson collected his authorities merely in obedience to the commands of the Prince, there seems no violent strain of flattery in barely citing the book of his father for a popular story.

The ant and the mole sit both in a  
hole,  
And frog peeps out o' the fountain ;  
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels  
play,  
The spindle§ is now a turning ;  
The moon it is red, and the stars are  
fled,  
But all the sky is a burning :  
The ditch is made,|| and our nails the  
spade,  
With pictures full of wax and of  
wool ;  
Their livers I stick with needles quick ;  
There lacks but the blood, to make up  
the flood.

with their instruments, whereof the spindle in antiquity was the chief : and beside the testimony of Theocritus, in *Pharmacutria* ; (who only used it in amorous affairs) was of special act to the troubling of the moon. To which Martial alludes, *lib. 9, ep. 30, Quæ nunc Thessalico Lunam deducere rhombo, &c.* And *lib. 12, ep. 57, Cum secta Colcho Luna vapulat rhombo.*

|| This rite also of making a ditch with their nails is frequent with our witches, whereof see *Bodin. Remig. Delr. Malleus Mal. Godelman. l. 2 de Lamiis*, as also the antiquity of it most vividly express by *Hor. Satyr. 8, lib. 1*, where he mentions the pictures, and the blood of a black lamb. All which are yet in use with our modern witchcraft. *Scalpere terram* (speaking of Canidia and Saganæ)

*Unguis, et pullam diuellerè mordicus agnam  
Caperunt : cror in fossam confusus, ut inde  
Maneis elicerent animas responsa duras.  
Lana et effigies erat, allera cerea, &c.*

And then by and by,

*Serpentes atque videres  
Infernas errare cancis, Lunamque rubentem,  
Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulchra.*

Of this ditch Homer makes mention in Circe's speech to Ulysses, *Odys. K*, about the end, *Βοτρυ ὀψύται, &c.* And *Ovid. Metam. lib. 7*, in Medea's magic,

*Haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus  
Sacra facit, cultrosque in gutture velleris atri  
Conjicit, et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.*

And of the waxen images, in Hypsipyle's epistle to Jason, where he expresseth that mischief also of the needles :

*Devovet absentes, simulacraque cerea fingit ;  
Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.*

*Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2, cap. 8*, hath (beside the known story of King Duffe out of Hector Boetius) much of the witches' later practice in that kind, and reports a relation of a French Ambassador's, out of England, of certain pictures of wax, found in a dunghill near Islington, of our late queen's : which rumour I myself (being then very young) can yet remember to have been current.



Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,  
 Spur, spur upon little Martin,\*  
 Merrily, merrily, make him sail,  
 A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in 's  
 tail,  
 Fire above and fire below,  
 With a whip i' your hand to make him  
 go."

O, now she's come!  
 Let all be dumb.

*At this the DAME† entered to them, naked-  
 armed, barefooted, her frock tucked, her  
 hair knotted, and folded with vipers; in  
 her hand a torch made of a dead man's  
 arm, lighted, girded with a snake. To  
 whom they all did reverence, and she  
 spake, uttering, by way of question, the  
 end wherefore they came.‡*

\* Their little Martin is he that calls them to their conventicles, which is done in a human voice, but coming forth, they find him in the shape of a great buck goat, upon whom they ride to their meetings, *Delr. Disq. Mag. quest. 16, lib. 2.* And *Bod. Dæmon. lib. 2, cap. 4,* have both the same relation from Paulus Gril-landus, of a witch. *Adveniente nocte et hori evocabatur voce quadam velut humana ab ipso Dæmone, quem non vocant Dæmonem, sed Magisterulum, alia Magistrum Martinetum, sive Martinellum. Quæ sic evocata, mox sumebat pyxidem unctiois et linebat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus et membris, quo linito exibat ex domo, et inveniebat Magisterulum suum in forma hirci illam expectantem apud ostium, super quo mulier equitabat, et applicare solebat fortiter manus ad crines, et statim hircus ille adscendebat per aerem, et brevissimo tempore deferebat ipsum, &c.*

† This Dame I make to bear the person of Ate, or Mischief (for so I interpret it), out of Homer's description of her, *Il. A.* where he makes her swift to hurt mankind, strong, and sound of her feet; and *Iliad. T.* walking upon men's heads; in both places using one and the same phrase to signify her power, *Βλαπτοῦσα ἀνθρώπων, Lædens homines.* I present her bare-footed, and her frock tucked, to make her seem more expedite, by Horace's authority, *Sat. 8, lib. 1. Succinctam vadere palla Canidiam pedibus nudis, passoque capillo.* But for her hair, I rather respect another place of his, *Eglog. lib. ode 5,* where she appears *Canidia brevibus implicata viperis Crineis, et incompuncto caput.* And that of Lucan, *lib. 6,* speaking of Erichtho's attire,

*Discolor, et vario Furialis cultus amictu  
 Induitur, vultusque aperitur crine remoto,  
 Et coma vipereis substringitur horrida sertis.*

For her torch, see *Remig. lib. 2, cap. 3.*

‡ Which if it had been done either before or otherwise, had not been so natural. For to have made themselves their own decipherers, and each

*Dame.* Well done, my Hags!<sup>1</sup> And come we fraught with spite,  
 To overthrow the glory of this night?  
 Holds our great purpose?

*Hag.* Yes.

*Dame.* But wants there none  
 Of our just number?

*Hags.* Call us one by one,  
 And then our dame shall see.

*Dame.* First then advance§  
 My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance,  
 Known by thy scaly vesture; and bring  
 on  
 Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,  
 [As she names them they come forward.]

one to have told upon their entrance *what they were and whither they would*, had been a piteous hearing, and utterly unworthy any quality of a poem: wherein a writer should always trust somewhat to the capacity of the spectator, especially at these spectacles. where men, beside inquiring eyes, are understood to bring quick ears, and not those sluggish ones of porters and mechanics, that must be bored through at every act with narrations.

§ In the chaining of these vices, I make as if one link produced another, and the Dame were born out of them all, so as they might say to her, *Sola tenes scelerum quicquid posseditus omnes.* Nor will it appear much violence, if their series be considered, when the opposition to all virtue begins out of Ignorance, that Ignorance begets

<sup>1</sup> *Well done, my hags!* In *Macbeth*, Hecate says to the Witches, "O, well done!" upon which important resemblance, Mr. Steevens thus expatiates. "The attentive reader will observe that, in the *Masque of Queens*, old Ben has exerted his strongest powers to rival the incantation of Shakspeare's" (Middleton's) "Witches, and the final address of Prospero to the aerial spirits under his command." Now let *Macbeth* have been written when it may, Steevens well knew that the *Tempest* was one of Shakspeare's latest plays, and was not in existence till many years after this period (1609); if therefore any rivalry be found between the parting speech of Prospero and the awful invocation of the dame (p. 133), the "jealousy" must be attributed, however harshly it may sound, to Shakspeare.

With respect to the invidious comparison elsewhere instituted between the Hecate of Shakspeare and this of Jonson, it is founded on sheer ignorance. The dame of the latter is not Hecate, but Ate, as he himself expressly calls her. But be she who she may, she is as superior (if the truth must be told) to the Hecate of *Macbeth*, as *Macbeth* is superior to every other tragedy.

Whose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands

With quick Credulity, that next her stands,  
Who hath but one ear, and that always ope;  
Two-faced Falsehood follow in the rope;  
And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks deep hung;

She, Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;  
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost;

Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast  
Her oblique look; and to her subtle side,  
Thou, black-mouthed Execration, stand applied;

Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat gall;

She, flame-eyed Rage; Rage, Mischief.

*Hags.* Here we are all.

*Dame.* Join now our hearts, we faithful opposites\*

To Fame and Glory. Let not these bright nights

Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes;  
Shew ourselves truly envious, and let rise

Our wonted rages: do what may beseem  
Such names and natures; Virtue else will deem

Our powers decreased, and think us banished earth,

No less than heaven. All her antique birth,  
As Justice, Faith, she will restore; and, bold  
Upon our sloth, retrieve her Age of gold.

We must not let our native manners thus  
Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not but in us.

I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,  
And curse the piety gives it such increase.

Let us disturb it then,† and blast the light;  
Mix hell with heaven, and make nature fight  
Within herself; loose the whole hinge of things;

And cause the ends run back into their springs.

*Hags.* What our Dame bids us do,  
We are ready for.

*Dame.* Then fall to.

But first relate me† what you have sought,  
Where you have been, and what you have brought.

Suspicion (for Knowledge is ever open and charitable) that Suspicion, Credulity, as it is a vice: for being a virtue, and free, it is opposite to it: but such as are jealous of themselves, do easily credit anything of others whom they hate. Out of this Credulity springs Falsehood, which begets Murmur: and that Murmur presently grows Malice, which begets Impudence: and that Impudence, Slander: that Slander, Execration: Execration, Bitterness: Bitterness, Fury: and Fury, Mischief. Now for the personal presentation of them, the authority in poetry is universal. But in the absolute Claudian, there is a particular and eminent place, where the poet not only produceth such persons, but almost to a like purpose, in *Ruf. lib. 1*, where Alecto, envious of the times,

*Infernas ad limina tetra sorores  
Concilium deforme vocat, glomerantur in unum  
Innumera pestes Erebi, quascunque sinistro  
Nox genuit fetu: nutrix discordia belli,  
Imperiosa fames, leto vicina senectus,  
Impatiensque sui morbus, livorque secundis  
Anxius, et scisso marrens velamine luctus,  
Et timor, et cæco præceps audacia vultu:*

with many others, fit to disturb the world, as ours the night.

\* Here again by way of irritation I make the Dame pursue the purpose of their coming, and discover their natures more largely: which had been nothing if not done as doing another thing, but *moratio circa vilem patulumque orbem*; than which the poet cannot know a greater vice, he being that kind of artificer to whose work is required so much exactness as indifferency is not tolerable.

† These powers of troubling nature are frivolous, III.

quently ascribed to witches, and challenged by themselves wherever they are induced, by Homer, Ovid, Tibullus, Pet. Arbiter, Seneca, Lucan, Claudian, to whose authorities I shall refer more anon. For the present, hear *Socrat. in Apul. de Astin. aureo, l. 1*, describing Meeroe, the witch. *Saga et divinitus calum deponere, terram suspendere, fontes durare, montes diluere, manes sublimare, deos infirmare, sidera extinguer, tartarum ipsum illuminare:* and *l. 2*, Byrrhena to Lucius of Pamphile. *Maga primi nominis, et omnis carminis sepulchralis magistra creditur, quæ surculis et lapillis, et id genus frivolis inhalatis, omnem istam lucem mundi sideralis, imis tartari et in vetustum chaos mergit:* as also this latter of Remigius, in his most elegant arguments before his *Dæmonolatia. Quod possit evertere funditus orbem, Et mancis superis miscere, hæc unica cura est.* And Lucan. *Quarum quicquid non creditur, ars est.*

† This is also solemn in their witchcraft, to be examined, either by the devil or their dame, at their meetings, of what mischief they have done: and what they can confer to a future hurt. See *M. Philippo Ludwigo Elich. Dæmonomagia lib. quæst. 10.* But Remigius, in the very form, *lib. 1. Dæmonolat. c. 22, Quemadmodum solent heri in villicis procuratoribus, cum eorum rationes expendunt, segnitatem negligentiamque durius castigare; ita Dæmon, in suis comitiis, quod tempus examinandis cuiusque rebus atque actionibus ipse constituit, eos pessimi habere consuevit, qui nihil afferunt quo se nequiores ac flagitiosius cumulatiores doceant. Nec cuiquam adeo impune est, si à superiori conventu nullo ac scelere novo obstrinxerit; sed semper oportet,*

1 *Hag.* I have been all day looking after\*

A raven feeding upon a quarter ;  
And soon as she turned her beak to the south,  
I snatched this morsel out of her mouth.

2 *Hag.* I have been gathering wolves' hairs,

The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears ;  
The spurning of a dead-man's eyes,  
And all since the evening star did rise.

3 *Hag.* I last night lay all alone  
On the ground, to hear the mandrake groan ;

*qui gratus esse vult in alium, novum aliquod facinus fecisse.* And this doth exceedingly solicit them all, at such times, lest they should come unprepared. But we apply this examination of ours to the particular use ; whereby also we take occasion not only to express the things (as vapours, liquors, herbs, bones, flesh, blood, fat, and such like, which are called *Media magica*), but the rites of gathering them, and from what places, reconciling as near as we can the practice of antiquity to the neoteric, and making it familiar with our popular witchcraft.

\* For the gathering pieces of dead flesh, *Cornel. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. lib. 3. cap. 42. and lib. 4. cap. ult.*, observes that the use was to call up ghosts and spirits with a fumigation made of that (and bones of carcases), which I make my witch here, not to cut herself, but to watch the raven, as *Lucan's Erichtho, lib. 6 :*

*Et quodcumque jacet nuda tellure cadaver  
Ante feras volucresue sedet : nec carpere membra  
Vult ferro manibusque suis, morsusque luporum  
Expectat siccis raptura à faucibus artus ;*

as if that piece were sweeter which the wolf had bitten, or the raven had picked, and more effectuous : and to do it, at her turning to the south, as with the prediction of a storm. Which though they be but minutes in ceremony, being observed, make the act more dark and full of horror.

2. *Spuma canum, lupi crines, nodus hyena, oculi draconum, serpentis membrana, aspidis aures*, are all mentioned by the ancients in witchcraft. And *Lucan* particularly, *lib. 6.*

*Huc quicquid fœta genuit natura sinistro  
Miscetur, non spuma canum, quibus unda timori est,  
Viscera non lyncis, non dura nodus hyena  
Defuit, &c.*

And *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7*, reckons up others. But for the spurning of the eyes, let us return to *Lucan*, in the same book, which piece (as all the rest) is written with an admirable height.

And plucked him up, though he grew full low ;

And as I had done the Cock did crow.

4 *Hag.* And I ha' been choosing out this skull

From charnel-houses that were full ;  
From private grots and public pits ;  
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 *Hag.* Under a cradle I did creep  
By day ; and when the child was asleep  
At night I sucked the breath ; and rose,  
And plucked the nodding nurse by the nose.

*Ast ubi servantur saxis, quibus intus humor  
Ducitur, et tracta duriscunt tunc medulla  
Corpora, tunc omnes avidè deservit in artus,  
Immersitque manus oculis, gaudetque gelatos  
Effodisse orbis, et siccae pallida rodit  
Excrementa manus.*

3. *Pliny*, writing of the mandrake, *Nat. Hist. l. 25. c. 13*, and of the digging it up, hath this ceremony, *Cavent effossuri contrarium ventum, et tribus circulis arte gladio circumscribunt, postea fodiunt ad occasum spectantes.* But we have later tradition, that the forcing of it up is so fatally dangerous, as the groan kills, and therefore they do it with dogs, which I think but borrowed from *Josephus's* report of the root *Baeras, lib. 7 de Bel. Judaic.* Howsoever, it being so principal an ingredient in their magic, it was fit she should boast to be the plucker up of it herself. And that the cock did crow, alludes to a prime circumstance in their work : for they all confess, that nothing is so cross or baleful to them in their nights as that the cock should crow before they have done. Which makes that their little masters or martinets, whom I have mentioned before, use this form in dismissing their conventions. *Eja, facessite propere hinc omnes, nam jam galli canere incipiunt.* Which I interpret to be, because that bird is the messenger of light, and so, contrary to their acts of darkness. See *Remig. Demonolat. lib. 1. cap. 4*, where he quotes that of *Apollonius, de umbra Achillis, Philostr. lib. 4. cap. 5.* And *Euseb. Casariensis. in confutat. contra Hierocl. 4 de galliciano.*

4. I have touched this before, in my note upon the first, of the use of gathering flesh, bones, and skulls : to which I now bring that piece of *Apuleius, lib. 3 de Asino aureo*, of *Pamphile. Priusque apparatu solito instruxit fœrale officinam, omne genus aromatatis, et ignorabiliter laminis literatis, et infelicitum navium durantibus clavus defletorum, sepulorum etiam cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris, hic naves et digiti, illic carnosus clavi penduntium, alibi trucidatorum servatus cruror, et extorta dentibus ferarum trunca calvaria.* And for such places *Lucan* makes his witch to inhabit them, *lib. 6. Desertaque busta incolit, et tumulos expulsi obtinet umbra.*

6 Hag. I had a dagger : what did I with that?

Killed an infant to have his fat.  
A piper it got, at a church-ale,  
I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

7 Hag. A murderer yonder was hung in chains,  
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;  
I bit off a sinew ; I clipped his hair,  
I brought off his rags that danced i' the air.

8 Hag. The scritch-owl's eggs and the feathers black,  
The blood of the frog and the bone in his back,  
I have been getting ; and made of his skin  
A purslet to keep Sir Cranion in.

5. For this rite see *Barthol. de Spina, quest. de Strigibus, cap. 8, Mal. Malefic. tom. 2*, where he disputes at large the transformation of witches to cats, and their sucking both their spirits and their blood, calling them Striges, which Godelman, *lib. de Lamiis*, would have à stridore, et avibus fedissimis ejusdem nominis, which I the rather incline to, out of Ovid's authority. *Fast. lib. 6*, where the poet ascribes to those birds the same almost that these do to the witches :

*Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentis,  
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis :  
Carbere dicuntur lacerantia viscera rostris,  
Et plenum guto sanguine guttur habent.*

6. Their killing of infants is common, both for confection of their ointment (whereto one ingredient is the fat boiled, as I have showed before out of Paracelsus and Porta), as also out of a lust to do murder. *Sprenger in Mal. Malefic.* reports that a witch, a midwife in the diocese of Basil, confessed to have killed above forty infants (ever as they were new born, with pricking them in the brain with a needle), which she had offered to the devil. See the story of the three witches in *Rem. Damonola. lib. cap. 3*, about the end of the chapter. And M. Philippo Ludwicus *Elich. Quest. 8*. And that it is no new rite, read the practice of Canidia, *Epod. Horat. lib. ode 5*, and *Lucan, lib. 6*, whose admirable verses I can never be weary to transcribe :

*Nec cessant à cæde manus, si sanguine vivo  
Est opus, erumpat jugulo qui primus aperto.  
Nec refugit cades, vivum si sacra cruorem  
Extorque funera possunt trepidantia mensæ.  
Vulnere si ventris, non quæ natura vocabat,  
Extrahitur partus calidis ponendus in aris ;  
Et quoties sævis opus est, et fortius umbris  
Ipsa facit manes. Hominum mors omnis in usu est.*

7. The abuse of dead bodies in their witchcraft, both Porphyrio and Psellus are grave authors of. The one *lib. de sacrif. de vero cultu*. The other *lib. de Dæmo.* which Apuleius toucheth too, *lib. 2 de Asin. aurore*. But Remigius, who deals with later persons, and out of their own mouths, *Dæmonol. lib. 2, cap. 3*,

9 Hag. And I ha' been plucking plants among,  
Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,  
Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's-bane ;  
And twice by the dogs was like to be ta'en.

10 Hag. I from the jaws of a gardener's bitch  
Did snatch these bones, and then leaped the ditch :

Yet went I back to the house again,  
Killed the black cat, and here's the brain.

11 Hag. I went to the toad breeds under the wall,  
I charmed him out, and he came at my call ;

affirms, *Hæc et nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, præsertim si cujus supplicio affecti cadaver exemplo datum est, et in crucem sublatum. Nam non solum inde sortilegiis suis materiam mutuuntur : sed et ab ipsis carnificina instrumentis, veste, vinculis, falo, ferramentis. Siquidem iis vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam et potestatem. And to this place I dare not, out of religion to the divine Lucan, but bring his verses from the same book :*

*Laqueum nodosque nocentes  
Ore suo rapit, pendentia corpora carpsit,  
Abrasitque cruce, percussaque viscera nimbis  
Vulsit, et, incoctas admissis sole medullas.  
Insertum manibus chalybem nigramque per artus  
Stillantis labi sanient, virisque cæcatum  
Sustulit, et nervo morsu retinente pependit.*

8. These are Canidia's furniture in *Horæ. Epod. lib. ode 5, Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine, plumamque nocturna strigis*. And part of Medea's confection in *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7, Strigis infames, ipsis cum carnibus, alas*. That of the skin (to make a purse for her fly) was meant ridiculous, to mock the keeping of their familiars.

9. *Cicuta, hyoscyamus, ophioglosson, solanum, martagon, doreonicon, acutium*, are the common venefical ingredients remembered by Paracelsus, Porta, Agrippa, and others : which I make her to have gathered, as about a castle, church, or some vast building (kept by dogs) among ruins and wild heaps.

10. *Ossa ab ore rapta jejuna canis*, Horace gives Canidia, in the place before quoted. Which *jejuna* I rather change to gardener's, as imagining such persons to keep mastiffs for the defence of their grounds, whither this hag might also go for simples : where, meeting with the bones, and not content with them, she would yet do a domestic hurt in getting the cat's brains : which is another special ingredient ; and of so much more efficacy by how much blacker the cat is, if you will credit *Aggr. Cap. de suffigibus*.

11. These also, both by the confessions of

I scratched out the eyes o' the owl before,  
I tore the bat's wing : what would you  
have more?

*Dame.* Yes, I have brought, to help our  
vows,  
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,  
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,  
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,  
The basilisk's blood and the viper's skin :  
And now our orgies let's begin.

*Here the Dame put herself in the midst  
of them, and began her following Invocation :\**

You fiends and furies (if yet any be  
Worse than ourselves), you that have  
quaked to see  
Theset knots untied and shrunk, when we  
have charmed.  
You that to arm us have yourselves dis-  
armed,  
And to our powers resigned your whips  
and brands  
When we went forth, the scourge of men  
and lands.

witches and testimony of writers, are of principal use in their witchcraft. The toad mentioned in *Virg. Geor. lib. 1, Inventusque canis Bufo*. Which by Pliny is called *Rubeta, Nat. Hist. l. 32, c. 5*, and there celebrated for the force in magic. Juvenal toucheth at it twice within my memory, *Satyr. 1* and *6*; and of the owl's eyes, see *Corn. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. l. 1, c. 15*. As of the bat's blood and wings there: and in the 25th chapter with *Bapt. Porta, l. 2, c. 26*.

12. After all their boasted labours, and plenty of materials, as they imagine, I make the dame not only to add more, but stranger, and out of their means to get (except the first, *Papaver cornutum*, which I have touched at in the connection), as *Sepulchris caprificos erutas, et cupressos fumebris*, as Horace calls them, where he arms Canidia, *Epod. lib. ode 5*. Then *Agaricum Laricis*, of which see *Porta, lib. 2, de Nat. Mag.* against Pliny. And *Basilisci, quem et Saturni sanguinem vocant venifici, tantisque vitres habere ferunt*. *Corn. Agrip. de occult. Philos. l. 1, c. 42*. With the viper remembered by *Lucan. lib. 6*, and the skins of serpents.

*Innataque rubris  
Æguoribus custos pretiosa vipera concha,  
Aut vno ntis adhuc Lybica membrana cerasta.*

And *Ovid. lib. 7*.

*Nec deficit illis  
Squamea cinishei tenuis membrana chelydri.*

\* Wherein she took occasion to boast all the power attributed to witches by the ancients, of

You that have seen me ride when Hecate  
Durst not take chariot; when the boisterous sea,  
Without a breath of wind, hath knocked  
the sky;  
And that hath thundered, Jove not knowing why:  
When we have set the elements at wars,  
Made midnight see the sun, and day the stars;  
When the winged lightning in the course hath stayed;  
And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid,  
To see the corn remove, the groves to range,  
Whole places alter, and the seasons change;  
When the pale moon, at the first voice down fell  
Poisoned, and durst not stay the second spell.  
You, that have oft been conscious of these sights;  
And thou, § three-formed star, that on these nights

which every poet (or the most) do give some: Homer to Circe, in the *Odys.* Theocritus to Simatha, in *Pharmacutria*; Virgil to Alphesibæus, in his *Eclogue*, Ovid to Dipsas, in *Amor.* to Medea and Circe, in *Metamorph.* Tibullus to Saga; Horace to Canidia, Sagana, Veia, Folia; Seneca to Medea, and the nurse in *Herc. Æte.* Petr. Arbiter to his Saga, in *Frag.* and Claudian to Megæra, lib. 1 in *Rufinum*; who takes the habit of a witch, as they do, and supplies that historical part in the poem, beside her moral person of a Fury; confirming the same drift in ours.

† These invocations are solemn with them, whereof we may see the forms in *Ovid. Metam. lib. 7*, in *Sen. Trag. Med.* in *Luc. lib. 6*, which of all is the boldest and most horrid, beginning, *Eumenides, Stygiumque nefas, pœnaque nocentum, &c.*

‡ The untying of their knots is, when they are going to some fatal business; Sagana is presented by Horace: *Expedita, per totum domum spargens Avernales aquas, horret capillis ut marinus asperis echinus, aut currens aper.*

§ Hecate, who is called Trivia, and Triformis, of whom *Virgil, Æneid. lib. 4, Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ*. She was believed to govern in witchcraft; and is remembered in all their invocations: see *Theocr. in Pharmacut. χαρ' Ἐκάρα δαοπλήτη, and Medea in Senec. Meis vocata sacris nootium sidus veni, pessimos induta vultus: fronte non una minax.* And *Erich. in Luc. Persephone, nostræque Hecatis para ut tima, &c.*

Art only powerful, to whose triple name  
Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice  
the same ;

If now with rites profane and foul enough  
We do invoke thee ; darken all this roof  
With present fogs : exhale earth's rot'nest  
vapours,

And strike a blindness through these blaz-  
ing tapers

Come, let a murmuring Charm resound,  
The whilst we\* bury all i' the ground.  
But first, see every† foot be bare ;  
And every knee.

Hag. Yes, Dame, they are.

#### 4 Charm.

" Deep, † O deep we lay thee to sleep ;  
We leave thee drink by, if thou chance  
to be dry ;

Both milk and blood, the dew and the  
flood.

We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the  
head ;

We cover thee warm, that thou take no  
harm :

And when thou dost wake,

\* This rite of burying their materials is often  
confest in Remigius, and described amply in  
*Hor. Sat. 8, lib. 1. Utque lupi barbam varia  
cum dente colubæ abdidit furtim ter-  
ris, &c.*

† The ceremony also of bating their feet is  
expressed by *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7*, as of  
their hair :—

*Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas,  
Nuda pedem, nudos humeris infusa capillos.*

And *Horat. ibid. Pedibus nudis passoque ca-  
pillo. And Senec. in tragæd. Med. Tibi more  
gentis, vinculo solvens comam, secreta nudo  
memora lustravi pede.*

‡ Here they speak as if they were creating  
some new feature, which the devil persuades  
them to be able to do often by the pronouncing  
of words and pouring out of liquors on the  
earth. Hear what Agrippa says, *De occult.  
Phil. lib. 4*, near the end. *In evocationibus  
umbrarum fumigamus cum sanguine recenti,  
cum ossibus mortuorum, et carne, cum ovis,  
lacte, melle, oleo, et similibus, quæ aptum me-  
dium tribuunt animabus, ad sumenda corpora ;*  
and a little before. *Namque animæ cogitis  
mediis, per quæ quondam corporibus suis con-  
jungebantur, per similes vapores, liquores, ni-  
dioresque facile alliciuntur.* Which doctrine  
he had from Apuleius, without all doubt or  
question, who in *lib. 3 de Asin. aureo*, pub-  
lisheth the same. *Tunc decantatis spirantibus  
fibris litat vario latice ; nunc roré fontano,  
nunc lacte vaccino, nunc melle montano, libet  
et mulsâ. Sic illos capillas in mutuos nexos*

Dame Earth shall quake,  
And the houses shake,  
And her belly shall ake,  
As her back were brake,  
Such a birth to make,  
As is the blue drake :  
Whose form thou shalt take."

Dame. Never a star yet shot !  
Where be the ashes ?

Hag. Here in the pot.

Dame. Cast§ them up ; and the flint-  
stone  
Over the left shoulder bone ;  
Into the west.

Hag. It will be best.

#### 5 Charm.

" The sticks are across, there can be no  
loss,

The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten  
Up to the sky, that was in the ground.

Follow it then, with our rattles, round ;

Under the bramble, over the brier,  
A little more heat will set it on fire :

*obditos, atque nodatos, cum multis odoribus dat  
væis carbombus adolendos. Tunc protinus in-  
expugnabili magica disciplina potestate, et  
cæca numinum coactorum violentia illa cor-  
pora quorum fumabant stridentes capilli, spi-  
ritum mutuantur humanum et sentiunt, et  
audient, et ambulant. Et quæ nidor suarum  
ducebat exuviarum veniunt.* All which are  
mere arts of Satan, when either himself will  
delude them with a false form, or troubling a  
dead body, makes them imagine these vanities  
the means : as, in the ridiculous circumstances  
that follow, he doth daily.

§ This throwing of ashes and sand, with the  
flint-stone, cross-sticks, and burying of sage, &c.,  
are all used (and believed by them) to the  
raising of storm and tempest. See *Remig.  
lib. 1, Dæmon. cap. 25, Nider. Formicari,  
cap. 4. Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2, cap. 8. And  
here Godelman lib. 2, cap. 6. Nam quando  
Dæmoni grandines ciendi potestatem facit  
Deus, tum maleficas instruit ; ut quandoque  
silices post tergum in occidentem versus pro-  
ficiant, aliquando ut arenam aquæ torrentis in  
aërem conciant, plerumque scopas in aquam  
intingant, calumque versus spargunt, vel  
fossulâ facta et lotio infuso, vel aquâ digitum  
moveant : subinde in ollâ porcorum pilos bul-  
liant, nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripa  
transversè collocent, et alia id genus delir-  
menta efficiant.* And when they see the suc-  
cess, they are more confirmed, as if the event  
followed their working. The like illusion is of  
their phantasie, in sailing in eggshells, creeping  
through auger-holes, and such like, so vulgar in  
their confessions.

Put it in mind to do it kind,  
Flow water and blow wind.  
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,  
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,  
A storm of rain, another of hail.  
We all must home in the eggshell sail;  
The mast is made of a great pin,  
The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,  
And if we go through and not fall in——"

*Dame.* Stay,\* all our charms do nothing win

Upon the night; our labour dies,  
Our magic feature will not rise—  
Nor yet the storm! we must repeat  
More direful voices far, and beat  
The ground with vipers till it sweat.

6 *Charm.*

"Bark dogs, wolves howl,  
Seas roar, woods rouse,  
Clouds crack, all be black,  
But the light our charms do make."

*Dame.* Not yet, my rage begins to swell;  
Darkness, Devils, Night, and Hell  
Do not thus delay my spell.  
I call you once, and I call you twice;  
I beat you again, if you stay me thrice:

\* This stop, or interruption, shewed the better by causing that general silence which made all the following noises, enforced in the next chain, more direful, first imitating that of Lucan *Miratur Erichtho Has fatis licuisse montis; irataque morti Verberat immotum vixit serpente cadaver.*

6. And then their barking, howling, hissing, and confusion of noise expressed by the same author, in the same person.

*Tunc vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis  
Excantare deos, confundit murmura primum  
Dissona, et humane multum discordia lingue.  
Latratu habet illa canum, gemitusque luporum,  
Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur,  
Quod strident ululantque fere, quod sibilat anguis  
Exprimit, et plandus illisæ cautibus undæ,  
Sylvarumque sonum, fractaque tonitrua nubis.  
Tot rerum vox una fuit.*

See *Remig.* too, *Demonolat.* lib. 1, cap. 19.

† This is one of their common menaces, when their magic receives the least stop. Hear *Erichtho* again, *ibid.*

*Tibi pessime mundi  
Arbiter inmittam ruptis Titana cavernis,  
Et subito feriere die.*

And a little before to *Proserpina*:

*Eloquar immenso terræ sub pondere quæ te  
Comineant, Ennæ, dapes, &c.*

Through these crannies where I peep,  
I'll let in the light to see you sleep.†  
And all the secrets of your sway  
Shall lie as open to the day  
As unto me. Still are you deaf!  
Reach me a bough that ne'er bare leaf,  
To strike the air; and *Aconite*,§  
To hurl upon this glaring light;  
A rusty knife,|| to wound mine arm;  
And as it drops I'll speak a charm,  
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies  
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise  
Once more his dark and reeking head,  
To strike the world and nature dead,  
Until my magic birth be bred.

7 *Charm.*

"Black go in, and blacker come out;  
At thy going down, we give thee a shout.  
Hoo! Hoo!"

At thy rising again thou shalt have two,  
And if thou dost what we would have  
thee do,  
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have  
four,  
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a  
score."

Hoo! Har! Har! Hoo!

† That withered straight as it shot out, which is called *ramus feralis* by some, and *tristis* by *Senec. Trag. Med.*

§ A deadly poisonous herb, feigned by *Ovid. Metam. lib. 7*, to spring out of Cerberus's foam. *Pliny* gives it another beginning of name. *Nat. Hist. lib. 27, cap. 3. Nascitur nudis cantibus, quas aconas vocant, et inde aconitum dixerunt, nullo juxta ne pulvere quidem nutriende.* Howsoever, the juice of it is like that liquor which the devil gives witches to sprinkle abroad and do hurt, in the opinion of all the magic masters.

|| A rusty knife I rather give her than any other, as fittest for such a devilish ceremony, which *Seneca* might mean by *sacro cultro* in the tragedy, where he arms *Medea* to the like rite (for anything I know), *Tibi nudato pectore Mænas, sacro feriam brachia cultro: manet noster sanguis ad aras.*

¶ These shouts and clamours, as also the voice *har, har*, are very particular with them, by the testimony of *Bodin*, *Remig.* *Delrio*, and *M. Phil. Ludwicus Elch*, who out of them reports it thus. *Tota turba colliculisque pessima fescenninos in honorem Damonum cantat obscenissimos: hæc canit Har. Har. Illa, Diabole, Diabole, salta hæc, salta illuc; altera, lude hic, lude illic; alia, Sabaoth, Sabaoth, &c. Imo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatus, popysmis furit, ac debacchatur: pulveribus, vel venenis acceptis, quæ hominibus pecudibusque spargant.*

# THE MASQUE OF QUEENS.

## 8 Charm.

"A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,  
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,  
Before and after, with thunder for  
laughter,  
And storms for joy, of the roaring boy;  
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake."

## 9 Charm.

"About, about, and about,  
Till the must arise, and the lights fly out,

\* Nor do they want music, and in a strange manner given them by the devil, if we credit their confessions in *Remig. Dæm. lib. 1, cap. 19*. Such as the *Syrbenæan Quins* were, which Athenæus remembers out of *Chæreus, Deipnos. lib. 15*, where every one sung what he would, without hearkening to his fellow; like the noise of divers oar-stalling in the water. But be patient of Remigius's relation *Miris modis illic miscetur, ac turbantur omnia, nec ulla oratione satis exprimi queat, quàm strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis, ac disrepantibus. Cantit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel verius ad contum, aut baculum aliquod, quod forte humi repositum, buccæ seu tibiam admovet. Ille pro lyra equi catævariam pulsant, ac digitis concipiat. Alius fuste vel clavâ graviore quercum tundit, unde exauditur sonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementius pulsatorum. Intercurrent raucæ, et composito ad litus morem clangore Dæmones, ipsæque cælum fragosa aridaque voce feriunt.*

<sup>1</sup> Our author is so great a magic master in this device, and has so well illustrated the design in his own comment, that he has left his editors nothing to add upon the subject. It can only be observed that all these spectacles were undoubtedly received as true facts, on the authority of the sovereign then present; who had endeavoured by his own book of *Dæmonology* to unriddle the whole system of witchcraft, and persuade his people into the firm belief of the superstitions and charms said to be practised by witches at their nightly meetings.—*VHAI.*

"Just before this Masque was written (says Percy, *Antient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 199), a parcel of learned wisecracks, with our British Solomon, James I., at their head, had busied themselves on this subject," &c. That Percy, who ought to have observed some decorum, should copy the miserable cant of the Puritans, and sneer at the understanding of James, under a scripture name, is to be regretted. If James was so termed by his new subjects it was not on account of any fancied wisdom in him, but of his pacific nature. He always desired that there might be peace in his days, and he therefore took the title of *Rex Pacificus*. But Percy is full of blunders: instead of just before, James wrote his *Dæmonology* nearly ten years before the *Masque of Queens* appeared, and instead of being "at the head," he was at the tail of the writers on this subject. The great misfortune of James was—an insatiate

The images neither be seen nor  
The woollen burn and the  
melt:

Sprinkle your liquors upon the  
And into the air; around, arou  
Around, around,  
Around, around,  
Till a music sound,\*  
And the pace be found,<sup>1</sup>  
To which we may dance,  
And our charms advance

and unkingly curiosity: he always suspicious posture, and would needs search into the truth of everything himself. He wanted not sagacity, and was complimented with more than he possessed; but this was a misfortune not peculiar to this poor king. His prying disposition undoubtedly led him at times into unpleasant and even ridiculous situations; but as he was always in earnest, it sometimes conduced to good. His personal examination of demoniacs and witches for example, led to a renunciation of his belief in witchcraft, &c. "The frequency of the forgery (Fuller says), produced such an alteration at length in the king's judgment that, receding from what he had advanced in his *Dæmonology*, he grew first diffident of, and then flatly denied the workings of witches and devils as but falsehoods and delusions."—*Church Hist.* book x. p. 73. Would that his persecutors had always shown themselves as open to conviction!

With respect to Jonson, his opinion of the popular creed is well known. There is no more necessity for supposing that he believed in witchcraft than that he believed in the gods of Greece and Rome. He cites his authorities in both cases; but with no further aim in either than to justify himself as a poet; except in the present instance to gratify Prince Henry, who had laid his command upon him to collect and publish his authorities.

One word more. From the clamour raised against James it would seem as if the commentators thought that neither witches nor laws against them existed before this young prince (he was but little turned of twenty) published his *Dæmonological* treatise. But witchcraft had been declared a capital crime in this country ages before his accession to the throne, and his doings in the way of punishment were mere piddling to the wholesale hangings and burnings of the republicans. The "godly" drove on at a merry rate, and experienced none of the "compunctious visitings" which so often restrained the hand of James. "In the collection that I have made (says good Dr. Hutchinson), it is observable that in 103 years, from the statute against witchcraft in the 33rd of Henry VIII., till 1644 (long after the death of James), when we were in the midst of our civil wars, I find but about fifteen executed. But in the sixteen years following, while the Government was in other hands, there were an hundred and nine, if not more, condemned and hanged!"—*Hist. Essay on Witchcraft*, p. 68.



*At which, with a strange and sudden music, they fell into a magical dance,\* full of prosperous change and gesticulation.†*

*In the heat of their dance, on the sudden was heard a sound of loud music, as if many instruments had made one blast; with which not only the Hags themselves, but the hell into which they ran, quite vanished, and the whole face of the Scene altered, scarce suffering the memory of such a thing; but in the place of it appeared a glorious and magnificent building, figuring the HOUSE OF FAME, in the top of which were discovered the twelve Masquers, sitting upon a throne triumphal, erected in form of a pyramid, and circled with all store of light. From whom a person by this time descended, in the furniture of Perseus, and expressing heroic and masculine Virtue, began to speak.*

#### HEROIC VIRTUE.

So should at Fame's loud sound and  
Virtue's sight,  
All dark and envious witchcraft fly the  
light.  
It did not borrow Hermes' wings, nor ask  
His crooked sword, nor put on Pluto's  
casque,  
Nor on mine arm advanced wise Pallas'  
shield,  
(By which, my face aversed, in open field  
I slew the Gorgon) for an empty name:  
When Virtue cut off Terror, he gat Fame.

(a) And here we cannot but take the opportunity to make some more particular

\* The manner also of their dancing is confest in Bodin. *lib. 2, cap. 4.* And Remig. *lib. 1, cap. 17* and 18. The sum of which *M. Phil. Luc. Elic.* relates thus in his *Dæmonom. quæst. 10.* *Tripudius interdum intersunt facie liberâ et apertâ, interdum obductâ larvâ, luteo, cortice, reticulo, poplo, vel alio velamine, aut farrinario exerciticulo involutâ.* And a little after, *Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo, et ab omni consuetudine hominum alienissimo, dorsis invicem obversis, et in orbem junctis manibus, saltando circumveniunt perinde sua jactantes capita, ut qui astro agitantur.* Remigius adds out of the confession of *Sibylla Morelia*, *Cyrum semper in levam progredi.* Which Pliny observes in the priests of Cybele, *Nat. Hist. lib. 28, cap. 2,* and to be done with great religion. Bodin adds, that they use brooms in their hands, with which we armed our witches; and here we leave them.

† But most applying to their property: who

And if, when Fame was gotten, Terror died,

What black Erynneis, or more hellish Pride,  
Durst arm these hags, now she is grown  
and great,

To think they could her glories once  
defeat?

I was her parent, and I am her strength.

Heroic Virtue sinks not under length  
Of years or ages; but is still the same,  
While he preserves, as when he got good  
fame.

My daughter then, whose glorious house  
you see

Built all of sounding brass, whose columns  
be

Men-making poets, and those well-made  
men,

Whose strife it was to have the happiest  
pen

Renown them to an after-life, and not  
With pride to scorn the Muse, and die for-  
got;

She, that enquireth into all the world,  
And hath about her vaulted palace hurled  
All rumours and reports, or true, or vain,  
What utmost lands, or deepest seas con-  
tain,

But only hangs great actions on her file;  
She, to this lesser world, and greatest  
isle,

To-night sounds honour, which she would  
have seen

In yond' bright bevy, each of them a  
queen.

Eleven of them are of times long gone.<sup>(1)</sup>

(a) PENTHESILEA,<sup>1</sup> the brave Amazon,

description of their scene, as also of the persons they presented; which, though

at their meetings do all things contrary to the custom of men, dancing back to back, and hip to hip, their hands joined, and making their circles backward, to the left hand, with strange phantastic motions of their heads and bodies. All which were excellently imitated by the maker of the dance, M. Hierome Herne, whose right it is here to be named.

† The ancients expressed a brave and masculine virtue in three figures (of Hercules, Perseus, and Bellerophon.) Of which we choose that of Perseus, armed as we have described him out of *Hesiod. Scut. Herc.* See Apollodor., the grammarian, *lib. 2 de Perseo.*

<sup>1</sup> For this note, see next page.

(1) At the conclusion of the speech which follows this, the author takes occasion to enter into a little history of the *Dramatis Personæ*. Knowledge of this kind was gained at a greater expense of time in those days than ours; and the poet

Swift-foot CAMILLA,<sup>2</sup> Queen of Volscia,  
Victorious THOMYRIS<sup>3</sup> of Scythia,

they were disposed rather by chance than election, yet it is my part to justify them all : and then the lady that will own her presentation, may.

<sup>1</sup> To follow therefore the rule of chronology, which I have observed in my verse, the most upward in time was PENTHESILEA. She was queen of the Amazons, and succeeded Otrera, or (as some will) Orithya ; she lived and was present at the siege of Troy, on their part, against the Greeks, and (as Justin gives her testimony) *Inter fortissimos viros, magna ejus virtutis documenta extiterunt*. She is nowhere named but with the preface of honour and virtue ; and is always advanced in the head of the worthiest women. Diodorus Siculus\* makes her the daughter of Mars. She was honoured in her death to have it the act of Achilles. Of which Propertius† sings this triumph to her beauty,

Aurea cui postquam nudavit cassida frontem,  
Vict victorem candida forma virum.

<sup>2</sup> Next follows CAMILLA, Queen of the Volscians, celebrated by Virgil,‡ than whose verses nothing can be imagined more exquisite, or more honouring the person they describe. They are these, where he reckons up those that came on Turnus's part, against Æneas :

Hos super advenit Volscæ de gente Camilla,  
Agmen agens equitum, et florentis ære catervæ,  
Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathivæ Minervæ  
Fœmineas assueta manus, sed prælia virgo  
Dura pati, cursuque pedum prævertere ventos.  
Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aistas :  
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis,  
Ferret iter, celeris nec fingeret æquore plantas.

And afterwards tells her attire and arms, with the admiration that the spectators had of her. All which, if the poet created out of himself, without Nature, he did but shew how much so divine a soul could exceed her.

<sup>3</sup> The third lived in the age of Cyrus, the great Persian monarch, and made him leave to live, THOMYRIS, Queen of the

might think perhaps that the ladies would not be unwilling to learn something in this way of the personages whom they presented. To prevent any little heart-burnings on the choice of Queens, the characters, it appears, were distributed by lot ; and Jonson either could not or would not appropriate them. I have ventured to subjoin the

Chaste ARTEMISIA,<sup>4</sup> the Carian dame,  
And fair-haired BERONICE,<sup>5</sup> Ægypt's fame,

Scythians, or Massagets. A heroine of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude : who, when Cyrus had invaded her, and taking her only son (rather by treachery than war, as she objected), had slain him ; not touched with the grief of so great a loss, in the juster comfort she took of a great revenge, pursued not only the occasion and honour of conquering so potent an enemy, with whom fell two hundred thousand soldiers : but (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a messenger surviving of his side to report the massacre. She is remembered both by Herodotus§ and Justin,|| to the great renown and glory of her kind, with this elogy : *Quod potentissimo Persarum Monarchæ bello congressa est, ipsumque et vita et castris spolet, ad justè ulciscendum filii ejus indignissimum mortem*.

<sup>4</sup> The fourth was honoured to life in time of Xerxes, and was present at his great expedition into Greece ; ARTEMISIA, the Queen of Caria ; whose virtue Herodotus,¶ not without some wonder records. That a woman, a queen, without a husband, her son a ward, and she administering the government, occasioned by no necessity, but a mere excellence of spirit, should embark herself for such a war ; and there so to behave her, as Xerxes, beholding her fight, should say : *Viri quidem extiterunt mihi feminae, feminae autem viri*.\*\* She is no less renowned for her chastity and love to her husband Mausolus,†† whose bones (after he was dead) she preserved in ashes and drank in wine, making herself his tomb ; and yet built to his memory a monument deserving a place among the seven wonders of the world, which could not be done by less than a wonder of women.

<sup>5</sup> The fifth was the fair-haired daughter of Ptolomæus Philadelphus, by the elder Arsinoë ; who, (married to her brother Ptolomæus, surnamed Evergetes,) was after Queen of Egypt. I find her written both BERONICE and BERENICE. This lady,

histories to the names respectively, instead of giving them continuously in the text.

\* Hist. lib. 2.

† Lib. 3, eleg. 10.

‡ Æneid. lib. 7.

§ In Clit.

|| Epit. lib. 1.

¶ In Polyhymn.

\*\* Herod. in Urania.

†† Val. Max. lib. 4, cap. 6, and A. Gel. lib. 10, cap. 18.

HYPSICRATEA,<sup>6</sup> glory of Asia,  
CANDACE,<sup>7</sup> pride of Æthiopia,

upon an expedition of her new-wedded lord into Assyria, vowed to Venus, if he returned safe, and conqueror, the offering of her hair : which vow of hers (exact by the success) she afterward performed. But her father missing it, and therewith displeased, Conon, a mathematician who was then in household with Ptolomy, and knew well to flatter him, persuaded the king that it was taken up to heaven, and made a constellation ; shewing him those seven stars, *ad caudam Leonis*, which are since called *Coma Berenices*. Which story then presently celebrated by Callimachus, in a most elegant poem, Catullus more elegantly converted : wherein they call her the magnanimous even from a virgin. Alluding (as Hyginus\* says) to a rescue she made of her father in his flight, and restoring the courage and honour of his army, even to a victory. Their words are,

Cognoram à parva virgine magnanimam.†

<sup>6</sup> The sixth, that famous wife of Mithridates, and Queen of Pontus, HYPsicRATEA, no less an example of virtue than the rest ; who so loved her husband, as she was assistant to him in all labours and hazard of the war in a masculine habit. For which cause (as Valerius Maximus‡ observes) she departed with the chief ornament of her beauty. *Tonsis enim capillis, equo se et armis assuefecit, quo facilius laboribus et periculis ejus interesset*. And afterward, in his flight from Pompey, accompanied his misfortune with a mind and body equally unwearied. She is so solemnly registered by that grave author as a notable precedent of marriage loyalty and love : virtues that might raise a mean person to equality with a queen ; but a queen to the state and honour of a deity.

<sup>7</sup> The seventh, that renown of Ethiopia, CANDACE : from whose excellency the succeeding queens of that nation were ambitious to be called so. A woman of a most haughty spirit against enemies, and a singular affection to her subjects. I find her celebrated by Dion§ and Pliny,|| invading Egypt in the time of Augustus :

The Britain honour, VOADICEA,<sup>8</sup>  
The virtuous Palmyrene, ZENOBIÆ,<sup>9</sup>

who, though she were enforced to a peace by his lieutenant Petronius, doth not the less worthily hold her place here ; when everywhere this clog remains of her fame : that she was *maximi animi mulier, tantique in suos meriti, ut omnes deinceps Æthiopum reginæ ejus nomine fuerint appellatæ*. She governed in Meroë.

<sup>8</sup> The eighth, our own honour, VOADICEA, or BOADICEA ; by some BUNDUICA, and BUNDUCA, Queen of the Icenæ, a people that inhabited that part of our island which was called East Anglia, and comprehended Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdon shires. Since she was born here at home, we will first honour her with a home-born testimony ; from the grave and diligent Spenser :¶

Bunduca Britoness,  
Bunduca, that victorious conqueress,  
That lifting up her brave heroic thought  
‘Bove woman’s weakness, with the Romans  
fought ;  
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed, &c.

To which see her orations in story, made by Tacitus\*\* and Dion :†† wherein is expressed all magnitude of a spirit, breathing to the liberty and redemption of her country. The latter of whom, doth honest her beside with a particular description : *Bunduca Britannica femina, orta stirpe regia, quæ non solum eis cum magna dignitate præfuit, sed etiam bellum omne administravit ; cujus anima virilis potius quàm muliebris erat*. And afterwards, *Femina, forma honestissima, vultu severo*, &c. All which doth weigh the more to her true praise, in coming from the mouths of Romans and enemies. She lived in the time of Nero.

<sup>9</sup> The ninth, in time, but equal in fame, and (the cause of it) virtue, was the chaste ZENOBIÆ, Queen of the Palmyrenes, who, after the death of her husband Odenatus, had the name to be reckoned among the thirty that usurped the Roman empire from Galienus. She continued a long and brave war against several chiefs ; and was at length triumphed on by Aurelian : but

\* *Astronom. lib. 2, in Leo.*

† *Catul. de Coma Beronic.*

‡ *Lib. 4, cap. 6, de amor. conjug.*

§ *Hist. Rom. lib. 54.*

|| *Nat. Hist. lib. 6, cap. 29.*

¶ *Ruins of Time.*

\*\* *Annal. lib. 14.*

†† *Epit. Joan. Xiphilin. in Ner.*

The wise and warlike Goth, AMALASUNTA,<sup>10</sup>  
 The bold VALASCA,<sup>11</sup> of Bohemia ;  
 These, in their lives, as fortunes, crowned  
 the choice  
 Of womankind, and 'gainst all opposite voice

*ea specie, ut nihil pompabilius P. Rom. videretur.* Her chastity was such, *ut ne virum suum quidem sciret, nisi tentatis conceptionibus.* She lived in a most royal manner, and was adored to the custom of the Persians. When she made orations to her soldiers, she had always her casque on. A woman of a most divine spirit, and incredible beauty. In Trebellius Pollio\* read the most notable description of a queen and her that can be uttered with the dignity of an historian.

<sup>10</sup> The tenth, succeeding, was that learned and heroic AMALASUNTA, Queen of the Ostrogoths, daughter to Theodoric, that obtained the principality of Ravenna and almost all Italy. She drove the Burgundians and Almaines out of Liguria, and appeared in her government rather an example than a second. She was the most eloquent of her age, and cunning in all languages of any nation that had commerce with the Roman empire. It is recorded of her,† that *Sine veneratione eam viderit nemo, pro miraculo fuerit ipsam audire loquentem. Tantaque illi in discernendo gravitas, ut criminis convicti, cum plecterentur, nihil sibi acerbum pati viderentur.*

<sup>11</sup> The eleventh was that brave Bohemian Queen, VALASCA, who for her courage had the surname Bold : that to redeem herself and her sex from the tyranny of men, which they lived in under Primislaus, on a night, and at an hour appointed, led on the women to the slaughter of their barbarous husbands and lords. And possessing themselves of their horses, arms, treasure, and places of strength, not only ruled the rest, but lived many years after with the liberty and fortitude of Amazons. Celebrated by Raphael Volateranus,‡ and in an elegant tract of an Italian§ in Latin, who names himself Philaethes, *Polytopiensis civis, inter praestantissimas feminas.*

<sup>12</sup> The twelfth, and worthy sovereign of

Made good to time, had, after death, the claim  
 To live eternized in the House of Fame.  
 Where hourly hearing (as, what there is old ?)  
 The glories of BEL-ANNA<sup>13</sup> so well told,

all, I make BEL-ANNA, royal Queen of the Ocean ; of whose dignity and person, the whole scope of the invention doth speak throughout : which, to offer you again here, might but prove offence to that sacred modesty which hears any testimony of others iterated with more delight than her own praise. She being placed above the need of such ceremony, and safe in her princely virtue, against the good or ill of any witness. The name of Bel-anna I devised to honour hers proper by ; as adding to it the attribute of Fair : and is kept by me in all my poems wherein I mention her majesty with any shadow or figure. Of which some may come forth with a longer destiny than this age commonly gives to the best births, if but helped to light by her gracious and ripening favour.<sup>1</sup>

But here I discern a possible objection arising against me ; to which I must turn : as, *How I can bring persons of so different ages to appear properly together ? or why (which is more unnatural) with Virgil's Mezentius, I join the living with the dead ?* I answer to both these at once. Nothing is more proper ; nothing more natural. For these all live, and together, in their fame : and so I present them. Besides, if I would fly to the all-daring power of poetry, where could I not take sanctuary ? or in whose poem ? For other objections, let the looks and noses of judges hover thick ; so they bring the brains : or if they do not, I care not. When I suffered it to go abroad, I departed with my right : and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise shall affect me.

There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the House of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely Master Jones's invention and design. First, for the lower

<sup>1</sup> This "birth" never came to light. It is evident, however, from other passages, that Jonson had made some progress in a work intended to celebrate the ladies of Great Britain. Why it was not completed, or why it never appeared, it is now too late to guess

\* *In trigin. Tyrann.*  
 † *M. Anton. Cocci. Sabel. (out of Cassiod.) Ennead. 7, lib. 2.*

‡ *In Geograph. l. 2.*  
 § *Forcia. Quæst.*

Queen of the Ocean ; how that she alone  
Possess all virtues, for which one by one  
They were so famed : and wanting then a  
head

To form that sweet and gracious pyramid  
Wherein they sit, it being the sovereign  
place

Of all that palace, and reserved to grace  
The worthiest queen : these, without envy  
on her,

In life, desired that honour to confer,  
Which, with their death, no other should  
enjoy.

She this embracing with a virtuous joy,  
Far from self-love, as humbling all her  
worth

To him that gave it, hath again brought forth  
Their names to memory ; and means this  
night

To make them once more visible to light :  
And to that light from whence her truth  
of spirit,

Confesseth all the lustre of her merit.

To you, most royal and most happy king.  
Of whom Fame's house in every part doth  
ring

For every virtue, but can give no increase :  
Not though her loudest trumpet blaze  
your peace.

To you, that cherish every great example  
Contracted in yourself ; and being so ample  
A field of honour cannot but embrace  
A spectacle so full of love and grace  
Unto your court : where every princely dame  
Contends to be as bounteous of her fame  
To others, as her life was good to her.  
For by their lives they only did confer  
Good on themselves ; but by their fame to  
yours,

And every age the benefit endures.

*Here the throne wherein they sat, being  
machina versatilis, suddenly changed ;  
and in the place of it appeared Fama  
bona, as she is described (in Iconolog. di  
Cesare Ripa) attired in white, with  
white wings, having a collar of gold  
about her neck, and a heart hanging at  
it : which Orus Apollo, in his hierogl.  
interprets the note of a good Fame. In  
her right-hand she bore a trumpet, in her  
left an olive-branch : and for her state,*

columns, he chose the statues of the most  
excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lu-  
can, &c., as being the substantial sup-  
porters of Fame. For the upper, Achilles,  
Æneas, Cæsar, and those great heroes  
which these poets had celebrated : all  
which stood as in massy gold. Between  
the pillars underneath were figured land-  
battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacri-  
fices, and all magnificent subjects of  
honour, in brass, and heightened with  
silver. In which he profest to follow that  
noble description made by Chaucer of the  
place. Above were sited the masquers,  
over whose heads he devised two eminent  
figures of Honour and Virtue for the arch.  
The friezes both below and above were  
filled with several-coloured lights, like

emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c.,  
the reflex of which, with our lights placed  
in the concave, upon the masquers' habits,  
was full of glory. These habits had in  
them the excellency of all device and  
riches : and were worthily varied by his  
invention, to the nations whereof they  
were queens. Nor are these alone his  
due ; but divers other accessions to the  
strangeness and beauty of the spectacle :  
as the hell, the going about of the chariots,  
and binding the witches, the turning  
machine, with the presentation of Fame,  
All which I willingly acknowledge for him ;<sup>1</sup>  
since it is a virtue planted in good natures,  
that what respects they wish to obtain  
fruitfully from others they will give inge-  
nuously themselves.

<sup>1</sup> *All which I willingly acknowledge for him, &c.* A man of greater liberality than Jonson probably never existed. He speaks of his associates not only with candour, but with a warmth of praise, and even of affection, that cannot be surpassed. To Inigo Jones, he shews peculiar kindness ; he frequently goes out of his way, and enlarges upon the machinery of his Masques, with an evident view to recommend him to the notice of the court. And his return for all this is, to be taxed with "detraction" on all occasions, and to have his name held up by the commentators on our old dramatists, as synonymous with envy and every hateful and malignant passion.

Two and twenty years indeed, after this period, Jonson and Jones fell at variance, and the former, who was then bedridden, wrote a series of verses against the latter, more remarkable for caustic wit than poetry. But what is there in the character of Jones to induce any candid mind to believe that the satire was entirely unprovoked on his part, or that the veteran bard was not well founded in some part of his complaint ? Inigo was at least as capacious as Ben was warm, and there were faults probably on both sides.

Be this as it may, it is but justice to give the poet credit for the frankness with which he here compliments his assistants in the scene.

*it was as Virgil\* describes her, at the full, her feet on the ground, and her head in the clouds. She, after the music had done, which waited on the turning of the machine, called from thence to Virtue, and spake this following speech.*

### FAME.

Virtue, my father and my honour ; thou  
That mad'st me good as great ; and dar'st  
avow

No fame for thine but what is perfect : aid  
To-night the triumphs of thy white-winged  
maid.

Do those renowned queens all utmost rites  
Their states can ask. This is a night of  
nights.

In mine own chariots let them crowned ride ;  
And mine own birds and beasts, in geers  
applied

To draw them forth. Unto the first car tie  
Far-sighted eagles, to note Fame's sharp eye,  
Unto the second, griffons, that design  
Swiftness and strength, two other gifts of  
mine.

Unto the last, our lions, that imply  
The top of graces, state, and majesty.  
And let those Hags be led as captives, bound  
Before their wheels, whilst I my trumpet  
sound.

*At which the loud music sounded as before,  
to give the Masquers time of descending.*

By this time imagine the masquers  
descended, and again mounted into three  
triumphant chariots, ready to come forth.  
The first four were drawn with eagles  
(whereof I gave the reason, as of the rest,  
in Fame's speech), their four torch-bearers  
attending on the chariot's sides, and four  
of the Hags bound before them. Then  
followed the second, drawn by griffons,  
with their torch-bearers, and four other  
Hags. Then the last, which was drawn by  
lions, and more eminent (wherein her  
Majesty was), and had six torch-bearers  
more, peculiar to her, with the like number  
of Hags. After which a full triumphant  
music, singing this SONG, while they rode  
in state about the stage :—

Help, help, all tongues, to celebrate this  
wonder :

The voice of Fame should be as loud as  
thunder.

Her house is all of echo made,  
Where never dies the sound :

And as her brows the clouds invade,  
Her feet do strike the ground.

Sing then, good Fame, that's out of Virtue  
born :

For who doth Fame neglect, doth Virtue  
scorn.

Here they alighted from their chariots,  
and danced forth their first dance : then  
a second immediately following it : both  
right curious, and full of subtle and ex-  
cellent changes, and seemed performed  
with no less spirits than of those they per-  
sonated. The first was to the cornets, the  
second to the violins. After which they took  
out the men, and danced the measures ;  
entertaining the time, almost to the space  
of an hour, with singular variety : when,  
to give them rest, from the music which  
attended the chariots, by that most excel-  
lent tenor voice, and exact singer (her  
Majesty's servant, Master Jo. Allin) this  
ditty was sung :—

When all the ages of the earth  
Were crowned but in this famous birth :  
And that when they would boast their store  
Of worthy queens, they knew no more :  
How happier is that age can give  
A Queen in whom all they do live !

After it succeeded their third dance ;  
than which a more numerous composition  
could not be seen : graphically disposed  
into letters, and honouring the name of the  
most sweet and ingenious Prince, CHARLES  
Duke of York. Wherein, beside that prin-  
cipal grace of perspicuity, the motions  
were so even and apt, and their expression  
so just, as, if mathematicians had lost pro-  
portion, they might there have found it.  
The author was Master Thomas Giles.  
After this they danced galliards and co-  
rantos. And then their last dince, no less  
elegant in the place than the rest, with  
which they took their chariots again, and  
triumphing about the stage, had their re-  
turn to the House of Fame celebrated with  
this last SONG ; whose notes (as the  
former) were the work and honour of my  
excellent friend Alfonso Ferrabosco :

Who, Virtue, can thy power forget,  
That sees these live, and triumph yet ?  
Th' Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,  
Greeks glory, and the Romans dyed :

And who yet imitate  
Their noises tarry the same fate.  
Force greatness all the glorious ways

You can, it soon decays ;  
But so good Fame shall never :  
Her triumphs, as their causes, are for ever.

\* *Æneid.* 4.

To conclude which, I know no worthier way of epilogue than the celebration of who were the celebraters :

The QUEEN'S MAJESTY.  
The CO. OF ARUNDEL.  
The CO. OF DERBY.  
The CO. OF HUNTINGDON.<sup>1</sup>  
The CO. OF BEDFORD.  
The CO. OF ESSEX.<sup>2</sup>

The CO. OF MONTGOMERY.  
The VISC. CRANBORNE.<sup>3</sup>  
The LA. ELIZ. GUILFORD.  
The LA. ANNE WINTER.  
The LA. WINDSOR.  
The LA. ANNE CLIFFORD.

<sup>1</sup> *The Countess of Huntingdon.*] This high-born lady (wife of Henry Hastings, fifth Earl of Huntingdon) was Elizabeth, the daughter of Ferdinando Stanley, Earl of Derby, by the lady who immediately precedes her in the list.

<sup>2</sup> *The Countess of Essex.*] This beautiful young creature (for she was not yet seventeen) was the unfortunate and guilty wife of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, whose nuptials were celebrated with such splendour at Whitehall, and for whom Jonson composed the *Masque of Hymen*. She was the sister of the Viscountess Cranborne mentioned below, and was at this time the pride and boast of the English Court. Wilson blames her father for keeping her there during the absence of her husband, and hints that she was too much admired by Prince Henry. At this period, however, nothing had happened to tarnish her name.

<sup>3</sup> *The Viscountess Cranborne.*] Lady Catherine Howard, youngest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, and recently married to William, Viscount Cranborne, son of that great statesman Robert Cecil, 1st Earl of Salisbury.

For the remaining names see the preceding Masques.

[Gifford has very justly remarked on the ridiculously slender grounds on which Malone has fixed 1606 as the date of the production of *Macbeth*; but, while calling attention to Jonson's own words on the sources from which he derived his witch machinery, he has taken no notice of the passages (ante 47 *b*) in which he speaks particularly of "the knowne story of K. Duffe out of Hector Boetius." Now, had *Macbeth* been produced before Feb. 1610, when this Masque saw the light, I cannot help thinking it improbable that Jonson (considering the prominent mention, p. 58 *b*, given to Spenser's *Ruins of Time*) would have ignored its existence in writing this note, and quite impossible that he should have blundered the name of the hero. The earliest authenticated mention of the Play is, I believe, in Dr. Forman's *Diary*, under date April 20, 1610, when he saw it acted at *The Globe*, and gives an outline of the plot, which he would hardly have done if it had been of four years' standing. —F. C.]



## The Speeches at Prince Henry's Barriers.

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THE SPEECHES, &c.] Jonson has prefixed no date to these, and the *Masque of Oberon* which follows them; but the time is ascertained by the public records. On Monday, the fourth of June, 1610, Henry, then in his sixteenth year, was created Prince of Wales with extraordinary pomp and solemnity. On the next day (Tuesday), the beautiful *Masque of Oberon* was performed, and on Wednesday the *Barriers* or Tilting. A very full account of the "formalities and shews," as they are called, on the Prince's creation, may be found in Winwood's *State Papers* (vol. iii. pp. 179-181.) In the *Masque*, which is said to have been "a most glorious one," it appears that some introductory matter (not absolutely connected with it) has been omitted. Of the *Barriers*, Sir Ralph Winwood's correspondent (Sir John Finnet) thus speaks. "The third and last day did not give place to any of the former, either in stateliness of shew or sumptuousness in performance. The names of the *Tilters* were these: the Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Arundell, Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery; the Lords Walden, Compton, Norris, North, Hay, and Dingwell; Sir Thomas Sommerset, Sir Thomas Howard, Sir Henry Carey, Sir Sigismond Alexander, and Mr. Henry Alexander. The Earl of Pembroke brought in two caparisons of peach-coloured velvet, embroidered all over with fair oriental pearls, and yet the Lord Walden carried away the reputation of bravery" (splendour of apparel) "that day. But to speak generally of the Court, I must truly confess unto you that I have not in all my life once seen so much riches in bravery as at thys time. Embroidered suits were so common, as the richest lace which was to be gotten seemed but a mean grace to the wearer."

The praise of superior skill at this course is given in another place to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery and the Duke of Lenox. Pembroke was eminent in every accomplishment, as well as virtue; and from the incidental notices of his brother Philip, which occur in all the Court correspondence of the time, it is difficult to believe that he was so wretched a creature as later writers choose to represent him. Illiterate he assuredly was, but he excelled in all polite and manly exercises; and it is somewhat to his praise that though he continued a most distinguished favourite to the last moment of the king's existence, he provoked no ill-will, and excited no envy. His declining years were stained with ingratitude of the basest kind; and he was abandoned to merited disgrace and contempt.

It was, I believe, at these Barriers, that Carr laid the foundation of his surprising fortune. He was pitched upon by Lord Dingwell (Hume says, by Lord Hay) on account of his youth and beauty, to present him, in quality of his page, with his lance and shield. In approaching the lists for this purpose, he was thrown from his horse, and taken up with a broken leg. The rest is matter of history, and too well known.

[Mr. Collier, in his *Annals of the Stage*, i. 375, has the following passage in correction of the foregoing. "Gifford was at a loss to decide at what date Ben Jonson's *Maske of Oberon*, preceded by *Prince Henry's Barriers*, was performed. He at first assigned it to the 5th of June, 1610, when Daniel's production was exhibited; but he afterwards detected this error, though he still remained in doubt when it was produced. Mr. Nichols, in his *Progresses of James I.*, states correctly that it was represented on the 1st of January, 1610-11." See Note (a) p. 171.—F. C.]



*The LADY OF THE LAKE discovered.<sup>1</sup>*

*Lady.* A silence, calm as are my waters,  
meet

Your raised attentions, whilst my silver feet  
Touch on the richer shore ; and to this seat  
Vow my new duties, and mine old repeat.

Least any yet should doubt or might mis-  
take

What nymph I am, behold the ample Lake  
Of which I'm styled ; and near it MERLIN'S  
tomb,

Grave of his cunning, as of mine the womb.  
By this it will not ask me to proclaim  
More of myself, whose actions and whose  
name

Were so full feigned in British ARTHUR'S  
court ;

No more than it will fit me to report  
What hath before been trusted to our  
squire

Of me, my knight, his fate, and my  
desire

To meet, if not prevent, his destiny,  
And style him to the court of Britany ;  
Now when the island hath regained her  
fame

Intire and perfect in the ancient name,  
And that a monarch equal good and great,  
Wise, temperate, just, and stout, CLAIMS  
ARTHUR'S SEAT.\*

Did I say equal ? O too prodigal wrong  
Of my o'er-thirsty and unequal tongue !  
How brighter far than when our Arthur  
lived,

Are all the glories of this place revived !  
What riches do I see ; what beauties here !  
What awe ! what love ! what reverence !  
joy ! and fear !

What ornaments of counsel as of court !  
All that is high, and great, or can comport  
Unto the style of majesty, that knows  
No rival but itself, this place here shows.  
Only the house of Chivalry (howe'er  
The inner parts and store be full, yet here

\* CLAIMS ARTHUR'S SEAT.] See the addi-  
tions to the Masque of *Pleasure reconciled to  
Virtue*, "for the honour of Wales."

[The three words *Claims Arthur's Seat*, form  
the anagram of Charles James Stuart.—F. C.]

<sup>1</sup> *The Lady of the Lake.*] Alluding to the  
old romance of *Sir Lancelot and the Lady of  
the Lake.*—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *Shields and swords,  
Cobwebbed and rusty ; not a helm affords  
A spark of lustre, which were wont to give  
Light to the world, and made the nation live.]*  
There is a great similitude between these

In that which gentry should sustain) de-  
cayed,

Or rather ruined seems ; her buildings laid  
Flat with the earth, that were the pride of  
time,

And did the barbarous Memphian heaps  
outclimb.

Those obelisks and columns broke, and  
down,

That struck the stars, and raised the British  
crown

To be a constellation :<sup>2</sup> shields and swords,  
Cobwebbed, and rusty ; not a helm afford  
A spark of lustre, which were wont to give  
Light to the world, and made the nation  
live ;

When in a day of honour fire was smit  
To have put out Vulcan's, and have lasted  
yet.

O, when this edifice stood great and high,  
That in the carcase hath such majesty,  
Whose very skeleton boasts so much worth,  
What grace, what glories did it then send  
forth !

When to the structure went more noble  
names

Than the Ephesian temple lost in flames :  
When every stone was laid by virtuous  
hands ;

And standing so,—O that it yet not stands !  
More truth of architecture there was blazed  
Than lived in all the ignorant Goths have  
razed.

There porticos were built, and seats for  
knights

That watched for all adventures, days and  
nights,

The niches filled with statues to invite  
Young valours forth, by their old forms to  
fight.

With arcs triumphal for their actions done,  
Outstriding the Colossus of the Sun.  
And trophies, reared of spoiled enemies,  
Whose tops pierced through the clouds  
and hit the skies.

verses and those of the poet Bacchylides, in his  
delicate *Hymn to Peace* :

'Εν δὲ σιδεροδέτοισιν πόρπαξιν αἰθάν' Ἀράχναν  
Ἰστοὶ πέλονται· ἔγχεδ' τε λογχωτά.  
Ξίφεα τ' ἀμφακέα εὐρύς δάμναται· χαλκῶν  
Οὐκέτι σαλπιγγων κτυποῖς.

O'er the bright concave shield, the spider  
spreads

Her dusty web ; and cankering rust devours  
The two-edged falchion and the pointed spear ;  
Nor longer heard the brazen trumpet's sound.

WHAL.

ARTHUR, *discovered as a star above.*

Arth. And thither hath thy voice pierced.  
Stand not mazed,  
Thy eyes have here on greater glories  
gazed,  
And not been frighted. I, thy Arthur, am  
Translated to a star : and of that frame  
Or constellation that was called of me  
So long before, as showing what I should  
be,  
Arcturus, once thy king, and now thy  
star,  
Such the rewards of all good princes are !  
Nor let it trouble thy design, fair dame,  
That I am present to it with my flame  
And influence ; since the times are now  
devolved  
That Merlin's mystic prophecies are  
absolved,  
In Britain's name, the union of this isle,  
And claim both of my sceptre and my style.  
Fair fall his virtue that doth fill that  
throne  
In which I joy to find myself so' out-  
shone :  
And for the greater wish men should him  
take,  
As it is nobler to restore than make.  
Proceed in thy great work ; bring forth  
thy knight  
Preserved for his times, that by the might  
And magic of his arm he may restore  
These ruined seats of virtue and build  
more.  
Let him be famous, as was Tristram,  
Tor,  
Launcelot, and all our list of knighthood ;  
or  
Who were before, or have been since : his  
name  
Strike upon heaven, and there stick his  
fame.  
Beyond the paths and searches of the  
sun  
Let him tempt fate ; and when a world is  
won,  
Submit it duly to this state and throne,  
Till time and utmost stay make that his  
own.

<sup>1</sup> *Forgive repented wrongs, &c.*] All the world knows that this redoubtable conjurer was betrayed into a cavern, and shut up by the cruel craft of this lady. There is, as the reader must be aware, a perpetual allusion to the *Morte Arthur*, and the romances which have grown out of it.

<sup>2</sup> *Call forth the fair Meliadus.*] Meliadus is Prince Henry. Drummond of Hawthornden

But first receive this shield : wherein is wrought  
The truth that he must follow ; and (being taught  
The ways from heaven) ought not be despised.  
It is a piece was by the fates devised  
To arm his maiden valour ; and to show  
Defensive arms th' offensive should forego.  
Endow him with it, Lady of the Lake.  
And for the other mysteries here, awake  
The learned MERLIN ; when thou shut'st  
him there,  
Thou buried'st valour too, for letters rear  
The deeds of honour high, and make them live.  
If then thou seek to restore prowess, give  
His spirit freedom ; then present thy  
knight :  
For arms and arts sustain each other's right.

Lady. My error I acknowledge, though  
too late  
To expiate it ; there's no resisting fate.  
Arise, great soul ! fame by surreption  
got  
May stand us for the time, but lasteth  
not.  
O, do not rise with storm and rage.  
[*Thunder, lightning, &c.*] Forgive  
Repented wrongs.<sup>1</sup> I'm cause thou now  
shalt live  
Eternally for being deprest awhile,  
Want makes us know the price of what we  
avile.

MERLIN, *arising out of the tomb.*

Mer. I neither storm, nor rage ; 'tis  
earth ; blame her  
That feels these motions when great spirits  
stir :  
She is affrighted, and now chid by heaven,  
Whilst we walk calmly on, upright and  
even.  
Call forth the fair MELIADUS,<sup>2</sup> thy  
knight,  
They are his fates that make the elements  
fight,  
And these but usual throes when time  
sends forth  
A wonder or a spectacle of worth.

styles him *Meliades*, and gives us the following account of that title : "*Meliades*, Prince of the Isles, the name which Prince Henry himself, in the challenges of his martial sports and masquerades, was wont to use ; which in anagram maketh a word most worthy of such a knight as he was, *Miles à Deo*."—*Tears on the Death of Meliades*. WHAL.

At common births the world feels nothing new ;  
At these she shakes ; mankind lives in a few.

*Lady.* The heavens, the fates, and thy peculiar stars,  
Meliadus, shew thee ! and conclude all jars.

*MELIADUS, and his six assistants here discovered.*

*Mer.* Ay, now the spheres are in their tunes again.

What place is this so bright that doth remain

Yet undemolished ? or but late built ? O,  
I read it now : *ST. GEORGE'S PORTICO !*  
The supreme head of all the world, where now

Knighthood lives honoured with a crowned brow.

A noble scene, and fit to shew him in  
That must of all worlds fame the garland win.

*Lady.* Does he not sit like Mars, or one that had

The better of him, in his armour clad ?  
And those his six assistants, as the pride  
Of the old Grecian heroes had not died ?  
Or like Apollo, raised to the world's view,  
The minute after he the Python slew ?

*Mer.* 'Tis all too little, Lady, you can speak.

My thought grows great of him, and fain would break.

Invite him forth, and guide him to his tent,

That I may read this shield his fates present.

*Lady.* Glory of knights, and hope of all the earth,

Come forth ; your fofstress bids ; who from your birth

Hath bred you to this hour, and for this throne :

This is the field to make your virtue known.—

If he were now, he says, to vow his fires  
Of faith, of love, of service, then his squires  
Had uttered nothing for him : but he hopes  
In the first tender of himself, his scopes  
Were so well read as it were no decorum  
Where truth is studied, there to practise form.

*Mer.* No, let his actions speak him ; and this shield

Let down from heaven, that to his youth will yield

Such copy of incitement : not the deeds  
Of antique knights, to catch their fellows' steeds,

Or ladies' palfreys, rescue from the force  
Of a fell giant, or some score to unhorse.  
These were bold stories of our Arthur's age :

But here are other acts ; another stage  
And scene appears ; it is not since as then :

No giants, dwarfs, or monsters here, but men.

His arts must be to govern and give laws  
To peace no less than arms. His fate here draws

An empire with it, and describes each state

Preceding there, that he should imitate.

First, fair Meliadus, hath she wrought an isle,

The happiest of the earth (which to your style

In time must add), and in it placed high  
Britain, the only name made *Cæsar* fly.

Within the nearer parts, as apt, and due

To your first speculation you may view  
The eye of justice shooting through the land,

Like a bright planet strengthened by the hand

Of first, and warlike Edward ; then th' increase

Of trades and tillage, under laws and peace,  
Begun by him, but settled and promoted

By the third hero of his name, who loved  
To set his own a-work, and not to see

The fatness of his land a portion be  
For strangers. This was he erected first

The trade of clothing, by which art were nursed

Whole millions to his service, and relieved

So many poor, as since they have believed

The golden fleece, and need no foreign mine,

If industry at home do not decline.

To prove which true, observe what treasure here

The wise and seventh Henry heaped each year,

To be the strength and sinews of a war,  
When Mars should thunder, or his peace but jar.

And here how the eighth Henry, his brave son,

Builds forts, made general musters, trained youth on

In exercise of arms and girt his coast  
 With strength ; to which (whose fame no  
 tongue can boast  
 Up to her worth, though all best tongues  
 be glad  
 To name her still) did great Eliza add  
 A wall of shipping, and became thereby  
 The aid or fear of all the nations nigh.<sup>1</sup>  
 These, worthiest Prince, are set you near  
 to read,  
 That civil arts the martial must precede :  
 That laws and trade bring honours in and  
 gain,  
 And arms defensive a safe peace main-  
 tain.  
 But when your fate shall call you forth  
 t' assure  
 Your virtue more, though not to make  
 secure,  
 View here what great examples she hath  
 placed.  
 First, two brave Britain heroes, that  
 were graced  
 To fight their Saviour's battles, and did  
 bring  
 Destruction on the faithless ; one a King,  
 Richard, surnamed with the lion's heart,  
 The other Edward, and the first, whose  
 part  
 (Then being but Prince) it was to lead  
 these wars  
 In the age after, but with better stars.  
 For here, though Cœur de Lion like a  
 storm  
 Pour on the Saracens, and doth perform  
 Deeds past an angel, armed with wrath  
 and fire,  
 Ploughing whole armies up with zealous  
 ire,  
 And walled cities, while he doth defend  
 That cause that should all wars begin and  
 end :  
 Yet when with pride and for humane  
 respect  
 The Austrian colours he doth here deject  
 With too much scorn, behold at length  
 how fate  
 Makes him a wretched prisoner to that  
 state ;  
 And leaves him as a mark of fortune's  
 spight,  
 When princes tempt their stars beyond  
 their light :  
 Whilst upright Edward shines no less than  
 he  
 Under the wings of golden victory,

Nor lets out no less rivers of the blood  
 Of infidels, but makes the field a flood,  
 And marches through it, with St. George's  
 cross,  
 Like Israel's host to the Egyptians' loss,  
 Through the Red Sea : the earth beneath  
 him cold,  
 And quaking such an enemy to behold.  
 For which his tempered zeal, see pro-  
 vidence  
 Flying in here, and arms him with defence  
 Against th' assassinate made upon his life  
 By a foul wretch, from whom he wrests  
 the knife,  
 And gives him a just hire : which yet re-  
 mains  
 A warning to great chiefs, to keep their  
 trains  
 About them still, and not to privacy  
 Admit a hand that may use treachery.  
 Nearer than these, not for the same high  
 cause,  
 Yet for the next (what was his right by  
 laws  
 Of nations due) doth fight that Mars of  
 men  
 The Black Prince Edward, 'gainst the  
 French, who then  
 At Cressy field had no more years than  
 you ;  
 Here his glad father has him in the view  
 As he is entering in the school of war,  
 And pours all blessings on him from  
 afar  
 That wishes can ; whilst he, that close of  
 day,  
 Like a young lion newly taught to prey,  
 Invades the herds, so fled the French, and  
 tears  
 From the Bohemian crown the plume he  
 wears,  
 Which after for his crest he did preserve  
 To his father's use, with this fit word,  
 I SERVE.  
 But here at Poitiers he was Mars in-  
 deed.  
 Never did valour with more stream  
 succeed  
 Than he had there ; he flowed out like a  
 sea  
 Upon their troops, and left their arms no  
 way :  
 Or like a fire carried with high winds,  
 Now broad and spreading, by and by it  
 finds  
 A vent upright, to look which way to  
 burn ;  
 Then shoots along again, or round doth  
 turn,

<sup>1</sup> [The folio reads, "all the nations *high*," which is probably correct.—F.C.]

Till in the circling spoil it hath embraced  
All that stood nigh, or in the reach to  
waste :

Such was his rage that day ; but then  
forgot

Soon as his sword was sheathed, it lasted  
not

After the king, the dauphin, and French  
peers,

By yielding to him, wisely quit their fears,  
Whom he did use with such humanity,  
As they complained not of captivity ;

But here to England without shame  
came in :

To be his captives, was the next to win.

Yet rests the other thunderbolt of war,  
Harry the Fifth, to whom in face you  
are<sup>1</sup>

So like, as fate would have you so in  
worth,

Illustrious prince. This virtue ne'er came  
forth,

But Fame flew greater for him than she  
did

For other mortals ; Fate herself did bid

To save his life : the time it reached unto,  
War knew not how to give him enough  
to do.

His very name made head against his  
foes.

And here at Agincourt, where first it rose,  
It there hangs still a comet over France,  
Striking their malice blind that dare  
advance

A thought against it, lightened by your  
flame

That shall succeed him both in deeds and  
name.

<sup>1</sup> *Harry the Fifth, to whom in face you are  
So like, as fate would have you so in worth.*]  
I do not remember this particular taken notice  
of by historians, in their description of Prince  
Henry's person : the poet, however, would hardly  
have stretched the compliment so far, had it not  
been so in fact.—WHAL.

It is noticed, though it escaped Whalley. The  
courtiers are said to have made the observa-  
tion with a view to please the Queen. This  
is mere ill nature. At any rate, as far as per-  
sonal beauty was concerned, Henry the Fifth  
might have taken the compliment without  
offence.

Jonson has omitted the machinery, which  
must have been very magnificent ; but it is pro-  
bable that Merlin pointed with his wand to some  
moving scenery, on which the events detailed by  
him were depicted.

<sup>2</sup> *As if whole islands had broke loose and  
swam,]*

*Pelago credas innare revulsas*

I could report more actions yet of  
weight

Out of this orb, as here of eighty-eight,  
Against the proud Armada, styled by  
Spain

The INVINCIBLE ; that covered all the  
main,

As if whole islands had broke loose, and  
swam,<sup>2</sup>

Or half of Norway with her fir trees came  
To join the continents, it was so great ;

Yet by the auspice of Eliza beat :

That dear-beloved of heaven,<sup>3</sup> whom to  
preserve

The winds were called to fight, and storms  
to serve.

One tumour drowned another, billows  
strove

T' out-swell ambition, water air out-  
drove ;

Though she not wanted, on that glorious  
day,

An ever-honoured Howard to display  
St. George's ensign ; and of that high  
race

A second, both which plied the fight and  
chase :

And sent first bullets, then a fleet of fire,  
Then shot themselves like ordnance ; and  
a tire

Of ships for pieces, through the enemies  
moon,

That waned before it grew : and now they  
soon

Are rent, spoiled, scattered, tost with all  
disease,

And for their thirst of Britain drink the  
seas.

*Cycladas aut montes concurrere montibus  
altas.* VIRGIL *Æneid.* 8.

<sup>3</sup> *That dear-beloved of heaven, whom to pre-  
serve*

*The winds were called to fight, and storms  
to serve.*] Historians have not omitted to take  
notice of the violent storm which the Spanish  
*Armada* met with as it drew near the English  
coast, which dispersed the fleet and destroyed  
many of its best vessels. This was at that time  
apprehended as a providential interposal of  
heaven, nor were the queen or nation wanting  
in their just acknowledgments : for a medal was  
struck which had on the reverse of it a navy in  
a storm with this inscription, *Flavit ventis, et  
dissipati sunt.* Our poet has expressed this cir-  
cumstance from Claudian :

*O nimium dilecte Deo, cui fundit ab antro  
Æolus armatas hyemes, cui militat æther,  
Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti.*

WHAL.

The fish were never better fed than then,  
Although at first they feared the blood of  
men

Had changed their element, and Neptune  
shook,

As if the Thunderer had his palace took.  
So here in Wales, Low Countries,  
France, and Spain,

You may behold, both on the land and  
main,

The conquest got, the spoils, the trophies  
reared

By British kings, and such as noblest  
heard

Of all the nation, which may make to  
invite

Your valour upon need, but not to incite  
Your neighbour princes, give them all  
their due,

And be prepared if they will trouble you.  
He doth but scourge himself, his sword  
that draws

Without a purse, a counsel, and a cause.  
But all these spurs to virtue, seeds of  
praise,

Must yield to this that comes. Here's one  
will raise

Your glory more, and so above the rest,  
As if the acts of all mankind were prest

In his example. Here are kingdoms  
mixed

And nations joined, a strength of empire  
fixed

Conterminate with heaven; the golden  
vein

Of Saturn's age is here broke out again.  
Henry but joined the roses, that ensigned

Particular families, but this hath joined  
The Rose and Thistle, and in them com-  
bined

A union that shall never be declined.  
Ireland, that more in title than in fact

Before was conquered, is his Laurel's act !  
The wall of shipping by Eliza made,

Decayed (as all things subject are to  
fade)

He hath new-built, or so restored that  
men

For noble use prefer it afore then :  
Royal and mighty James, whose name

shall set

A goal for all posterity to sweat,  
In running at, by actions hard and high :

This is the height at which your thoughts  
must fly.

He knows both how to govern, how to  
save,

What subjects, what their contraries should  
have,

What can be done by power, and what by  
love,

What should to mercy, what to justice  
move.

All arts he can, and from the hand of  
Fate

Hath he enforced the making his own  
date.

Within his proper virtue hath he placed  
His guards 'gainst Fortune, and there fixed

fast

The wheel of chance, about which kings  
are hurled,

And whose outrageous raptures fill the  
world.

*Lady.* Ay, this is he, Meliadus, whom  
you

Must only serve, and give yourself unto ;  
And by your diligent practice to obey

So wise a master, learn the art of sway.  
Merlin, advance the shield upon his

tent.

And now prepare, fair knight, to prove the  
event

Of your bold Challenge. Be your virtue  
steeled,

And let your drum give note you keep the  
field. [*Drum beats.*]

—Is this the land of Britain so renowned  
For deeds of arms, or are their hearings

drowned,  
That none do answer ?

*Mer.* Stay, methinks I see  
A person in yon cave. Who should that  
be ?

I know her ensigns now ; 'tis CHIVALRY  
Possessed with sleep, dead as a lethargy :

If any charm will wake her, 'tis the name  
Of our Meliadus. I'll use his fame.

*Lady,* Meliadus, lord of the isles,  
Princely Meliadus, and whom fate now

styles

The fair Meliadus, hath hung his shield  
Upon his tent, and here doth keep the

field,

According to his bold and princely word ;  
And wants employment for his pike and  
sword.

CHIVALRY, coming forward.

*Chi.* Were it from death, that name  
would wake me. Say

Which is the knight ? O, I could gaze a  
day

Upon his armour that hath so revived  
My spirits, and tells me that I am long-  
lived

In his appearance. Break, you rusty doors,  
That have so long been shut, and from the shores  
Of all the world come knighthood, like a flood  
Upon these lists, to make the field here good,  
And your own honours, that are now called forth  
Against the wish of men to prove your worth!

### THE BARRIERS.<sup>1</sup>

*After which MERLIN speaks to the PRINCE.*

*Mer.* Nay, stay your valour, 'tis a wisdom high  
In princes to use fortune reverently.  
He that in deeds of arms obeys his blood,

Doth often tempt his destiny beyond good.  
Look on this throne, and in his temper view  
The light of all that must have grace in you:  
His equal justice, upright fortitude,  
And settled prudence, with that peace endued  
Of face as mind, always himself and even.  
So Hercules and good men bear up heaven.  
I dare not speak his virtues, for the fear  
Of flattering him, they come so high and near  
To wonders; yet thus much I prophesy  
Of him and his. All ears yourselves apply.  
You and your other you, great king and queen,  
Have yet the least of your bright fortune seen,

<sup>1</sup> This part of the solemnity is silently passed over by Jonson; and indeed he seldom enters at any length into the accompaniments of his Masques and Entertainments, unless for the sake of bearing witness to the merits of Inigo Jones, Ferrabosco, Giles, and others, associated in the embellishment of his labours. "Yet," says Warton, "while Milton gives only the soliloquy of the Genius, and the three songs of his *Arcades*, in many of Jonson's Masques the poet rarely appears amidst a cumbersome exhibition of heathen gods and mythology!" Todd's Milton, vol. v. p. 146. *No sighs but of Jonson's raising!* Whoever is right, he is sure to be found in the wrong. No absurdity is so gross, no violation of truth so glaring, as not to be gladly received when the object of it is to decry his talents and injure his reputation. The falsehood once hazarded, is repeated by every mouth; and the cause of literature is stupidly supposed to be promoted by combining for the degradation of one of its brightest ornaments.

To return to the BARRIERS. "The prince (says Arthur Wilson) now growing manly, being in his sixteenth year, put forth himself in a more heroic manner than was usual with princes of his time, by Tiltings, Barriers, and other exercises on horseback, the martial discipline of gentle peace."—*Life of James*, p. 52. And it appears from a very curious passage in the prince's life, written by Sir Charles Cornwallis, that a grand rehearsal of the present Tilt had taken place some time before.

"The 16 years of his age, being to come to the time of his investment in the Principality of Wales and Cornwall; he did advance his own title and right so farre, as with modestie he might: which presently was gently and lovingly entertained, and granted of his Majesty, with the consent of the Right Honourable the High

Court of Parliament: the fourth of June following, being appointed for that solemne action, the *Christmas* before which, his Highnesse, not onely for his owne recreation, but also that the world might know what a brave Prince they were likely to enjoy, under the name of *Mitlades, Lord of the Isles* (an ancient title due to the first borne of Scotland), did in his name, by some appointed for the same of purpose, strangely attired, accompanied with drummes and trumpets in the chamber of presence, before the King and Queene, and in the presence of the whole court, delivered a challenge to all Knights of Great Britaine in two Speeches.

"Now began every where preparations to be made for this great fight, and happy did he thinke himselfe who should be admitted for a defendant, much more assailant. At last, to encounter his Highnesse, with his six assailants, 88 defendants, consisting of Earles, Barons, Knights, and Esquires, were appointed and chosen, eight defendants to one assailant, every assailant being to fight by turns, eight severall times fighting, two every time with push of pike and sword, twelve stroakes at a time; after which, the BARRE for separation was to bee let downe untill a fresh onset.

"This solemnity now approaching, his Highnesse did feast the Earles, Barons, and Knights assailants, and defendants, until the twelfth appointed night, on which this great fight was to be performed; which being come, his Highnesse, to the great wonder of the beholders, did admirably fight his part, giving and receiving that night 32 pushes of pikes and about 360 stroakes of swords, which is scarce credible in so young yeares, enough to assure the world that Great Britaines brave Henry aspired to immortality."

—8vo. 1641, p. 12 *et seq.*

Which shall rise brighter every hour with  
time,  
And in your pleasure quite forget the  
crime  
Of change; your age's night shall be her  
noon.  
And this young knight, that now puts  
forth so soon  
Into the world, shall in your names  
achieve  
More garlands for this state, and shall  
relieve  
Your cares in government; while that  
young lord<sup>1</sup>  
Shall second him in arms, and shake a  
sword

And lance against the foes of God and  
you.  
Nor shall less joy your royal hopes pursue  
In that most princely maid, whose form  
might call<sup>2</sup>  
The world to war, and make it hazard  
all  
His valour for her beauty; she shall be  
Mother of nations, and her princes see  
Rivals almost to these. Whilst you sit  
high,  
And led by them, behold your Britain fly  
Beyond the line, when what the seas  
before  
Did bound, shall to the sky then stretch  
his shore.

<sup>1</sup> *While that young lord.*] The Duke of York, the unfortunate Charles I.

<sup>2</sup> *In that most princely maid*] The Princess Elizabeth, married a few years afterwards to the Elector Palatine. The present royal family are the descendants of that marriage. There is something interesting in the language of this prediction. Merlin is not altogether correct, it

must be confessed, and yet he has not always prophesied so well. Elizabeth is now "the mother of nations," and no sparing compliment will be paid "her princes" by admitting them to be rivals of her brothers; for when every allowance is made, Henry and Charles must be confessed to be no ordinary characters.





# Oberon, the Fairy Prince:

A MASQUE OF PRINCE HENRY'S.

*The first face of the scene appeared all obscure, and nothing perceived but a dark rock, with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented: till, at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to shew, and rising, a SATYR was seen by her light to put forth his head and call.*

**x Sat.** CHROMIS !\* Mnasil † none appear?

See you not who riseth here?  
You saw Silenus late, I fear.†—  
I'll prove if this can reach your ear.

*He wound his cornet, and thought himself answered; but was deceived by the echo.*

O, you wake then! come away,  
Times be short are made for play;  
The humorous moon too will not stay:—

What doth make you thus delay?  
Hath his tankard§ touched your brain?  
Sure, they're fallen asleep again:  
Or I doubt it was the vain  
Echo did me entertain.

Prove again—

\*† They are the names of two young Satyrs, I find in Virgil *Eclag.* 6, that took Silenus sleeping; who is feigned to be the pædagogus of Bacchus: as the Satyrs are his collusores or play-fellows. So doth Diodor. Siculus, Synesius, Julian, in *Cæsariis* report them.

† A proverbial speech, when they will tax one the other of drinking or sleepiness; alluding to that former place in Virgil:

*Chromis et Mnasilus in antro  
Silenum, pueri, somno videre jacentem,  
Inflatum hesternis venas, ut semper, Iaccho.*

§ Silenus is everywhere made a lover of wine, as in *Cyclops Eurip.*, and known by the notable ensign, his tankard: out of the same place of Virgil: *Et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.* As also out of that famous piece of sculpture, in a little gem or piece of jasper, observed by Mons. Casaubon, in his tract *de Satyrica Poëti*, from Rascasius Bagarrius: wherein is

*Wound his cornet the second time, and found it.*

I thought 'twas she!  
Idle nymph, I pray thee be  
Modest, and not follow me:  
I not love myself, nor thee.

*Here he wound the third time, and was answered by another Satyr, who likewise shewed himself.*

Ay, this sound I better know;  
List! I would I could hear moe.

*At this they came running forth severally, to the number of ten, from divers parts of the rock, leaping and making antic actions and gestures; some of them speaking, some admiring: and amongst them a SILENE, who is ever the prefect of the Satyrs, and so presented in all their chori and meetings.*

2 Sat. Thank us, and you shall do so.

3 Sat. Ay, our number soon will grow.

2 Sat. See Silenus !¶

3 Sat. CERCOPS too!

described the whole manner of the scene, and chori of Bacchus, with Silenus and the Satyrs. An elegant and curious antiquity, both for the subtilty and labour: where, in so small a compass (to use his words), there is *Rerum, personarum, actionum plane stupenda varietas.*

¶ Respecting that known fable of Echo's following Narcissus; and his self-love.

¶ In the pomps of Dionysius or Bacchus, to every company of Satyrs, there was still given a Silene for their overseer or governor. And in that which is described by Athenæus in his fifth book. *Bini Sileni non semel commemorantur, qui totidem plurimum Satyrorum gregibus præsent. Erant enim eorum epistatæ, præules, et coryphæi, propter grandem ætatem.* He was also *purpureo pallio vestitus cum albis soleis, et petasatus, aureum caduceum parvum ferens. Vid. Athenæ. Dignos. lib. 6, de pompâ Ptolemæica.*

4 Sat. Yes. What is there now to do?

5 Sat. Are there any nymphs to woo?

4 Sat. If there be, let me have two.\*

Silen. Chaster language! These are nights,

Solemn to the shining rites

Of the Fairy Prince and knights:

While the moon their orgies lights.

2 Sat. Will they come abroad anon?

3 Sat. Shall we see young OBERON?

4 Sat. Is he such a princely one

As you spake him long ago?

Silen. Satyrs, he doth fill with grace

Every season, every place;

Beauty dwells but in his face:

He's the height of all our race.†

Our Pan's father, god of tongue,§

Bacchus, though he still be young,

Phœbus, when he crowned sung,||

Nor Mars, when first his armour rung,¶

Might with him be named that day:

He is lovelier than in May

Is the spring, and there can stay

As little as he can decay.

\* The nature of the Satyrs the wise Horace expressed well, in the word, when he called them *Risores* et *Dicaces*, as the Greek poets, *Nonnus*, &c., style them φιλοκερτοῦς. *Nec solum dicaces, sed et prout in venerem, et saltationes assidui et credabantur, et fugebantur.*

Unde *Satyrice saltatio, que αὐκινῶς dicebatur, et à qua Satyri ipsi αὐκινῶνται. Vel à Sicino inventore, vel ἀπὸ τῆς κυρίως, id est, a motu saltationis satyrorum, qui est concitissimus.*

† But in the Silenes was nothing of this petulance and lightness, but, on the contrary, all gravity and profound knowledge of most secret mysteries. Inasmuch as the most learned of poets, Virgil, when he would write a poem of the beginnings and hidden nature of things, with other great antiquities, attributed the parts of disputing them to Silenus rather than any other. Which whosoever thinks to be easily, or by chance done by the most prudent writer, will easily betray his own ignorance or folly. To this, see the testimonies of Plato, Synesius, Herodotus, Strabo, Philostratus, Tertullian, &c.

‡ Among the ancients the kind, both of the Centaurs and Satyrs, is confounded; and common with either. As sometimes the Satyrs are said to come of the Centaurs, and again the Centaurs of them. Either of them are διφύες, but after a diverse manner. And Galen observes out of Hippocrates, *Comment. 3 in 6 Epidemicar.* that both the Athenians and Ionians called the Satyrs φήπας, or φήπας; which name the Centaurs have with Homer: from whence, it were no unlikely conjecture, to think our word *Faines* to come *Viderint critici.*

Omn. O, that he would come away!

3 Sat. Grandsire, we shall leave to play\*\*

With Lyæus†† now; and serve

Only OBERON.

Silen. He'll deserve

All you can, and more, my boys.

4 Sat. Will he give us pretty toys,

To beguile the girls withal?

3 Sat. And to make 'em quickly fall?

Silen. Peace, my wantons! he will do More than you can aim unto.

4 Sat. Will he build us larger caves?

Silen. Yes, and give you ivory staves

When you hunt; and better wine—

1 Sat. Than the master of the vine?

2 Sat. And rich prizes, to be won,

When we leap, or when we run?

1 Sat. Ay, and gild our cloven feet?

3 Sat. Strew our heads with powders sweet?

1 Sat. Bind our crooked legs in hoops Made of shells with silver loops?

2 Sat. Tie about our tawny wrists

Bracelets of the fairy twists?

§ Mercury, who for the love of Penelope, while she was keeping her father Icarus's herds on the mountain Taygetas, turned himself into a fair buck-goat; with whose sports and flatteries the nymph being taken, he begat on her Pan: who was born, *Capite cornuto, barbique ac pedibus hircinis.* As Homer hath it in *Hymnis*: and Lucian in *dialogo Panis et Mercurii.* He was called the *giver of grace, χαριδοτης, φαιδρος, και λευκος.* *Hilaris et albus, nitens Cyllenius alis.* As Bacchus was called *αὐθιος, floridus*; and *Ilebo, à lanugine et molli etate, semper virens.*

|| Apollo is said, after Jupiter had put Saturn to flight, to have sung his father's victory to the harp, *Purpurea toga decorus, et laura coronatus, iurificeque deos omnes qui accubuerant, in convivio delectavisse.* Which Tibullus, in *lib. 2 Elegiar.* points to:

*Sed nitidus, pulcherrumq. veni. Nunc indue vestem*

*Purpuream, longas nunc bene recte comas. Qualem te memorant Saturno regis fugato Victoris laudes tunc cecinisse Jovis.*

¶ He was then lovely, as being not yet stained with blood, and called χρυσόπλεξ ἄρως, *quasi aureum flagellum (vel rectius auream galeam) habens.*

\*\* In Julius Pollux, *lib. 4, cap. 19*, in that par which he entitles *de satyricis personis*, we read that Silenus is called *παπρος*, that is, *avus*, to note his great age: as amongst the comic persons, the revered for their years were called *πάπροι*: and with Julian in *Cæs.* Bacchus, when he speaks him fair, calls him *παπιδιον.*

†† A name of Bacchus, Lyæus, of freeing men's minds from cares: *παπα τὸ λύω, solvo.*

4 Sat. And, to spite the coy nymphs' scorn,

Hang upon our stubbed horns  
Garlands, ribbonds, and fine posies—

3 Sat. Fresh as when the flower discloses?  
1 Sat. Yes, and stick our pricking ears  
With the pearl that Tethys wears.

2 Sat. And to answer all things else,  
Trap our shaggy thighs with bells;  
That as we do strike a time,  
In our dance shall make a chime—

3 Sat. Louder than the rattling pipes  
Of the wood gods—

1 Sat. Or the stripes  
Of the taber;\* when we carry  
Bacchus up, his ponip to vary.

Silen. O, that he so long doth tarry!

Omni. See! the rock begins to ope,  
Now you shall enjoy your hope;  
'Tis about the hour, I know.

*There the whole scene opened, and within was discovered the frontispiece of a bright and glorious palace, whose gates and walls were transparent. Before the gates lay two SYLVANS, armed with their clubs, and drest in leaves, asleep. At this the Satyrs wondering, Silenus proceeds:*

Silen. Look! does not his palace show  
Like another sky of lights?

Yonder with him live the knights,  
Once the noblest of the earth,  
Quickened by a second birth:  
Who for prowess and for truth,  
There are crowned with lasting youth:  
And do hold, by Fate's command,  
Seats of bliss in Fairy land.  
But their guards, methinks, do sleep!  
Let us wake 'em.—Sirs, you keep  
Proper watch, that thus do lie  
Drowned in sloth!

1 Sat. They've ne'er an eye  
To wake withal.

2 Sat. Nor sense, I fear;  
For they sleep in either ear.<sup>1</sup>

3 Sat. Holla, Sylvans!—sure they're caves  
Of sleep these, or else they're graves.

4 Sat. Hear you, friends!—who keeps  
the keepers?

1 Sat. They are the eighth and ninth  
sleepers!

2 Sat. Shall we cramp 'em?

Silen. Satyrs, no.

3 Sat. Would we had Boreas here, to  
blow

Off their heavy coats, and strip 'em.

4 Sat. Ay, ay, ay; that we might whip  
'em.

3 Sat. Or that we had a wasp or two  
For their nostrils.

1 Sat. Hairs will do  
Even as well: take my tail.

2 Sat. What d'you say to a good nail  
Through their temples?

2 Sat. Or an eel

In their guts, to make 'em feel?

4 Sat. Shall we steal away their beards?

3 Sat. For Pan's goat, that leads the  
herds?

2 Sat. Or try whether is more dead,  
His club or the other's head?

Silen. Wags, no more: you grow too  
bold.

1 Sat. I would fain now see them rolled  
Down a hill, or from a bridge

Headlong cast, to break their ridge-

Bones: or to some river take 'em,

Plump; and see if that would wake 'em.

2 Sat. There no motion yet appears.

Silen. Strike a charm into their ears.

*At which the Satyrs fell suddenly into  
this catch.*

Buz, quoth the blue flie,

Hum, quoth the bee:

Buz and hum they cry,

And so do we.

In his ear, in his nose,

Thus, do you see?—

[They tickle them.

He eat the dormouse;

Else it was he.

*The two Sylvans starting up amazed, and  
betaking themselves to their arms, were  
thus questioned by Silenus:*

Silen. How now, Sylvans! can you wake?  
I commend the care you take

In your watch! Is this your guise,

To have both your ears and eyes

\* *Eratsolenne Baccho in foma tenevorum more  
puerorum gestari à Sileno, et Satyris, Bacchis  
præcedentibus, quarum una semper erat Tym-  
panistra, altera Tibicina, &c.—Vide Athenæ.*

<sup>1</sup> For they sleep in EITHER EAR.] The  
Latin phrase is, *In utramvis aurem dormire*;

and means to sleep *soundly*, without any  
thoughts of care.—WHAL.

They had it from the Greek: it is rightly ren-  
dered by Whalley.

Ἐπ' αὐφότερα νυχ' ἢ πικλῆρος οὐατα  
Μελλει καθυδῆσθαι.—Men. Frag.

Sealed so fast ; as these mine elves  
Might have stol'n you from yourselves ?

3 *Sat.* We had thought we must have got  
Stakes, and heated 'em red-hot,  
And have bored you through the eyes,  
With the Cyclops,\* ere you'd rise.

2 *Sat.* Or have fetched some trees to  
heave  
Up your bulks, that so did cleave  
To the ground there.

4 *Sat.* Are you free  
Yet of sleep, and can you see  
Who is yonder up aloof ?

1 *Sat.* Be your eyes yet moon-proof ?

1 *Syl.* Satyrs, leave your petulance,  
And go frisk about and dance ;  
Or else rail upon the moon :  
Your expectance is too soon.

For before the second cock  
Crow, the gates will not unlock ;  
And till then we know we keep  
Guard enough, although we sleep.

1 *Sat.* Say you so ? then let us fall  
To a song, or to a brawl :  
Shall we, grandsire ? Let us sport,  
And make expectation short.

*Silen.* Do, my wantons, what you please.  
I'll lie down and take mine ease.

1 *Sat.* Brothers, sing then, and upbraid,  
As we use, yond' seeming maid.

## SONG.

Now, my cunning lady : moon,  
Can you leave the side so soon

Of the boy you keep so hid ?

Midwife Juno sure will say  
This is not the proper way,

Of your paleness to be rid.

But perhaps it is your grace

To wear sickness in your face,

That there might be wagers laid

Still, by fools, you are a maid.

Come, your changes overthrow,

What your look would carry so ;

Moon, confess then what you are,

And be wise, and free to use

Pleasures that you now do lose,

Let us Satyrs have a share.

Though our forms be rough and rude,

Yet our acts may be ended

With more virtue : every one

Cannot be ENDYMION.

*Here they fell suddenly into an antic  
dance full of gesture and swift motion,  
and continued it till the crowing of the*

\* *Vid. Cyc. Euripid. ubi Satiri Ulyssi  
auxilio sint ad amburendum oculum Cyclopi.*

*cock : at which they were interrupted by  
Silenus.*

*Silen.* Stay ! the cheerful Chanticleer  
Tells you that the time is near :—  
Sec, the gates already spread !  
Every Satyr bow his head.

*There the whole palace opened, and the  
nation of Faies were discovered, some with  
instruments, some bearing lights, others  
singing ; and within afar off in perspec-  
tive, the knights masquers sitting in their  
several sieges : at the further end of all,  
OBERON, in a chariot, which, to a loud  
triumphant music, began to move for-  
ward, drawn by two white bears, and on  
either side guarded by three Sylvens,  
with one going in front.*

## SONG.

Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air,

And air fly into fire,

Whilst we in tunes to Arthur's chair

Bear Oberon's desire ;

Than which there's nothing can be higher,

Save JAMES, to whom it flies :

But he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of  
eyes.

Who hath not heard, who hath not seen,

Who hath not sung his name ?

The soul that hath not, hath not been ;

But is the very same

With buried sloth, and knows not fame,

Which doth him best comprise :

For he the wonder is of tongues, of ears,  
of eyes.

*By this time the chariot was come as far  
forth as the face of the scene. And the  
Satyrs beginning to leap, and express  
their joy for the unused state and  
solemnity, the foremost SYLVAN began to  
speak.*

1 *Syl.* Give place, and silence ; you  
were rude too late ;

This is a night of greatness and of state,

Not to be mixt with light and skipping  
sport ;

A night of homage to the British court,

And ceremony due to Arthur's chair,

From our bright master, OBERON the  
fair ;

Who with these knights, attendants, here  
preserved

In Fairy land, for good they have de-  
served

Of yond' high throne arc come of right to  
pay

Their annual vows ; and all their glories lay  
At's feet, and tender to this only great,  
True majesty, restored in this seat ;  
To whose sole power and magic they do  
give

The honour of their being ; that they live  
Sustained in form, fame, and felicity,  
From rage of fortune, or the fear to die.

*Silen.* And may they well. For this  
indeed is he,

My boys, whom you must quake at when  
you see.

He is above your reach ; and neither doth  
Nor can he think within a Satyr's tooth :  
Before his presence you must fall or fly,  
He is the matter of virtue, and placed  
high.

His meditations, to his height, are even :  
And all their issue is akin to heaven.

He is a god o'er kings ; yet stoops he then  
Nearest a man, when he doth govern men ;  
To teach them by the sweetness of his  
sway,

And not by force. He's such a king as  
they

Who're tyrants' subjects, or ne'er tasted  
peace,

Would in their wishes form for their re-  
lease.

'Tis he that stays the time from turning old,  
And keeps the age up in a head of gold.  
That in his own true circle still doth run ;  
And holds his course as certain as the sun.  
He makes it ever day, and ever spring,  
Where he doth shine, and quickens every-  
thing,

Like a new nature : so that true to call  
Him by his title is to say, He's all.

*1 Syl.* I thank the wise Silenus for this  
praise.

Stand forth bright FAIES and ELVES, and  
tune your lays

Unto his name ; then let your nimble feet  
Tread subtle circles, that may always meet  
In point to him ; and figures to express  
The grace of him and his great empress,  
That all that shall to-night behold the rites  
Performed by princely Oberon and these  
knights,

<sup>1</sup> *Then the lesser Faies dance.*] "The little ladies (Sir John Finnet says) performed their dance to the amazement of all beholders, considering the tenderness of their years, and the many intricate changes of the dance, which was so disposed that which way soever the changes went the little duke (Charles) was still found to be in the midst of these little dancers." Had Sir John been much skilled in the mysteries of fairyland he would have recollected that the

May without stop point out the proper heir  
Designed so long to Arthur's crowns and  
chair.

#### SONG BY TWO FAIES.

*1 Faie.* Seek you majesty, to strike ?  
Bid the world produce his like.

*2 Faie.* Seek you glory, to amaze ?  
Here let all eyes stand at gaze.

*Cho.* Seek you wisdom, to inspire ?  
Touch then at no other's fire.

*1 Faie.* Seek you knowledge, to direct ?  
Trust to his without suspect.

*2 Faie.* Seek you piety, to lead ?  
In his footsteps only tread.

*Cho.* Every virtue of a king,  
And of all in him we sing.

*Then the lesser Faies dance forth their  
dance ;<sup>1</sup> which ended, a full SONG fol-  
lows by all the voices.*

The solemn rites are well begun ;

And though but lighted by the moon,

They shew as rich as if the sun

Had made this night his noon.

But may none wonder that they are so  
bright,

The moon now borrows from a greater  
light ?

Then, princely Oberon,

Go on,

This is not every night.

*OBERON and the knights dance out the  
first masque-dance ; which was followed  
with this*

#### SONG.

Nay, nay,

You must not stay,

Nor be weary yet ;

This 's no time to cast away ;

Or for Faies so to forget

The virtue of their feet.

Knotty legs, and plants of clay,<sup>2</sup>

Seek for ease, or love delay.

But with you it still should fare

As with the air of which you are.

Faies always danced in a circle, of which Oberon or Mab, or some graced person, was the centre.

<sup>2</sup> *Plants of clay,* i.e., *feet of clay*, from the Latin *planta*.—*WHAL.*

Shakspeare uses the word with a punning allusion to the unsteady condition of his revellers in *Antony and Cleopatra* : "Here they'll be anon ; some of their *plants* are ill-rooted already."

*After which they danced forth their second masque-dance, and were again excited by a*

## SONG.

1 *Faie.* Nor yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest,  
Must you have will, or hope to rest.  
2 *Faie.* If you use the smallest stay,  
You'll be overta'en by day.  
1 *Faie.* And these beauties will suspect  
That their forms you do neglect,  
If you do not call them forth.  
2 *Faie.* Or that you have no more worth  
Than the coarse and country Faerie,  
That doth haunt the hearth or dairy.

*Then followed the measures, corantos, galliards, &c.,<sup>1</sup> till Phosphorus, the day-star, appeared, and called them away; but first they were invited home by one of the Sylvans with this*

## SONG.

Gentle knights,  
Know some measure of your nights.  
Tall the high graced Oberon  
It is time that we were gone.  
Here be forms so bright and airy,  
And their motions so they vary,  
As they will enchant the Faerie,  
If you longer here should tarry.

<sup>1</sup> *Then followed the measures, corantos, galliards.* [These light skirmishers (our historian continues), the faies, having done their devoir, in came the princesses; first the Queen, next the Lady Elizabeth's Grace, then the Lady Arbella, the Countesses of Arundell, Derby, Essex, Dorset, and Montgomery; the Lady Haddington, the Lady Elizabeth Grey, the Lady Winsor, the Lady Catharine Peter, the Lady Elizabeth Guildford, and the Lady Mary Win-

*Phos.* To rest, to rest! the herald of the day,  
Bright Phosphorus, commands you hence; obey.  
The moon is pale and spent; and winged night  
Makes headlong haste to fly the morning's sight:  
Who now is rising from her blushing wars,  
And with her rosy hand puts back the stars.  
Of which myself the last, her harbinger,  
But stay to warn you, that you not defer  
Your parting longer: then do I give way,  
As Night hath done, and so must you, to Day.

*After this they danced their last dance into the work. And with a full SONG the star vanished, and the whole machine closed.*

O yet how early, and before her time,  
The envious morning up doth climb,  
Though she not love her bed!  
What haste the jealous Sun doth make,  
His fiery horses up to take,  
And once more shew his head!  
Lest, taken with the brightness of this night,  
The world should wish it last, and never miss his light.

toun. By that time these had done it was high time to go to bed, for it was within half an hour of the sun's rising." To this the speech of Phosphorus alludes.—"The Ambassadors of Spaine, of Venice, and of the Low Countries were present at this and all the rest of these glorious sights, and in truth such they were."—*Winwood's State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 181.



# Love freed from Ignorance and Folly:

A MASQUE OF HER MAJESTY'S.

LOVE FREED.] The date of this Masque is not mentioned, nor the particular occasion on which it was presented. There is no earlier edition of it than the folio, 1616. Mr. Stephen Jones (a name utterly unworthy of notice, but as the booksellers have connected it with the drama) assigns the first appearance of all these Masques to 1640. He could grovel in falsehood for the gratification of his senseless enmity to Jonson; but to open one of his volumes for the purpose of ascertaining the truth, appears to have been thought a mere loss of time.

[It was presented at Christmas, 1610-11, in the same season as the *Mask of Oberon and Love Restored*. On December 15, 1610, John More wrote to Sir R. Winwood: "Yet doth the Prince make but one Mask, and the Queen but two, which doth cost her Majesty but 600*l*. Neither do I see any likelihood of any further extraordinary expense that this Christmas will bring."—See *Collier's Annals of the Stage*, i. 377.—F. C.]

*So soon as the King's majesty was set,  
and in expectation, there was heard a  
strange music of world instruments. To  
which a SPHINX\* came forth dancing,  
leading LOVE bound.*

*Sphinx.* Come, Sir Tyranne, lordly Love,  
You that awe the gods above,  
As their creatures here below,  
With the sceptre called your bow;  
And do all their forces bear  
In the quiver that you wear,  
Whence no sooner you do draw  
Forth a shaft but is a law:  
Now they shall not need to tremble,  
When you threaten or dissemble,  
Any more; and though you see  
Whom to hurt, you have not free  
Will to act your rage. The bands  
Of your eyes now tie your hands.  
All the triumphs, all the spoils  
Gotten by your arts and toils,  
Over foe and over friend,  
O'er your mother, here must end.

\* By this *Sphinx* was understood Ignorance, who is always the enemy of Love and Beauty, and lies still in wait to entrap them. For which Antiquity has given her the upper parts and

And you now, that thought to lay  
The world waste, must be my prey.

*Love.* Cruel Sphinx, I rather strive  
How to keep the world alive,  
And uphold it; without me  
All again would chaos be.  
Tell me, Monster, what should move  
Thy despight thus against Love?  
Is there nothing fair and good,  
Nothing bright, but burns thy blood?  
Still thou art thyself, and made  
All of practice, to invade  
Clearest bosoms. Hath this place  
None will pity Cupid's case?  
Some soft eye, while I can see  
Who it is that melts for me,  
Weep a fit. Are all eyes here  
Made of marble? But a tear,  
Though a false one; it may make  
Others true compassion take.

I would tell you all the story  
If I thought you could be sorry,  
And in truth, there's none have reason  
Like yourselves to hate the treason.

face of a woman; the nether parts of a lion, the wings of an eagle, to shew her fierceness and swiftness to evil where she hath power.

For it practised was on Beauty,  
Unto whom Love owes all duty.  
Let your favour but affright  
Sphinx here, I shall soon recite  
Every passage, how it was.

*Sphinx.* Do, I'll laugh, or cry alas!  
Thinks, poor Love, can ladies' looks  
Save him from the Sphinx's hooks?

*Love.* No; but these can witness bear  
Of my candour, when they hear  
What thy malice is; or how  
I became thy captive now:  
And it is no small content,  
Falling, to fall innocent.

Know then, all you glories here,  
In the utmost East there were  
Eleven daughters of the morn.  
Ne'er were brighter Bevy born,  
Nor more perfect beauties seen.  
The eldest of them was the queen  
Of the Orient, and 'twas said  
That she should with Phoebus wed.  
For which high-vouchsafed grace,  
He was loved of all their race.  
And they would, when he did rise,  
Do him early sacrifice  
Of the rich and purest gum,  
That from any plant could come;  
And would look at him as far  
As they could discern his car:  
Grieving that they might not ever  
See him; and when night did sever  
Their aspects, they sat and wept  
Till he came, and never slept:  
Insomuch that at the length  
This their fervour gat such strength,  
As they would a journey prove,  
By the guard and aid of Love,  
Hither to the farthest West:  
Where they heard, as in the East,  
He a palace no less bright  
Had, to feast in every night  
With the Ocean, where he rested  
Safe, and in all state invested.—

I, that never left the side  
Of the fair, became their guide,  
But behold, no sooner landing  
On this isle,\* but this commanding  
Monster Sphinx, the enemy  
Of all actions great and high,

Knowing that these rites were done  
To the wisdom of the sun,  
From a cliff surprised them all:  
And though I did humbly fall  
At her lions feet, and prayed  
As she had the face of maid,  
That she would compassion take  
Of these ladies, for whose sake  
Love would give himself up; she,  
Swift to evil, as you see  
By her wings and hooked hands,  
First did take my offered bands,  
Then to prison of the night  
Did condemn those sisters bright,  
There for ever to remain,  
'Less they could the knot unstrain  
Of a riddle which she put  
Darker than where they are shut:  
Or from thence their freedoms prove  
With the utter loss of Love.

They unwilling to forego  
One who had deserved so  
Of all beauty, in their names  
Were content to have their flames  
Hid in lasting night, ere I  
Should for them untimely die.

I, on th' other side as glad  
That I such advantage had  
To assure them mine, engaged  
Willingly myself, and waged  
With the Monster, that if I  
Did her riddle not untie,  
I would freely give my life  
To redeem them and the strife.

*Sphinx.* Have you said, sir? will you try  
Now your known dexterity?  
You presume upon your arts,  
Of tying and untying hearts;  
And it makes you confident:  
But anon you will repent.

*Love.* No, Sphinx, I do not presume;  
But some little heart assume  
From my judges here, that sit  
As they would not lose Love yet.

*Sphinx.* You are pleasant, sir, 'tis good.

*Love.* Love does often change his mood.

*Sphinx.* I shall make you sad again.

*Love.* I shall be the sorrier then.

*Sphinx.* Come, sir, lend it your best ear.

*Love.* I begin t' have half a fear.

\* The meaning of this is, that these ladies being the perfect issue of beauty, and all worldly grace, were carried by Love to celebrate the majesty and wisdom of the King, figured in the sun, and seated in these extreme parts of the world; where they were rudely received by Ignorance, on their first approach, to the hazard of their affection, it being her nature

to hinder all noble actions; but that the Love which brought them thither was not willing to forsake them, no more than they were to abandon it; yet was it enough perplexed, in that the monster Ignorance still covets to enwrap itself in dark and obscure terms and betray that way, whereas true Love affects to express itself with all clearness and simplicity.



*Sphinx.* First, Cupid, you must cast about  
To find a world the world without,  
Wherein what's done the eye doth do ;  
And is the light and treasure too.  
This eye still moves, and still is fixed,  
And in the powers thereof are mixed  
Two contraries ; which time till now  
Nor fate knew where to join, or how.  
Yet if you hit the right upon,  
You must resolve these all by one.

*Love.* Sphinx, you are too quick of  
tongue ;

Say't again, and take me along.<sup>1</sup>

*Sphinx.* I say, you first must cast about  
To find a world the world without.

*Love.* I say, that is already done,  
And is the new world in the moon.

*Sphinx.* Cupid, you do cast too far ;  
This world is nearer by a star :  
So much light I'll give you to't.

*Love.* Without a glass? well, I shall do't.  
Your world's a lady then ; each creature  
Human is a world in feature,  
Is it not?

*Sphinx.* Yes, but find out  
A world you must, the world without.

*Love.* Why, if her servant be not here,  
She doth a single world appear  
Without her world.

*Sphinx.* Well, you shall run !

*Love.* Nay, Sphinx, thus far is well begun.

*Sphinx.* Wherein what's done, the eye  
doth do,

And is the light and treasure too.

*Love.* That's clear as light ; for wherein lies  
A lady's power but in her eyes ?

And not alone her grace and power,  
But oftentimes her wealth and dower.

*Sphinx.* I spake but of an eye, not eyes.

*Love.* A one-eyed mistress that unties.

*Sphinx.* This eye still moves, and still is  
fixed.

*Love.* A rolling eye, that native there  
Yet throws her glances everywhere ;  
And, being but single, fain would do  
The offices and arts of two.

*Sphinx.* And in the powers thereof are  
mixed

Two contraries.

\* This shews that Love's expositions are not always serious, till it be divinely instructed : and that sometimes it may be in the danger of ignorance and folly, who are the mother and issue : for no folly but is born of ignorance.

<sup>1</sup> And take me along.] Go no faster than I can go with you ; i.e., Let me understand you. The phrase, which is sufficiently common, is found in the *Little French Lawyer* ; and is thus

*Love.* That's smiles and tears,  
Or fire and frost ; for either bears  
Resemblance apt.

*Sphinx.* Which time till now,  
Nor fate knew where to join, or how.—  
How now, Cupid ! at a stay ?  
Not another word to say ?  
Do you find by this how long  
You have been at fault, and wrong ?

*Love.* Sphinx, it is your pride to vex  
Whom you deal with, and perplex  
Things most easy. Ignorance  
Thinks she doth herself advance ;  
If of problems clear she make  
Riddles, and the sense forsake,  
Which came gentle from the Muses,  
Till her uttering it abuses.

*Sphinx.* Nay, your railing will no: save  
you.

Cupid, I of right must have you.  
Come my fruitful issue forth,  
Dance and shew a gladness worth  
Such a captive as is Love,  
And your mother's triumph prove.

*Here the FOLLIES, which were twelve  
SHE-FOOLS, enter and dance.*

*Sphinx.* Now, go take him up, and bear  
him

To the cliff,\* where I will tear him  
Piecemeal, and give each a part  
Of his raw and bleeding heart.

*Love.* Ladies, have your looks no power  
To help Love at such an hour ?  
Will you lose him thus ? Adieu !  
Think what will become of you.  
Who shall praise you, who admire ?  
Who shall whisper by the fire  
As you stand soft tales ? who bring you  
Pretty news, in rhymes who sing you ?  
Who shall bathe him in the streams  
Of your blood, and send you dreams  
Of delight ?

*Sphinx.* Away, go bear him  
Hence, they shall no longer hear him.

*Here the MUSES' PRIESTS, in number  
twelve, advance to his rescue, and sing  
this SONG to a measure.<sup>2</sup>*

explained by the unfortunate editor : "Take me with you ; i.e., You must consider !" "The expression (he adds, with his usual simplicity) frequently occurs, not always with this exact meaning in old plays."—*Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. v. p. 212. Right :—not always, Mr. Weber, and you do well to put the reader on his guard.

<sup>2</sup> To a measure.] i.e., to a grave and stately dance.

Gentle Love,\* be not dismayed.  
See the Muses, pure and holy,  
By their priests have sent thee aid  
Against this brood of Folly.  
It is true that Sphinx, their dame,  
Had the sense first from the Muses,  
Which in uttering she doth lame,  
Perplexeth, and abuses.  
But they bid that thou shouldst look  
In the brightest face here shining,  
And the same as would a book,  
Shall help thee in divining.

*Love.* 'Tis done! 'tis done! I've found  
it out—

Britain's the world, the world without.  
The King's the eye, as we do call  
The sun the eye of this great all.  
And is the light and treasure too;  
For 'tis his wisdom all doth do.  
Which still is fixed in his breast,  
Yet still doth move to guide the rest.  
The contraries which time till now  
Nor fate knew where to join, or how,  
Are Majesty and Love; which there,  
And nowhere else, have their true sphere.  
Now, Sphinx, I've hit the right upon,  
And do resolve these All by one:  
That is, that you meant ALBION.

*Priests.* 'Tis true in him, and in no  
other,

Love, thou art clear absolved,  
Vanish, Follies, with your mother,  
The riddle is resolved.

Sphinx must fly when Phæbus shines,  
And to aid of Love inclines.

[SPHINX retires with the FOLLIES.

*Love.* Appear then, you my brighter  
charge,  
And to light yourselves enlarge,  
To behold that glorious star  
For whose love you came so far,  
While the monster with her elves  
Do precipitate themselves.

*Here the GRACES enter, and sing this SONG,  
crowning CUPID.*

A crown, a crown for Love's bright head,  
Without whose happy wit  
All form and beauty had been dead,  
And we had died with it.

\* Here is understood the power of Wisdom in the Muses' ministers; by which name all that have the spirit of prophecy are styled, and such they are that need to encounter Ignorance and Folly: and are ever ready to assist Love in any action of honour and virtue, and inspire him with their own soul.

For what are all the graces  
Without good forms and faces?

Then, Love, receive the due reward  
Those Graces have prepared.

*Cho.* And may no hand, no tongue, no  
eye,  
Thy merit, or their thanks envy.

CHORUS and GRACES.

*Cho.* What gentle forms are these that  
move

To honour Love?

*Gra.* They are the bright and golden  
lights

That grace his nights.

*Cho.* And shot from beauty's eyes,

They look like fair Aurora's streams.

*Gra.* They are her fairer daughter's  
beams,

Who now doth rise.

*Cho.* Then night is lost, or fled away;  
For where such beauty shines is ever  
day.

*The Masque-dance followed.*

*Which done, one of the PRIESTS alone  
sung.*

1 *Priest.* O what a fault, nay, what a  
sin

In fate or fortune, had it been  
So much beauty to have lost!  
Could the world, with all her cost,  
Have redeemed it?

*Cho.* No, no, no.

*Priest.* How so?

*Cho.* It would nature quite undo,  
For losing these, you lost her too.

*The Measures and Revels follow.*

2 *Priest.* How near to good is what is  
fair!

Which we no sooner see,  
But with the lines and outward air  
Our senses taken be.

We wish to see it still, and prove

What ways we may deserve;

We court, we praise, we more than love;  
We are not grieved to serve.

*The last Masque-dance.*

1 *Nor fate knew where to join, or how,  
Are Majesty and Love.]* The thought  
taken from Ovid:—

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur  
Majestas, et Amor.*—WHAL.

*And after it, this full*

SONG.

What just excuse had aged Time,  
His weary limbs now to have eased,  
And sate him down without his crime,  
While every thought was so much  
pleased !  
But he so greedy to devour  
His own, and all that he brings forth,  
Is eating every piece of hour  
Some object of the rarest worth.  
Yet this is rescued from his rage,  
As not to die by time or age :  
For beauty hath a living name,  
And will to heaven, from whence it  
came.

<sup>1</sup> *Then, then, angrie music sound,*] This epithet is not very commonly applied to *music*: the poet seems to have used it instead of *loud*.—*WHALE*.

It is unquestionably a misprint (which I am unable to set right), and is one of the very few errors in this excellent old copy.

*Grand Chorus at going out.*

Now, now, gentle Love is free, and  
Beauty blest  
With the sight it so much longed to see.  
Let us the Muses' priests and Graces go to  
rest,  
For in them our labours happy be.  
Then, then, angrie music sound,<sup>1</sup> and teach  
our feet,  
How to move in time, and measure  
meet :  
Thus should the Muses' priests and Graces  
go to rest,  
Bowing to the sun, throned in the  
west.

[The word seems to me peculiarly happy and poetical as applied to the crash of a brass band (accompanying a triumphant dance or procession), and should certainly not be blotted from the text, and replaced by asterisks, *as* in the 1816 edition.—F. C.]



# Love Restored,

IN A MASQUE AT COURT, BY GENTLEMEN,  
THE KING'S SERVANTS.

LOVE RESTORED.] From the folio, 1616. This is a sprightly little piece, and Robin Goodfellow's account of the petty tricks used by the inferior orders to procure a sight of these exhibitions, and the conduct of the menial officers of the Court, is as interesting as it is amusing, from its being a lively picture of real occurrences. We learn from many of our old dramas that considerable bustle and confusion took place at Whitehall whenever a Masque was presented, and that previously to the entrance of the Court, the doors were in a manner besieged by crowds of citizens and others clamorously advancing their respective pretensions to the honour of admission. It is said by the Puritans, and probably with some approach to truth, that the galleries were used, on these occasions, as places of assignation, and that the citizens' wives were invited to the Masques, &c., by the younger courtiers for the purposes of gallantry. "There is not a lobby nor chamber, if it could speak (says Sir Edward Peyton), but would verify this." This was, however, after the Queen's death, and when the decorum of the Court was less strictly maintained.

[This piece was presented during Christmas, 1610-11. See remarks on *Love Freed from Folly*, ante p. 79.—F. C.]

*The King and Court being seated, and  
in expectation,*

*Enter MASQUERADO.*

I would I could make them a show myself! In troth, ladies, I pity you all. You are in expectation of a device to-night, and I am afraid you can do little else but expect it. Though I dare not shew my face, I can speak truth under a vizard. Good faith, an't please your majesty, your Masquers are all at a stand; I cannot think your majesty will see any show to-night, at least worth your patience. Some two hours since, we were in that forwardness, our dances learned, our masquing attire on, and attired. A pretty fine speech was taken up of the poet too, which if he never be paid for now, it's no matter; his wit costs him nothing. Unless we should come in like a morrice-dance, and whistle our ballad ourselves, I know not what we should do: we have neither musician to play our tunes, but the wild music here; and the rogue play-boy, that acts Cupid, is got so hoarse, your majesty cannot hear him half the breadth of your chair.

*Enter PLUTUS as CUPID.*

See, they have thrust him out, at adventure. We humbly beseech your majesty to bear with us. We had both hope and purpose it should have been better, howsoever we are lost in it.

*Plu.* What makes this light, feathered vanity here? away, impertinent folly. In-fect not this assembly.

*Masq.* How, boy!

*Plu.* Thou common corruption of all manners and places that admit thee.

*Masq.* Have you recovered your voice to rail at me?

*Plu.* No, vizarded impudence. I am neither player nor masquer; but the god himself, whose deity is here profaned by thee. Thou, and thy like, think yourselves authorized in this place to all licence of surquedrie. But you shall find custom hath not so grafted you here but you may be rent up, and thrown out as unprofitable evils. I tell thee I will have no more masquing; I will not buy a false and fleeting delight so dear: the merry madness of one hour shall not cost me the repentance of an age.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

*Rob.* How! no masque, no masque? I pray you say, are you sure on't? no masque, indeed! What do I here then? can you tell?

*Masq.* No, faith.

*Rob.* 'Slight, I'll be gone again, an there be no masque; there's a jest. Pray you resolve me. Is there any? or no? a masque?

*Plu.* Who are you?

*Rob.* Nay, I'll tell you that when I can. Does anybody know themselves here, think you? I would fain know if there be a masque or no.

*Plu.* There is none, nor shall be, sir; does that satisfy you?

*Rob.* 'Slight, a fine trick! a piece of England's Joy this!<sup>1</sup> Are these your Court sports? would I had kept me to my gambols o' the country still, selling of fish, short service, shoeing the wild mare, or roasting of robin-redbreast. These were better than, after all this time, no masque; you look at me. I have recovered myself now for you, I am the honest plain country spirit, and harmless; Robin Goodfellow, he that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country maids,<sup>2</sup> and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot-cockles: one that has discoursed with your Court spirits ere now; but was fain to-night to run a thousand hazards to arrive at this place; never poor goblin was so put to his shifts to get in to see nothing. So many thorny difficulties as I have past deserved the best masque; the whole shop of the revels. I would you would admit some of my feats, but I have little hope of that, i'faith, you let me in so hardly.

*Plu.* Sir, here's no place for them nor you. Your rude good-fellowship must seek some other sphere for your admittance.

<sup>1</sup> *A piece of England's Joy.* See the *Masque of Augurs*.

<sup>2</sup> *Riddles for the country maids.* To prevent any misapprehension of an ambiguous phrase, it may be just necessary to observe that by *riddling* Robin means passing the embers through a sieve.

<sup>3</sup> [For *mazarded* the folio, 1616, reads *amazed*. —F. C.]

<sup>4</sup> *Which made me think of a trunk, &c.* This alludes to one of those ridiculous mishaps which befel poor Tom in his travels through Switzerland. It is thus recorded by one of the numerous wags who, under the name of

*Rob.* Nay, so your stiff-necked porter told me at the gate, but not in so good words. His staff spoke somewhat to that boisterous sense: I am sure he concluded all in a non-entry, which made me e'en climb over the wall, and in by the Wood-yard, so to the Terrace, where when I came I found the oaks of the guard more unmoved, and one of them, upon whose arm I hung, shoved me off o' the ladder, and dropt me down like an acorn. 'Twas well there was not a sow in the Verge, I had been eaten up else. Then I heard some talk of the Carpenters' way, and I attempted that; but there the wooden rogues let a huge trap-door fall on my head. If I had not been a spirit, I had been mazarded.<sup>3</sup> Though I confess I am none of those subtle ones that can creep through at a key-hole, or the cracked pane of a window. I must come in at a door, which made me once think of a trunk; but that I would not imitate so catholic a coxcomb as Coryat,<sup>4</sup> and make a case of asses. Therefore I took another course. I watched what kind of persons the door most opened to, and one of their shapes I would belie to get in with. First I came with authority, and said I was an engineer, and belonged to the motions. They asked me if I were the fighting bear of last year, and laughed me out of that, and said the motions were ceased. Then I took another figure of an old tire-woman; but tired under that too, for none of the masquers would take note of me, the mark was out of my mouth. Then I pretended to be a musician, marry I could not shew mine instrument, and that bred a discord. Now there was nothing left for me that I could presently think on but a Feather-maker of Blackfriars, and in that shape I told them, Surely I must come in, let it be opened unto me; but they all made as light of me as of my feathers; and wondered how I could be a Puritan, being of

"panegyrist," and the banners of Jonson, combined to furnish a laugh for Prince Henry at the expense of this catholic coxcomb:

"Yet must I say thy fortune herein was ill,  
For thou went'st nak't to wash thy shirt at  
Basil:

And having seen cloysters, and many a  
monke,  
Becam'st thyself a *Recluse in a trunk*."

After *Coryat* there follows, "and make a case: uses." It was omitted by Whalley, and is to me unintelligible. [See note to *Epigram* lxxxv. *post*. "*Case of Coxcombs*" occurs p. 64.]

so vain a vocation. I answered, We are all masquers sometimes:<sup>1</sup> with which they knocked Hypocrisy o' the pate, and made room for a bombard man, that brought bouge<sup>2</sup> for a country lady or two, that fainted, he said, with fasting for the fine sight since seven o'clock in the morning. O how it grieved me that I was prevented of that shape, and had not touched on it in time, it liked me so well; but I thought I would offer at it yet. Marry, before I could procure my properties, alarum came that some of the whimlens had too much; and one shewed how fruitfully they had watered his head, as he stood under the grices; and another came out, complaining of a cataract shot into his eyes by a planet as he was star-gazing. There was that device defeated! By this time I saw a fine citizen's wife or two let in; and that figure provoked me exceedingly to take it; which I had no sooner done, but one of the black-guard had his hand in my vestric, and was groping of me as nimbly as the Christmas cut-purse. He thought he might be bold with me because I had not a husband in sight to squeak to. I was glad to forego my form to be rid of his hot steeming affection, it so smelt of the boiling-house. Forty other devices I had of wiremen and the chandry, and I know not what else; but all succeeded alike. I offered money too, but that could not be done so privately as it durst be taken, for the danger of an example. At last a troop of strangers came to the door, with whom I made myself sure to enter; but before I could mix they were all let in, and I left alone without for want of an interpreter. Which, when I was fain to be to myself as a Colossus, the company told me I had English enough to carry me to bed; with which all the other statues of flesh laughed. Never till then did I know the want of a hook and a piece of beef, to have baited three or four of those goodly wide mouths with. In this despair, when all invention and translation too failed me, I e'en went back and

stuck to this shape you see me in of mine own, with my broom and my candles, and came on confidently, giving out I was a part of the Device: at which, though they had little to do with wit, yet because some on't might be used here to-night, contrary to their knowledge, they thought it fit way should be made for me; and, as it falls out, to small purpose.

*Plu.* Just as much as you are fit for. Away, idle spirit; and thou the idle cause of his adventuring hither, vanish with him. 'Tis thou that art not only the sower of vanities in these high places, but the call of all other light follies to fall, and feed on them. I will endure thy prodigality nor riots no more; they are the ruins of states. Nor shall the tyranny of these nights hereafter impose a necessity upon me of entertaining thee. Let them embrace more frugal pastimes. Why should not the thrifty and right worshipful game of Post and Pair content them; or the witty invention of Noddy, for counters; or God make them rich at the tables<sup>3</sup> but masquing and revelling! Were not these ladies and their gentlewomen more housewifely employed, a dozen of them to a light, or twenty (the more the merrier) to save charges, in their chambers at home, and their old night-gowns, at Draw-gloves, Riddles, Dreams, and other pretty purposes, rather than to wake here in their flaunting wires and tires, laced gowns, embroidered petticoats, and other taken-up braveries? Away, I will no more of these superfluous excesses. They are these make me hear so ill<sup>4</sup> both in town and country, as I do; which if they continue I shall be the first shall leave them.

*Masq.* Either I am very stupid, or this a reformed Cupid.

*Rob.* How! does any take this for Cupid? the Love in Court?

*Masq.* Yes, is't not he?

*Rob.* Nay then, we spirits, I see, are subtler yet, and somewhat better discoverers. No; it is not he, nor his

<sup>1</sup> *I answered, We are all masquers sometimes.* Jonson is always happy in his allusions to this anomaly in the practice and preaching of the Puritans. See vol. i. p. 236 b.

<sup>2</sup> *A bombard man that brought bouge* i. e., provisions. *Bouge of Court* was an allowance of meat and drink to the officers of the Court.—*WHAL.*

*Whalley* has not noticed the bombard-man. He was one of the people who attended at the buttery-hatch, and carried the *hugs cans* of beer

to the different offices. For one of the *black-guard*, which occurs below, see p. 97 b.

<sup>3</sup> *At the tables?* It may now be added to the note on this game (vol. ii. p. 68 b), that it seems to be a species of backgammon. Noddy is, I believe, a variation of cribbage.

<sup>4</sup> *They are these make me hear so ill* i. e., make me to be so ill spoken of. This Latinism has been noticed before. *Taken up* braveries are expensive dresses procured on credit.

brother Anti-Cupid, the Love of Virtue, though he pretend to it with his phrase and face: 'tis that impostor Plutus, the god of money, who has stolen Love's ensigns; and in his belied figure reigns the world, making friendships, contracts, marriages, and almost religion; begetting, breeding, and holding the nearest respects of mankind: and usurping all those offices in this age of gold, which Love himself performed in the golden age. 'Tis he that pretends to tie kingdoms, maintain commerce, dispose of honours, make all places and dignities arbitrary from him, even to the very country where Love's name cannot be razed out, he has yet gained there upon him by a proverb, *Not for Love or Money*. There Love lives confined by his tyranny to a cold region, wrapt up in furs like a Muscovite, and almost frozen to death: while he, in his enforced shape, and with his ravished arms, walks as if he were to set bounds and give laws to destiny. 'Tis you mortals that are fools;<sup>1</sup> and worthy to be such that worship him: for if you had wisdom, he had no godhead. He should stink in the grave with those wretches whose slave he was; condemn him, and he is one. Come, follow me. I'll bring you where you shall find Love, and by the virtue of this majesty, who projecteth so powerful beams of light and heat through this hemisphere, thaw his icy fetters, and scatter the darkness that obscures him. Then, in despite of this insolent and barbarous Mammon, your sports may proceed, and the solemnities of the night be complete, without depending on so earthy an idol.

*Plu.* Ay, do; attempt it: 'tis like to find most necessary and fortunate event, whatsoever is enterprised without my aids. Alas, how bitterly the spirit of poverty spouts itself against my weal and felicity! but I feel it not. I cherish and make much of myself, flow forth in ease and delicacy, while that murmurs and starves.

*Enter CUPID in his chariot, guarded with the Masquers, in number ten.*

#### SONG.

O, how came Love, that is himself a fire,  
To be so cold?

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis you mortals that are fools, &c.]

*Nullum numen habes si sit prudentia, sed te Nos facimus, fortuna, deum.*—Juv. Sat. x.

Yes, tyrant Money quencheth all desire,  
Or makes it old.

But here are beauties will revive  
Love's youth, and keep his heat alive:  
As often as his torch here dies,  
He need but light it at fresh eyes.  
Joy, joy the more; for in all courts,  
If Love be cold, so are his sports.

*Cup.* I have my spirits again, and feel my limbs.

Away with this cold cloud, that dims  
My light! Lie there, my furs and charms,  
Love feels a heat, that inward warms,  
And guards him naked in these places,  
As at his birth, or 'mongst the Graces.  
Impostor Mammon, come, resign  
This bow and quiver; they are mine.  
Thou hast too long usurped my rites,  
I now am lord of mine own nights.  
Begone, whilst yet I give thee leave.  
When thus the world thou wilt deceive,  
Thou canst in youth and beauty shine  
Belie a godhead's form divine,  
Scatter thy gifts, and fly to those  
Where thine own humour may dispose;  
But when to good men thou art sent,<sup>2</sup>  
By Jove's direct commandment,  
Thou then art aged, lame, and blind,  
And canst nor path nor persons find.  
Go, honest spirit, chase him hence  
To his caves; and there let him dispense  
For murders, treasons, rapes, his bribes  
Unto the discontented tribes;  
Where let his heaps grow daily less,  
And he and they still want success.  
The majesty that here doth move,  
Shall triumph, more secured by Love,  
Than all his earth; and never crave  
His aids, but force him as a slave.  
To those bright beams I owe my life,  
And I will pay it in the strife  
Of duty back. See, here are ten,  
The spirits of courts, and flower of men,  
Led on by me, with flamed intents,  
To figure the ten ornaments,  
That do each courtly presence grace.  
Nor will they rudely strive for place,  
One to precede the other; but  
As music them in form shall put,  
So will they keep their measures true,  
And make still their proportions new,  
Till all become one harmony,  
Of honour and of courtesy,  
True valour and urbanity,

<sup>2</sup> But when to good men thou art sent,]  
This and the three succeeding lines are from  
one of Lucian's Dialogues.

Of confidence, alacrity,  
Of promptness, and of industry,  
Hability, reality.  
Nor shall those graces ever quit your court,  
Or I be wanting to supply their sport.

—  
HERE THE FIRST DANCE.

SONG.

This motion was of Love begot,  
It was so airy, light, and good,  
His wings into their feet he shot,  
Or else himself into their blood.  
But ask not how : the end will prove  
That Love's in them, or they're in Love.

SECOND DANCE.

SONG.

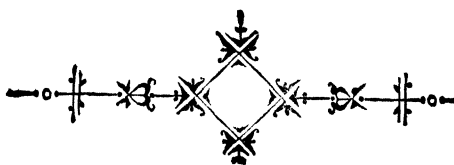
Have men beheld the Graces dance,  
Or seen the upper orbs to move ?

So these did turn, return, advance,  
Drawn back by Doubt, put on by Love.  
And now like earth, themselves they fix,  
Till greater pow'rs vouchsafe to mix  
Their motions with them. Do not fear  
You brighter planets of this sphere :  
Not one male heart you see,  
But rather to his female eyes  
Would die a destined sacrifice,  
Than live at home, and free.

THIRD DANCE.

SONG.

Give end unto thy pastimes, Love,  
Before they labours prove :  
A little rest between  
Will make thy next shows better seen.  
Now let them close their eyes, and see  
If they can dream of thee,  
Since morning hastes to come in view ;  
And all the morning dreams are true.





# A Challenge at Tilt,

## AT A MARRIAGE.

A CHALLENGE AT TILT.] The title is from the first folio. The date of the marriage is not given, nor are the names of those in honour of whom the challenge took place. That they were of high distinction is certain, from the splendour of the Court on the occasion, and the presence of the Royal Family. Many defiance of this kind are noticed in the life of Prince Henry, who was much attached to these manly exercises, in which he was well skilled. Instead of contrasting the chariness of Milton on these occasions with the exuberance of Jonson, Warton might with far more justice have complained of the retentiveness of the latter. But he probably knew no more of him than he had picked up in casual reading; and, at any rate, he was sure to be on the popular side in condemning him.

[Gifford quotes Warton at second hand (*ante*, p. 70 *b*). His words, taken with the context, are by no means unfair to Jonson. Speaking of Milton's *Arcades*, he says—"Unquestionably this Masque was a much longer performance. Milton seems only to have written the poetical part, consisting of these three Songs, and the Recitative Soliloquy of the Genius. The rest was probably prose and machinery. In many of Jonson's Masques the poet but rarely appears, amidst a cumbersome exhibition of heathen gods and mythology."—*T. Warton's Milton*, 8vo, 1785, p. 97.—F. C.]

### THE DAY AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

*The Court being in expectation, as before.*

*Enter TWO CUPIDS, striving.*

1 *Cup.* It is my right, and I will have it.

2 *Cup.* By what law or necessity? Pray you come back.

1 *Cup.* I serve the man, and the nobler creature.

2 *Cup.* But I the woman, and the purer; and therefore the worthier. Because you are a handful above me, do you think to get a foot afore me, sir? No; I appeal to you, ladies.

1 *Cup.* You are too rude, boy, in this presence.

2 *Cup.* That cannot put modesty in me to make me come behind you though; I will stand for mine inches with you as peremptory as an ambassador. Ladies, your sovereignties are concerned in me; I am the wife's page.

1 *Cup.* And I the husband's.

2 *Cup.* How

1 *Cup.* Ha!

2 *Cup.* One of us must break the wonder; and therefore I that have best cause to be assured of mine own truth, demand of thee by what magic thou wear'st my ensigns? or hast put on my person?

1 *Cup.* Beware, young ladies, of this impostor; and, mothers, look to your daughters and nieces; a false Cupid is abroad: it is I that am the true, who to do these glad solemnities their proper rites have been contented not to put off, but to conceal my deity, and in this habit of a servant do attend him who was yesterday the happy Bridegroom, in the complement of his nuptials, to make all his endeavours and actions more gracious and lovely.

2 *Cup.* He tells my tale, he tells my tale; and pretends to my act. It was I that did this for the Bride. I am the true Love, and both this figure and those arms are usurped by most unlawful power: can you not perceive it? Do not I look liker a Cupid than he? am I not more a child? Ladies, have none of you a picture of me in your bosom? is the resemblance of

Love banished your breasts? Sure they are these garments that estrange me to you! if I were naked you would know me better; no relic of love left in an old bosom here! what should I do?

1 *Cup.* My little shadow is turned furious.

2 *Cup.* What can I turn other than a Fury itself to see thy impudence? If I be a shadow, what is substance? Was it not I that yesternight waited on the bride into the nuptial chamber, and against the bridegroom came made her the throne of love? Had I not lighted my torches in her eyes, planted my mother's roses in her cheeks; were not her eyebrows bent to the fashion of my bow, and her looks ready to be loosed thence, like my shafts? Had I not ripened kisses on her lips fit for a Mercury to gather, and made her language sweeter than his upon her tongue? was not the girdle about her he was to untie my mother's,<sup>1</sup> wherein all the joys and delights of love were woven?

1 *Cup.* And did I not bring on the blushing bridegroom to taste those joys? and made him think all stay a torment? did I not shoot myself into him like a flame, and made his desires and his graces equal? were not his looks of power to have kept the night alive in contention with day, and made the morning never wished for? Was there a curl in his hair that I did not sport in, or a ring of it crisped, that might not have become Juno's fingers? his very undressing, was it not Love's arming? did not all his kisses charge? and every touch attempt? but his words, were they not feathered from my wings, and flew in singing at her ears, like arrows tipt with gold?

2 *Cup.* Hers, hers did so into his: and all his virtue was borrowed from my powers in her, as thy form is from me. But that this royal and honoured assembly be no longer troubled with our contention, behold, I challenge thee of falshood, and will bring upon the first day of the new year into the lists before this palace ten knights armed, who shall undertake against

all assertion that I am a child of Mars and Venus: and in the honour of that lady (whom it is my ambition to serve) that that love is the most true and perfect that still waiteth on the woman, and is the servant of that sex.

1 *Cup.* But what gage gives my confident counterfeit of this?

2 *Cup.* My bow and quiver, or what else I can make.

1 *Cup.* I take only them: and in exchange give mine, to answer and punish this thy rashness, at thy time assigned, by a just number of knights, who by their virtue shall maintain me to be the right Cupid; and true issue of valour and beauty; and that no love can come near either truth or perfection but what is manly and derives his proper dignity from thence.

2 *Cup.* It is agreed.

1 *Cup.* In the meantime, ladies, suspend your censures which is the right; and to entertain your thoughts till the day, may the Court hourly present you with delicate and fresh objects, to beget on you pretty and pleasing fancies! may you feed on pure meats, easy of concoction, and drink that will quickly turn into blood, to make your dreams the clearer, and your imaginations the finer!

*So they departed.*

*On New-Year's-day, he that before is numbered the SECOND CUPID came now the first, with his ten Knights attired in the Bride's colours, and lighting from his chariot, spake:*

1 *Cup.* Now, ladies, to glad your aspects once again with the sight of Love, and make a spring smile in your faces, which must have looked like winter without me; behold me, not like a servant now, but a champion, and in my true figure, as I used to reign and revel in your fancies, tickling your soft ears with my feathers, and laying little straws about your hearts, to kindle

<sup>1</sup> Was not the girdle about her my mother's, &c.] That girdle had scarcely more charms in it than the poet's language in these sprightly and gallant little pieces; but the allusion of Cupid is to this beautiful passage:

Η, και απο στηθεσφιν ελυσατο κεστον ιμαντα,  
Ποικιλον, ευθα δε οι δελκτηρια παντα τετυκτο  
Ενθ' ενι μεν φιλοτης, εν δ' ημερος, εν δ' οαριστος

Παρφασις, η τ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεουστων.  
Il. xiv. v. 214.

(Which has been so exquisitely rendered by Cowper:

"It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete  
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,  
And music of resistless whispered sounds  
That from the wisest win their best resolves.

F. C.]

bonfires shall flame out at your eyes; playing in your bloods like fishes in a stream, or diving like the boys in the bath, and then rising on end like a monarch, and treading humour like water, bending those stiff pickardils of yours under this yoke my bow; or if they would not bend, whipping your rebellious vardingales with my bow-string, and made them run up into your waists (they have lain so flat) for fear of my indignation. What! is Cupid of no name with you? have I lost all reputation, or what is less, opinion, by once putting off my deity? Because I was a page at this solemnity, and would modestly serve one for the honour of you all, am I therefore dishonoured by al? and lost in my value so that every juggler that can purchase him a pair of wings and a quiver, is committed with me in balance, and contends with me for sovereignty? Well, I will chastise you, ladies; believe it, you shall feel my displeasure for this; and I will be mighty in it. Think not to have those accessions to me you were wont; you shall wait four of those galleries off, and six chambers for me; ten doors locked between you and me hereafter, and I will allow none of you a key: when I come abroad, you shall petition me, and I will not hear you; kneel, I will not regard you; I will pass by like a man of business, and not see you, and I will have no Master of Requests for you. There shall not the greatest pretender to a state-face living put on a more supercilious look than I will do upon you. Trust me—ha! what's this?

*Enter 2 CUPID, with his company of ten Knights.*

*2 Cup.* O, are you here, sir! you have got the start of me now by being challenger, and so the precedency, you think. I see you are resolved to try your title by arms then; you will stand to be the right Cupid still? how now! what ails you that you answer not? are you turned a statue upon my appearance? or did you hope I would not appear, and that hope has deceived you?

*1 Cup.* Art thou still so impudent to belie my figure? that in what shape soever I present myself thou wilt seem to be the same; not so much as my chariot but resembled by thee? and both the doves and swans I have borrowed of my mother to draw it? the very number of my

champions emulated, and almost their habits! what insolence is this?

*2 Cup.* Good little one, quarrel not, you have now put yourself upon others' valour, not your own, and you must know you can bring no person hither to strengthen your side, but we can produce an equal. Be it Persuasion you have got there, the peculiar enchantress of your sex; behold we have Mercury here to charm against her, who gives all lovers their true and masculine eloquence; or are they the Graces you presume on, your known clients, Spring, Beauty, and Cheerfulness? here are Youth, Audacity, and Favour to encounter them, three more manly perfections, and much more powerful in working for Love. child, you are all the ways of winning too weak, there is no thinking, either with your honour or discretion kept safe, to continue on a strife wherein you are already vanquished; yield, be penitent early, and confess it.

*1 Cup.* I will break my bow and quiver into dust first (restore me mine own arms) or be torn in pieces with Harpies, marry one of the Furies, turn into Chaos again, and dissolve the harmony of nature.

*2 Cup.* O, most stiffly spoken, and fit for the sex you stand for! Well, give the sign then: let the trumpets sound, and upon the valour and fortune of your champions put the right of your cause.

*1 Cup.* 'Tis done.

*Here the TILTING took place.*

*After which.*

*2 Cup.* Now, sir, you have got mightily by this contention, and advanced your cause to a most high degree of estimation with these spectators! have you not?

*1 Cup.* Why, what have you done, or won?

*2 Cup.* It is enough for me who was called out to this trial, that I have not lost, or that my side is not vanquished.

*Enter HYMEN.*

*Hy.* Come, you must yield both; this is neither contention for you, nor time fit to contend: there is another kind of tilting would become Love better than this; to meet lips for lances, and crack kisses instead of staves: which there is no beauty here, I presume, so young but can fancy, nor so tender but would venture.

Here is the palm for which you must strive: which of you wins this bough is the right and best Cupid; and whilst you are striving, let Hymen, the president of these solemnities, tell you something of your own story, and what yet you know not of yourselves. You are both true Cupids, and both the sons of Venus by Mars, but this the first born, and was called Eros; who upon his birth proved a child of excellent beauty, and right worthy his mother; but after, his growth not answering his form, not only Venus, but the Graces who nursed him, became extremely solicitous for him; and were impelled out of their grief and care to consult the oracle about him. Themis (for Apollo was not yet of years) gave answer, there wanted nothing to his perfection, but that they had not enough considered or looked into the nature of the infant, which indeed was desirous of a companion only; for though Love, and the true, might be born of Venus single and alone, yet he could not thrive and increase alone. Therefore if she affected his growth, Venus must bring forth a brother to him, and name him Anteros; that with reciprocal affection might pay the exchange of Love.

This made that thou wert born her second birth. Since when your natures are, that either of you looking upon other thrive, and by your mutual respects and interchange of ardour flourish and prosper; whereas if the one be deficient or wanting to the other, it fares worse with both. This is the Love that Hymen requires, without which no marriage is happy: when the contention is not who is the true Love, but being both true, who loves most; cleaving the bough between you, and dividing the palm. This is a strife wherein you both win, and begets a concord worthy all married minds' emulation, when the lover transforms himself into the person of his beloved, as you two do now; by whose example let your knights (all honourable friends and servants of Love) affect the like peace, and depart the lists equal in their friendships for ever, as to-day they have been in their fortunes. And may this royal court never know more difference in humours; or these well-graced nuptials more discord in affections than what they presently feel, and may ever avoid!

*1, 2 Cup.* To this Love says Amen.



# The Irish Masque at Court,

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

[THE IRISH MASQUE.] From the folio, 1616. It has no date. James had great merit in the whole of his conduct with respect to Ireland, which he governed with extraordinary care, and reduced from the state of distraction, in which the late Queen had left it, to a degree of tranquillity which it has not often experienced. This little piece is meant to compliment the country on its loyalty and attachment.

*The KING being set in expectation, out ran a fellow attired like a citizen: after him three or four footmen, DENNISE, DONNELL, DERMOCK, and PATRICK.*

*Pat.* For chreeshes sayk, phair ish te king? phich ish he, ant be? show me te shweet faish, quickly. By got, o' my consence, tish ish he! ant tou be King Yamish, me name is Dennish, I sherve ti majesties owne cashtermonger, be me trote; and cry peepsh, and pomwatersh in ti mayesties shervice, 'tis five year now. Ant tou vilt not trush me now, call up ti clarke o' ti kitchen, be and be, shall give hish wort, upon hish book, ish true.

*Don.* Ish it te fashion to beate te imbasheters here, and knoke 'hem o' te heads phit te phoit stick?

*Der.* Ant make ter meshage run out at ter mouthsh, before tey spheake vit te king?

*Den.* Peash, Dermock, here ish te king.

*Der.* Phair ish te king?

*Don.* Phich ish te king?

*Den.* Tat ish te king.

*Der.* Ish tat te king? Got blesh him!

*Den.* Peash, and take heet vat tou shaysht, man.

*Der.* Creesh blesh him, I shay. Phat reason I tayk heet for tat?

*Don.* Creesh blesh ti shweet faish, King Yamish; and my mistresh faish too: pre te, hear me now. I am come a great vay of miles to shee te now, by my fayt and trote, and graish o' got.

*Den.* Phat ish ti meaning o' tish, Donnell? didsh tou not shay, a gotsh name, I should tell ty tale for tee? ant entrayt me come to te court, and leave me vare at shuxe ant seven? by got, ish true now.

*Don.* Yesh. But I tanke got I can tell my tayle my shelfe, now I be here, I varrant tee: pre dee hear mc, King Yamish.

*Den.* Pre dee heare me, King Yamish: I can tell tee better ten he.

*Pat.* Pre dee heare neder noder on 'hem: here'sh Dermock vill shpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem.

*Der.* No, fayt, shweet hart, tow lyesht. Patrick here ish te vesht man of hish tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now heare him.

*Pat.* By chreesh shave me, tow lyesht. I have te vorsht tongue in te company at thy shervish. Vill shome body shpeake?

*Don.* By my fayt, I vill not.

*Der.* By my gossip's hand, I vill not.

*Pat.* Speake Dennish ten.

*Den.* If I speake, te divell tayke me. I vill give tee leave to cram my mout phit shamrokes and butter and vayter creshes instead of pearsh and peepsh.

*Pat.* If nobody vill shpeake, I vill shpeake. Pleash ty shweet faish, wee come from Ireland.

*Der.* Wee be Irish men, an't pleash tee.

*Don.* Ty good shushsects of Ireland, and pleash ty mayesty.

*Den.* Of Connough, Leymster, Ulster

Munster. I mine one shelve vash born in te English payle,<sup>1</sup> and pleash ty mayesty.

Pat. Sacrament o' chreesh, tell ty tale ty shelve, and be all tree.

Den. And pleash ty graish I will tell tee, tere vash a great newesh in Ireland of a great brideal of one o' ty lords here ant be.

Pat. Ty man Robyne, tey shay.<sup>2</sup>

Don. Mary ty man Toumaish, hish daughter, tey shay.

Der. Ay, ty good man, Toumaish o' Shuffolke.

Don. He knoke ush o' te payt here, ash we come by, by a good token.

Der. I' fayt, tere ish very mush phoyt stick here stirring to-night. He takes ush for no shquires I tinke.

Pat. No, he tinksh not ve be imbasheters.

Don. No, fayt, I tinke sho too. But tish marriage bring over a doshen of our besht maysters, to be merry perlit tce shweet faish, an't be; and daunsh a fading<sup>3</sup> at te wedding.

<sup>1</sup> *I mine own shelve vash born in the English payle.*] The English *pale* was those parts of Ireland extended about Dublin, which in the reign of Henry II. were possessed by the English. This district was sometimes larger and sometimes less, in different ages, as the English or Irish power prevailed. But the counties of Louth, Dublin, Meath, Kildare, and Carlow, being for the most part obedient to the English laws, went under the more immediate denomination of the *Pale*.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *Ty man Robyne.*] This alludes to the marriage of the favourite, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, with the daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk. This too celebrated lady was the divorced wife of Lord Essex: and the "brideal" of which Dennis speaks, took place on the 5th of December, 1613, so that the date of this Masque may be safely referred to the succeeding festival, or the commencement of the new year. In March, 1613, too, James had completed his plans for the pacification of Ireland; so that the appearance of the "imbasheters" was not ill-timed.

The young Countess of Essex had already made the first step in her career of blood; but no murmur of it had yet reached the ear of James; and, as Wilson tells us, "all the splendid equipage, and magnificent preparation that could either fill a Court with delight or a people with admiration, were not wanting for the marriage." Other poets were, however, called in upon the occasion; and the only notice which Jonson appears to have taken of this ill-omened match is contained in the simple mention of the parties' names in the text.

<sup>3</sup> *And dance a fading.*] This word, which was the burden of a popular Irish song, gave

Den. But tey vere leeke to daunsh naked, ant pleash ty mayesty; for te villainous vild Irish sheas have casht away all ter fine cloysh, as many ash cosht a tow-sand cowes and garraives, I varrant tee.

Der. And te prishe of a cashtell or two upon teyr backs.

Don. And tey tell ty mayesty tey have ner a great fish now, nor a shea moynshter to shave teyr cloysh alive now.

Pat. Nor a devoish vit a clowd to fesh 'hem out o' te bottom o' te vayter.

Der. But tey musht eene come and daunsh in teyr mantles now; and show tee how teye can foot te fading and te fadow, and te phip a' Dunboyne, I trow.

Don. I pre dee now let not ty sweet faysht ladies, make a mock on 'hem and scorn to daunsh vit 'hem now, becash tey be poor.

Pat. Tey drink no bonny clabbe, i' fayt, now.

Don. It ish better ten usquebagh<sup>4</sup> to daunsh vit, Patrick.

name to a dance frequently noticed by our old dramatists. Both the song and the dance appear to have been of a licentious kind, and merit no farther elucidation.

<sup>4</sup> *It ish better ten usquebagh, &c.*] The mention of this word brings to my mind a passage in the *Devil's an Ass*:

"Chimney-sweepers

To their tobacco and strong waters, Hum,  
Meath, and Obarni."

The last of these (Obarni) I had supposed to be a preparation of usquebagh: (see vol. ii. p. 216 *b*); whereas it appears to be a preparation of Meath. For this information I am indebted to the following extract from an old poem, called *Pimlyco or Runne Red-Cap*, 1609, kindly transmitted to me by my friend Mr. Boswell:—

"Nor all those drinks of northern climes  
Whose brewings shall fill up our rimes  
Brant Rensque and the cleere Romayne  
The Belo Crasno and Patisane,  
Peeva (to them is as our Beere)  
With spiced Meades (wholesome but deer)  
As Meade Obarne and Meade Cherunk  
And the base Quasse by Pesants drunk."

Now I am on the subject, I will subjoin a passage which has just occurred to me, and which gives a better explanation of *Hum* than will be found in the passage already quoted:

"Notwithstanding the multiplicity of wines, yet there be stills and limbecks going, sweating out aquavite and strong waters, deriving their names from cinnamon, balm, and aniseed, such as *stomach-water, humm, &c.*—*Heywood's Drunkard*, p. 48.

*Pat.* By my fater's hand, tey vill daunsh very vell.

*Der.* Ay, by St. Patrick vill tey; for tey be nimble men.

*Den.* And vill leap ash light, be creesh save me, ash he tat veares te biggest fether in ty court, King Yamish.

*Der.* For all tey have no good vindsh to blow tem heter, nor elementsh to presherve hem.

*Don.* Nor all te four cornersh o' te world, to creep out on.

*Pat.* But tine own kingdoms.

*Don.* Tey be honesht men.

*Pat.* And goot men: tine own shubsheets.

*Der.* Tou hasht very good shubsheets in Ireland.

*Den.* A great goot many, o' great goot shubsheets.

*Don.* Tat love ty mayesty heartily.

*Den.* And vill run t'rough fire and vater for tee, over te bog and te bannoke, be te graish o' got, and graish o' king.

*Der.* By got, tey vill fight for tee, King Yamish, and for my mistresh tere.

*Den.* And my little maishter.<sup>1</sup>

*Pat.* And te vfrow, ty daughter, tat is in Tuchland.

*Don.* Tey vill spend ter heart in ter belly for tee, as vell as ter legs in ter heelsh.

*Der.* By creesh, tey vill shpend all teyr cowedsh for tee.

*Den.* Pre tee make mush on t'em.

*Pat.* Pre tee, sweet faysh, do.

*Don.* Be not angry vit te honesht men, for te few rebelsh and knavesh.

*Pat.* Nor beleeve no tayles, King Yamish.

*Der.* For, by got, tey love tee in Ireland.

*Don.* Pray tee, bid 'em welcome, and got make 'em rish for tee.

*Der.* They vill make tem shelves honesht.

*Den.* Tou hasht not a hundret tousand mush men, by my trote.

*Pat.* No, nor forty, by my hant.

*Don.* By Justish Deloune's hant, not twenty.

*Der.* By my lord Deputish hant, not ten in all ti great Britayne. Shall I call hem to tee?

*Don.* Tey shit like poore men i' te porsh yonder.

*Pat.* Shtay, te peepe ish come! [*Bagpipe, &c. enter.*] Harke, harke!

*Der.* Let ush daunsh ten. Daunsh, Denish.

*Den.* By creesh sa' me, I ha' forgot.

*Don.* A little till our mayshtersh be ready.

*Here the Footmen had a DANCE, being six men and six boys, to the bagpipe and other rude music; after which they had a SONG, and then they cried,*

Peash! Peash! Now room for our mayshters! Room for our mayshters!

*Then the GENTLEMEN dance forth a dance in their Irish mantles, to a solemn music of harps: which done, the Footmen fall to speak again.*

*Der.* How like tou tish, Yamish? and tey had fine cloyshs now, and liveries, like tine own men ant be!

*Don.* But te rugs make t'em shrug a little.

*Der.* Tey have shit a great phoyle i' te cold, ant be.

*Don.* Isht not pity te cloysh be drowned now?

*Pat.* Pre tee shee anoter daunsh, and be not veary.

*Here they were interrupted by a civil GENTLEMAN of the nation, who brought in a BARD.*

*Gent.* He may be of your rudeness. Hold your tongues, And let your coarser manners seek some place

Fit for their wildness: this is none; be gone!

Advance, immortal Bard, come up and view

The gladding face of that great king in whom

So many prophecies of thine are knit.

This is that James of which long since thou sung'st,

Should end our countries most unnatural broils;

And if her ear, then deafened with the drum,

Would stoop but to the music of his peace,

She need not with the spheres change harmony.

<sup>1</sup> And my little maishter.] Charles; *te vfrow, tat is in Tuchland*, is the Princess Elizabeth, who was married to the Falsgrave in February, 1613.

This is the man thou promis'dst should re-  
deem,  
If she would love his counsels as his laws,  
Her head from servitude, her feet from  
fall,  
Her fame from barbarism, her state from  
want,  
And in her all the fruits of blessing plant.  
Sing then some charm, made from his pre-  
sent looks,  
That may assure thy former prophecies,  
And firm the hopes of these obedient  
spirits,  
Whose love no less than duty hath called  
forth  
Their willing powers: who if they had  
much more,  
Would do their all, and think they could  
not move  
Enough to honour that which he doth love.

*Here the BARD sings to two harps.*

SONG.

Bow both your heads at once, and hearts;  
Obedience doth not well in parts.

It is but standing in his eye,  
You'll feel yourselves changed by and  
by.

Few live that know how quick a spring  
Works in the presence of a king:  
'Tis done by this; your slough let fall,  
And come forth new-born creatures  
all.

*During this Song the Masquers let fall  
their mantles and discover their mas-  
quing apparel. Then they dance forth.  
After the dance the Bard sings this*

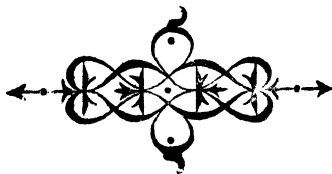
SONG.

So breaks the sun earth's rugged chains,  
Wherein rude winter bound her veins;  
So grows both stream and source of  
price,  
That lately fettered were with ice.  
So naked trees get crisped heads,  
And coloured coats the roughest meads,  
And all get vigour, youth, and spright,  
That are but looked on by his light.

*Thus it ended.*

[So carelessly is this Masque printed in the  
nine-volume edition that I have had to make no  
fewer than thirty alterations in the text. All  
these errors are slavishly copied in the one-  
volume edition of Messrs. Moxon and Routledge,  
although they include such palpable blunders as

"shiede and seven" for "shixe and seven," and  
"sweet faysh ladies" for "sweet fayst ladies,"  
and many others, which are interesting as show-  
ing the Irish mode of pronunciation *temp. Jac. I.*  
—F. C.]





# Mercury Vindicated from the Alchemists at Court.

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

MERCURY VINDICATED.] From the folio, 1616. This is a very ingenious and pleasant little piece, but the author gives neither the date nor the occasion on which it was written. If he paid any attention to time in the arrangement of his Masques, the present must have been produced subsequently to the comedy of the *Alchemist*.

*Loud music. After which the Scene is discovered; being a Laboratory or Alchemist's work-house: Vulcan looking to the registers, while a CYCLOPE, tending the fire, to the cornets began to sing.*

*Cyc.* Soft, subtil fire, thou soul of art,  
Now do thy part  
On weaker nature, that through age is  
lamed.

Take but thy time now she is old,  
And the sun her friend grown cold,  
She will no more in strife with thee be  
named.

Look but how few confess her now,  
In cheek or brow!  
From every head almost, how she is  
frighted!

The very age abhors her so,  
That it learns to speak and go,  
As if by art alone it could be righted.

*The Song ended, MERCURY appeared, thrusting out his head, and afterward his body, at the tunnel of the middle furnace: which VULCAN spying, cried out to the CYCLOPE.*

*Vul.* Stay, see! our Mercury is coming  
forth; art and all the elements assist! Call

forth our philosophers. He will be gone.  
He will evaporate. Dear Mercury! help.  
He flies. He is scaped. Precious golden  
Mercury, be fixt; be not so volatile! Will  
none of the Sons of Art appear?

*In which time MERCURY, having run once or twice about the room, takes breath, and speaks.*

*Mer.* Now the place and goodness of it  
protect me. One tender-hearted creature  
or other, save Mercury, and free him.  
Ne'er an old gentlewoman in the house  
that has a wrinkle about her to hide me  
in? I could run into a serving-woman's  
pocket now; her glove, any little hole.  
Some merciful vardingale among so many,  
be bounteous and undertake me. I will  
stand close up anywhere to escape this  
polt-footed philosopher,<sup>1</sup> old Smug here of  
Lemnos, and his smoky family. Has he  
given me time to breathe? O the variety  
of torment that I have endured in the reign  
of the Cyclops, beyond the most exquisite  
wit of tyrants! The whole household of  
them are become Alchemists, since their  
trade of armour-making failed them, only  
to keep themselves in fire, for this winter;  
for the mischief a secret that they know,  
above the consuming of coals, and drawing  
of usquebagh! howsoever they may pre-

<sup>1</sup> This polt-footed philosopher.] Splay, or rather club-footed. In the *Poetaster* (vol. i. p. 245 a), Jonson calls this poor "old Smug of Lemnos" a polt-footed stinkard: so that Howel

had reason to put him in mind in one of his letters, that the burning of his study was a mere act of retaliation on the part of Vulcan.

tend, under the specious names of Geber, Arnold, Lully, Bombast of Hohenheim,<sup>1</sup> to commit miracles in art and treason against nature. And as if the title of philosopher, that creature of glory, were to be fetched out of a furnace, abuse the curious and credulous nation of metal-men through the world, and make Mercury their instrument. I am their crude and their sublimate; their precipitate and their unctuous, their male and their female; sometimes their hermaphrodite: what they list to style me. It is I that am corroded, and exalted, and sublimed, and reduced, and fetched over, and filtered, and washed, and wiped; what between their salis and their sulphurs, their oils and their tartars, their brines and their vinegars, you might take me out now a soused Mercury, now a salted Mercury, now a smoked and dried Mercury, now a powdered and pickled Mercury: never herring, oyster, or cucumber [cucumber] past so many vexations. My whole life with them hath been an exercise of torture; one, two, three, four, and five times an hour have they made me dance the philosophical circle, like an ape through a hoop, or a dog in a wheel. I am their turnspit indeed: they eat and smell no roast-meat but in my name. I am their bill of credit still, that passes for their victuals and house-room. It is through me they have got this corner of the Court to cozen in, where they shark for a hungry diet below stairs, and cheat upon your under-officers, promising mountains for their meat, and all upon Mercury's security. A poor page of the larder, they have made obstinately believe he shall be

physician for the household next summer: they will give him a quantity of the quintessence shall serve him to cure kibes or the mormal o' the shin, take away the pustules in the nose, and Mercury is engaged for it. A child of the scullery steals all their coals for them too, and he is bid sleep secure, he shall find a corner of the philosopher's stone for't under his bolster one day, and have the proverb inverted.<sup>2</sup> Against which one day I am to deliver the buttry in so many firkins of *aurum potable*, as it delivers out bombards of bouge to them between this and that. For the pantry, they are at a certainty with me, and keep a tally, an ingot, a loaf, or a wedge of some five pounds weight, which is nothing of nothing, a trifle. And so the black-guard<sup>3</sup> are pleased with any lease of life (for some 999), especially those of the boiling-house, they are to have Medea's kettle hung up, that they may souse into it when they will, and come out renewed like so many stript snakes at their pleasure. But these are petty engagements, and, as I said, below the stairs; marry above here, perpetuity of beauty (do you hear, ladies?) health, riches, honour; a matter of immortality is nothing. They will calcine you a grave matron, as it might be a mother o' the maids, and spring up a young virgin, out of her ashes, as fresh as a Phoenix: lay you an old courtier on the coals like a sausage, or a bloat herring, and after they have broiled him enough, blow a soul into him with a pair of bellows, till he start up into his galliard, that was made when Monsieur was here.<sup>4</sup> They profess familiarly to melt down all the old

<sup>1</sup> Bombast of Hohenheim.] i.e., Paracelsus.

<sup>2</sup> The proverb inverted.] i.e., *Thesaurus pro carbone*: the proverb is *Carbo pro thesauro*.

<sup>3</sup> And so the black-guard, &c.] There is much satirical humour in these wild stipulations of the menials of the Court; but expectations full as extravagant were fostered by the dupes of this ridiculous pursuit in all ranks of life. With respect to the *black-guard*, they were, as I have shown (vol. i. 125 a), the lowest drudges of the kitchen, turnspits, carriers of wood, coal, &c. This is sufficiently clear from Jonson; but it is also distinctly stated by others. Thus Decker: "King. What place would you serve in? Gazette. Any but one of your *turnbroaches*; I would not be one of your *black-guard*, there's too much fire in me already."—*Match me in London*.

Mr. Todd has quoted Jonson, under this word, to little purpose, and copied Malone to none at all. It is rather singular that he should

be at a loss for the meaning of so common a word.

I once entertained some indistinct hope that Jonson, who assuredly had a more critical knowledge of the English language than any person of the age in which he lived, and whose works are besides full of expressive and beautiful terms, would have been permitted to contribute somewhat to the perfection of the New Dictionary. But it does not appear (from what I have seen of it) that he has been thought worth consulting. With the exception of a few of his words, which might be gathered from the marginal remarks of Horne Tooke, or the notes of the Shakspeare commentators, he brings no aid:—but modestly retires, as it is fit he should, to make way for those dignified examples of purity and skill, Blackmore and the "festivous," Gayton.

<sup>4</sup> When Monsieur was here.] i.e., in 1599.—See vol. i. p. 147 b.

sinners of the suburbs once in a half-year into fresh gamesters again; get all the cracked maidenheads, and cast them into new ingots: half the wenches of the town are alchymie. See, they begin to muster again, and draw their forces out against me! the Genius of the place defend me! You that are both the Sol and Jupiter of this sphere, Mercury invokes your majesty against the sooty tribe here; for in your favour only I grow recovered and warm.

*At which time VULCAN entering with a troop of threadbare ALCHEMISTS, prepares them to the first ANTIMASQUE.<sup>1</sup>*

*Vul.* Begin your charm, sound music, circle him in, and take him: if he will not obey, bind him.

*They all danced about MERCURY with variety of changes, whilst he defends himself with his Caduceus, and after the DANCE, speaks.*

*Mer.* It is in vain, Vulcan, to pitch your net in the sight of the fowl thus: I am no sleepy Mars, to be caught in your subtle toils. I know what your aims are, sir, to tear the wings from my head and heels, lute me up in a glass with my own seals,<sup>2</sup> while you might wrest the Caduceus out of my hand, to the adultery and spoil of

nature, and make your accesses by it to her dishonour more easy. Sir, would you believe it should be come to that height of impudence in mankind, that such a nest of fire-worms as these are, because their patron Mulciber heretofore has made stools stir, and statues dance, a dog of brass to bark, and (which some will say, was his worst act) a woman to speak, should therefore with their heats, called *Balnei Cineris*, or horse-dung, profess to outwork the sun in virtue, and contend to the great act of generation, nay, almost creation? It is so though: for in yonder vessels which you see in their laboratory, they have enclosed materials to produce men, beyond the deeds of Deucalion or Prometheus; of which one, they say, had the philosopher's stone, and threw it over his shoulder, the other the fire, and lost it. And what men are they, they are so busy about, think you? not common ordinary creatures, but of rarity and excellence, such as the times wanted, and the age had a special deal of need of: such as there was a necessity they should be artificial; for nature could never have thought or dreamt of their composition. I can remember some of their titles to you, and the ingredients: do not look for Paracelsus' man among them,<sup>3</sup> that he promised you out of white bread and Delewine,<sup>4</sup> for he never came to light. But of these let me see; the first that occurs; a

<sup>1</sup> *Here the first Antimasque.*] As this word occurs here for the first time, it may not be amiss to notice it. Whalley has printed it through the greater part of his sixth volume *Antemasque*, as if he supposed it to signify something introductory to the main masque: he afterwards changed his opinion and his orthography, and wrote it *Antimasque*, which "he inclined to think was a smoother pronunciation of *antick masque*." My predecessor is still wrong. An *Antimasque*, or, as Jonson elsewhere calls it, "a foil or false masque," is something directly opposed to the principal masque. If this was lofty and serious, that was light and ridiculous. It admitted of the wildest extravagancies, and it is only by Jonson that attempts are sometimes made to connect it, in any degree, with the main story. He was fully sensible of its absurdity, and has spoken of it in another place; but the spectators, as the Cook says in *Neptune's Triumph*, "hearkened after these things," and, indeed, James himself, who laughed as boisterously as his merry grandson, was well pleased with their introduction. He "loved Masques (Wilson observes) and such disguises in these maskadoes (antimasques) as were witty and sudden; the more ridiculous the more pleasant." — *Life of James*, p. 104.

It should be added, that the antimasques

were, for the most part, performed by actors hired from the theatres. They partook of the nature of the old *Exodia*, and like them afforded a little breathing time for those who came forward in the regular pieces.

<sup>2</sup> *Lute me up in a glass with my own seals.*] i.e., in glasses hermetically sealed.—See vol. ii. p. 26 a.

<sup>3</sup> *Do not look for Paracelsus' man among 'em,* &c.] The device of *Paracelsus* was to produce a man without the conjunction of the sexes: this opinion is also said to have been countenanced by Hippocrates. Sir Thomas Browne professes the same sentiments (*Religio Medici*, lib. 2, sect. 9), in words which he has borrowed from Aulus Gellius: *ea voluptas, sc. gustu et tactu, sicut sapientes viri censuerunt, omnium rerum foedissima est.*—WHAL.

<sup>4</sup> *Out of white bread and Delewine.*] A species of Rhishish wine. It is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists, and generally in company with Backrach, a thin Hock. Thus Shirley:

"Whirl in coaches

To the Dutch magazine of sauce, the Steelyard,  
Where *Deal* and Backragge, and what strange  
wines else,  
Shall flow."—*Lady of Pleasure*, act v. sc. 1.

master of the duel, a carrier of the differences. To him went spirit of ale a good quantity, with the amalgama of sugar and nutmegs, oil of oaths, sulphur of quarrel, strong waters, valour precipitate, vapoured o'er the helm with tobacco, and the rosin of Mars with a drachm of the business, for that's the word of tincture, the *business*. Let me alone with the business. I will carry the business. I do understand the business. I do find an affront in the business. Then another is a fencer in the mathematics, or the town's cunning-man, a creature of art too; a supposed secretary to the stars; but indeed a kind of lying intelligencer from those parts. His materials, if I be not deceived, were juice of almanacs, extraction of ephemerides, scales of the globe, filings of figures, dust of the twelve houses, conserve of questions, salt of confederacy, a pound of adventure, a grain of skill, and a drop of truth. I saw vegetables too, as well as minerals, put into one glass there, as adder's-tongue, tittle-bane, nitre of clients, tartar of false conveyance, *aurum palabile*, with a huge deal of talk, to which they added tincture of conscience, with the faces of honesty; but for what this was I could not learn; only I have overheard one of the artists say, out o' the corruption of a lawyer was the best generation of a broker in suits: whether this were he or no, I know not.

*Vul.* Thou art a scorner, Mercury, and out of the pride of thy protection here, make it thy study to revile art, but it will turn to thine own contumely soon. Call forth the creatures of the first class, and let them move to the harmony of our heat, till the slanderer have sealed up his own lips, to his own torment.

*Mer.* Let them come, let them come, I would not wish a greater punishment to thy impudence.

*Enter the second ANTIMASQUE, of imperfect creatures, with helms of limbeck on their heads: whose dance ended, MERCURY proceeded.*

*Mer.* Art thou not ashamed, Vulcan, to offer, in defence of thy power and art, against the excellence of the sun and nature, creatures more imperfect than the very flies and insects that are her trespasses and scapes? Vanish, with thy insolence, thou and thy impostors, and all mention of you melt before the majesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I profess to be, and never again the philosophers'. Vanish,

I say, that all who have but their senses, may see and judge the difference between thy ridiculous monsters and his absolute features.

*At which the whole scene changed to a glorious bowyer, wherein NATURE was placed, with PROMETHEUS at her feet, and the twelve Masquers standing about them. After they had been a while viewed, PROMETHEUS descended, and NATURE after him, singing.*

*Nat.* How young and fresh am I tonight,

To see't kept day by so much light.

And twelve my sons stand in their maker's sight?

Help, wise Prometheus, something must be done,

To shew they are the creatures of the Sun;

That each to other

Is a brother,

And Nature here no step-dame, but a mother.

*Cho.* Come forth, come forth, prove all the numbers then,

That make perfection up, and may absolve you men.

*Nat.* But shew thy winding ways and arts,

Thy risings and thy timely starts,

Of stealing fire from ladies' eyes and hearts.

Those softer circles are the young man's heaven,

And there more orbs and planets are than seven,

To know whose motion

Were a notion

As worthy of youth's study as devotion.

*Chor.* Come forth, come forth, prove all the time will gain,

For Nature bids the best, and never bade in vain.

*Here the first DANCE.*

*After which this*

SONG.

*Pro.* How many 'mongst these ladies here,

Wish now they such a mother were!

*Nat.* Not one, I fear,

And read it in their laughters:

There's more, I guess, would wish to be my daughters.

*Pro.* You think they would not be so old, For so much glory.

*Nat.* I think that thought so told  
Is no false piece of story.  
'Tis yet with them but beauty's noon,  
They would not grandames be too soon.  
*Pro.* Is that your sex's humour?  
'Tis then since Niobe was changed, that  
they have left that tumour.  
*Cho.* Move, move again, in forms as  
heretofore.  
*Nat.* 'Tis form allures.  
Then move, the ladies here are store.  
*Pro.* Nature is Motion's mother, as she's  
yours.  
*Cho.* The spring whence order flows,  
that all directs,  
And knits the causes with the effects.  
  
*Here they dance the main DANCE,*  
*Then they dance with the Ladies ;*  
*Then their last Dance.*  
  
*After which PROMETHEUS calls to them*  
*in this*

## SONG.

*Pro.* What ! have you done  
So soon ?  
And can you from such beauty part ?  
You'll do a wonder more than I.  
I woman with her ills did fly ;  
But you their good, and them deny.  
*Cho.* Sure each hath left his heart  
In pawn to come again, or else he durst  
not start.  
*Nat.* They are loth to go  
I know,  
Or sure they are no sons of mine.  
There is no banquet, boys, like this,  
If you hope better, you will miss ;  
Stay here, and take each one a kiss.  
*Cho.* Which if you can refuse,  
The taste knows no such cates, nor yet  
the palate wine.  
No cause of tarrying shun,  
They are not worth his light, go back-  
ward from the sun.

*With which it ended.*



# The Golden Age Restored.

IN A MASQUE AT COURT, 1615, BY THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN  
THE KING'S SERVANTS.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED.] From the first folio. This Masque is written with great care: the conclusion of it is highly poetical. It must have been a splendid and interesting performance.

*The Court being seated and in expectation,*

*Loud music: PALLAS in her chariot descending to a softer music.*

Look, look! rejoice and wonder  
That you, offending mortals, are  
(For all your crimes) so much the care  
Of him that beats the thunder.

Jove can endure no longer,  
Your great ones should your less invade;

Or that your weak, though bad, be made

A prey unto the stronger.

And therefore means to settle  
Astræa in her seat again;  
And let down in his golden chain  
The Age of better metal.

Which deed he doth the rather,  
That even Envy may behold  
Time not enjoyed his head of gold  
Alone beneath his father.

But that his care conserveth,  
As time, so all time's honours too,  
Regarding still what heaven should do,  
And not what earth deserveth.

*[A tumult and clashing of arms heard within.]*

But hark! what tumult from yond' cave is heard?

What noise, what strife, what earthquake and alarms,

As troubled Nature for her maker feared;  
And all the Iron Age were up in arms!

Hide me, soft cloud, from their profaner eyes,

Till insolent Rebellion take the field;  
And as their spirits with their counsels rise,

I frustrate all with showing but my shield.  
*[She retires behind a cloud.]*

*The IRON AGE presents itself, calling forth the EVILS.*

*I. Age.* Come forth, come forth, do we not hear

What purpose, and how worth our fear,  
The king of gods hath on us?

He is not of the Iron breed  
That would, though Fate did help the deed,  
Let Shame in so upon us.

Rise, rise then up, thou grandame Vice  
Of all my issue, Avarice,

Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,  
Corruption with the golden hands,  
Or any subtler Ill that stands  
To be a more commander.

Thy boys, Ambition, Pride, and Scorn,  
Force, Rapine, and thy babe last born,  
Smooth Treachery, call hither.  
Arm Folly forth, and Ignorance,  
And teach them all our Pyrrhic dance:  
We may triumph together

Upon this enemy so great,  
Whom if our forces can defeat,  
And but this once bring under,  
We are the masters of the skies,  
Where all the wealth, height, power lies,  
The sceptre and the thunder.

Which of you would not in a war  
Attempt the price of any scar,

To keep your own states even?  
But here which of you is that he  
Would not himself the weapon be,  
To ruin Jove and heaven?

About it then, and let him feel  
The Iron Age is turned to steel,  
Since he begins to threat her.  
And though the bodies here are less  
Than were the giants, he'll confess  
Our malice is far greater.

*The EVILS enter for the Antimasque and DANCE to two drums, trumpet, and a confusion of martial music. At the end of which PALLAS re-appears, showing her shield. The EVILS are turned to Statues.*

*Pal.* So change, and perish, scarcely knowing how,  
That 'gainst the gods do take so vain a vow,  
And think to equal with your mortal dates,  
Their lives that are obnoxious to no fates.—  
'Twas time t'appear, and let their folly see  
'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destiny  
Die all that can remain of you but stone,  
And that be seen awhile, and then be none!  
Now, now descend, you both beloved of Jove,  
And of the good on earth no less the love;

*[The scene changes; and she calls*

*ASTRÆA and the GOLDEN AGE.*

Descend, you long, long wished and wanted pair,  
And as your softer times divide the air,  
So shake all clouds off with your golden hair;  
For Spite is spent: the Iron Age is fled,  
And with her power on earth, her name is dead.

*ASTRÆA and the GOLDEN AGE descending with a*

#### SONG.

*Ast. G. Age.* And are we then  
To live agen  
With men?

<sup>1</sup> And went away from earth, as if but tamed with sleep.] This is from Hesiod:

Θνησκον δ' ὡς ὕπνῳ δεδμημένοι.

It is remarkable that Ovid, who, in his descrip-

*Ast.* Will Jove such pledges to the earth restore  
As justice?

*G. Age.* Or the purer ore?

*Pal.* Once more.

*G. Age.* But do they know  
How much they owe?  
Below?

*Ast.* And will of grace receive it, not as due?

*Pal.* If not, they harm themselves, not you.

*Ast.* True.

*G. Age.* True.

*Cho.* Let narrow natures, how they will, mistake,

The great should still be good for their own sake. *[They come forward.]*

*Pal.* Welcome to earth, and reign.

*Ast. G. Age.* But how, without a train  
Shall we our state sustain?

*Pal.* Leave that to Jove: therein you are  
No little part of his Minerva's care.

Expect awhile.—

You far-famed spirits of this happy isle,  
That for your sacred songs have gained the style

Of Phœbus' sons, whose notes the air aspire

Of th' old Egyptian or the Thracian lyre,  
That CHAUCER, GOWER, LIDGATE, SPENSER, hight,

Put on your better flames and larger light,

To wait upon the Age that shall your names new nourish,  
Since Virtue pressed shall grow, and buried Arts shall flourish.

*Chau. Gow.* We come.

*Lid. Spen.* We come.

*Omnes.* Our best of fire,  
Is that which Pallas doth inspire.

*[They descend.]*  
*Pal.* Then see you yonder souls, set far within the shade,

That in Elysian bowers the blessed seats do keep,

That for their living good now semi-gods are made,

And went away from earth, as if but tamed with sleep.<sup>1</sup>

These we must join to wake; for these are of the strain

tion of the Golden Age, copied Hesiod, has neglected to take notice of so beautiful a circumstance. WHAL.

Put on air, is also from Hesiod: ἡρῶες εἰσαμένοι.

That justice dare defend, and will the age sustain.

*Cho.* Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept,

O wake, wake, wake, as you had never slept!

Make haste and put on air, to be their guard,

Whom once but to defend, is still reward.

*Pal.* Thus Pallas throws a lightning from her shield.

[*The scene of light discovered.*]

*Cho.* To which let all that doubtful darkness yield.

*Ast.* Now Peace.

*G. Age.* And Love.

*Ast.* Faith.

*G. Age.* Joys.

*Ast. G. Age.* All, all increase. [*A pause.*]

*Chau.* And Strife,

*Gow.* And Hate,

*Lid.* And Fear,

*Spem.* And Pain,

*Omnes.* All cease.

*Pal.* No tumour of an iron vein.

The causes shall not come again.

*Cho.* But, as of old, all now be gold.

Move, move then to these sounds;

And do not only walk your solemn rounds,

But give those light and airy bounds,

That fit the Genii of these gladder grounds.

#### *The first DANCE.*

*Pal.* Already do not all things smile?

*Ast.* But when they have enjoyed a while

The Age's quickening power:

*Age.* That every thought a seed doth bring,

And every look a plant doth spring,

And every breath a flower:

*Pal.* Then earth unploughed shall yield her crop,

Pure honey from the oak shall drop,

The fountain shall run milk:

The thistle shall the lily bear,

And every bramble roses wear,

And every worm make silk.

*Cho.* The very shrub shall balsam sweat,

And nectar melt the rock with heat,

Till earth have drunk her fill:

That she no harmful weed may know,

Nor barren fern, nor mandrake low,

Nor mineral to kill.

#### *Here the main DANCE.*

##### *After which :*

*Pal.* But here's not all: you must do more,

Or else you do but half restore

The Age's liberty.

*Poe.* The male and female used to join,

And into all delight did coin

That pure simplicity.

Then Feature did to Form advance,

And Youth called Beauty forth to dance,

And every Grace was by:

It was a time of no distrust,

So much of love had nought of lust,

None feared a jealous eye.

The language melted in the ear,

Yet all without a blush might hear,

They lived with open vow.<sup>1</sup>

*Cho.* Each touch and kiss was so well placed,

They were as sweet as they were chaste,

And such must yours be now.

#### *Here they dance with the Ladies.*

*Ast.* What change is here? I had not more

Desire to leave the earth before

Than I have now to stay;

My silver feet, like roots, are wreathed

Into the ground, my wings are sheathed,

And I cannot away.

Of all there seems a second birth,

It is become a heaven on earth,

And Jove is present here.

I feel the god-head; nor will doubt

But he can fill the place throughout,

Whose power is everywhere.

This, thus, and only such as this,

The bright Astræa's region is,

Where she would pray to live,

And in the midst of so much gold,

Unbought with grace or fear unsold,

The law to mortals give.

#### *Here they dance the Galliards and Corantos.*

*Pallas* [*ascending and calling the Poets.*]

'Tis now enough; behold you here,

What Jove hath built to be your sphere,

You hither must retire.

And as his bounty gives you cause

Be ready still without your pause,

To shew the world your fire.

Like lights about Astræa's throne,

You here must shine, and all be one,

In fervour and in flame;

That by your union she may grow,

<sup>1</sup> They lived with open vow.] *Aperto vivere voto.* PERS.



And, you sustaining her, may know  
The Age still by her name.

Who vows, against or heat or cold,  
To spin your garments of her gold,  
That want may touch you never;  
And making garlands ev'ry hour,

To write your names in some new  
flower,

That you may live for ever.

*Cho.* To Jove, to Jove, be all the honour  
given,  
That thankful hearts can raise from earth to  
heaven.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is with regret I inform the reader that the excellent old folio here deserts us. I am not quite sure that the concluding pages enjoyed the benefit of Jonson's superintendence; but as by far the greatest portion of the volume undoubtedly did, it is come down to us one of the correctest works that ever issued from the English press.

The second folio, which has a medley of dates

from 1630 to 1641, has no such advantages. No part of it, I am well persuaded, was seen by Jonson; as, exclusive of the press-errors, which are very numerous, there is a confusion in the names of the speakers which he could not have overlooked. I have revised it with all imaginable care, and endeavoured to preserve that uniformity of arrangement of which he was apparently so solicitous.

# Christmas his Masque :

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT, 1616.

CHRISTMAS HIS MASQUE.] Not dated in the second folio ; but probably printed after the author's death. It is a humorous trifle, calculated for the season, and merely intended to excite an hour's merriment, as introductory perhaps to some entertainment of a higher kind. Granger, in his *Biographical Dictionary*, vol. ii. p. 296, 8vo, after bestowing just praise on Milton's admirable Masque, very gravely adds, "but the generality of these compositions are trifling and perplexed allegories. Ben Jonson (poor Ben is always the foil) in his *Masque of Christmas*, has introduced 'Minced Pie,' and 'Babie Cake,' who act their parts in the drama. But the most wretched of these performances could please by the help of music, machinery, and dancing." The masque before us had not the advantage of much machinery, I suspect. But could Granger find nothing in Jonson to oppose to *Comus*, but this magnificent "drama," as he is pleased to call it ! an innocent Christmas gambol, written with no higher end in view than producing a hearty laugh from the good-natured James, and the holiday spectators of the show. But such is the mode in which Jonson is constantly treated ; and yet the critics who institute these parallels (not exactly "after the manner of Plutarch," it must be granted) are astonished at being told that they always want candour, and not seldom common sense. Granger's ridiculous parade of "perplexed allegories," &c., is worse than useless here. They might indeed perplex him ; but he should have recollected that Minced Pie and Babie Cake were sufficiently familiar to those who witnessed their appearance ; and that ignorance is the worst of all possible pleas for the contemptuous sneer of criticism.

*The Court being seated,*

*Enter CHRISTMAS, with two or three of the guard. He is attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him.*

Why, gentlemen, do you know what you do? ha! would you have kept me out? CHRISTMAS, old Christmas, Christmas of London, and Captain Christmas? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Chamberlain, I'll not be answered else : 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all. I have seen the time you have wished for me, for a merry Christmas ; and now you

have me, they would not let me in. *I must come another time!* a good jest, as if I could come more than once a year. Why, I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends of the guard. I am old Gregory Christmas still,<sup>1</sup> and though I come out of Pope's-head alley, as good a Protestant as any in my parish. The truth is, I have brought a Masque here out o' the city, of my own making, and do present it by a set of my sons, that come out of the lanes of London, good dancing boys all. It was intended, I confess, for Curriers-Hall ; but because the weather has been open, and the Livery were not at leisure to see it till a frost came, that they cannot work, I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the Groom of the Revels' hand to't, to fit it for a higher place ; which I have done, and though I say it, another manner of device than your New-year's-night. Bones o' bread, the King! (*seeing James*) Son Rowland! son

<sup>1</sup> *Old Gregory Christmas.*] An allusion to Pope Gregory's alteration of the Calendar, not long before the accession of James.

lem ! be ready there in a trice : quick, boys !

*Enter his SONS and DAUGHTERS (ten in number) led in, in a string, by CUPID, who is attired in a flat cap and a prentice's coat, with wings at his shoulders.<sup>1</sup>*

*MISRULE, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller, his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket.*

*CAROL, a long tawney coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle, his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open.*

*MINCE-PIE, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat ; her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons.*

*GAMBOL, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells ; his torch-bearer armed with a colt-staff, and a blinding cloth.*

*POST AND PAIR, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat ; his garment all done over with pairs and purs ; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters.*

*NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT, in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of ginger-bread, his torch-bearer carrying a march-pane with a bottle of wine on either arm.*

*MUMMING, in a masquing pied suit, with a visor, his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it.*

*WASSEL, like a neat sempster and songster ; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribbands, and rosemary before her.*

*OFFERING, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand, a wyth borne before him, and a bason by his torch-bearer.*

*BABY-CAKE, drest like a boy in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, muckender, and a little dagger : his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease.*

*They enter singing.*

Now God preserve, as you well do deserve,

Your majesties all, two there ;

Your highness small, with my good lords all,

And ladies, how do you do there ?

Gi' me leave to ask, for I bring you a masque

From little, little, little, little London ; Which say the King likes, I ha' passed the pikes,

If not, old Christmas is undone.

[*Noise without.*]

*Chris.* Ha, peace ! what's the matter there ?

*Gam.* Here's one o' Friday-street would come in.

*Chris.* By no means, nor out of neither of the Fish-streets, admit not a man ; they are not Christmas creatures : fish and fasting days, foh ! Sons, said I well ? look to't.

*Gam.* Nobody out o' Friday-street, nor the two Fish-streets there, do you hear ?

*Car.* Shall John Butter o' Milk-street come in ? ask him ?

*Gam.* Yes, he may slip in for a torch-bearer, so he melt not too fast, that he will last till the masque be done.

*Chris.* Right, son.

Our dance's freight is a matter of eight,

And two, the which are wenches ;

In all they be ten, four cocks to a hen,

And will swim to the tune like tanches.

Each hath his knight for to carry his light,

Which some would say are torches ;

To bring them here, and to lead them there,

And home again to their own porches.

Now their intent——

*Enter VENUS, a deaf tire-woman.<sup>2</sup>*

*Ven.* Now, all the lords bless me ! where am I, trow ? where is Cupid ? "Serve the King !" they may serve the cobbler well enough, some of 'em, for any courtesy they have, I wisse ; they have need o' mending : unrude people they are, your courtiers ; here was thrust upon thrust indeed ! was it ever so hard to get in before, trow ?

<sup>1</sup> Who is attired in a flat cap, with wings at his shoulders.] This Cupid is worthy of Bunbury himself. But the whole is a whimsical burlesque. An additional proof of the judgment of Granger in selecting it to oppose to *Comus* !

<sup>2</sup> This tire woman is the prototype of the *Deaf Lover*. The author, however, must be acquitted of any depredations on Jonson, of whose work he probably never heard.

*Chris.* How now? what's the matter?

*Ven.* A place, forsooth, I do want a place: I would have a good place, to see my child act in before the King and Queen's majesties, God bless 'em! to-night.

*Chris.* Why, here is no place for you.

*Ven.* Right, forsooth, I am Cupid's mother, Cupid's own mother, forsooth; yes, forsooth. I dwell in Pudding-lane—ay, forsooth, he is prentice in Love-lane, with a bugle-maker, that makes of your bobs and bird-bolts for ladies.

*Chris.* Good lady Venus of Pudding-lane, you must go out for all this.

*Ven.* Yes, forsooth, I can sit anywhere, so I may see Cupid act: he is a pretty child, though I say it, that perhaps should not, you will say. I had him by my first husband; he was a smith, forsooth, we dwelt in Do-little-lane then: he came a month before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect; but I was a fishmonger's daughter.<sup>1</sup>

*Chris.* No matter for your pedigree, your house: good Venus, will you depart?

*Ven.* Ay, forsooth, he'll say his part, I warrant him, as well as e'er a play-boy of 'em all: I could ha' had money enough for him an I would have been tempted, and ha' let him out by the week to the

king's players. Master Burbage has been about and about with me, and so has old Master Hemings too, they ha' need of him: where is he, trow, ha! I would fain see him—pray God they have given him some drink since he came.

*Chris.* Are you ready, boys! Strike up, nothing will drown this noise but a drum: a' peace yet! I ha' not done. Sing—

"Now their intent is above to present"—

*Car.* Why, here be half of the properties forgotten, father.

*Offer.* Post and Pair wants his pur-chops and his pur-dogs.<sup>2</sup>

*Car.* Have you ne'er a son at the groom porter's, to beg or borrow a pair of cards quickly?<sup>3</sup>

*Gam.* It shall not need, here's your son Cheater without, has cards in his pocket.

*Offer.* Ods so! speak to the guards to let him in, under the name of a property.

*Gam.* And here's New-year's-gift has an orange and rosemary, but not a clove to stick in't.

*New-Year.* Why, let one go to the spicery.

*Chris.* Fy, fy, fy! it's naught, it's naught, boys!

*Ven.* Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves

<sup>1</sup> But I was a fishmonger's daughter.] This alludes to the prolific nature of fish. The jest, which, such as it is, is not unfrequent in our old dramatists, needs no farther illustration.

<sup>2</sup> Post and Pair wants his pur-chops and his pur-dogs.] Here I am fairly at fault. None of the prose descriptions of this game which I have perused make any mention of either of these terms; and Mr. Douce, on whose assistance I mainly relied in this difficulty, fails me altogether. He has never encountered the words; and all chance of explaining them must therefore, I fear, be looked upon as desperate.

The Rev. Mr. Todd transmitted the following extract to me from a scarce volume of poetry by John Davies, called *Wattes Pilgrimage*:

"Mortall Life compared to Post and Pare.

"Some being Cock, like Crauens give it ore  
To them that haue the worst Cards in the  
stock:

For if the one be ritche, the other poore,  
The Cock proues Crauen, and the Crauen  
Cock!

Some, having lost the double Pare and Post,  
Make their advantage on the Purrs they haue:  
[On indirect helpees.]

Whereby the Winner's winnings all are lost,  
Although, at best, the other's but a knaue.

PUR Ceit deceaues the expectation  
Of him, perhaps, that tooke the stakes away;  
Then to PUR Tant hee's in subiection:  
For Winners on the Losers oft do play."

This only involves the matter in greater difficulty, by adding other terms as unintelligible to me as those in the text. *Pur Ceit* is probably what the *Compleat Gamester* calls the *Seat* at which you must stake, when two cards have been dealt about; but this does not much advance the explanation;—all that the reader can gain from this long note is a confirmation of what was suggested on a former occasion (vol. i. p. 29), that the "simple games of our ancestors," as the commentators call them, were complicated in a very extraordinary degree.

<sup>3</sup> A pair of cards.] i.e., a pack of cards. This term is common to all the writers of our author's time. Thus Heywood,

"A pair of cards, Nicolas, and a carpet to  
cover the table."

*Woman Killed with Kindness.*

But they seem to have used *pair* in a very loose sense, for an aggregate of any kind, and as synonymous with *set*; thus we read of "a payre of chesmen," "a pair of beads," &c.

[Ascham says that "a payre of cards cost not past two-pence."—F. C.]

you want, I have cloves in my purse, I never go without one in my mouth.

*Car.* And Mumming has not his vizard neither.

*Chris.* No matter! his own face shall serve for a punishment, and 'tis bad enough; has Wassel her bowl, and Mincepie her spoons?

*Offer.* Ay, ay; but Misrule doth not like his suit; he says the players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

*Chris.* Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will be the less: what! shall we proclaim where we were furnished? Mum! mum! a' peace! be ready, good boys.

"Now their intent is above to present,  
With all the appurtenances,  
A right Christmas, as of old it was,  
'To be gathered out of the dances.

Which they do bring, and afore the king,  
The queen, and prince, as it were now  
Drawn here by love; who over and above,  
Doth draw himself in the geer too.

*Here the drum and fife sounds, and they march about once. In the second coming up, CHRISTMAS proceeds in his SONG.*

Hum drum, sauce for a coney;  
No more of your martial music;  
Even for the sake o' the next new stake,  
For there I do mean to use it.

And now to ye, who in place are to see,  
With roll and farthingale hooped:  
I pray you know, though he want his bow,  
By the wings, that this is Cupid.

He might go back, for to cry *What you lack?*

But that were not so witty:  
His cap and coat are enough to note,  
'That he is the Love o' the City.

And he leads on though he now be gone,  
For that was only his-rule:  
But now comes in Tom of Bosoms-inn,<sup>1</sup>  
And he presenteth Mis-rule.

Which you may know by the very show,  
Albeit you never ask it:  
For there you may see what his ensigns be,  
The rope, the cheese, and the basket.

<sup>1</sup> But now comes in, Tom of Bosoms-inn.] "*Blossoms-inn*, but corruptly *Bosoms-inn*, in Laurence-lane, and hath to sign St. Laurence

This Carol plays, and has been in his days  
A chirping boy and a kill-pot:  
Kit cobbler it is, I'm a father of his,  
And he dwells in the lane called Fill-pot.

But who is this? O, my daughter Cis,  
Mincepie; with her do not dally  
On pain o' your life: she's an honest cook's  
wife,  
And comes out of Scalding-alley.

Next in the trace comes Gambol in place;  
And to make my tale the shorter,  
My son Hercules, tane out of Distaff-lane,  
But an active man and a porter.

Now Post and Pair, old Christmas's heir,  
Doth make and a gingling sally;  
And wot you who, 'tis one of my two  
Sons, card-makers in Pur-alley.

Next in a trice, with his box and his dice,  
Mac-pippin<sup>2</sup> my son, but younger,  
Brings Mumming in; and the knave will  
win,  
For he is a costermonger.

But New-year's-gift of himself makes shift  
To tell you what his name is:  
With orange on head and his ginger-bread,  
Clem Waspe of Honey-lane 'tis.

This I you tell is our jolly Wassel,  
And for Twelfth-night more meet too:  
She works by the ell, and her name is Nell,  
And she dwells in Threadneedle-street too.

Then Offering, he, with his dish and his tree,  
That in every great house keepeth,  
Is by my son, young Little-worth, done,  
And in Penny-rich street he sleepeth.

Last, Baby-cake, that an end doth make  
Of Christmas' merrry, merry vein-a,  
Is child Rowlan, and a straight young  
man,  
Though he come out of Crooked-lane-a.

There should have been, and a dozen I  
ween,  
But I could find but one more  
Child of Christmas, and a Log it was,  
When I them all had gone o'er.

the deacon, in a border of blossoms or flowers."  
—*Stow. WHAL.*

<sup>2</sup> Mac-pippin.] The costermongers were then, as now, chiefly from Ireland.

I prayed him, in a time so trim,  
That he would make one to prance it :  
And I myself would have been the twelfth,  
O, but Log was too heavy to dance it.<sup>1</sup>

Now, Cupid, come you on.

*Cup.* You worthy wights, king, lords,  
and knights,  
Or Queen and ladies bright,  
Cupid invites you to the sights  
He shall present to-night."

*Ven.* 'Tis a good child, speak out ; hold up your head, Love.

*Cup.* And which Cupid—and which Cupid—

*Ven.* Do not shake so, Robin ; if thou be'st a-cold, I ha' some warm waters for thee here.

*Chris.* Come, you put Robin Cupid out with your waters and your fusing ; will you be gone ?

*Ven.* Ay, forsooth, he's a child you must conceive, and must be used tenderly ; he was never in such an assembly before, forsooth, but once at the Warmoll Quest, forsooth, where he said grace as prettily as any of the sheriff's lurchboys, forsooth.

*Chris.* Will you please, forsooth ?

*Cup.* And which Cupid—and which Cupid,—

*Ven.* Ay, that's a good boy, speak plain,

Robin : how does his majesty like him, I pray ? will he give eightpence a day, think you ? Speak out, Robin.

*Chris.* Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away and begin your dance : this it is to have speeches.

*Ven.* You wrong the child, you do wrong the infant ; I 'peal to his majesty.

*Here they dance.*

*Chris.* Well done, boys, my fine boys, my bully boys !

## THE EPILOGUE.

*Sings.*

Nor do you think that their legs is all  
The commendation of my sons,  
For at the Artillery garden they shall  
As well forsooth use their guns,

And march as fine as the Muses nine,  
Along the streets of London :  
And in their brave tires, to give their false  
fires,  
Especially Tom my son.

Now if the lanes and the alleys afford  
Such an ac-tivity as this ;  
At Christmas next, if they keep their  
word,  
Can the children of Cheapside miss ?

<sup>1</sup> *O but Log was too heavy to dance it.* Every one knows that this alludes to the huge log of wood which was placed in the kitchen chimney—a chimney, be it remembered, that would contain "twelve starveling chimneys of these degenerate days,"—on Christmas eve with appropriate ceremonies, and which it was a matter of religion, as Jonson calls it, to preserve from being wholly consumed till the conclusion of the festival.

The mention of log recalls to my mind another circumstance which I once hoped to find an opportunity of introducing in a more appropriate place, but which certain monitions, not to be mistaken, no longer encourage me to expect. I shall therefore advert to it here.

"If thou art *dun*, we'll draw thee from the mire," occurs, as the reader knows, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and has proved a very torment to the commentators from the days of Dr. Gray to the present. Grievous have been the efforts to explain it, and pitiable the result, since they all terminate in this unsatisfactory conclusion, that "it is an old proverb." Even Mr. Douce (by far the most excursive of the whole) is at fault here : "There is no doubt (he says) that it is an allusion to some now forgotten game." And again, "How it was practised we have yet to learn."—*Illustrations*, ii. p. 179. For the com-

fort of posterity, who are thus delivered over by the critics to *flat despair*, I can unfold the mystery. If I happen to prove somewhat tedious, I beseech the reader to advert to the importance of the information, and the heart's ease which it will afford to commentators yet unborn. *Dun is in the mire!* then is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room : this is *Dun* (the cart-horse), and a cry is raised that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance.—The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *Dun* is extricated of course ; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes. This will not be thought a very exquisite amusement, and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it ; and have been far more entertained with the ludicrous contortions of pretended struggles than with the real writhing, the dark scowl of avarice and envy exhibited by the same description of persons, in the *gentlester* amusement of cards, the universal substitute for all our ancient sports.

Though put the case, when they come in  
place,

They should not dance, but hop :  
Their very gold lace with their silk would  
'em grace,  
Having so many knights o' the shop.

But were I so wise I might seem to  
advise  
So great a potentate as yourself,

They should, sir, I tell ye, spare't out of  
their belly,  
And this way spend some of their pelf.

Ay, and come to the Court for to make you  
some sport,  
At the least once every year :  
As Christmas has done, with his seventh or  
eighth son,  
And his couple of daughters dear.

*And thus it ended.*

## A Masque

Presented in the house of the Right Honourable the Lord HAY, by divers of noble quality his friends; for the entertainment of Monsieur le BARON DE TOUR, Extraordinary Ambassador for the French King, on Saturday, February 22, 1617.<sup>1</sup>

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*Quid titulum poscis ? versus duo tresve legantur.*—MART.

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A MASQUE, &c.] The Lord Hay had been sent on a grand embassy to France in 1616, ostensibly to congratulate the King of France on his marriage with the Infanta of Spain, but with private instructions to endeavour to discover if there was any likelihood of forming a match between the Prince (Charles) and the daughter of Henry IV. Nothing in the annals of diplomacy had ever equalled the splendour, not to say the preposterous extravagance, of this nobleman's public entry into Paris. "Six trumpeters and two marshals in tawny velvet liveries, completely suited and laced all over with gold richly and closely laid, led the way; the ambassador followed with a great train of pages and footmen in the same rich livery, encircling his horse, and the rest of his retinue, according to their qualities and degrees, in as much bravery as they could devise or procure, followed in couples, to the wonderment of the beholders, who filled the windows, balconies, and streets." This is but a small part of what is said by Arthur Wilson on the subject, who seems almost at a loss for language to convey an adequate idea of the costly pageantry. "After the ambassador had been feasted magnificently (he adds), with all his gallant train, in several places, to show the grandeur of France, he came back and practised it here, making many times, upon several occasions, such *stupendous feasts*, and heaped banquets, as if all the creatures had contributed to his excess."—*Life of James*, p. 94. It was on one of these "occasions" that the present entertainment (which I have called the *Masque of Lethe*) was presented.

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<sup>1</sup> [So says the folio, but the 22nd February, 1617-18, fell on a Sunday.—F. C.]



# The Masque of Lethe.

*The FRONT before the SCENE was an  
ARCH-TRIUMPHAL,*

*On the top of which, HUMANITY, placed in  
figure, sat with her lap full of flowers,  
scattering them with her right hand, and  
holding a golden chain in her left hand,  
to show both the freedom and the bond of  
courtesy, with this inscription :*

SUPER OMNIA VULTUS.

*On the two sides of the arch, CHEERFUL-  
NESS and READINESS, her servants.*

*CHEERFULNESS, in a loose flowing garment,  
filling out wine from an antique piece of  
plate; with this word :*

ADSIT LÆTITIÆ DATOR.

*READINESS, a winged maid, with two  
flaming bright lights in her hands ;  
and her word,*

AMOR ADDIDIT ALAS.

*The SCENE discovered is, on the one side,  
the head of a boat, and in it CHARON  
putting off from the shore, having landed  
certain imagined ghosts, whom MER-  
CURY there receives, and encourageth to  
come on towards the river LETHE, who  
appears lying in the person of an old  
man. The FATES sitting by him on  
his bank ; a grove of myrtles behind  
them, presented in perspective, and grow-  
ing thicker to the outer side of the scene.  
Mercury, perceiving them to faint, calls  
them on, and shows them his golden  
rod.\**

*Mer.* Nay, faint not now, so near the  
fields of rest.

Here no more Furies, no more torments  
dwell

\* The whole masque was sung after the  
Italian manner, *style recitativo*, by Master  
Nicholas Lanier; who ordered and made both  
the scene and the music.

Than each hath felt already in his breast ;  
Who hath been once in love, hath  
proved his hell.

Up then, and follow this my golden rod,  
That points you next to aged Lethe's  
shore,  
Who pours his waters from his urn abroad,  
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no  
more.

*Lethe.* Stay ; who or what fantastic  
shades are these

That Hermes leads ?

*Mer.* They are the gentle forms  
Of lovers, tost upon those frantic seas  
Whence Venus sprung.

*Lethe.* And have rid out her storms ?

*Mer.* No.

*Lethe.* Did they perish ?

*Mer.* Yes.

*Lethe.* How ?

*Mer.* Drowned by Love,

That drew them forth with hopes as  
smooth as were

Th' unfaithful waters he desired them prove.  
*Lethe.* And turned a tempest when he  
had them there ?

*Mer.* He did, and on the billow would  
he roll,

And laugh to see one throw his heart  
away ;

Another sighing, vapour forth his soul ;

A third, to melt himself in tears, and say,

*O love, I now to salted water turn*

*Than that I die in ; then a fourth, to cry*  
Amid the surges, *Oh ! I burn, I burn.*

A fifth laugh out, *It is my ghost, not I.*

And thus in pairs I found them. Only one  
There is, that walks, and stops, and  
shakes his head,  
And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,  
And whispers to himself, *he is not dead.*

*Fates.* No more are all the rest.

*Mer.* No !

*I Fate.* No.

*Mer.* But why  
Proceeds this doubtful voice from destiny?

*Fates.* It is too sure.

*Mer.* Sure!

*2 Fate.* Ay. Thinks Mercury,  
That any things or names on earth do die,  
That are obscured from knowledge of the  
Fates,

Who keep all rolls?

*3 Fate.* And know all nature's dates?

*Mer.* They say themselves, *they are dead.*

*1 Fate.* It not appears

Or by our rock,

*2 Fate.* Our spindle,

*3 Fate.* Or our shears.

*Fates.* Here all their threads are grow-  
ing, yet none cut.

*Mer.* I 'gin to doubt, that Love with  
charms hath put

This phant'sy in them; and they only think  
That they are ghosts.

*1 Fate.* If so, then let them drink  
Of Lethe's stream.

*2 Fate.* 'Twill make them to forget  
Love's name.

*3 Fate.* And so, they may recover yet.

*Mer.* Go, bow unto the reverend lake:  
[To the Shades.]

And having touched there, up and shake  
The shadows off, which yet do make  
Us you, and you yourselves mistake.

*Here they all stoop to the water, and dance  
forth their Antimasque in several ges-  
tures, as they lived in love: and re-  
tiring into the grove, before the last  
person be off the stage, the first Couple  
appear in their posture between the trees,  
ready to come forth changed.*

*Mer.* See! see! they are themselves  
again.

*1 Fate.* Yes, now they are substances and  
men.

*2 Fate.* Love at the name of Lethe flies.  
*Lethe.* For in oblivion drowned he dies.

*3 Fate.* He must not hope, though other  
states

He oft subdue, he can the Fates.

*Fates.* 'Twere insolence to think his  
powers

Can work on us, or equal ours.

*Cho.* Return, return,  
Like lights to burn  
On earth

For others' good:

Your second birth

Will fame old Lethe's flood;

And warn a world,

That now are hurled

About in tempest, how they prove

Shadows for Love.

Leap forth: your light it is the nobler  
made,

By being strook out of a shade.

*Here they dance forth their entry, or first  
dance: after which CUPID—appearing,  
meets them.*

*Cup.* Why, now you take me! these are  
rites

That grace Love's days, and crown his  
nights!

These are the motions I would see,  
And praise in them that follow me!  
Not sighs, nor tears, nor wounded hearts,  
Nor flames, nor ghosts; but airy parts  
Tried and refined as yours have been,  
And such they are I glory in.

*Mer.* Look, look unto this snaky rod,  
And stop your ears against the charming god;  
His every word falls from him is a snare:  
Who have so lately known him, should  
beware.

*Here they dance their Main DANCE.*

*Cup.* Come, do not call it Cupid's crime,  
You were thought dead before your time;  
If thus you move to Hermes' will  
Alone, you will be thought so still.  
Go, take the ladies forth, and talk,  
And touch, and taste too: ghosts can walk.  
'Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutual  
strife  
Is bred that tries the truth of life.  
They do, indeed, like dead men move,  
That think they live, and not in love!

*Here they take forth the Ladies, and the  
REVELS follow. After which,*

*Mer.* Nay, you should never have left off;  
But stayed, and heard your Cupid scoff,  
To find you in the line you were.

<sup>1</sup> *The Revels follow.* The Revels were dances of a more free and general nature—that is, not immediately connected with the story of the piece under representation. In these many of the nobility of both sexes took part, who had previously been spectators. The Revels, it ap-

pears from other passages, were usually composed of galliards, and corantos. Their introduction was no less desirable than judicious, as it gave fulness and majesty to the show, and enabled the Court to gratify numbers who were not qualified to appear in it as performers.

*Cup.* Your too much wit breeds too much fear.

*Mer.* Good Fly, good night.

*Cup.* But will you go?

Can you leave Love, and he entreat you so?

Here, take my quiver and my bow,  
My torches too; that you by all may know

I mean no danger to your stay:

This night I will create my holiday,

And be yours naked and entire.

*Mer.* As if that Love disarmed were less  
a fire!

Away, away.

*They dance their going out: which done,*

*Mer.* Yet lest that Venus' wanton son  
Should with the world be quite undone,  
For your fair sakes (you brighter stars,  
Who have beheld these civil wars)

Fate is content these lovers here  
Remain still such; so Love will swear  
Never to force them act to do,  
But what he will call Hermes to.

*Cup.* I swear; and with like cause thank  
Mercury,

As these have to thank him and Destiny.

*Cho.* All then take cause of joy; for who  
hath not?

Old Lethe, that their follies are forgot:

We, that their lives unto their fates they  
fit;

They, that they still shall love, and love  
with wit.

*And thus it ended.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This little drama is written with all the ease  
and elegance of Pope, who is not without some  
petty obligations to it, in his *Rape of the Lock*.

# The Vision of Delight:

PRESENTED AT COURT IN CHRISTMAS, 1617.

THE VISION OF DELIGHT.] From the fol. 164r. This is one of the most beautiful of Jonson's little pieces, light, airy, harmonious, and poetical in no common degree. It stands without a parallel among performances of this kind; and might have convinced even Dr. Aikin, if he had ever condescended to look into Jonson, that "this once celebrated author" had something besides the song in the *Silent Woman* (see vol. i. p. 406 b), to relieve "the prevalent coarseness of his tedious effusions."

## THE SCENE,

*A street in perspective of fair building discovered.*

## DELIGHT

*Is seen to come as afar off, accompanied with GRACE, LOVE, HARMONY, REVEL, SPORT, LAUGHTER: and followed by WONDER.*

*Stylo recitativo.*

*Del.* Let us play and dance and sing,

Let us now turn every sort  
Of the pleasures of the spring  
To the graces of a court.

From air, from cloud, from dreams, from  
toys,

To sounds, to sense, to love, to joys;

Let your shows be new as strange,

Let them oft and sweetly vary;

Let them haste so to their change

As the seers may not tarry.

Too long t' expect the pleasing'st sight,  
Doth take away from the delight.

*Here the first ANTIMASQUE entered.*

*A She-monster delivered of six BURRATINES,<sup>1</sup> that dance with six PANTALONES: which done,*

*Del.* Yet hear what your Delight doth  
pray:

All sour and sullen looks away,  
That are the servants of the day;  
Our sports are of the humorous Night,  
Who feeds the stars that give her light,  
And useth than her wont more bright,  
To help the VISION OF DELIGHT.

*NIGHT rises slowly, and takes her chariot  
bespangled with stars.*

See, see, her scepter and her crown  
Are all of flame, and from her gown  
A train of light comes waving down.  
This night in dew she will not steep  
The brain, nor lock the sense in sleep;  
But all awake with phantoms keep,  
And those to make Delight more deep.

*By this time the Night and Moon being  
both risen; NIGHT hovering over the  
place sung,*

<sup>1</sup> Of six Burratines.] I can give the reader no idea of the shape of the Burratines. The word itself occurs in that singular production, *The Microcosmus*, by Purchas; who speaks of it as "a strange stuff recently devised and brought into wear," much to his annoyance.

p. 268. It was probably a glossy kind of perpetuana: whatever it was, the six young monsters were clothed in it, and formed, it may be presumed, some ridiculous contrast to the formal and fantastic habits of the six old men.

*Night.* Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,<sup>1</sup>

And spread thy purple wings;  
Now all thy figures are allowed,  
And various shapes of things;  
Create of airy forms a stream,  
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;  
And though it be a waking dream,

*Cho.* Yet let it like an odour rise  
To all the Senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,  
Or music in their ear.

*The Scene here changed to cloud, from which PHANT'SIE breaking forth, spake.*

*Phan.* Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call,  
But it is no one dream that can please these all;  
Wherefore I would know what dreams would delight 'em:  
For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright 'em.  
And Phant'sie, I tell you, has dreams that have wings,  
And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings:  
Dreams of the maker, and dreams of the teller,  
Dreams of the kitchen, and dreams of the cellar:

<sup>1</sup> Break Phant'sie, &c.] In Whalley's corrected copy I find a long quotation from Hurd's *Essay on the Marks of Imitation* (p. 52), on the subject of Milton's "improvement" of those lines in his *Penseroso*! I do not give it, because I differ *toto calo* from my predecessor with regard to its merits. He calls it a "fine and judicious criticism," whereas it appears to me a mere string of positions, which, under the affectation of great acuteness, evince nothing but methodical imbecility.

I have yet a word to say of Hurd. The reader must have gathered from what has been already written, that his constant object is to ridicule and degrade Jonson; to drag him forward, and on every occasion bind him to the triumphant wheels of all whose cause it pleases him to espouse. In the same *Essay* (p. 24), he says: "If Shakspeare had never looked into books, or conversed with bookish men, he might have learned almost all the secrets of paganism from the MASKS of J. Johnson."—He must have "looked into books," I presume, even for this; for he was probably not often invited to Court, to partake of them. "But," continues Hurd, after abusing Jonson for his exactness in the use of ancient learning, "the taste of the age, much devoted to erudition, and still more the taste of the princes for whom he writ, gave a prodigious vogue to these unnatural exhibitions. And the knowledge of antiquity, requisite to succeed in them was, I imagine, the reason that Shakspeare was not over fond to try his hand [tasty language this!] at these elaborate trifles. Once indeed he *did* [try his hand], and with such success as to DISGRACE THE VERY BEST THINGS OF THIS KIND WE FIND IN JONSON! The short Mask in *The Tempest* is fitted up with a classical exactness: [he had just before ridiculed Jonson for this exactness]; but its chief merit lies in the beauty of the SHEW and the richness of the poetry. Shakspeare was so sensible of his superiority that he could not help exulting a little upon it, where he makes Ferdinand say:

'This is a most majestic Vision, and Harmonious charming lays.'

The intrepid absurdity of this insane criticism

(for I am loth to give it its proper name) may be safely pronounced unparalleled. *The Tempest* itself is indeed a surprising, nay, an almost miraculous effort of the highest powers of genius; but the little interlude of which Hurd speaks is so far from *disgracing the very best of Jonson's Masques*, that it is nearly as bad as the very worst of them. I am not afraid to affirm that there was scarcely a writer on the stage at that time who could not, and who did not, interweave "things" equally good in his dramas. It is, in short, one of those trifling entertainments which were usually looked for by the audience, and cannot boast a single excellence to distinguish it from those of Fletcher, Shirley, Brome, and twenty others. His enters and calls for Ceres; after a short dialogue they are joined by Juno, who sings the following song:

"Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you."

On the conclusion of this *rich poetry*, Ferdinand exclaims, *This is a most majestic vision!* &c. There were but three personages upon the stage, and no scenery of any kind is even hinted at; yet Hurd is not ashamed to affirm that this trite mythology, which *disgraced the very best of Jonson's pieces*, by the ingenuity of its construction, left them still more behind it, in the *beauty of its shew!* and called forth an involuntary exultation from Shakspeare on his superiority! When we consider that the Masques of Jonson were exhibited with all the magnificence of scenery which the taste and splendour of a Court could bestow, that the performers in them were the most accomplished of the nobility of both sexes, headed by the queen and royal family; that the most skilful musicians were constantly called in to compose the songs, and the most exquisite voices that could be found engaged to execute them; and when we know, on the other hand, that the theatres had no scenery, and that the songs and dances were left to the ordinary performers, what language of reprobation is sufficiently strong to mark the portentous ignorance which could deliberately

Some that are tall, and some that are dwarfs,  
Some that are haltered, and some that wear  
scarfs ;<sup>1</sup>

Some that are proper, and signify o' thing,  
And some another, and some that are no-  
thing.—

For say the French verdingale, and the  
French hood

Were here to dispute ; must it be understood ?

A feather for a wisp were a fit moderator ?

Your ostrich, believe it, 's no faithful trans-  
lator

Of perfect Utopian ; and then 'twere an  
odd piece

To see the conclusion peep forth at a cod-  
piece.

The politic pudding hath still his two ends,  
Though the bellows and bagpipe were ne'er  
so good friends :

And who can report what offence it would be  
For a squirrel to see a dog climb a tree ?

If a dream should come in now to make  
you afear'd,

With a windmill on his head, and bells at  
his beard ;

Would you straight wear your spectacles  
here at your toes,

And your boots on your brows, and your  
spurs on your nose ?

Your whale he will swallow a hog'shead for  
a pill ;

But the maker o' the mousetrap is he that  
hath skill.

confirm that the homely and unadorned interlude  
in *The Tempest* exceeded in the splendour of  
its exhibition that of all the Masques of Jonson !

With respect to Shakspeare—he is no party in  
the dispute. The exclamation of Ferdinand is  
natural and proper to the character, and has  
nothing to do with the real circumstances of the  
stage. For the rest, I make no apology. I love  
and reverence Shakspeare as truly as the warm-  
est of his admirers, and in addition flatter  
myself that my understanding goes with my  
worship ; but I will not silently suffer his name  
to be made a stalking-horse, under cover of  
which malice and folly may wantonly shoot from  
age to age their poisoned bolts at the name and  
reputation of Jonson. I know the fate which I  
am preparing for myself ; but if I had not been  
utterly regardless of personal abuse in the cause  
of sound literature and truth, I should never  
have ventured on so unpopular a task as that of  
attempting to do simple justice to the talents  
and integrity of one of the most injured and  
calumniated of men.

To return to the quotation with which this  
long note began :—Jonson has a similar thought  
in *Love's Triumph*, where Euphemus says,  
very beautifully :

'Love in perfection longeth to appear,  
But prays, of favour, he be not called on

And the nature of the onion is to draw tears,  
As well as the mustard : peace, pitchers  
have ears,

And shittcock's wings, these things do not  
mind 'em,

If the bell have any sides the clapper will  
find 'em :

There's twice so much music in beating the  
tabor

As in the stock-fish, and somewhat less  
labour.

Yet all this while no proportion is boasted  
'Twixt an egg and an ox, though both  
have been roasted ;

For grant the most barbers can play on the  
cittern,

Is it requisite a lawyer should plead to a  
ghittren ?

You will say now the morris-bells were but  
bribes

To make the heel forget that e'er it had  
kibes ;

I say, let the wine make ne'er so good jelly,  
The conscience of the bottle is much in the  
belly :

For why ? do but take common counsel i'  
your way,

And tell me who'll then set a bottle of hay  
Before the old usurer, and to his horse

A slice of salt butter, perverting the course  
Of civil society ? open that gap,

And out skip your fleas, four-and-twenty  
at a clap,

Till all the suburbs and the skirts be clear  
Of perturbations, and the infection gone.

Then will he flow forth like a rich perfume  
Into your nostrils ! of some sweeter sound  
Of melting music, that shall not consume  
Within the ear, but run the mazes round."

<sup>1</sup> [In the folio this line stands

"Some that *were* haltered, and some that wear  
scarfs."

Perhaps the true reading would be—

"Some that *wear* halters, and some that wear  
scarfs."—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> For say the French verdingale, and the  
French hood

*Were here to dispute, &c.*] The medley that  
follows is purposely designed, I suppose, to in-  
timate the inconsistency of dreams ; and has at  
least, if no other merit, the praise of being  
spoken in character.—WHAL.

Our old poets seem to have found some  
amusement in stringing together these sheer ab-  
surdities, as they frequently indulged in them.  
Jonson's, as Whalley observes, is not ill placed ;  
and if there be any degree of comparison in  
nonsense, his is also the best that we have. It  
might have been shorter : but if it amused the  
audience, we need not quarrel with it.

With a chain and a trundle-bed following  
at th' heels,  
And will they not cry then the world runs  
a-wheels?

As for example, a belly and no face,  
With the bill of a shoveler<sup>1</sup> may here come  
in place ;

The haunches of a drum with the feet of a  
pot,  
And the tail of a Kentish man to it : why  
not ?

Yet would I take the stars to be cruel,  
If the crab and the ropemaker ever fight  
duel,

On any dependence, be it right, be it  
wrong :

But mum : a thread may be drawn out too  
long.

*Here the second Antimasque of Phantasms  
came forth and danced.*

*Phan.* Why, this you will say was phan-  
tastical now,

As the Cock and the Bull, the Whale and  
the Cow,

But vanish ! away ! [*They retire.*] I have  
change to present you,

And such as I hope will more truly con-  
tent you.—

Behold the gold-haired Hour descending  
here,

That keeps the gate of heaven and turns  
the year,

Already with her sight how she doth cheer,  
And makes another face of things appear.

*Here one of the HOURS descending, the  
whole scene changed to the bower of ZE-  
PHYRUS, whilst PEACE sung as fol-  
loweth :*

<sup>1</sup> *With the bill of a shoveler.*] A particular kind of sea-bird, with a broad bill. In the entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle, we are told there were two square wire cages, and in them live bitterns, curleus, *shovelers*, &c.—*WHAL.*

<sup>2</sup> *As if Favonius, &c.*] At length we have a word with which Jonson is admitted to have furnished Milton : but Milton is indebted for somewhat more than a word to this beautiful speech. It is to be lamented that Hurd, while looking for specimens of Jonson's manner of translating, or, as he is pleased to term it, "of murdering" the ancients, for the "entertainment" of his friend, should have missed this passage, in which Claudian is so comically travestied :

*Compellat Zephyrum, Pater O gratissime  
Veris*

*Peace.* Why look you so, and all turn  
dumb,

To see the opener of the New Year come?  
My presence rather should invite,  
And aid and urge, and call to your delight ;  
The many pleasures that I bring  
Are all of youth, of heat, of life, and spring,  
And were prepared to warm your blood,  
Not fix it thus, as if you statues stood.

*Cho.* We see, we hear, we feel, we taste,  
We smell the change in every flow'r,

We only wish that all could last,  
And be as new still as the hour.

*Wonder.* Wonder must speak or break ;  
what is this ? grows

The wealth of nature here, or art ? it shows  
As if Favonius,<sup>2</sup> father of the spring,  
Who in the verdant meads doth reign sole  
king,

Had roused him here, and shook his  
feathers, wet

With purple swelling nectar ; and had let  
The sweet and fruitful dew fall on the  
ground

To force out all the flowers that might be  
found :

Or a Minerva with her needle had  
The enamoured earth with all her riches  
clad,

And made the downy Zephyr as he  
flew

Still to be followed with the Spring's bes-  
hues.

The gaudy peacock boasts not in his train  
So many lights and shadows, nor the  
rain-

Resolving Iris, when the Sun doth court  
her,

Nor purple pheasant while his aunt<sup>3</sup> doth  
sport her

*Qui mea lascivo regnas per prata volatu,*  
&c. &c.—*Rap.* Proserp. lib. ii. v. 73 et seq.

Jonson was the first who made this excellent poet familiar to us. At a time when he was little known or studied in this country, our author was already intimately acquainted with his merits, and had many allusions to his most striking beauties dispersed through his works. I should have remarked, that in the charming address of Maia to the king and queen (vol. ii. p. 580 *b*), there is a reference to this favourite poet :

"The spice that from Panchaia comes,  
The odour that Hydaspes lends."

*"Quidquid turiferis spirat Panchaia silvis,  
Quicquid odoratus long eblanditur Hydaspes."*

<sup>3</sup> *While his aunt doth sport her.*] i.e., his wanton mistress. Thus Brome ;  
*Cicely.* Is she your kinswoman—your aunt,  
or cousin ?

To hear him crow, and with a perched  
pride

Wave his discoloured neck and purple side.

I have not seen the place could more  
surprise,

It looks, methinks, like one of Nature's eyes,  
Or her whole body set in art : behold !

How the blue bindweed doth itself in-fold !

With honeysuckle, and both these intwine

Themselves with bryony and jessamine,

To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.

*Phan.* How better than they are, are all  
things made

By Wonder ? But awhile refresh thine eye.

I'll put thee to thy oftener What and  
Why ?

*Here, to a loud music, the Bower opens,  
and the MASQUERS are discovered as the  
Glories of the Spring.*

*Won.* Thou wilt indeed ; what better  
change appears ?

Whence is it that the air so sudden clears,

And all things in a moment turn so mild ?

Whose breath or beams have got proud  
earth with child

Of all the treasure that great Nature's  
worth,

And makes her every minute to bring forth ?

How comes it winter is so quite forced  
hence,

And locked up under ground ? that every  
sense

Hath several objects ? trees have got their  
heads,

The fields their coats ? that now the shining  
meads

Do boast the paunce, the hly, and the rose ;

And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr  
blows ?

*Sam. [aside.]* Means she in the mystical sense,  
of all ? *Toten. Court.*

But our old dramatists used this word in a  
very loose way. As *The Gentleman's Recreation*  
says of *brack*, it "seems to be a mannerly  
word" for an appellation peculiarly offensive to  
female ears. See vol. ii. p. 425 *6*.

["The lark that tirra-tirra chaunts,

With hey ! with hoi ! the thrush and the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay."

*Winter's Tale*, iv. 2.—F. C.]

<sup>1</sup> *How the blue bindweed doth itself in-fold  
With honeysuckle, &c.]* This passage settles  
the meaning of the speech of Titania, in *Mid-  
summer Night's Dream*, on which so much has

That seas are now more even than the land ?

The rivers run as smoothéd by his hand ;

Only their heads are crispéd by his stroke —

How plays the yearling with his brow  
scarce broke

Now in the open grass ! and frisking  
lambs

Make wanton salts about their dry-sucked  
dams !—

Who to repair their bags do rob the fields.

How is't each bough a several music  
yields ?

The lusty throstle, early nightingale,

Accord in tune, though vary in their tale ;

The chirping swallow called forth by the sun,

And crested lark doth his division run ?

The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,

The finches carol, and the turtles bill ?

Whose power is this ? what god ?

*Phan.* Behold a king

Whose presence maketh this perpetual  
spring ;

The glories of which spring grow in that  
bower,

And are the marks and beauties of his  
power.

*Cho.* 'Tis he, 'tis he, and no power else,

That makes all this what *Phan*'sie tells ;

The founts, the flowers, the birds, the  
bees,

The herds, the flocks, the grass, the trees,

Do all confess him ; but most these

Who call him lord of the four seas,

King of the less and greater isles,

And all those happy when he smiles.

Advance, his favour calls you to advance,

And do your this night's homage in a dance.

*Here they danced their ENTRY, after  
which they sung again.*

been written, and which after all is so little un-  
derstood :

"So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle  
Gently entwist."

The woodbine of *Shakspeare* is the blue bind-  
weed of *Jonson* ; in many of our counties the  
woodbine is still the name for the great convol-  
vulus. If the reader will turn to this quotation  
in the *Variarum Shakspeare*, he will find three  
pages of nonsense, quotation heaped upon quo-  
tation to no purpose ; and this place in *Jonson*,  
which gives an easy and intelligent explanation  
of it, not once noticed ? It should be added  
that *Steevens* and *Malone*, to make out even  
their no-meaning, have been compelled to cor-  
rupt the text. This, however, was infinitely  
preferable to having recourse to "old Ben,"  
without any prospect of calumniating him.



*Cho.* Again ! again ! you cannot be  
Of such a true delight too free,  
Which who once saw would ever see :  
And if they could the object prize,  
Would, while it lasts, not think to rise,  
But wish their bodies all were eyes.

*Here they danced their Main DANCE ;  
after which they sung.*

*Cho.* In curious knots and mazes so,  
The Spring at first was taught to go ;  
And Zephyr, when he came to woo  
His Flora, had their motions too :  
And thence did Venus learn to lead  
The Idalian brawls, and so to tread  
As if the wind, not she, did walk ;  
Nor prest a flower, nor bowed a stalk.

*Here they danced with the LADIES, and  
the whole REVELS followed ; after which*

<sup>1</sup> *I was not wearier where I lay*  
By frozen *Tithon's* side to-night, &c.] The  
ingenious Mr. Chalmers, the Lepidus of the  
grand triumvirate of Jonson's enemies, would  
probably start, had he ever looked into his  
works, at discovering that there was something  
in them besides "malice to Shakspeare ;" some-  
thing, in short, from which the critic himself,  
vast as his knowledge confessedly is, might oc-  
casionally derive information. In illustrating  
the word *Titan*, which he explains with laud-  
able accuracy to be a "poetical name for the

*AURORA appeared (the Night and Moon  
being descended), and this Epilogue fol-  
lowed.*

*Aur.* I was not wearier where I lay  
By frozen *Tithon's* side to-night ;<sup>1</sup>  
Than I am willing now to stay,  
And be a part of your delight.  
But I am urged by the Day,  
Against my will, to bid you come away.

*Cho.* They yield to time, and so must  
all.  
As night to sport, day doth to action call ;  
Which they the rather do obey,  
Because the Morn with roses strews the  
way.

*Here they danced their going off.*

*And thus it ended.*

sun," Mr. Chalmers brings forward this confir-  
mation of it from the *Phoenix' Nest* :

"Aurora now began to rise again  
From watrie couch, and from old *Tithon's*  
side."—*Lindsay*, vol. iii. p. 488.

Now though "*Titan*" may be *old*, it is not  
very likely, I think, that he should be *frozen* ; and  
as Jonson is generally allowed to be pretty  
correct in his epithets, it will be worth Mr.  
Chalmers's while to consider, previously to the  
republishing of his glossary, whether *Titan* and  
*Tithon* may not be distinct personages.



# Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue :

A MASQUE, AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT BEFORE  
KING JAMES, 1619.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE.] From the second fol. If the scenery answered the poet's description, the opening of this Masque must have had a very striking effect. The entrance of Comus is picturesque and full of voluptuous gaiety. The commentators on Milton, after spending twenty or thirty pages in conjectures on the origin of Milton's Comus, without the slightest reference to Jonson, condescend, in the course of their subsequent annotations, to observe that "Jonson's Masque of Pleasure might perhaps afford some hint to Milton!" Perhaps it might, and so I suspect might some others; but enough on this head.

[Mr. Collier says, "*Pleasure reconciled to Virtue* was the Mask on Twelfth-day, 1618-19: it was performed again on Shrove Tuesday with the addition of the Anti-Mask called *For the Honour of Wales*."—*Annals of the Stage*, i. 413.—F. C.]

## *The Scene was the Mountain*

### ATLAS,

*Who had his top ending in the figure of an old man, his head and beard all hoary and frost, as if his shoulders were covered with snow; the rest wood and rock. A grove of ivy at his feet; out of which, to a wild music of cymbals, flutes, and tabors, is brought forth COMUS, the god of Cheer, or the Belly, riding in triumph, his head crowned with roses and other flowers, his hair curled: they that wait upon him crowned with ivy, their javelins done about with it; one of them going with HERCULES' bowl bare before him, while the rest present him with this*

### HYMN.

*Full Cho.* Room! room! make room  
for the Bouncing Belly,  
First father of sauce and deviser of jelly;  
Prime master of arts and the giver of wit,  
That found out the excellent engine the  
spit;  
The plough and the flail, the mill and the  
hopper,  
The hutch and the boulder, the furnace and  
copper,

The oven, the baven, the mawkin, the peel,  
The hearth and the range, the dog and  
the wheel;

He, he first invented the hogshead and  
tun,

The gimlet and vice too, and taught them  
to run,

And since with the funnel and Hippocras  
bag,

He has made of himself, that now he cries  
swag!

Which shows, though the pleasure be but  
of four inches,

Yet he is a weasel, the gullet that pinches  
Of any delight, and not spares from his  
back

Whatever to make of the belly a sack!

Hail, hail, plump paunch! O the founder  
of taste,

For fresh meats, or powdered, or pickle, or  
paste,

Devourer of broiled, baked, roasted, or  
sod;

And emptier of cups, be they even or odd:  
All which have now made thee so wide in  
the waist,

As scarce with no pudding thou art to be  
laced;

But eating and drinking until thou dost nod,  
Thou break'st all thy girdles and break'st  
forth a god.

*Bowl bearer.* Do you hear, my friends? to whom did you sing all this now? Pardon me only that I ask you, for I do not look for an answer; I'll answer myself: I know it is now such a time as the Saturnals for all the world, that every man stands under the eaves of his own hat, and sings what pleases him; that's the right and the liberty of it. Now you sing of god Comus here, the belly-god; I say it is well, and I say it is not well; it is well as it is a ballad, and the belly worthy of it, I must needs say an 'twere forty yards of ballad more, as much ballad as tripe. But when the belly is not edified by it, it is not well; for where did you ever read or hear that the belly had any ears? Come, never pump for an answer, for you are defeated: our fellow Hunger there, that was as ancient a retainer to the Belly as any of us, was turned away for being unseasonable; not unreasonable, but unseasonable; and now is he, poor thin-gut, fain to get his living with teaching of starlings, magpies, parrots, and jack-daws, those things he would have taught the Belly. Beware of dealing with the Belly, the Belly will not be talked to, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon Venter, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed, la! Some in derision call him the father of farts; but I say he was the first inventor of great ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on festival days, would we had a fit feast for him, i' faith, to shew his activity; I would have something now fetched in to please his five senses, the throat; or the two senses, the eyes: pardon me for my two senses; for I that carry Hercules's bowl in the service may see double by my place; for I have drunk like a frog to-day: I would have a Tun now brought in to dance, and so many bottles about him. Ha! you

look as if you would make a problem of this; do you see, do you see? a problem. Why bottles, and why a tun? and why a tun, and why bottles, to dance? I say that men that drink hard and serve the Belly in any place of quality (as the Jovial Tinkers, or the Lusty Kindred), are living measures of drink, and can transform themselves, and do every day, to bottles or tuns, when they please: and when they have done all they can they are as I say again (for I think I said somewhat like it afore) but moving measures of drink, and there is a piece in the cellar can hold more than all they. This will I make good if it please our new god but to give a nod, for the Belly does all by signs; and I am all for the belly, the truest clock in the world to go by.

*Here the FIRST ANTIMASQUE, danced by Men in the shape of bottles, tuns, &c.*

*Enter HERCULES.*

*Her.* What rites are these? breeds earth more monsters yet?

Antæus scarce is cold: what can beget This store? and, stay!—such contraries upon her!

Is earth so fruitful of her own dishonour? Or 'cause his vice was inhumanity, Hopes she by vicious hospitality To work an expiation first? and then, (I help virtue), these are sponges and not men; Bottles; mere vessels; half a tun of paunch!

How? and the other half thrust forth in haunch!

Whose feast? the Belly's? Comus! and my cup

Brought in to fill the drunken orgies up, And here abused; that was the crowned reward

Of thirsty heroes, after labour hard!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> And now is he fain to get his living with teaching of starlings, magpies, &c.] An allusion to Persius, in the prologue to his satires:

*Quis expedit psittaco suum xape?  
Picasque docuit nostra verba conari?  
Magister artis, ingenique largitor  
Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.*

WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> That was the crowned reward  
Of thirsty heroes, after labour hard.] We have had an allusion to this bowl of Hercules, the *scyphus Herculeus* of the ancients, in the account of the scenery. Hercules is said to have sailed over the sea in a large cup or goblet, and thence a bowl of a particular make and fashion became appropriated to him. Let us

hear what Macrobius offers on this subject: *Herculeum vero victores veteres non sine causa cum poculo fecerunt, et nonnunquam casabundum et ebrium: non solum quod is heros bibax fuisse perhibetur, sed etiam quod antiqua historia est Herculeum poculo tanquam navigio ventis immensa maria transisse.*" He adds, afterwards, it was much more probable that he passed the ocean, not in a bowl, or *scyphus*, but in a vessel which bore that name. *Ego tamen arbitror non poculo Herculeum maria transvectum, sed navigio cui Scypho nomen fuit.*"—Saturnal. l. v. c. 21.

It became the custom for succeeding heroes to drink in honour of Hercules out of a cup of the same form which he himself was supposed to have used. Thus Curtius, relating the man-

Burdens and shames of nature, perish, die!  
For yet you never lived, but in the sty  
Of vice have wallowed, and in that swine's  
strife,  
Been buried under the offence of life:  
Go reel and fall under the load you make,  
Till your swollen bowels burst with what  
you take.

Can this be pleasure to extinguish man,  
Or so quite change him in his figure? can  
The Belly love his pain, and be content  
With no delight but what's a punishment?  
These monsters plague themselves, and  
fitly too,

For they do suffer what and all they do.  
But here must be no shelter nor no shrowd  
For such: Sink, grove, or vanish into  
cloud!

*At this the GROVE and ANTIMASQUE van-  
ished, and the whole Music was dis-  
covered sitting at the foot of the mountain,  
with PLEASURE and VIRTUE seated above  
them.*

*Cho.* Great friend and servant of the good,  
Let cool a while thy heated blood,  
And from thy mighty labour cease.  
Lie down, lie down,  
And give thy troubled spirits peace:  
Whilst Virtue, for whose sake  
Thou dost this godlike travail take  
May of the choicest herbage make,  
Here on this mountain bred,  
A crown, a crown  
For thy immortal head.

*Here HERCULES lay down at their feet,  
and the SECOND ANTIMASQUE, which  
was of PIGMIES, appeared.*

1 *Pig.* Antæus dead, and Hercules yet  
live!  
Where is this Hercules? what would I  
give  
To meet him now? meet him! nay, three  
such other,  
If they had hand in murder of our brother?

With three! with four! with ten! nay, with  
as many  
As the name yields! pray anger, there be  
any  
Whereon to feed my just revenge, and  
soon!  
How shall I kill him? hurl him 'gainst the  
moon,  
And break him in small portions? give to  
Greece  
His brain, and every tract of earth a piece?  
2 *Pig.* He's yonder.  
1 *Pig.* Where?  
3 *Pig.* At the hill-foot asleep.  
1 *Pig.* Let one go steal his club.  
2 *Pig.* My charge; I'll creep.  
4 *Pig.* He's ours!  
1 *Pig.* Yes, peace.  
3 *Pig.* Triumph! we have him, boy.  
4 *Pig.* Sure, sure, he's sure.  
1 *Pig.* Come, let us dance for joy.

[*Music.*]

*At the end of their DANCE they thought to  
surprise him, when suddenly, being  
awaked by the music, he roused himself,  
and they all ran into holes.*

### SONG.

Wake, Hercules, awake; but heave up thy  
black eye,  
'Tis only asked from thee to look, and these  
will die,

Or fly:—

Already they are fled,  
Whom scorn had else left dead.

*At which MERCURY descended from the  
Hill, with a garland of poplar to crown  
him.*

*Mer.* Rest still, thou active friend of  
Virtue; these  
Should not disturb the peace of Hercules:  
Earth's worms, and honour's dwarfs, at too  
great odds,  
Prove or provoke the issue of the gods.

ner in which Alexander was seized at his  
physician's banquet, represents him with this  
bowl of Hercules in his hand: "*Ibi, nondum  
Herculis scypho epoto, repente velut telo con-  
fixus ingemuit.*"—Q. Curt. l. x. c. 4. WHAL.

1 *Nay, with as many  
As the name yields.* There were several  
heroes who had the name of Hercules; and the  
Pigmy here means, he would encounter all who  
bore that name.—WHAL.

Philostratus tells us (*Icon. ii. c. 22*), that Her-  
cules, after his victory over Antæus, fell asleep  
in the deserts of Africa, and was attacked by  
the pigmies, who discharged their arrows at  
him. This is Jonson's authority. It is not  
likely that Swift had much acquaintance with  
Philostratus; and it is therefore highly probable  
that he derived the hint of the first assault of  
the Lilliputians on the slumbering Gulliver from  
the passage before us.

See here a crown the aged Hill hath sent thee,  
 My grandsire Atlas, he that did present thee  
 With the best sheep that in his fold were found,  
 Or golden fruit in the Hesperian ground,  
 For rescuing his fair daughters, then the prey  
 Of a rude pirate, as thou cam'st this way;  
 And taught thee all the learning of the sphere,  
 And how, like him, thou might'st the heavens upbear,  
 As that thy labour's virtuous recompense.  
 He, though a mountain now, hath yet the sense  
 Of thanking thee for more, thou being still  
 Constant to goodness, guardian of the hill;  
 Antæus by thee suffocated here,  
 And the voluptuous Comus, god of cheer,  
 Beat from his grove, and that defaced; but now  
 The time's arrived that Atlas told thee of,  
 how  
 B' unaltered law, and working of the stars,  
 There should be a cessation of all jars,  
 'Twixt Virtue and her noted opposite,  
 Pleasure; that both should meet here in the sight  
 Of Hesperus, the glory of the west,  
 The brightest star that from his burning crest  
 Lights all on this side the Atlantic seas,  
 As far as to thy pillars, Hercules!  
 See where he shines, Justice and Wisdom placed  
 About his throne, and those with honour graced,  
 Beauty and Love! it is not with his brother  
 Bearing the world, but ruling such another  
 Is his renown; PLEASURE for his delight  
 Is RECONCILED TO VIRTUE, and this night  
 Virtue brings forth twelve princes have been bred  
 In this rough mountain, and near Atlas' head,  
 The hill of knowledge; one, and chief of whom,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of the bright race of Hesperus is come,  
 Who shall in time the same that he is be,  
 And now is only a less light than he:  
 These now she trusts with Pleasure, and to these  
 She gives an entrance to the Hesperides,

Fair beauty's garden; neither can she fear  
 They should grow soft, or wax effeminate here;  
 Since in her sight, and by her charge all's done,  
 Pleasure the servant, Virtue looking on.

*Here the whole Quire of music called the twelve MASQUERS forth from the top of the mountain, which then opened, with this*

## SONG.

Ope, aged Atlas, open then thy lap,  
 And from thy beamy bosom strike a light,  
 That men may read in the mysterious map  
 All lines,  
 And signs  
 Of royal education, and the right.

See how they come and show,  
 That are but born to know.

Descend,  
 Descend!

Though pleasure lead,  
 Fear not to follow:  
 They who are bred  
 Within the hill  
 Of skill,

May safely tread  
 What path they will,  
 No ground of good is hollow.

*In their descent from the Hill, DÆDALUS came down before them.*

*Her.* But, Hermes, stay, a little let me pause;

Who's this that leads?

*Mer.* A guide that gives them laws  
 To all their motions, Dædalus the wise.

*Her.* And doth in sacred harmony comprise

His precepts?

*Mer.* Yes.

*Her.* They may securely prove,  
 Then, any labyrinth, though it be of love.

*Here, while they put themselves in form, DÆDALUS had his first*

<sup>1</sup> Chief of whom.] The names of the twelve Masquers are not given: it appears, however, that they were led on by Charles, now Prince of

Wales. If we may trust Jenkin, in the next piece, this was the first time that he bore a part and danced in these entertainments.

## SONG.

*Dæd.* Come on, come on! and where you go,

So interweave the curious knot,  
As ev'n the observer scarce may know  
Which lines are Pleasure's, and which not.

First figure out the doubtful way,<sup>1</sup>  
At which awhile all youth should stay,  
Where she and Virtue did contend,  
Which should have Hercules to friend.

Then as all actions of mankind  
Are but a labyrinth or maze:  
So let your dances be entwined,  
Yet not perplex men unto gaze:

But measured, and so numerous too,  
As men may read each act they do;  
And when they see the graces meet  
Admire the wisdom of your feet.

For dancing is an exercise,  
Not only shows the mover's wit,  
But maketh the beholder wise,  
As he hath power to rise to it.

*Here the first DANCE.*

*After which,*

## SONG.

*Dæd.* O more and more! this was so well,  
As praise wants half his voice to tell,

Again yourselves compose:  
And now put all the aptness on,  
Of figure, that proportion  
Or colour can disclose:

That if those silent arts were lost,  
Design and picture, they might boast  
From you a newer ground;  
Instructed by the height'ning sense  
Of dignity and reverence,  
In their true motions found.

Begin, begin; for look, the fair  
Do longing listen to what air  
You form your second touch:  
That they may vent their murmuring hymns  
Just to the [time]<sup>2</sup> you move your limbs,  
And wish their own were such.  
Make haste, make haste, for this  
The labyrinth of beauty is.

<sup>1</sup> *First figure out, &c.*] This alludes to that beautiful apologue, the Choice of Hercules, by Prodicus.

<sup>2</sup> *Just to the —.*] Some word (time or tune, probably) was lost at the press, or dropt in the MS. I have already observed that all these Masques, from *The Golden Age Restored*, were

*Here the second DANCE.*

*After which,*

## SONG.

*Dæd.* It follows now you are to prove  
The subtlest maze of all, that's love,  
And if you stay too long,  
The fair will think you do them wrong.

Go choose among—but with a mind  
As gentle as the stroking wind  
Runs o'er the gentler flowers.  
And so let all your actions smile  
As if they meant not to beguile  
The ladies, but the hours.

Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,  
And yet the beauty not go less:  
For what is noble should be sweet,  
But not dissolved in wantonness.

Will you that I give the law  
To all your sport, and sum it?  
It should be such should envy draw,  
But—overcome it.

*Here they danced with the LADIES, and the whole REVELS followed; which ended, MERCURY called to DÆDALUS in this speech: which was after repeated in SONG by two trebles, two tenors, a base, and the whole Chorus.*

## SONG.

*Mer.* An eye of looking back were well,  
Or any murmur that would tell  
Your thoughts, how you were sent,  
And went  
To walk with Pleasure, not to dwell.

These, these are hours by Virtue spared,  
Herself, she being her own reward.  
But she will have you know,  
That though  
Her sports be soft, her life is hard.

You must return unto the Hill,  
And there advance  
With labour, and inhabit still  
That height and crown,  
From whence you ever may look down  
Upon triumphed chance.

printed, or at least published, some years after the author's death. That any one could look into this wretched volume (the folio of 1641) and suppose that Jonson had any share in forming it, is quite extraordinary. There is not a page without some ridiculous blunder.

She, she it is in darkness shines,  
 'Tis she that still herself refines,  
 By her own light to every eye;  
 More seen, more known, when vice  
 stands by:

And though a stranger here on earth,  
 In heaven she hath her right of birth.

There, there is Virtue's seat:  
 Strive to keep her your own;  
 'Tis only she can make you great,  
 Though p<sup>le</sup> here make you known.

*After which they danced their last DANCE,  
 and returned into the Scene, which closed,  
 and was a mountain again, as before.*

*And so it ended.*

This pleased the king so well,<sup>1</sup> as he  
 would see it again; when it was presented  
 with these additions——<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *This pleased the king so well, as he would see it again.*] Who can wonder at it? It must have been a very graceful and splendid entertainment; and, with due respect be it spoken, nearly as worthy of the nobility as the private masquerades, &c., which, with such advantage to good manners, have been substituted for it. It is with peculiar modesty that we, who cannot eke out an evening's entertainment without the

introduction of gamblers, hired buffoons, and voluntary jack-puddings, declaim on the "pedantry and wretched taste" of James and his Court.

<sup>2</sup> *With these additions——*] The sentence is incomplete, and must be filled up, as in the fol., with the words on the opposite page,—"For the Honour of Wales."

## For the Honour of Wales.

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FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES.] This, as Jonson has just said, is merely a kind of Antimasque, added, for the sake of variety, and the king's amusement, to *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*.

It is my destiny to encounter the blundering enemies of Jonson upon all occasions. In turning over Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, I stumbled unexpectedly upon the following passage. "There is a circumstance attending Inigo Jones which deserves mention, as it bears some relation to the country from whence he may have derived his origin. When he was employed to furnish rare devices and paint the scenery for the masques of the festive year 1619,<sup>1</sup> he painted the *Creigie'r cira*, or a scene in *Snowdonia*, for the Masque *For the Honour of Wales*. He did it with such success as to excite the envy of the poet, Ben Johnson; for the scenes were more admired than the entertainment, which might very well be; but Johnson was so offended as to give vent to his spleen in a copy of verses, as imbecil as they were rancorous and ill founded."—Vol. ii. p. 151. 1784.

The reader who has observed the kind solicitude with which Jonson puts forward the name of Jones in all the Masques printed under his own eye, will probably, unless already prejudiced by the stupid malignity of the Shakspeare commentators, be somewhat startled at this charge of "envy." He need not, however, be under any concern for the poet. The fact is, that Pennant, with the usual fate of Jonson's detractors, has not a syllable of truth or sense in his accusation. In the first place, it does not appear that Jones was at this time in England, at all events he was not employed on *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*; which was probably fitted up by Nicholas Lanier, who prepared the scenery for the *Masque of Lethe*. In the second place, the little piece before us is not a Masque, but an Antimasque, a mere introduction. "The king (Jonson says), was so much pleased with the Masque of *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* that he would see it again, with these additions (namely, those which immediately follow), *For the Honour of Wales*." In the third place, no scenery was painted by Inigo Jones, or any other person, for "these additions." "The scene stood precisely as before," the poet says, "only the name of it was changed, and what had been *Mount Atlas* was now called *Craig-Eriri*." This is more than sufficient to prove that Pennant had not even looked at the title of the work which he was so zealously employed in abusing! but this is too common for notice. Let us proceed then, in the last place, to observe that the verses, however "imbecil and rancorous" they may be, were not written at this time, nor on this occasion. They were composed at least fourteen or fifteen years after this period, and refer in the most distinct and express manner to *Cloridia*, the last of Jonson's Masques. For thirty years nothing but kindness appears on the side of Jonson (for I give no credit to the story of Inigo's being the Lantern Leatherhead of *Bartholomew Fair*); nor do we know that he changed his mode of conduct without sufficient cause. Be this as it may, the charge of Pennant is as false as it is ridiculous, and with this only I am at present concerned.

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<sup>1</sup> What Pennant means by "festive," it is not easy to guess. The principal events of the year were the death of the Queen and the breaking out of a Continental war.



*The Scene standing, as before, a Mountain, but now the name changed from Atlas to Craig-Eriri.*

*Enter GRIFFITH, JENKIN, and EVAN, a Welsh Attorney.*

*Grif.* Cossin, I know what belongs to this place symwhat petter than you; and therefore give me leave to be pold to advise you. 'Is not a small matter to offer yourself into presence of a king and aull his court? Be not too byssie and forward till you be caulled; I tauke reason to you.

*Jen.* Cym, never tauke any taukes; if the King of Greed Brittain keep it assizes here I will cym into court; loog yow, do you see now, and please Got.

*Grif.* *Taw, d yn ynhyd,<sup>1</sup> y, dhwyti-nabl i anabhy, pob peth oth folineb, ag y tyny gadwuar ar dy wlae.*

*Jen.* *Gad vyn lonyth.<sup>2</sup>* I say I will appear in court.

*Ev.* Appear as yow s'ud do then. Dab Jenkin, in good sort; do not discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your rassnes.

*Jen.* What do you caull rassnes, Evan y Gynrn? is not all the cuntry, and aull Welse, and the Prince of Wales too, abused in him? By this hand, I will tell it the king's own ears every oord, do you see him now? Bless your ursip, pray Got is in heaven bless every ince of your ursip; and Wales is commend it to your ursip, from top to toe, with aull his hearts aull over, by got utch me, and would be glad as a siling to see yow in him. Come it down once a day and try; I tell yow now, yow s'all be as welcomely there as where you were in yowr own cuntries<sup>3</sup> last two symmers, and pershance we'll made yow as good fereer too: we'll promise yowr ursip as good a piece of seeze as yow need pyt in your head, and pleas' yow s'all be toasted too. Go to, see him once upon a time yowr own sellive, is more good mean yow than is aware of: by got is very hard, but s'all make

yow a shestice of peace the first days yow come; and pershance (say nothing) knigh o' the s'ire too: 'is not Worsters, nor Pem brokes, nor Montgymeries, s'all carry him from yow. But aull this while s'all I tell you a liddell now? 'Is a great huge ded of anger upon yow, from all Wales and the nation, that your ursip would suffer our young Master Sarles, your ursip's son and heir, and Prince of Wales, the first time he ever play dance, to be pit up in a mountain (got knows where) by a palterly poet, how do you say him, Evan?

*Ev. Libia.*

*Jen. Velthy<sup>4</sup> Libia.* And how do yow caull him the mountain? his name is—

*Ev. Adlas.*

*Jen. Hynno, hynno, Adlas?* Ay, please your ursip, 'is a Welse attorney, and a predillic schollers, a wear him his long coat lined with scepes-skin, as yow see every days o' the week. A very sufficient litigious fellows in the terms, and a finely poes out o' the terms; he has a sprig of lawrd already towards his girlonds. He was ge in here a Twelfe-night and see aull; what do you call it, your matters, and says a naught, naught, stark naught.

*Ev.* I do say, an't please his madestee, I do not like him with all his heart; he s' plugged in by the ears without aull piddie or mercies of proprieties or decorums. I will do injuries to no man before his madestee; but 'is a very vile and absurd as a man would wiss, that I do say, to pyt the Prince of Wales in an outlandis mountain, when he is known his highness has as goodly mountains and as tawll a hills of his own (look yow, do yow see now), and of as good standing and as good discent as the proudest Adlas christned.

*Jen.* Ay, good Evan, I pray you reckon his madestee some of the Welse hills, the mountains.

*Ev.* Why there is Talgarth.

*Jen.* Well said.

*Ev.* Eliennieth.

*Jen.* Well said, Evan.

<sup>1</sup> *Griff. Taw, dyninthyd, &c.*] This ancient Briton is not very complimentary. He says, I believe, "Hold your tongue, blockhead! your folly is enough to spoil everything. You are a perfect marplot, a disgrace to your country."

The Welsh does not exactly follow the received orthography; but this may be accounted for probably from the circumstance of its being sent to the press after Jonson's death. He had certainly some acquaintance with the language, and appears from Howel's and other letters to

be extremely solicitous to procure such grammatical treatises on it as were extant in his time.

<sup>2</sup> *Gad vi'n thonydh.*] Let me alone.

<sup>3</sup> *As where you were in your own cuntries.*] James visited Scotland for the first time after his accession to the English throne, in 1617. It was an unfortunate journey, for it gave rise to "The Book of Sports," *fous et origo malorum.*

<sup>4</sup> *Velthy!*] An interjection of surprise. Hey day! So! &c.

*Ev.* Caider Arthur.

*Jen.* Toudge him, toudge him.

*Ev.* Pen-maen-maur.

*Jen.* Is good boys, Evan.

*Ev.* And Craig-Erri.

*Jen.* *Aw, Vellhy!* Why law you now, 'is not Pen-maen-maur and Craig-Erri as good sound as Adlas every whit of him?

*Ev.* 'Is cauled the British Aulpes, Craig-Erri, a very sufficient hills.

*Jen.* By got, we will play with him hills for hills, for sixteen and forty s'illings when he dares.

*Ev.* I pray you let it alone your wachers a liddle while, Cossin Davy ap Jenkin, and give it leave I may give his madestee and the court informations toudging now the reformations.

*Jen.* Why, cannot yow and I tauke too, cossin? the haull (God bless it) is big enough to hold both our taukes, an' we were twice as much as we are.

*Ev.* Why tauke it all then, if you think is reason in you.

*Jen.* No; I know is no reason, Evan, I confess him; but every man would shew himself a good subject as he can to his means; I am a subject by my place, and two heads is better than one I imagine, under correction.

*Ev.* Got's ownes! here is no corrections, man; imagine what yow please, do in got's name, imagine, imagine, why do you not imagine? here is no pennyrths of corrections.

*Grif.* *Awdgwin Tawson.*<sup>1</sup>

*Ev.* 'Is so invincibles, so inmercifullys ignorant, a man knows not upon what inces of ground to stand to him; does conceive it no more, as I am a true Welse Christian, than (sirreverence o' the company<sup>2</sup>), the hilts of his dagger.

*Jen.* Go to, I will make the hilts conceive a knock upon your pate, and pershance a bump too, if yow tauke.

*Ev.* How! upon my pate?

*Jen.* Yes, upon your pate, your poety pate, and your law pate too.

*Grif.* *Tawson!* Fore got yow will go nere to hazard a thumb<sup>3</sup> and a fowre finger of your best hand, if you knock him here; you may knock him better s'eape at Ludlow a great deal: do you know the place where it is?

*Ev.* Well, I can be patient, I trust, I trust, it is in a presence, I presume, that loves no quarrels nor replies, nor the lies, nor the challenge, nor the duels: but—I will do my byssiness now, and make this a byssiness for another days hereafter: pleas' your madestee—By got I am out of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my selve again. How does your highness—I know not a 'oord or a syllable what I say; 'is do me that vexations.

*Grif.* O Evan, for the honour of Wales!

*Ev.* I remember him now, 'tis enough:—blessings upon me, 't is out o' my head again; lost, quite lost: this knock o' my pate has knock aull my wits out o' my brains, I think, and turn my reasons out of doors. Believe it, I will rub, and break your s'ins for this, I will not come so high as your head, but I will take your nose in my way, very sufficiently.

*Jen.* Hang your sufficiency.

*Ev.* 'Tis well, very well, 'tis better, better exceedingly well.

*Enter HOWELL and RHEESE, with their harps.*

*How.* What!—you mean ho! to make us so long tarry here, ha?

*Grif.* Marry, here is aull undone with distempers, methinks, and angers, and passions.

*Rheese.* Who is angry?

*Ev.* Why, it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you mark me; I could eat his Flint-seer face now: offer to knock my pate in the hearing of all these, and more too! well,

<sup>1</sup> *Awdijen, Tawson.*] I will make you hold your tongue in spite of you. I know not whether the reader will thank either me or Whalley for these unimportant versions; and indeed I only give them lest the originals should be thought of more value than they are.

<sup>2</sup> *Sir reverence o' the company.*] If any confirmation be required of the correctness of my explanation of this phrase, vol. ii. p. 446 a, it may be found in the following extract from an old tract on the Origin of Tobacco. "The time hath beene, when if we did speake of this loathsome stuffe (tobacco) we used to put a *Sir reverence* before; but we forget our good man- VOL. III.

ners: and the best is I speak but to such as are as unmannerly in the taking of it as I am in the speaking of it." I have endeavoured in more places than one to make assurance doubly sure, from a regard to Shakspeare. Some future editor, not prone by nature to wallow in beastliness, will I trust avail himself of these notices, to disencumber his page of a number of pretended explanations no less absurd than disgusting.

<sup>3</sup> *You will go near to hazard a thumb, &c.*] Griffith alludes to the penalty for striking in court, which was the loss of the right hand.

before his madestee I do yet forgive him now with aull my heart, and will be revenged another time.

*How.* Why that is good Evan, honest, brave Evan.

*Rheese.* Ha' yow told the king's madestee of the alterations?

*Ev.* I am now once again about him; peace: please your madestee the Welse nation hearing that the Prince of Wales was to come into the hills again, afore your madestee, have a desire of his highness, for the honour of Wales, to make him a Welse hills, which is done without any manner of sharshese to your madestee, only shanging his name: he is caull now Craig-Erri, a mountain in Carnarvansecre: has as grey beard, and as much snow upon his head aull the year long—

*Jen.* As Adlas for his guts.

*Ev.* He tells your madestee true, for aull he is a liddle out of season; but cym every man tell as much as he can now; my quality is, I hope, sufficiently known to his madestee, that I am Rector Chori is aull my ambiuns, and that I would have it aull Welse, that is the s'ort and the long of the requests. The Prince of Wales we know is all over Welse.

*Jen.* And then my lord marquis.<sup>1</sup>

*Ev.* Both my lord marquis is as good, noble, true Briton as any ever is come out of Wales.

*Jen.* My Lord Mongymery is as sound Welse too as fiese and blood can make him.

*How.* And the Howards, by got, is Welse as strait as any arrow.

*Ev.* Houghton is a town bear his name there by Pipidiauke.

*How.* And Erwin, his name is Wyn; but the Dutsmen come here in Wales, and caull him Heer-win.

*Rheese.* Then Car is plain Welse, Caerleon, Caermardin, Cardiff.

*Jen.* And Palmer, his ancessors was call him Penmaure.

*Rheese.* And Acmooty is Ap-mouth-wey of Llanmouthwey.

*Jen.* And Abercromy is aull one as Abermarlys.

*Ev.* Or Abertau.

*How.* Or Aberdugled haw.

*Rheese.* Or Abeshodney.

*Jen.* Or Abergeveny.

*How.* Or Aberconway.

*Ev.* Aberconway is very like Abercromy, a liddle hard s'ift has pyt 'em aull into Wales; but our desires and petitions is, that the musiques be all Welse, and the dances, and no 'Ercules brought in now with a great staff and a pudding upon him.

*Jen.* Aw! was his distaff, was not his club.

*Ev.* What need of 'Ercules, when Cad-wallader—

*Jen.* Or Lluellin, or Rheese ap Gryffyth, or Cradlock, or Owen Glendower, with a Welse hook and a goat-skin on his back, had done very better and twice as well?

*Ev.* Nay, and to pyt apparel on a pottle of hay, and call him Lantæus.

*Gris.* The belly-gods too was as proper a monster as the best of 'em.

*Ev.* I stand to it there was neither poetries nor architectures nor designs in that belly-god; nor a note of musics about him. Come, bring forth our musics, yow s'all hear the true Britan strains now, the ancient Welse harp—yow tauke of their Pigmees too, here is a Pigmees of Wales now: set forth another Pigmees by him!

*Enter two WOMEN, followed by the musicians.*

*1 Wo.* Aw *diesus!* what a bravely company is here! This is a finely haull indeed.

*2 Wo.* What a deal of fine candle it is!

*Jen.* Ay, peace; let his madestee hear the music.

*2 Wo.* *Ble mae yr Brenin?*<sup>2</sup>

*Jen.* *Docko ve.*

*1 Wo.* *Diesus* bless him! Saint Davy bless him; I bring my boy o' my back ten mile here to loog upon him: loog Hullin, loog Hullin! *Stewch hummaven nays Dymma braveris.*<sup>3</sup> you s'all hear him play too.

*Ev.* Peace, no more pradling; begin set him down. [Music.]

#### FIRST SONG.

*Evan.* I' is not come here to tauk of Brut, From whence the Welse does take his root; Nor tell long pedigree of Prince Camber, Whose linagewould fill aull this chamber; Nor sing the deeds of old Saint Davy,

<sup>1</sup> *Jen.* And then my lord marquis.] Henry, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Worcester. What Evan says of him is no exaggeration of the truth.

<sup>2</sup> *Ble mae yr Brenin.*] Or, ble mae 'r Bre-

nin? Where is the king? Docko ve. There he is.

<sup>3</sup> *Stewch! Dymma, &c.*] This is woefully corrupt, but it seems to mean, Hist! hold your peace! see how he capers!

Th' ursip of which would fill a navv.  
But hark yow me now, for a liddel tales  
S'all make a gread deal to the credit of  
Wales;

*Cho.* In which we'll toudge your ears,  
With the praise of her thirteen s'eeres,  
And make yow as glad and merry  
As fourteen pot of Perry.  
Still, still, we'll toudge your ears,  
With the praise, &c.

## SECOND SONG.

*How.* 'Tis true, was wear him sherkin  
frieze,  
But what is that? we have store of s'eize,  
And Got his plenty of goats' milk  
That sell him well, will buy him silk  
Enough to make him fine to quarrel  
At Hereford sizes in new apparel;  
And get him as much green velvet perhap  
S'all give it a face to his Monmouth cap.

*Cho.* But then the ore of Lempster,<sup>1</sup>  
By got is never a sempster,  
That, when he is spun, c'er did,  
Yet match him with hir thrird.  
Still, still, &c.

## THIRD SONG.

*Rhese.* Aull this's the back's; now let  
us tell ye,  
Of some provisions for the belly:  
As cid, and goat, and great-goat's mother,  
And runt, and cow, and good cow's uther:  
And once but taste o' the Welse mutton,  
Your Englis seep's not worth a button.

<sup>1</sup> But then the ore of Lempster.] "As for the wool of Hereford (Fuller says) it is best known to the honour thereof by the name of *Lempster ore*, being absolutely the finest in all England." It is frequently noticed by our old poets: thus Herrick:

"By many a turn and many a cross,  
The fairies reach a bank of moss,  
Spungy and swelling, and far more  
Soft than the finest *Lempster ore*."  
*Osceon's Palace.*

<sup>2</sup> And rumbling rocks in s'eere Glamorgan.] In Barry island are said to be subterranean noises like the blowing of a smith's bellows, or the strokes of hammers, supposed to proceed from the repercussion of the sea waters in the clefts of the rocks: and these the author here alludes to.—*WHAL.*

There is a noble passage on this subject in the *Fairie Queen*. In the true spirit of romantic poetry, Spenser attributes the din to the agency of Merlin and the Lady of the Lake:

And then for your fiss, s'all shoose it your  
diss.

Look but about, and there is a trout,  
*Cho.* A salmon, cor, or chevin,  
Will feed you six or seven  
As tauld man as ever swagger,  
With Welse hook, or long dagger.  
Still, still, &c.

## FOURTH SONG.

*Evan.* But aull this while was never  
think

A word in praise of our Welse drink,  
Yet for all that is a cup of Bragat,  
All England s'eere may cast his cab-at.  
And what you say to ale of Wbley,  
'Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,  
As well as Metheglin, or sider, or meath,  
S'all s'ake it your dagger quite out o' the  
seath.

*Cho.* And oat-cake of Guarthenion,  
With a goodly leek or onion,  
To give as sweet a rellis  
As c'er did harper Ellis.  
Still, still, &c.

## FIFTH SONG.

*How.* And yet is nothing now all this,  
If of our musiques we do miss;  
Both harps and pipes too, and the crowd  
Must aull come in and tauke alowd,  
As loud as Bangu, Davie's bell,  
Of which is no doubt yow have hear tell,  
As well as our lowder Wrexham organ,  
And rumbling rocks in s'eere Glamorgan;<sup>2</sup>

"And if thou ever happen that same way  
To travell, go to see that dreadful place:  
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)  
Under a rock that lyes a litle space  
From the swift *Barry*, tumbling downe apace,  
Emongst the woody hilles of *Dynevowre*:  
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,  
To enter into that same balefull bowre,  
For feare the cruell Feendes should thee un-  
wares devowre.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,  
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines,  
And brasen caudrons thou shalt rombling  
heare,  
Which thousand sprights with long enduring  
paines  
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines,  
And oftentimes great groines, and grievous  
stovnds,  
When tso huge toile and labour them con-  
strains;  
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing  
sowndes  
From under that deepe rock most horribly re-  
bowndes."—*B. iii. c. 3.*

*Cho.* Where look but in the ground there,  
And you s'all see a sound there,  
That put him altogedder,  
Is sweet as measure pedder.  
Still, still, &c.

## SIXTH SONG.

*Rheese.* Au, but what say yow should it  
shance too,

That we should leap it in a dance too,  
And make it you as great a pleasure,  
If but your eyes be now at leisure ;  
As in your ears s'all leave a laughter,  
To last upon you six days after?  
Ha ! well-a-go to, let us try to do,  
As your old Britton, things to be writ on.

*Cho.* Come, put on other looks now,  
And lay away your hooks now ;  
And though yet yow ha' no pump, sirs,  
Let 'em hear that yow can jump, sirs.

Still, still, &c.

*Jen.* Speak it your conscience now ;  
did your ursip ever see such a song in your  
days ? is not as finely a tunes as a man  
would wiss to put in his ears ?

*Ev.* Come, his maestdy s'all hear better  
to your dance.

*Here a dance of MEN.*

*Ev.* Haw ! well danced, very well  
danced !

*Jen.* Well plaid, Howell ; well plaid,  
*Rheese ! Da wharry ! vellhee !* well danced,  
i' faith !

*Ev.* Good boys, good boys ! pold and  
Prittan, pold and Prittan.

*Jen.* Is not better this now than pigmies ?  
this is men, this is no monsters, an' you  
mark him : well, caull forth your goats  
now, your ursip s'all see a properly natural  
devise come from the Welse mountains ! is  
no tuns, nor no bottils : stand by there,  
s'ow his ursip the hills ; was dronkenry in  
his eyes that make that devise in my  
mind. But now marg, marg, your ursip  
I pray yow now, and yow s'all see natures  
and propriedies ; the very beasts of Wales  
s'all do more than your men pyt in bottils  
and barrils ; there was a tale of a tub, i'  
faith. [*Music.*] 'Is the goatherd and his  
dog, and his son, and his wife make  
musiques to the goats as they come from  
the hills ; give 'em rooms, give 'em rooms,  
now they cym ! the elderly goats is in-  
differently grave at first, because of his  
beard, and only tread it the measures ; byt  
yow will see him put off his gravities by  
and by well enough, and frisk it as fine as

e'er a kid on 'em aull. The Welse goat  
is an excellent dancer by birth, that is  
written of him, and of as wisely carriage,  
and comely behaviours a beast (for his  
footing especially) as some one or two man,  
got bless him.

*Ev.* A haull, a haull ! come, a haull !  
*Aw vellhee.*

*Here the Dance of GOATS.*

*1 Wo.* Nay, and your maestee bid the  
Welse goats welcome ; the Welse wenc'es  
s'all sing your praises, and dance your  
healths too.

## SONG.

*1 Wom.* Au, God bless it our good king  
Sames,

His wife and his sildren, and all his reams

*2 Wom.* And all his ursipful s'istice o  
peace about him.

*1 Wom.* And send that his court be neve  
without him.

*2 Wom.* Ow, that her would come down  
into Wales.

*1 Wom.* Her s'ud be very welcome to  
Welse Ales.

*2 Wom.* I have a cow.

*1 Wom.* And I have a hen.

*2 Wom.* S'all give it milk.

*1 Wom.* And eggs for aull his men.

*Both.* It self sa'll have venison and othe  
seere,

And may it be starved, that steal him his  
deer,

There, there, and everywhere.

*Jen.* Cym, dance now, let us hear your  
dance, dance.

*Ev.* Ha ! well plaid Ales.

*How.* For the honour of Wales.

*Here the MEN and WOMEN dance  
together.*

*Jen.* Digon ! enough, enough, digon !  
Well now all the absurdities is removed  
and cleared ; the rest, an't please your  
grace, s'all tarry still, and go on as it was  
Virtue and Pleasure was well enough,  
indifferently well enough : only we will  
intreat Pleasure to cym out of Driffmdore,  
that is the Gilden Valley, or Gelthleedore,  
that is the Gilden Grove, and is in Care  
Marden, the Welse Garden. Is a thousand  
place in Wales as finely places as the  
Esperides every crum of him ; Merlin was  
born there too, put we would not make  
him rise now and wake him, because we

<sup>1</sup> *Digon* ! i.e., enough ! The words below  
should be *Dyffryn oyr*, and *Gelhy oyr*.

have his prophecies already<sup>1</sup> of your madestee's name to as good purpose as if he were here in presence, *Pod hy geller. Evan?*

*Ev.* You will still pyt your selve to these plunses, you mean his madestee's anagrams of *Charles James Stuart*.

*Jen. Ay*, that is *Claines Arthur's Seate*, which is as much as to say, your madestee s'ud be the first king of Gread Prittan, and sit in *Cadier Arthur*, which is Arthur's Chair, as by Got's blessing you do : and then your son, Master Charles, his, how do you caull him? is *Charles Stuart, Calls tru hearts*, that is us, he calls us, the Welse nation, to be ever at your service, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you understand it his meaning. And that the musicians yonder are so many Brittis bards that sing o'pen the hills to let out the Prince of Wales and his Welse friends to you, and all is done.

*Grif.* Very homely done it is, I am well assured, if not very rudely : but it is hoped your majesty will not interpret the honour, merits, love, and affection of so noble a portion of your people by the poverty of these who have so imperfectly uttered it : you will rather for their sakes, who are to come in the name of Wales, my lord the prince and the others, pardon what is past, and remember the cuntry has always been fruitful of loyal hearts to your majesty, a very

<sup>1</sup> *We would not make him rise now, because we have his prophecies already, &c.* This alludes to the speech of the Lady of the Lake, in *Prince Henry's Barriers* (p. 64a) :

"And that a monarch equal good and great,  
Wise, temperate, just and stout, CLAINES  
ARTHUR'S SEAT."

The last three words of which form, as Evan

garden and seed-plot of honest minds and men : what lights of learning hath Wales sent forth for your schools? what industrious students of your laws? what able ministers of your justice? whence hath the crown in all times better servitors, more liberal of their lives and fortunes? where hath your court or council for the present more noble ornaments or better aids? I am glad to see it and to speak it, and though the nation be said to be unconquered and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous, and please your majesty, but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good arts, most lovingly constant, charitable, great antiquaries, religious preservers of their gentry and genealogy, as they are zealous and knowing in religion.

In a word, it is a nation bettered by prosperity, so far as to the present happiness it enjoys under your most sacred majesty, it wishes nothing to be added but to see it perpetual in you and your issue.

God of his great goodness grant it, and shew he is an errant knave and no true Briton does not say Amen too with his heart.

---

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE followed : and so it ended.

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observes, and as graver heads than his had observed long before him, the celebrated anagram, CHARLES JAMES STUART, and prove to the satisfaction of all the world, that this good monarch was the person at whose high destinies Merlin pointed, and in whom the prediction was fulfilled. *Pod hy geller* is, Let us do as well as we can.



# News from the New World Discovered in the Moon.

A MASQUE, AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT BEFORE  
KING JAMES, 1620.

*Nascitur è tenebris : et se sibi vindicat orbis.*

NEWS FROM THE NEW WORLD, &c.] This was the Author's first Masque after his return from Scotland, where he had been on a visit to his "friend" Drummond. A masque had been composed for the Court during his absence (I know not by whom) and ill received ; so that the wish for Jonson's return was pretty generally expressed. "I have heard," says this second Pylades, (putting aside for a moment the atrocious string of calumnies which he was industriously fabricating against his unsuspecting correspondent), "I have heard from Court that the late Mask was not so approved of the king as in former times, and that your absence was regretted. *Such applause hath true worth!* even of those who are otherwise not for it. Your loving friend."—Jan. 17, 1619.

Jonson did not disappoint his admirers, for the *World in the Moon* is written with all the elegance and ease of the best days of Queen Anne. The satire too is of the most delicate kind, and the wit is perpetual and abundant.

[Drummond wrote this letter before Jonson's visit to Hawthornden. This Masque was presented twice, at Twelfth-tide and Shrove-tide.—F. C.]

*Enter two HERALDS, a PRINTER, CHRONICLER, and FACTOR.*

1 *Her.* News, news, news !

2 *Her.* Bold and brave news !

1 *Her.* New as the night they are born in.

2 *Her.* Or the phant'sie that begot 'em.

1 *Her.* Excellent news !

2 *Her.* Will you hear any news ?

*Print.* Yes, and thank you too, sir : what's the price of 'em ?

1 *Her.* Price, coxcomb ! what price, but the price of your ears ? As if any man used to pay for anything here.

2 *Her.* Come forward ; you should be some dull tradesman by your pig-headed sounce now, that think there's nothing good anywhere but what's to be sold.

*Print.* Indeed I am all for sale, gentlemen ; you say true, I am a printer, and a printer of news ; and I do hearken after

'em wherever they be at any rates ; I'll give anything for a good Copy now, be it true or false, so 't be news.

1 *Her.* A fine youth !

*Chro.* And I am for matter of state, gentlemen, by consequence, story (my Chronicle) to fill up my great book, which must be three ream of paper at least ; I have agreed with my stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I ha' been here ever since seven o'clock in the morning to get matter for one page, and I think I have it complete ; for I have both noted the number and the capacity of the degrees here ; and told twice over how many candles there are i' the room lighted, which I will set you down to a snuff precisely, because I love to give light to posterity in the truth of things.

1 *Her.* This is a finer youth !

*Fac.* Gentlemen, I am neither printer

nor chronologer, but one that otherwise take pleasure in my pen : a factor of news for all the shires of England ; I do write my thousand letters a week ordinary, sometime twelve hundred, and maintain the business at some charge both to hold up my reputation with mine own ministers in town and my friends of correspondence in the country ; I have friends of all ranks and of all religions, for which I keep an answering catalogue of dispatch ; wherein I have my puritan news, my protestant news, and my pontifical news.

2 *Her.* A superlative this !

*Fac.* And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long,<sup>1</sup> whither all shall be brought and thence again vented under the name of Staple-news, and not trusted to your printed conundrums of the serpent in Sussex,<sup>2</sup> or the witches bidding the devil to dinner at Derby : news that when a man sends them down to the shires where they are said to be done, were never there to be found !

*Print.* Sir, that's all one, they were made for the common people ; and why should not they ha' their pleasure in believing of lies are made for them, as you have in Paul's, that make 'em for yourselves.

1 *Her.* There he speaks reason to you, sir.

*Fac.* I confess it ; but it is the printing I am offended at, I would have no news printed ; for when they are printed they leave to be news ; while they are written, though they be false, they remain news still.

*Print.* See men's divers opinions ! It is

the printing of 'em makes 'em news to a great many who will indeed believe nothing but what's in print. For those I do keep my presses, and so many pens going to bring forth wholesome relations, which once in half a score years, as the age grows forgetful, I print over again with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

*Chro.* Excellent abuse rather.

*Print.* Master Chronicler, do not you talk, I shall—

1 *Her.* Nay, gentlemen, be at peace one with another, we have enough for you all thrice, if you dare take upon trust.

*Print.* I dare, I assure you.

*Fac.* And I as much as comes.

*Chro.* I dare too, but nothing so much as I have done ; I have been so cheated with false relations i' my time, as I ha' found it a far harder thing to correct my book, than collect it.

*Fac.* Like enough ; but to your news, gentlemen, whence come they ?

1 *Her.* From the MOON, ours, sir.

*Fac.* From the Moon ! which way ? by sea or by land ?

1 *Her.* By moonshine ; a nearer way, I take it.

*Print.* Oh, by a trunk !<sup>3</sup> I know it, a thing no bigger than a flute-case : a neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the moon through it at the bore of a whistle, and made it as great as a drum-head twenty times, and brought it within the length of this room to me, I know not how often.

*Chro.* Tut, that's no news : your perplexive glasses are common, No, it will

<sup>1</sup> And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long, &c.] The comedy of the *Staple of News* is formed upon the hint here given.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> And not trusted to your printed conundrums of the serpent in Sussex.] In 1614, there was a discourse published of a strange monstrous Serpent in St. Leonard's forest, in Sussex, which was discovered there in the month of August in the same year. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eyewitnesses living on the place. But from the description, we are to suppose something further intended by it, or that some *conundrum* or other, as the poet styles it, was couched under the account. "This serpent, or dragon as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet or rather more in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axle-tree of a cart, a quantity of thickness in the middle, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long,

with a white ring as it were of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red ; for I speak of no nearer description, than of a reasonable ocular distance. There are likewise on either side of him discovered two great bunches so big as a large foot-ball ; and, as some think, will in time grow to wings," &c. More to the same purpose may be found in the account, which is reprinted in the 3rd vol. of the *Harleian Miscellany*. There is an allusion to this same dragon in Fletcher's *Wit without Money* :

"*Val.* Write, write anything.  
The world's a fine believing world, write news.  
*Lance.* Dragons in Sussex, sir, or fiery battles  
Seen in the air at Aspurge."—WHAL.

<sup>3</sup> Oh, by a trunk.] It has been already observed that the word *trunk* is used by our old writers for a tube. I know not when the well-chosen term *telescope* first came into use.



fall out to be Pythagoras's way.<sup>1</sup> I warrant you, by writing and reading i' the moon.

*Print.* Right, and as well read of you, i' faith: for Cornelius Agrippa has it, *in disco luna*, there 'tis found.

*1 Her.* Sir, you are lost, I assure you; for ours came to you neither by the way of Cornelius Agrippa nor Cornelius Dribble.

*2 Her.* Nor any glass of—

*1 Her.* No philosopher's phantasie.

*2 Her.* Mathematician's perspicil.

*1 Her.* Or brother of the Rosie Cross's intelligence, no forced way, but by the neat and clean power of poetry.

*2 Her.* The mistress of all discovery.

*1 Her.* Who, after a world of these curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a servant of hers in search of truth: who has been there—

*2 Her.* In the moon.

*1 Her.* In person.

*2 Her.* And is this night returned.

*Fact.* Where? which is he? I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it.

*1 Her.* Do not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thorns should prove a goodly grove of oaks, in what case were you and your expectation?

*2 Her.* These are stale ensigns of the Stage's man i' the moon, delivered down to you by musty antiquity, and are of as doubtful credit as the maker's.

*Chro.* Sir, nothing again antiquity, I pray you, I must not hear ill of antiquity.

*1 Her.* Oh! you have an old wife be-like, or your venerable jerkin there—make much of 'em. Our relation, I tell you still, is news.

*2 Her.* Certain and sure news.

*1 Her.* Of a new world.

*2 Her.* And new creatures in that world.

*1 Her.* In the orb of the moon.

*2 Her.* Which is now found to be an earth inhabited.

*1 Her.* With navigable seas and rivers.

*2 Her.* Variety of nations, polities, laws.

*1 Her.* With havens in't, castles, and port-towns.

*2 Her.* Inland cities, boroughs, hamlets, fairs, and markets.

<sup>1</sup> *Pythagoras's way, &c.* See p. 6 a.

<sup>2</sup> *Must write a verse, &c.* I have been amused with a little piece of malice by Theobald. Opposite this passage, he has written on the margin of his copy (the 8vo of 1715), "*Woman's Poet, his soft versification, Mr. P.—*" And in the "*Discoveries*," where the couplet recurs, he has again set a mark on it. Poor Theobald was probably much comforted

*1 Her.* Hundreds and wapentakes forests, parks, coney-ground, meadow pasture, what not?

*2 Her.* But differing from ours.

*Fact.* And has your poet brought all this; *Chro.* Troth, here was enough: 'tis a pretty piece of poetry as 'tis.

*1 Her.* Would you could hear on, though!

*2 Her.* Gi' your minds to't a little.

*Fact.* What inns or ale-houses are there there? does he tell you?

*1 Her.* Truly, I have not asked him that.

*2 Her.* Nor were you best, I believe.

*Fact.* Why in travel a man knows these things without offence; I am sure if he be a good poet he has discovered a good tavern in his time.

*1 Her.* That he has, I should think the worse of his verse else.

*Print.* And his prose too, i' faith.

*Chro.* Is he a man's poet, or a woman's poet, I pray you?

*2 Her.* Is there any such difference?

*Fact.* Many, as betwixt your man's tailor and your woman's tailor.

*1 Her.* How, may we beseech you?

*Fact.* I'll show you: your man's poet may break out strong and deep i' the mouth, as he said of Pindar, *Monte decurrens velut amnis*: but your woman's poet must flow, and stroke the ear, and, as one of them said of himself sweetly—

Must write a verse as smooth and calm as cream,<sup>2</sup>

In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.

*2 Her.* Have you any more on't.

*Fact.* No, I could never arrive but to this remnant.

*1 Her.* Pity! would you had had the whole piece for a pattern to all poetry.

*Print.* How might we do to see your poet? did he undertake this journey, I pray you, to the moon on foot?

*1 Her.* Why do you ask?

*Print.* Because one of our greatest poets (I know not how good a one) went to Edinburgh on foot,<sup>3</sup> and came back; marry, he has been restive, they say, ever since;

by this private hit, *hoc opertum, hoc ridere suum*; and Pope perhaps would have been disturbed if he had known it.

<sup>3</sup> *Because one of our greatest poets, I know not how good a one, went to Edinburgh on foot.* He here means himself, having walked to Scotland on purpose to visit Drummond of Hawthornden, in the year 1639.—*WHALE*

for we have had nothing from him : he has set out nothing, I am sure.

*1 Her.* Like enough, perhaps he has not all in ; when he has all in, he will set out, I warrant you, at least those from whom he had it ; it is the very same party that has been i' the moon now.

*Print.* Indeed ! has he been there since ? belike he rid thither then ?

*Fact.* Yes, post, upon the poet's horse, for a wager.

*1 Her.* No, I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings of his muse. There are in all but three ways of going thither : one is Endymion's way, by rapture in sleep, or a dream. The other Menippus's way, by wing, which the poet took. The third, old Empedocles's way, who, when he leapt into Ætna, having a dry sear body, and light, the smoke took him and whift him up into the moon, where he lives yet, waving up and down like a feather, all soot and embers, coming out of that coal-pit : our poet met him and talked with him.

*Chro.* In what language, good sir ?

*2 Her.* Only by signs and gestures, for they have no articulate voices there, but certain motions to music : all the discourse there is harmony.

*Fact.* A fine lunatic language, i' faith ; how do they lawyers then ?

*2 Her.* They are Pythagoreans, all dumb as fishes, for they have no controversies to exercise themselves in.

*Fact.* How do they live then ?

*1 Her.* On the dew of the moon, like grasshoppers, and confer with the doppers.<sup>1</sup>

*Fact.* Have you doppers ?

*2 Her.* A world of doppers ! but they are there as lunatic persons, walkers only : that have leave only to HUM and HA, not daring to prophesy, or start up upon stools to raise doctrine.

*1 Her.* The brethren of the Rosie Cross have their college within a mile of the moon ; a castle in the air that runs upon wheels with a winged lantern —

*Print.* I have seen it in print.

*2 Her.* All the phantastical creatures you can think of are there.

*Fact.* 'Tis to be hoped there are women there, then.

*1 Her.* And zealous women, that will outgroan the groaning wives of Edinburgh.<sup>2</sup>

*Fact.* And lovers as fantastic as ours.

*2 Her.* But none that will hang themselves for love, or eat candle ends, or drink to their mistresses' eyes till their own bid them good night, as the sublunary lovers do.

*Fact.* No, sir ?

*2 Her.* No, some few you shall have that sigh or whistle themselves away ; and those are presently hung up by the heels like meteors, with squibs in their tails, to give the wiser sort warning.

*Print.* Excellent !

*Fact.* Are there no self-lovers there ?

*2 Her.* There were ; but they are all dead of late for want of tailors.

*Fact.* 'Slight, what luck is that ! we could have spared them a colony from hence.

*2 Her.* I think some two or three of them live yet, but they are turned moon-calves by this.

*Print.* O ay, moon-calves ! what monster is that, I pray you ?

*2 Her.* Monster ! none at all, a very familiar thing, like our fool here on earth.

*1 Her.* The ladies there play with them instead of little dogs.

*Fact.* Then there are ladies ?

*2 Her.* And knights and squires.

*Fact.* And servants and coaches ?

*1 Her.* Yes, but the coaches are much o' the nature of the ladies, for they go only with wind.

*Chro.* Pretty, like China waggons.

*Fact.* Have they any places of meeting with their coaches, and taking the fresh open air, and then covert when they please, as in our Hyde Park or so ?

*2 Her.* Above all the Hyde Parks in Christendom, far more hiding and private ; they do all in clouds there ; they walk in the clouds, they sit in the clouds, they lie in the clouds, they ride and tumble in the clouds, their very coaches are clouds.

*Print.* But have they no carmen to meet and break their coaches ?

*2 Her.* Alas, carmen ! they will over a carman there, as he will do a child here : you shall have a coachman with cheeks like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth, blow him afore him as far as he can see him ; or skirr over him with his bat's wings a mile and a half ere he can steer his wry neck to look where he is.

<sup>1</sup> With the doppers.] i.e., with the Anabaptists, who were in ill repute at this time. See the *Staple of News*.

<sup>2</sup> [In the next reign one "groaning wife of

Edinburgh" has left her mark in history, Jonson, during his visit to the north, may have heard Jenny Geddes herself "groaning" over her "green stall" in the High Street.—F. C.]

*Fact.* And they have their New Wells too, and physical waters, I hope, to visit all time of year?

*1 Her.* Your Tunbridge, or the Spaw itself, are mere puddle to 'em : when the pleasant months of the year come, they all flock to certain broken islands which are called there the Isles of Delight.

*Fact.* By clouds still.

*1 Her.* What else ! their boats are clouds too.

*2 Her.* Or in a mist ; the mists are ordinary in the moon ; a man that owes money there needs no other protection ; only buy a mist, and walk in't, he is never discerned ; a matter of a baubee does it.

*1 Her.* Only one island they have is called the isle of the Epicœnes, because there under one article both kinds are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same ; not heads and broad hats,<sup>1</sup> short doublets and long points ; neither do they ever untruss for distinction, but laugh and lie down in moonshine, and stab with their poniards ; you do not know the delight of the Epicœnes in moonshine.

*2 Her.* And when they have tasted the springs of pleasure enough, and billed, and kist, and are ready to come away ; the shees only lay certain eggs (for they are never with child there), and of those eggs are disclosed a race of creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of fowl, in part covered with feathers (they call them VOLATEES), that hop from island to island : you shall see a covey of them, if you please, presently.

*1 Her.* Yes, faith, 'tis time to exercise their eyes, for their ears begin to be weary.

*2 Her.* Then know we do not move these wings so soon

On which our poet mounted to the moon, Menippus like, but all 'twixt it and us, Thus clears and helps to the presentment, thus.

*Enter the VOLATEES for the ANTIMASQUE, and DANCE. After which*

*2 Her.* We have all this while (though the muses' heralds) adventured to tell your majesty no news ; for hitherto we have moved rather to your delight than your belief. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery worthy of your ear as the object will be your eye : a race of your own, formed, animated, lightened, and

heightened by you, who, rapt above the moon far in speculation of your virtues, have remained there intranced certain hours, with wonder of the piety, wisdom, majesty reflected by you on them from the divine light to which only you are less. These, by how much higher they have been carried from earth to contemplate your greatness, have now conceived the more haste and hope in this their return home to approach your goodness ; and led by that excellent likeness of yourself, the truth, imitating Procritus's endeavour, that all their motions be formed to the music of your peace, and have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted in coming through the colder region.

[*Music.*]

*Here the Scene opens, and discovers the Region of the Moon, from which the MASQUERS descend, and shake off their icicles.*

#### FIRST SONG.

Howe'er the brightness may amaze,  
Move you, and stand not still at gaze,  
As dazzled with the light :  
But with your motions fill the place,  
And let their fulness win you grace,  
Till you collect your sight.

So while the warmth you do confess,  
And temper of these rays no less,  
To quicken than refine,  
You may by knowledge grow more bold,  
And so more able to behold  
The body whence they shine.

*The first DANCE follows.*

#### SECOND SONG.

Now look and see in yonder throne,  
How all those beams are cast from  
one !  
This is that orb so bright,  
Has kept your wonder so awake ;  
Whence you as from a mirror take  
The sun's reflected light.

Read him as you would do the book  
Of all perfection, and but look  
What his proportions be ;  
No measure that is thence contrived,  
Or any motion thence derived,  
But is pure harmony.

*Here the MAIN DANCE and REVELS.*

<sup>1</sup> Not heads.] e., closely shorn, or polled.



# A Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies,

AS IT WAS THRICE PRESENTED TO KING JAMES,

*First at Burleigh-on-the-Hill, next at Belvoir, and lastly at Windsor,  
August, 1621.*

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A MASQUE, &c.] From the folio 1641. But a copy of it had stolen abroad, and been printed the year before, together with a few of Jonson's minor poems, by J. Okes, in 12mo.

The folio, never greatly to be trusted, is here grievously incorrect, and proves the miserable incapacity of those into whose hands the poet's papers fell. The surreptitious copy in 12mo is somewhat less imperfect, but yet leaves many errors. These I have been enabled in some measure to remove, by the assistance of a MS. in the possession of my friend Richard Heber, Esq., to whose invaluable collection, as the reader is already apprized, I have so many obligations. This, which is in his own hand, and is perhaps the only MS. piece of Jonson's in existence, is more full and correct than either of the printed copies, the folio in particular, and is certainly prior to them both. It fills up many lacunæ, and in one instance completes a stanza by furnishing three lines which no ingenuity could have supplied.

This Masque, as the title tells us, was performed before James and his Court at three several places. As the actors as well as the spectators varied at each, it became necessary to vary the language; and Jonson, who always attended the presentation of his pieces, was called on for additions adapted to the performers and the place. These unfortunately are not very distinctly marked either in the MS. or the printed copies, though occasional notices of them appear in the former. As everything that was successively written for the new characters is come down to us, the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* appears of immoderate length; it must however have been highly relished by the Court; and the spirit and accuracy with which the male characters are drawn, and the delicacy and sweetness with which some of the female ones are depicted, though they cannot delight (as at the time), by the happiness of their application, may yet be perused with pleasure as specimens of poetic excellence, ingenious flattery, or adroit satire.

## The Speech at the King's entrance at Burleigh, made in the character of the Porter.

If for our thoughts there could but speech  
 be found,  
 And all that speech be uttered in one sound,  
 So that some power above us would afford  
 The means to make a language of a word,  
 It should be WELCOME ! in that only voice  
 We would receive, retain, enjoy, rejoice ;  
 And all effects of love and life dispense,  
 Till it were called a copious eloquence ;  
 For should we vent our spirits now you are  
 come,  
 In other syllables, were as to be dumb.  
 Welcome, O welcome, then, and enter here,  
 The house your bounty built and still doth  
 rear.<sup>1</sup>  
 With those high favours, and those heaped  
 increases  
 Which shews a hand not grieved but when  
 it ceases.

The MASTER is your creature, as the place ;  
 And every good about him is your grace :  
 Whom, though he stand by silent, think  
 not rude,  
 But as a man turned all to gratitude.  
 For what he ne'er can hope how to re-  
 store,  
 Since while he meditates one, you pour on  
 more.  
 Vouchsafe to think he only is oppress'd  
 With their abundance, not that in his  
 breast  
 His powers are stupid grown ; for please  
 you enter  
 Him, and his house, and search him to the  
 centre ;  
 You'll find within no thanks or vows there  
 shorter,  
 For having trusted thus much to his Porter.

---

## The Prologue at Windsor.

As many blessings as there be bones  
 In Ptolemy's fingers, and all at ones,  
 Held up in an Andrew's cross for the nones,  
 Light on you, good master ;  
 I dare be no waster  
 Of time or of speech,  
 Where you are in place :  
 I only beseech  
 You take in good grace,  
 Our following the court,  
 Since 'tis for your sport

To have you still merry,  
 And not make you weary.  
 We may strive to please,  
 So long (some will say) till we grow a  
 disease.  
 But you, sir, that twice  
 Have graced us already, encourage to thrice ;  
 Wherein if our boldness your patience  
 invade,  
 Forgive us the fault that your favour hath  
 made.

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<sup>1</sup> *The house your bounty built, and still doth rear, &c.]* Villiers (now Marquis of Buckingham) was in the zenith of his favour. Honours were showered upon all his relatives and friends. His mother was made a countess, her children promoted and married to persons of rank and fortune, and not a second cousin overlooked in the distribution of wealth and titles. If, as the speech says, the Marquis was "turned all to gratitude," it was well, and yet no more than so indulgent a master and friend as James deserved. Burleigh was burnt to the ground by the Parliament forces in 1645. They had made it a place of arms, and on evacuating it set it on fire. The destruction of a mansion once in-

habited by the great object of their hate, the Duke of Buckingham, must have gratified them beyond measure.

By the *house your bounty built*, the poet alludes classically and simply to the raising up of the *family*. In a literal sense, the house was originally constructed by some of the Harrington family ; though much enlarged and beautified by the present possessor.

No introductory speech is given to the presentation at Belvoir. Buckingham had married the Earl of Rutland's daughter, so that the Royal appearance at that castle was not without some compliment perhaps to the favourite.

# The Gipsies Metamorphosed.

*Enter a Gipsy (being the JACKMAN<sup>1</sup>) leading a horse laden with five little children bound in a trace of scarfs upon him; followed by a second, leading another horse laden with stolen poultry, &c.*

*Jack.* Room for the five princes of Ægypt, mounted all upon one horse,<sup>2</sup> like the four sons of Aymon, to make the miracle the more by a head, if it may be! Gaze upon them, as on the off-spring of Ptolemy, begotten upon several Cleopatras, in their several counties; especially on this brave spark struck out of Flintshire, upon Justice Jug's daughter, then sheriff of the county, who running away with a kinsman of our captain's, and her father pursuing her to the marches, he great with justice, she great with juggling, they were both for the time turned stone, upon the sight each of other, in Chester: till at

last (see the wonder) a jug of the town ale reconciling them, the memorial of both their gravities,<sup>3</sup> his in beard, and hers in belly, hath remained ever since preserved in picture upon the most stone jugs of the kingdom. The famous imp yet grew a wretchock;<sup>4</sup> and though for seven years together he was carefully carried at his mother's back, rocked in a cradle of Welsh cheese like a maggot, and there fed with broken beer and blown wine of the best daily, yet looks as if he never saw his *quinquennium*.<sup>5</sup> 'Tis true, he can thread needles on horseback, or draw a yard of inkle through his nose: but what is that to a grown gipsy, one of the blood, and of his time, if he had thrived! therefore, till with his painful progenitors he be able to beat it on the hard hoof to the *bene bowse*,<sup>6</sup> or the *stawling-ken*, to nip a

<sup>1</sup> *Being the Jackman.*] "You shall understand that the *Jackman* hathe his name of a *Jacke*, which is a seal in their language, as one that should make writings and set scales for lycences and pasportes."—*Caveat for Curstitors.*

<sup>2</sup> *Mounted all upon one horse, like the four sons of Aymon.*] This alludes to a story in the romantic history of Charlemagn: I find the same circumstance mentioned by Skelton, in his *Philip Sparrow*:

"And though that read have I  
Of Gawen and Sir Guy—  
Of quatre filz Amund,  
And how they were summoned  
To Rome to Charlemayne,  
Upon a great payne,  
And how they rode each one  
On Bayard Mountalbon."—WHAL.

*Le livre de quatre filz Aymon, &c.* (a popular story in the days of romance), was translated into English, and printed in a small Quarto, in 1504, by Wynkyn de Worde, and again in 1554 by W. Copland, with this title, *A plesant and goodly Historie of the four sons of Aimon*. On the title-page is a ridiculous wooden cut (given, however, in sober sadness) of four men sitting on one horse, with their swords drawn. It is to this that the poet alludes.

<sup>3</sup> *The memorial of both their gravities, &c.*] The long beards and big bellies of the stone jugs of the poet's days have been already noticed. See vol. ii. p. 345.

<sup>4</sup> *The famous imp yet grew a wretchock.*] All the dictionaries and glossaries I have con-

sulted will not help us to this term. The word *wretchock* indeed occurs in Skelton's *Eleanor Rummyng*: the exact sense I am not able to assign; but it is applied to fowls, and I am apt to think that *wretchock* and *wrethock* have the same sense, whatever it be:

"The goslings were untied,  
Elmour began to chide;  
They be *wrethocke* thou hast brought,  
They are sheer shaking nought."—WHAL.

*Yet grew a wretchock.*] i.e., pined away instead of thriving. Whalley appears to have puzzled himself sorely in this page (for he has much that I have not copied), about a matter of very little difficulty. In every large breed of domestic fowls, there is usually a miserable little stunted creature, that forms a perfect contrast to the growth and vivacity of the rest. This unfortunate abortive, the goodwives, with whom it is an object of tenderness, call a *wretchock*; and this is all the mystery. Was Whalley ignorant that what we now term chick: was once chocke and chooke? *Wrethocke*, which we probably copied from the execrable edition of Skelton's works, 1736, is merely a false transcript of a *z* for a *c*, a very common error, but which the editor was too blind to notice, or too stupid to amend.

<sup>5</sup> *His quinquennium.*] Whalley's grave doubts concerning this simple phrase make it necessary to observe that it means his fifth year. The wretchock was seven years old, and yet looked as if he was not five.

<sup>6</sup> *The bene-bowse,*] i.e., the good liquor.

*jan*, and *cly the jark*, 'tis thought fit he march in the infants' equipage ;

With the convoy, cheats, and peckage,  
Out of clutch of Harman Beckage,<sup>1</sup>  
To their libkins at the Crackman's,  
Or some skipper of the Blackman's.

<sup>2</sup> *Gipsy*. Where the cacklers, but no grunterns,<sup>3</sup>

Shall uncased be for the hunters :  
Those we still must keep alive ;  
Ay, and put them out to thrive  
In the parks, and in the chases,  
And the finer walled places ;  
As St. James's, Greenwich, Tibals,  
Where the acorns, plump as chibals,  
Soon shall change both kind and name,  
And proclaim them the king's game.  
So the act no harm may be  
Unto their keeper Barnaby ;  
It will prove as good a service  
As ever did gipsy Gervice,  
Or our Captain Charles, the tall-man,  
And a part too of our salmon.<sup>3</sup>

*Jackman*. If we here be a little obscure,  
'tis our pleasure ; for rather than we will  
offer to be our own interpreters, we are  
resolved not to be understood ; yet if any  
man doubt of the significance of the  
language, we refer him to the third volume  
of Reports, set forth by the learned in the  
laws of canting, and published in the  
gipsy tongue. Give me my guitarra, and  
room for our chief ! [Music.]

*Enter the CAPTAIN, with six of his  
Attendants.*

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which,*

SONG.

*Jack*. From the famous Peak of Darby,  
And the Devil's arse there hard by,

Stawling, or stalling-ken, is a receptacle for  
purchase or stolen goods. To nip a *jan* is, I  
believe, to pick a pocket ; and to *cly the jark*,  
something of a similar nature.

<sup>1</sup> *The clutch of Harman Beckage, &c.* Harman Beck is a constable. Libkins are lodgings ; Crackmans, hedges ; a Skipper is a barn or out-house, and if a Blackman be not night, I know not what else it is.

<sup>2</sup> *But no grunterns.* A side compliment to the king, who hated pork in all its varieties.

<sup>3</sup> *Of our salmon.* i.e., of our oath, of our respectful duty ; the *salam* of the East. The gipsy Gervice is a stranger to me :—perhaps he was Gervase Holles.

<sup>4</sup> *And not cause you cut your laces.* At Windsor Jonson's MS. says, this line was altered to

"And not cause you *quit your places*."

Where we yearly keep our musters,  
Thus the Egyptians throng in clusters.

Be not frightened with our fashion,  
Though we seem a tattered nation ;  
We account our rags our riches,  
So our tricks exceed our stitches.

Give us bacon, rinds of walnuts,  
Shells of cockles, and of small nuts,  
Ribands, bells, and saffroned linen,  
All the world is ours to win in.

Knacks we have that will delight you,  
Sights of hand that will invite you  
To endure our tawny faces,  
And not cause you cut your laces.<sup>4</sup>

All your fortunes we can tell ye,  
Be they for the back or belly :  
In the moods too, and the tenses,  
That may fit your fine five senses.

Draw but then your gloves, we pray  
you,  
And sit still, we will not fray you ;  
For though we be here at Burley,  
We'd be loth to make a hurly.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter the PATRICO.*<sup>6</sup>

*Pat*. Stay, my sweet singer,  
The touch of thy finger  
A little, and linger,  
For me, that am bringer  
Of bounds to the border,  
The rule and recorder,  
And mouth of your order,  
As priest of the game,  
And prelate of the same.

There's a *gentry* cove here,<sup>7</sup>  
Is the top of the shire,

There is not much poetry in the substitution,  
but it probably raised a smile at the courtiers  
expense.

<sup>5</sup> [Thomas Hood, when on his death-bed  
thanking Sir Robert Peel, who was then at  
Burleigh, for the pension conferred upon him,  
wrote, "If it be well to be remembered by a  
Minister, it is better still not to be forgotten by  
him in a *hurly Burleigh*."—F. C.]

<sup>6</sup> *The Patrico.* The orator of the gang, the  
mock-priest. See vol. ii. p. 170 b.

<sup>7</sup> *A gentry-cove.* i.e., a great man, a gentle-  
man. Of the Bever-Ken, of Belvoir Castle ;  
alluding to the Earl of Rutland, who was prob-  
ably lieutenant of the county. When the  
Masque was performed at Belvoir Castle, the  
first couplet stood thus :

"There be *gentry* coves here  
Are the chiefs of the shire."—MS.



Of the Bever-Ken,  
A man among men ;  
You need not to fear,  
I've an eye and an ear  
That turns here and there,  
To look to our gear :  
Some say that there be  
One or two, if not three,  
That are greater than he.

And for the *roome-morts*,<sup>1</sup>  
I know by their ports,  
And their jolly resorts,  
They are of the sorts  
That love the true sports  
Of King Ptolemeus  
Our great Coriphæus,  
And Queen Cleopatra,  
The gipsies' grand matra.  
Then if we shall shank it,  
Here fair is and market.

Leave pig by and goose,  
And play fast and loose,  
A short cut, and long,  
With, ever and among,  
Some inch of a song,  
Pythagoras' lot,  
Drawn out of a pot ;  
With what says Alcindus,  
And Pharaotes Indus,  
John de Indagine,  
With all their *paginæ*  
Treating of palmistry,  
And this is almistry.  
Lay by your wimbles,  
Your boring for thimbles,  
Or using your nimbles,  
In diving the pockets,  
And sounding the sockets  
Of simper-the-cockets ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Roome or rum morts*,] i.e., great ladies.

<sup>2</sup> Simper-the-cockets.] This expression occurs in Skelton's ballad of *Eleanor Rumming*:

"In her tursed flocket  
And grey russet rocket  
With *simper-the-cocket*."

Cotgrave, in his French dictionary, helps us to a meaning that agrees extremely well with the passage in Jonson: "*C coquine*, a beggar woman, also a cockney, *simper de cockit*, nice thing"—*WHAL*.

The expression is also used by old Heywood in his *Dialogue*:

"Upright as a candle standeth in a socket,  
Stood she that day, so *simpre de cocket*."

"This," says Warton, "I do not understand, it is marked by the author as a proverb. It is undoubtedly a colloquial phrase." The sense of it, however, is sufficiently obvious. *Cocket* was a

Or angling the purses  
Of such as will curse us ;  
But in the strict duel,  
Be merry and cruel,  
Strike fair at some jewel,  
That mint may accrue well,  
For that is the fuel,  
To make the tuns brew well,  
And the pot ring well,  
And the brain sing well,  
Which we may bring well  
About by a string well,  
And do the thing well.  
It is but a strain  
Of true legerdemain  
Once, twice, and again.

Or what will you say now,<sup>3</sup>  
If with our fine play now,  
Our knackets and dances,  
We work on the fancies  
Of some of these Nancies,  
These Trickets and Tripsies,  
And make them turn gipsies.  
Here's no Justice Lippus  
Will seek for to nip us,  
In Cramp-ring or Cippus,<sup>4</sup>  
And then for to strip us,  
And after to whip us,  
While here we do tarry,  
His justice to vary ;  
But be wise and wary,  
And we may both carry  
The Kate and the Mary,  
And all the bright airy,  
Away to the quarry,<sup>5</sup>  
If our brave Ptolemy  
Will but say, Follow me.

3 *Gipsy*. Captain, if ever at the Bowzin  
Ken,

fine species of bread, as distinguished from common bread ; hence perhaps the name was given to an overstrained affectation of delicacy. To *simper* at, or over a thing, is to touch it *à la scorn*.

<sup>3</sup> Or what will you say now.] At Windsor (the MS. informs us) these lines (which are also in the folio) were substituted:

"Or what will you say now,  
If with our fine play now,  
Our feats and our flogging,  
Here without lingering ;  
Cozening the sights  
Of the lords and the knights,  
Some one of their Georges  
Come off to save charges.

<sup>4</sup> In *Cramp-ring or Cippus*.] The first word means shackles, fetters ; the other, the stocks or pillory.

<sup>5</sup> After this verse, in the MS. and in the folio

**You** have in draughts of Darby drilled  
your men,

And we have served there armed all in ale,  
With the brown bowl, and charged in  
braggat stale;<sup>1</sup>

If mustered thus, and disciplined in drink,  
In our long watches we did never wink,  
But so commanded by you, kept our station,  
As we preserved ourselves a loyal nation;  
And never yet did branch of statute break,  
Made in your famous palace of the Peak.  
If we have deemed that mutton, lamb, or  
veal,

Chick, capon, turkey, sweetest we did steal;  
As being by our Magna Charta taught  
To judge no viands wholesome that are  
bought.

If for our linen we still used the lift,  
And with the hedge (our Trade's Increase)  
made shift,<sup>2</sup>

And ever at your solemn feasts and calls  
We have been ready with the Ægyptian  
brawls,

To set Kit Callot forth in prose or rhyme,<sup>3</sup>  
Or who was Cleopatra for the time.

If we have done this, that, more, such,  
or so;

Now lend your ear but to the Patrico.

*Capt.* Well, dance another strain, and  
we'll think how.

*Gip.* Meantime in song do you con-  
ceive some vow. [*Music.*]

*Here they DANCE.*

## SECOND SONG.

*Pat.* The faery beam upon you,

The stars to glisten on you;

A moon of light,

In the noon of night,

is the following passage, which is directed to be  
spoken at Windsor. The nobleman alluded to is  
the Earl of Worcester:

"The George and the garter,  
Into our own quarter:  
Or durst I go further  
In method and order:  
There's a purse and a seal,  
I have a great mind to steal.  
That when our tricks are done,  
We might seal our own pardon.  
All this we may do,  
And a great deal more too,  
If," &c.

<sup>1</sup> *With the brown bowl, and charged in braggat stale.* Braggat is a drink made of honey,  
ale, and spices.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *Our Trade's Increase.* This is a humorous

VOL. III.

Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you!

The wheel of fortune guide you,

The boy with the bow beside you;

Run aye in the way,

Till the bird of day,

And the luckier lot betide you!

*Capt.* [*surveying the company.*] Bless my  
sweet masters, the old and the young,  
From the gall of the heart, and the stroke  
of the tongue,

With you, lucky bird, I begin; [*Goes up  
to the KING.*] let me see,

I aim at the best, and I trow you are he:<sup>1</sup>  
Here's some luck already, if I understand  
The grounds of mine art; here's a gen-  
tleman's hand.

I'll kiss it for luck sake. You should, by  
this line,

Love a horse and a hound, but no part of  
a swine.

To hunt the brave stag, not so much for  
the food

As the weal of your body, and the health  
of your blood,

You're a man of good means, and have  
territories store,

Both by sea and by land; and were born,  
sir, to more,

Which you, like a lord, and a prince of  
your peace,

Content with your havings, despise to in-  
crease.

You are no great wench I see by your  
table,

Although your Mons Veneris says you are  
able;

You live chaste and single, and have  
buried your wife.<sup>5</sup>

And mean not to marry, by the line of  
your life.

allusion to the name of a ship sent out by the  
first Indian adventurers. Its unusual bulk made  
it a subject of much conversation in those days.  
The hedge (on which linen was hung out to dry)  
was the Galleon of this honest fraternity.

<sup>3</sup> *To set Kit Callot forth, &c.* Kate the  
callot or strumpet. The worthy associate,  
Whalley says, of one Giles Hather, who first  
took up the trade of a gipsy in this country.

<sup>4</sup> *I aim at the best, &c.* It should be ob-  
served that all who took part in these entertain-  
ments were constantly masked; and probably  
not always known to one another. The per-  
formers were undoubtedly in the secret; but the  
spectators, who were very numerous, must have  
derived much amusement from a palpable hit,  
which enabled them to form a tolerable guess at  
the respective characters. James is admirably  
described in these lines

<sup>5</sup> *And have buried your wife.* Queen Anne

Whence he that conjectures your qualities,  
learns

You are an honest good man, and have  
care of your bearns.

Your Mercury's hill too, a wit doth be-  
token,

Some book-craft you have, and are pretty  
well spoken.

But stay—in your Jupiter's Mount, what  
is here?

A king! a monarch! what wonders ap-  
pear!

High, bountiful, just; a Jove for your  
parts,

A master of men, and that reign in their  
hearts,

I'll tell it my train,

And come to you again.

[Withdraws.]

### THIRD SONG.

*Pat.* To the old, long life and treasure;

To the young, all health and pleasure;

To the fair, their face

With eternal grace;

And the soul to be loved at leisure.

To the witty, all clear mirrors,

To the foolish their dark errors;

To the loving sprite,

A secure delight:

To the jealous his own false terrors.

*Capt.* [Advances again to the KING.]

Could any doubt that saw this hand,

Or who you are, or what command

You have upon the fate of things,

Or would not say you were let down

From heaven, on earth to be the crown,

And top of all your neighbour-kings?

To see the ways of truth you take,

To balance business, and to make

All Christian differences cease:

died in the early part of 1619. By her death the grace and splendour of the English court suffered a visible eclipse. "She loved shows and expensive amusements," Hume says, "but possessed little taste in her pleasures." Of taste, Hume had no more idea than the pen he was writing with; a defect most incident to his cold-blooded fraternity. Anne possessed an excellent taste, and her pleasures were elegant and refined in no common degree. [There is ample proof in the State Paper Office that Charles I. inherited his exquisite taste in the Fine Arts from his mother.—F. C.] The honest Puritan, Arthur Wilson, is far better worth listening to on this subject, notwithstanding his prejudices. "She was," he says, "in her great condition a good woman, not tempted from that height she stood on to embroil her spirit much with things below her (as some busybodies do), only giving

Or till the quarrel and the cause  
You can compose, to give them laws,  
As arbiter of war and peace.

For this, of all the world, you shall  
Be styled James the Just, and all  
Their states dispose, their sons and  
daughters,

And for your fortunes you alone  
Among them all shall work your own,  
By peace, and not by human  
slaughters.

But why do I presume, though true,  
To tell a fortune, sir, to you,

Who are the maker here of all:

Where none do stand, or sit in view,

But owe their fortunes unto you,

At least what they good fortunes call?

Myself a Gipsy here do shine.<sup>1</sup>

Yet are you maker, sir, of mine.

Oh that confession could content

So high a bounty, that doth know

No part of motion, but to flow,

And giving never to repent!

May still the matter wait your hand,

That it not feel or stay or stand;

But all desert still over-charge.

And may your goodness ever find

In me, whom you have made, a mind

As thankful as your own is large!

[Music.]

Here they DANCE.

After which, the PRINCE'S fortune is  
offered at by the

2 Gipsy. As my captain hath begun

With the sire, I take the son:—

Your hand, sir!

Of your fortune be secure,

Love and she are both at your

Command, sir!

herself content in her own house, with such recreations as might not make time tedious to her." (*Life of James*, p. 129.) I know not whether the chiro-mantic terms in this speech be worth note: briefly, however, the *line of life* is the line encompassing the ball of the thumb; the *Mons Veneris* is the root or mount of the thumb; *Mercury's hill* is the root of the little finger, and *Jupiter's mount* the bottom or root of the forefinger.

<sup>1</sup> *Myself a Gipsy here do shine.* It appears not only from this but from several incidental notices, that the Marquis of Buckingham himself played the Captain. This elegant address to James has more than one allusion to the meant but unsuccessful endeavours of this good king to preserve the peace of the continent when all was fast falling into confusion. The 2 Gipsy was played by the Marquis's brother.

See what states are here at strife,  
Who shall tender you a wife,

A brave one ;

And a fitter for a man,  
Than is offered here, you can  
Not have one.

She is sister of a star,  
One the noblest now that are,  
Bright Hesper,

Whom the Indians in the East  
Phosphor call, and in the West  
Hight Vesper.

Courses even with the sun,  
Doth her mighty brother run,<sup>1</sup>  
For splendour.

What can to the marriage-night,  
More than morn and evening light,  
Attend her?

Save the promise before day,  
Of a little James to play  
Hereafter

'Twixt his grandsires knees, and move  
All the pretty ways of love,  
And laughter.

Whilst with care you strive to please  
In your giving his cares ease,  
And labours :

And by being long the aid  
Of the empire, make afraid  
Th' neighbours.

Till yourself shall come to see  
What we wish yet far to be  
Attending :

For it skills not when or where  
That begins, which cannot fear  
An ending.

Since your name in peace or wars,<sup>2</sup>  
Nought shall bound until the stars  
Up take you :

And to all succeeding view,  
Heaven a constellation new  
Shall make you. [Music.]

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which*

<sup>1</sup> *Courses even with the sun, Doth her mighty brother run.* [The preceding lines plainly shew us the Spanish match was now in agitation; and the verses are the Spaniards' boast, "that the sun never sets in their king's dominions."—WHAL.]

<sup>2</sup> *Since your name in peace or wars, &c.* [The close of this stanza is certainly wanting; for there can be little doubt but the poet originally gave it complete as the preceding.—WHAL.] It is now fortunately supplied from Mr. Heber's valuable manuscript.

<sup>3</sup> *The Lady Marquess Buckingham.* [Catherine, only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland by his first wife. If Wilson may be

*The* LADY MARQUESS BUCKINGHAM'S,<sup>3</sup>  
*by the*

<sup>3</sup> *Gip.* Hurl after an old shoe,  
I'll be merry whate'er I do,  
Though I keep no time,  
My words shall chime,  
I'll overtake the sense with a rhyme.—

Face of a rose,  
I pray thee depose  
Some small piece of silver ; it shall be no  
loss,

But only to make the sign of the cross :

If your hand you hallow,  
Good fortune will follow,

I swear by these ten,<sup>4</sup>  
You shall have it agen,  
I do not say when.

But, lady, either I am tipsy  
Or you are to fall in love with a gipsy,<sup>5</sup>  
Blush not, Dame Kate,

For early or late,  
I do assure you it will be your fate.

Nor need you be once ashamed of it, madam,  
He's as handsome a man as ever was Adam.

A man out of wax,  
As a lady would aks :  
Yet he is not to wed ye,  
H' has enjoyed you already,  
And I hope he has sped ye.—

A dainty young fellow ;  
And though he look yellow,  
He ne'er will be jealous,  
But love you most zealous,  
There's never a line in your hand but doth  
tell us.

And you are a soul so white and so chaste,  
A table so smooth and so newly ra'ste,

As nothing called foul  
Dares approach with a blot,

Or any least spot ;  
But still you control,  
Or make your own lot,

Preserving love pure, as it first was begot.

trusted, the lady had ventured somewhat too far before marriage ; unless, as is far more probable, the elopement of which he speaks was a concerted plan of the lovers to procure the consent of the "stout old earl," her father, to the nuptials

<sup>4</sup> *I swear by these ten.* [i.e., his fingers.—WHAL.]

<sup>5</sup> *Or you are to fall in love with a gipsy.* [This confirms the observation in a former page. The allusion to the handsome person of the marquess is not overstrained. Wilson says that "he was a man of excellent symmetry and proportion of parts."

But, dame, I must tell ye,  
The fruit of your belly,  
Is that you must tender,  
And care so to render ;  
That as yourself came  
In blood and in name,  
From one house of fame,  
So that may remain  
The glory of twain. [Music.]

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which,*

*The COUNTESS OF RUTLAND'S,<sup>1</sup> by the*

*3 Gip.* You, sweet lady, have a hand too,

And a fortune you may stand to ;  
Both your bravery and your bounty  
Style you mistress of the county :  
You will find it from this night,  
Fortune shall forget her spight,  
And heap all the blessings on you,  
That she can pour out upon you.  
To be loved where most you love,  
Is the worst that you shall prove :  
And by him to be embraced,  
Who so long hath known you chaste,  
Wise and fair ; whilst you renew  
Joys to him and he to you :  
And when both your years are told,  
Neither think the other old.

*And the COUNTESS OF EXETER'S,<sup>2</sup> by the*

*Patrico.* Madam, we knew of your coming  
so late,

We could not well fit you a nobler fate  
Than what you have ready made :  
An old man's wife

<sup>1</sup> *Countess of Rutland.*] The lady to whom this pretty compliment is paid was, I believe, Cecily, daughter of Sir James Tufton of Hathfield in Kent, second wife to the Earl of Rutland, and mother-in-law to the lady last mentioned.

<sup>2</sup> *Countess of Exeter.*] Frances, daughter of William, fourth Lord Chandos, and second wife of Thomas, Earl of Exeter, and eldest son to that great statesman, Cecil, Lord Burleigh. She was a young widow when this nobleman, then in the seventieth year of his age, took her to wife. To this disproportion of years Jonson alludes as handsomely as the subject allowed. The earl died soon after this was written, at fourscore, and the countess, who survived him more than forty years, became the object of much obloquy and envy, as Saunderson says, "on account of her preferment." She was involved in a malicious charge of adultery by Lady Roos (wife of her husband's eldest son), and such was the diabolical malice of her persecutors, that it required all the zeal and sagacity of James to extricate her from their toils. [Her

Is the light of his life,  
A young one is but his shade.  
You will not importune,  
The change of your fortune :  
For if you dare trust to my fore-casting,  
'Tis presently good, and it will be lasting. [Music.]

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which*

*The COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAM'S,<sup>3</sup> by the*

*4 Gip.* Your pardon, lady, here you stand,  
If some should judge you by your hand,  
The greatest felon in the land  
Detected.

I cannot tell you by what arts,  
But you have stolen so many hearts,  
As they would make you at all parts  
Suspected.

Your very face, first, such a one,  
As, being viewed, it was alone  
Too slippery to be looked upon ;<sup>4</sup>

And threw men :  
But then your graces they were such,  
As none could e'er behold too much ;  
Both every taste and every touch

So drew men.  
Still blest in all you think or do,  
Two of your sons are Gipsies too,  
You shall our queen be, and see who  
Importunes

The heart of either yours or you ;  
And doth not wish both George and Sue,<sup>5</sup>  
And every bairn besides all new  
Good fortunes.

*The LADY PURBECK'S,<sup>6</sup> by the*

*2 Gip.* Help me, wonder, here's a book,  
Where I would for ever look :

portrait by Vandyck, which Hudson inherited from Richardson, and sold to Walpole, was No. 66 in the 21st day's sale at Strawberry Hill, and is now in my possession — F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> *Countess of Buckingham.*] Mother of the favourite, by Sir George Villiers. She was at this time the wife of Sir Thomas Compton, brother of the Earl of Northampton. She was created, Wilson says, "a countess by patent," while her husband had no additional title, except that which was given him by the malice or scandal of the public, on his lady's account.

<sup>4</sup> *Too slippery to be looked upon.*] Jonson seems fond of this verse, which he has given in two other places. It is, as the reader knows, from Horace :

*Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.*

<sup>5</sup> *George and Sue.*] The marquiss and his sister. Susanna married William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, ancestor to the present earl.

<sup>6</sup> *The Lady Purbeck.*] The beautiful daughter

Never yet did gipsy trace  
 Smoother lines, in hands or face :  
 Venns here doth Saturn move  
 That you should be Queen of Love ;  
 And the other stars consent ;  
 Only Cupid's not content ;  
 For though you the theft disguise,  
 You have robbed him of his eyes.  
 And to shew his envy further,  
 Here he chargeth you with murder :  
 Says although that at your sight,  
 He must all his torches light ;  
 Though your either cheek discloses  
 Mingled baths of milk and roses ;  
 Though your lips be banks of blisses,  
 Where he plants and gathers kisses ;  
 And yourself the reason why,  
 Wisest men for love may die ;  
 You will turn all hearts to tinder,  
 And shall make the world one cinder.

And the LADY ELIZABETH HATTON'S,<sup>1</sup>  
*by the*

5 *Gip.* Mistress of a fairer table  
 Hath not history nor fable :  
 Others fortunes may be shown,  
 You are builder of your own.  
 And whatever heaven hath gi'n you,  
 You preserve the state still in you ;  
 That which time would have depart,  
 Youth without the help of art,  
 You do keep still, and the glory  
 Of your sex is but your story.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S,<sup>2</sup> *by the*

*Jackman.* Though you, sir, be Cham-  
 berlain, I have a key  
 To open your fortune a little by the way :  
 You are a good man,  
 Deny it that can :

of a beautiful mother, Lady Elizabeth Hatton, by her second husband, Sir Edward Coke, and wife of John Villiers (elder brother of the Marquis of Buckingham) Viscount Purbeck. Nothing can be more elegant than the lines here addressed to her : but there was a change awaiting her which the gipsy did not foresee. In less than three years after this period she was detected in an intrigue with Sir Robert Howard, and fled from her husband's house, to which she never returned. Her extraordinary charms seem to have softened the rigid breast of Wilson. "A lady of transcending beauty," he calls her, "but accused of wantonness."

<sup>1</sup> *Lady Elizabeth Hatton.* The widow of Sir William Hatton, and at this time married to

And faithful you are,  
 Deny it that dare.  
 You know how to use your sword and your  
 pen,  
 And you love not alone the arts but the  
 men :  
 The Graces and Muses everywhere follow  
 You, as you were their second Apollo ;  
 Only your hand here tells you to your face,  
 You have wanted one grace,  
 To perform what has been a right of your  
 place :  
 For by this line, which is Mars his trench,  
 You never yet helped your master to a wench.  
 'Tis well for your honour he's pious and  
 chaste,  
 Or you had most certainly been displaced.

*Here they DANCE.*

The LORD KEEPER'S<sup>3</sup> fortune, *by the*

*Patrico.* As happy a palm, sir, as most i'  
 the land, —  
 It should be a pure and an innocent hand,  
 And worthy the trust,  
 For it says you'll be just,  
 And carry that purse  
 Without any curse  
 Of the public weal,  
 When you take out the scal.  
 You do not appear,  
 A judge of a year.  
 I'll venture my life,  
 You never had wife,  
 But I'll venture my skill,  
 You may when you will.  
 You have the king's conscience too in your  
 breast,  
 And that's a good guest ;  
 Which you'll have true touch of,  
 And yet not make much of,

Sir Edward Coke Jonson compliments her with great delicacy.

<sup>2</sup> *The Lord Chamberlain.* The great Earl of Pembroke. His name is his eulogy. It appears from the MS. that the fortunes of the noblemen were substituted at Windsor in place of those of the ladies, which we have just finished. They should perhaps be placed at the bottom of the page ; but I have followed the printed copies. The reader will observe, however, that the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* was not so long in action as it has hitherto appeared to be.

<sup>3</sup> *The Lord Keeper.* Williams, Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Hume terms him a man of spirit and learning, and a popular preacher. He was, however, somewhat refractory, and gave the court much trouble in after times.

More than by truth yourself forth to bring  
The man that you are, for God and the king.

*The LORD TREASURER'S fortune,<sup>1</sup> by the*

3 *Gipsy*. I come to borrow, and you'll  
grant my demand, sir,  
Since 'tis not for money, pray lend me your  
hand, sir,  
And yet this good hand, if you please to  
stretch it,  
Had the errand been money could easily  
fetch it :

You command the king's treasure, and yet  
on my soul

You handle not much, for your palm is not  
foul :

Your fortune is good, and will be to set  
The office upright and the king out of debt ;  
To put all that have pensions soon out of  
their pain,

By bringing the Exchequer in credit again.

*The LORD PRIVY SEAL'S,<sup>2</sup> by the*

2 *Gip*. Honest and old,  
In those the good part of a fortune is told ;  
God send you your health,

The rest is provided, honour and wealth :

All which you possess,  
Without the making of any man less,  
Nor need you my warrant, enjoy it you shall.  
For you have a good privy seal for it all.

*The EARL MARSHAL'S,<sup>3</sup> by the*

3 *Gip*. Next the great master, who is  
the donor,

I read you here the preserver of honour,  
And spy it in all your singular parts,  
What a father you are and a nurse of the  
arts,

By cherishing which a way you have found,  
How they, free to all, to one may be bound :  
And they again love their bonds ; for to be  
Obliged to you is the way to be free.  
But this is their fortune :—hark to your  
own.

Yours shall be to make true gentry known  
From the fictitious, not to prize blood  
So much by the greatness as by the good ;  
To shew and to open clear virtue the way,  
Both whither she should and how far she  
may :

And whilst you do judge 'twixt valour and  
noise,

To extinguish the race of the roaring boys.

*The LORD STEWARD'S,<sup>4</sup> by the*

4 *Gip*. I find by this hand,  
You have the command  
Of the very best man's house in the land :  
Our captain and we  
Ere long will see

If you keep a good table ;  
Your master is able,  
And here be bountiful lines, that say  
You'll keep no part of his bounty away.

'I here's written *frank*  
On your Venus' bank :

To prove a false Steward, you'll find  
much ado,

Being a true one by blood, and by office  
too.

<sup>1</sup> *The Lord Treasurer.*] Lionel, Lord Cranfield, afterwards Earl of Middlesex. He did not enjoy this situation long ; being impeached for malversation by the Commons in 1624, deprived of his high office, and fined fifty thousand pounds. Buckingham, who had raised him from the counting-house, urged on his fall. James, however, who believed him innocent, would not call for the payment of the fine, and Charles, upon his accession, freely remitted the whole. His titles and estates came into the Dorset family by the marriage of his granddaughter, Frances, with Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset. He is said, in some accounts of those times, to have "reformed the household and augmented the customs." To this the concluding lines of the speech allude.

<sup>2</sup> *The Lord Privy Seal.*] Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester. He died in a good old age, about six years after this period, beloved and honoured by the people. There is something so simple and affecting in Sir Robert Naunton's character of this nobleman, that I am tempted to subjoin it. "In his youth he was a very fine

gentleman, and the best horseman and tilter of the times, which were then the man-like and noble recreations of the court, and such as took up the applause of men as well as the praise and commendation of ladies. And when years had abated these exercises of honour, he grew then to be a faithful and profound counsellor. He was the last liver of all the servants of the Queen's (Elizabeth's) favour, and had the honour to see his renowned mistress and all of them laid in the places of their rest : and for himself, after a life of a very noble and remarkable reputation, he died rich, and in a peaceable old age."—*Frag. Regalia.*

<sup>3</sup> *The Earl Marshal.*] Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, grandson of the Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1571. His name, like some of the others, has occurred more than once before in these Masques.

<sup>4</sup> *The Lord Steward.*] There was more than one this year ; but the person who held this high office when the *Masque of Gipsies* was performed was Lodowick Stewart, Duke of Lenox and Richmond. Hence the allusion in the last line.

*The LORD MARQUIS HAMILTON's,*<sup>1</sup> by

3 *Gip.* Only your hand, sir, and welcome to court ;

Here is a man both for earnest and sport.

You were lately employed,

And your master is joyed

To have such in his train

So well can sustain

His person abroad,

And not shrink for the load,—

But had you been here,

You should have been a gipsy, I swear ;

Our captain had summoned you by a doxy,

To whom you would not have answered by proxy,

One, had she come in the way of your scepter,

'Tis odds you had laid it by to have leapt her.<sup>2</sup> [*Music.*]

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which*

*MUSIC, which leads to 2 DANCE.*

*During which the PATRICO and JACKMAN sing this SONG : and towards the end of it, Cockrel, Clod, Townsheed, Puppy, and other Clowns enter behind.*

*Patr.* Why, this is a sport,

See it north, see it south ;

For the taste of the court,

*Jack.* For the court's own mouth.

Come, Windsor, the town,

With the mayor, and oppose,

We'll put them all down,

*Patr.* Do-do-down, like my hose.

A gipsy in his shape,

More calls the beholder,

Than the fellow with the ape,

*Jack.* Or the ape on his shoulder.

He's a sight that will take

An old judge from his wench,

Ay, and keep him awake ;

*Patr.* Yes, awake on the bench.

And has so much worth,

Though he sit in the stocks,

He will draw the girls forth,

*Jack.* Ay, forth in their smocks.

Tut, a man's but a man ;

Let the clowns with their sluts

Come mend us if they can,

*Patr.* If they can for their guts.

*Both.* Come mend us, come lend us, their shouts and their noise,

Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's boys.

*Cock.* Oh the Lord ! what be these ? Tom, dost thou know ? Come hither, come hither, Dick, didst thou ever see such ? the finest olive-coloured spirits, they have so danced and gingled here, as if they had been a set of overgrown fairies.

*Clod.* They should be morris-dancers by their gingle,<sup>3</sup> but they have no napkins.

*Cock.* No, nor a hobby-horse.

*Clod.* Oh, he's often forgotten, that's no rule ; but there is no Maid Marian nor Friar amongst them, which is the surer mark.

*Cock.* Nor a fool that I see.

*Clod.* Unless they be all fools.

*Town.* Well said, Tom Fool ; why, thou simple parish ass thou, didst thou never see any gipsies ? These are a covey of gipsies, and the bravest new covey that ever constable flew at ; goodly game gipsies, they are gipsies of this year, of this moon, in my conscience.

*Clod.* Oh, they are called the Moon-men, I remember now !

<sup>1</sup> *Lord Marquis Hamilton.*] James, son of John, second Marquis of Hamilton, and Earl of Cambridge. He was much beloved by the king, and died a few months before him, in his thirty-sixth year. I cannot inform the reader on what particular mission he had been employed ; he was much trusted by James in the affairs of Scotland, and was lord high commissioner to the Parliament which met in the present year, 1621.

<sup>2</sup> Here follows in the printed copies :

" *The Earl of Bucklough's, by the Patrico.*

" A hunter you have been heretofore,

And had game good store :

But ever you went

Upon a new scent,

And shifted your loves

As often as they did their smocks or their gloves :

But since that your brave intendments are

Now bent for the war,

The world shall see

You can constant be,

One mistress to prove,

And court her for your love.

Pallas shall be both your sword and your page ; Truth bear your shield, and Fortune your page."

The nobleman here mentioned, was Walter Scott, Lord Scott, created Earl of Buccleuch in 1619. These lines do not appear in Jonson's MS. It was probably an occasional character, written upon the spur of the moment.

<sup>3</sup> *They should be Morris-dancers, &c.*] See vol. i. p. 80 b. The reader will be glad to be relieved from any repetitions on this trite subject. It may be just observed, however, that the friar mentioned below, with whom Warton says he is not acquainted, is Friar Tuck, the domestic chaplain of Robin Hood, and the inseparable companion of Maid Marian.



*Cock.* One shall hardly see such gentlemen-like gipsies though, under a hedge, in a whole summer's day, if they be gipsies.

*Town.* Male gipsies all, not a Mort among them.

*Pup.* Where, where? I could never endure the sight of one of these rogue-gipsies : which be they? I would fain see 'em.

*Clod.* Yonder they are.

*Pup.* Can they cant or mill?<sup>1</sup> are they masters in their art?

*Town.* No, batchelors these ; they cannot have proceeded so far ; they have scarce had their time to be lousy yet.

*Pup.* All the better : I would be acquainted with them while they are in clean life, they will do their tricks the cleaner.

*Cock.* We must have some music then, and take out the wenches.

*Pup.* Music ! we'll have a whole poverty of pipers ; call Checks upon the bagpipe, and Tom Tickle-foot with his tabour. Clod, will you gather the pipe-money?

*Clod.* I'll gather it an you will, but I'll give none.

*Pup.* Why, well said ! Claw a churl by the a— and he'll s— in your fist.

*Cock.* Ay, or whistle to a jade, and he'll pay you with a f—.

*Clod.* F— ! 'tis an ill wind that blows no man to profit. See where the minstrel comes in the mouth on't.

*Cock.* Ay, and all the good wenches of Windsor after him ; yonder is Prue o' the park.

*Town.* And Frances o' the castle.

*Pup.* And Long Meg of Eaton.

*Clod.* And Christian o' Dorney.

*Town.* See the miracle of a minstrel !

*Cock.* He's able to muster up the smocks of the two shires.

*Pup.* And set the codpieces and they by the ears at pleasure.

*Enter the two Pipers playing, and followed by PRUDENCE, FRANCES, CICELY, MEG, CHRISTIAN, and other Wenches.*

*Town.* I cannot hold now, there's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth sake.

*Cock.* Yes, and they'll come about us for luck's sake.

*Pup.* But look to our pockets and purses, for our own sake.

*Clod.* Ay, I have the greatest charge, if I gather the money.

*Cock.* Come, girls, here be gipsies come to town, let's dance them down. [*Music.*]

*Here they take out the Wenches, and dance Country Dances,*

*During which the Gipsies and the PATRICO come about them prying, and pick their pockets.*

*Pat.* Sweet doxies and dells,

My Roses and Nells,  
Scarce out of the shells,  
Your hands, nothing else.  
We ring you no knells  
With our Ptolemy's bells,  
Though we come from the fells ;  
But bring you good spells,  
And tell you some chances,  
In midst of your dances,  
That fortune advances,  
To Prudence or Frances ;  
To Cicely or Harry,  
To Roger or Mary,  
Or Peg of the dairy ;  
To Maudlin or Thomas ;  
Then do not run from us.  
Although we look tawny,  
We are healthy and brawny,  
Whate'er your demand is,  
We'll give you no jaundis.

*Pup.* Say you so, old gipsy ! 'Slid, these go to't in rhymes ; this is better than canting by the one half.

*Town.* Nay, you shall hear them : peace, they begin with Prudence ; mark that.

*Pup.* The wiser gipsies they, marry.

*Town.* Are you advised?

*Pup.* Yes, and I'll stand to't, that a wise gipsy (take him at the time o' the year) is as politic a piece of flesh as most justices in the county where he stalks.

3 *Gip.* To love a keeper your fortune will be,  
But the doucets better than him or his fee.

*Town.* Ha, Prue, has he hit you in the teeth with the sweet bit?

*Pup.* Let her alone, she'll swallow it well enough ; a learned gipsy !

*Town.* You'll hear more hereafter.

*Pup.* Marry, and I'll listen : who stands next? Jack Cockrel?

2 *Gip.* You'll have good luck to horse-flesh, o' my life,

You ploughed so late with the vicar's wife.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Can they cant or mill.] i.e., beg or steal. What *Puppy* means just below by POVERTY, I cannot tell ; perhaps *posse*.

<sup>2</sup> You'll have good luck to horse-flesh, o' my life. You ploughed so late with the vicar's wife.] In the small edition, this fortune is told with more humour in the following manner :

*Pup.* A prophet, a prophet, no gipsy ! or if he be a gipsy, a divine gipsy.

*Town.* Mark Frances, now she's going to't, the virginity o' the parish !

*Pat.* Fear not, in hell you'll never lead apes,

A mortified maiden of five escapes.

*Pup.* By'r lady, he touched the virgin-string there a little too hard. They are arrant learned men all, I see ; what say they upon Tom Clod ? list.

*Gip.* Clod's feet will in Christmas go near to be bare,

When he has lost all his hobnails at post and at pair.

*Pup.* He has hit the right nail o' the head, his own game.

*Town.* And the very metal he deals in at play, if you mark it.

*Pup.* Peace, who's this ? Long Meg ?

*Town.* Long and foul Meg, if she be a Meg, as ever I saw of her inches : pray God they fit her with a fair fortune ! she hangs an a—— terribly.

*Pup.* They slip her,<sup>1</sup> and treat upon Ticklefoot.

*Gip.* On Sundays you rob the poor's box with your tabor ;

The collectors would do it, you save them a labour.

*Pup.* Faith, but a little : they do it *non upstante*.

*Town.* Here's my little Christian forgot ; have you any fortune left for her ? a strait-laced Christian of sixteen.

*Pat.* Christian shall get her a loose-bodied gown

In trying how a gentleman differs from a clown.

*Pup.* Is that a fortune for a Christian ? a Turk with a gipsy could not have told her a worse.

*Town.* Come, I'll stand myself, and once venture the poor head o' the town ; do your worst, my name's Townshead, and here's my hand, I'll not be angry.

"You steal yourself drunk, I find it here true,

As you rob the pot, the pot will rob you."

WHAL.

This is also the reading of the MS. But Whalley should have recollected that most of these "fortunes" contained little pieces of private history, and were adapted to the characters, who varied at every representation. Cockrel's fortune is a proverbial expression which occurs in many of our old dramas. Thus Glapthorne :

"Clare. If he be a parson

*Gip.* A cuckold you must be, and that for three lives,

Your own, the parson's, and your wife's.

*Town.* I swear I'll never marry for that, an't be but to give *fortune, my foe*, the lie. Come, Paul Puppy, you must in too.

*Pup.* No, I'm well enough ; I would have no good fortune an I might.

*Gip.* Yet look to yourself, you'll have some ill luck,

And shortly—for I have his purse at a pluck. [*Aside to the PATRICO.*

*Pat.* Away, birds, mum !

I hear by the hum,

If beck-harman come,

He'll strike us all dumb,

With a noise like a drum,

Let's give him our room,

Here this way some,

And that way others.

We are not all brothers :

Leave me to the cheats,

I'll show 'em some feats.

[*The Gipsies run off different ways.*

*Pup.* What ! are they gone ? flown all of a sudden ? This is fine, i' faith ; a covey call you 'em ? they are a covey soon scattered, methink : who sprung them I marle ?

*Town.* Marry, yourself, Puppy, for aught I know ; you quested last.<sup>2</sup>

*Clod.* Would he had quested first for me, and sprung them an hour ago !

*Town.* Why, what's the matter, man ?

*Clod.* 'Slid, they have sprung my purse,

and all I had about me.

*Town.* They have not, have they ?

*Clod.* As I am true Clod, have they, and ransacked me of every penny—outcept I were with child with an owl, as they say. I never saw such luck, it's enough to make a man a whore.

*Pup.* Hold thy peace, thou talkst as if thou hadst a licence to lose thy purse alone in this company : 'slid, here be those can lose a purse in honour of the gipsies, as

And I his wife, sure I shall make my friends *Lucky to horse-flesh*.—*Wit in a Constable.*

And May :

"I hope to have good luck to *horse-flesh* now she is a *parson's wife*."—*The Heir.*

<sup>1</sup> *They slip her* ] They do not slip Meg in the MS. nor in the 12mo ; but as there is nothing remarkable in her fortune, it may as well remain untold.

<sup>2</sup> *You quested last.* ] *Quested* is the sporting term for the dog's opening, or giving his tongue, when he scents the birds.—WHAL.

well as thou for thy heart, and never make words of it : I have lost my purse too.

*Cock.* What was there in thy purse, thou keep'st such a whimpering? was the lease of thy house in it?

*Pup.* Or thy grannam's silver ring?

*Clod.* No, but a mill sixpence of my mother's I loved as dearly, and a two-pence I had to spend over and above; besides the harper<sup>1</sup> that was gathered amongst us to pay the piper.

*Town.* Our whole stock, is that gone? how will Tom Ticklefoot do to wet his whistle then!

*Pup.* Marry, a new collection, there's no music else, masters; he can ill pipe that wants his upper lip, money.

*Town.* Yes, a bagpiper may want both.

*Pra.* They have robbed me too of a dainty race of ginger, and a jet-ring I had to draw Jack Straw hither on holy-days.

*Town.* Is't possible! fine-fingered gipsies, i' faith.

*Meg.* And I have lost an enchanted nutmeg, all gilded over,<sup>2</sup> was enchanted at Oxford for me, to put in my sweetheart's ale a' mornings; with a row of white pins that prick me to the very heart, the loss of them.

*Clod.* And I have lost besides my purse, my best bride-lace I had at Joan Turnup's wedding, and a halp'orth of hobnails: Frances Addlebrech has lost somewhat too, besides her maidenhead.

*Fran.* Ay, I have lost my thimble and a skein of Coventry blue I had to work Gregory Litchfield a handkerchief.<sup>3</sup>

*Chris.* And I, unhappy Christian as I am, have lost my Practice of Pietie, with a bowed groat; and the ballad of *Whoop Barnaby*, which grieves me ten times worse.

<sup>1</sup> Besides, the harper that was gathered. [i.e., the *ninepence*. This is a cant expression, I believe, for a piece of money coined by our princes for the use of Ireland. The sixpennies of Henry VIII. had a *harp* on them; so had those of Elizabeth; they occasionally passed for shillings, though evidently not current at that value; and to these the text probably alludes.

In Decker's *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, one of the insurgents quits his party, on which the Captain observes:

"His name was Harper—let him go: desert us! Henceforth the *harpers*, for his sake, shall stand But for plain *ninepence* throughout all the land."

And in Heywood's *Faire Maide of the Exchange* the word is thus introduced:

"Bow. Thou wert by when I bought these gloves of a wench.

*Crisp.* That's true; they cost thee an English

*Clod.* And Ticklefoot has lost his clout, he says, with a three-pence and four tokens in't; besides his taboring-stick even now.

*Cock.* And I my knife and sheath, and my fine dog's-leather gloves.

*Town.* Have we lost never a dog amongst us? where's Puppy?

*Pup.* Here, good man Townshead, you have nothing to lose, it seems, but the Town's brains you are trusted with.

*Re-enter the PATRICO, with the rest of the Gipsies.*

Oh, my dear marrows!<sup>4</sup>  
No shooting of arrows  
Or shafts of your wit,  
Each other to hit,  
In your skirmishing fit,  
Your store is but small,  
Then venture not all:  
Remember, each mock  
Doth spend o' the stock.  
And what was here done,  
Being under the moon,  
And at afternoon,  
Will prove right soon  
*Deceptio visus,*  
Done *gratia risus*.—  
There's no such thing  
As the loss of a ring,  
Or what you count worse,  
The miss of a purse,  
But hey for the main,  
And pass of the strain,  
Here's both come again!  
And there's an old twinger  
Can shew ye the ginger:  
The pins and the nutmeg  
Are safe here with slut Meg,

shilling—marry, it follows in the text that your shilling proved but a *harper*, and thou wert shamefully arraigned for it.

*Bow.* Good, but I excused myself.

*Crisp.* True, that thou thought'st it had been a shilling:—marry, thou hadst never another to change it."

<sup>2</sup> An *enchanted nutmeg*, all gilded over.] Meg's nutmeg was to be used as a love philtre; but the practice of *gilding* nutmegs (however strange it may appear) was sufficiently common. "A *gilded* nutmeg, and a race of ginger," occurs in the *Affectionate Shepherd*, 1594, and in many other poems of that age.

<sup>3</sup> And a skein of Coventry blue.] The celebrity of this city for its blue thread is often noticed by our early writers. See the *Masque of Owls*.

<sup>4</sup> O my dear marrows.] i.e., companions, friends; sometimes mates, or lovers.

Then strike up your tabor,  
And there's for your labour;  
The sheath and the knife,  
I'll venture my life,  
Shall breed you no strife,  
But like man and wife,  
Or sister and brother,  
Keep one with another,  
And light as a feather,  
Make haste to come hither.

The Coventry-blue  
Hangs there upon Prue,  
And here is one opens  
The clout and the tokens;  
Deny the bowed groat,  
And you lie in your throat;  
Or the taborer's ninepence,  
Or the six fine pence.

As for the ballad,  
Or the book, what you call it;  
Alas, our society  
Mells not with piety;  
Himself hath forsook it,  
That first undertook it.

For thimble or bride-lace,  
Search yonder side lass.  
All's to be found,  
If you look yourselves round:  
We scorn to take from ye,  
We had rather spend on ye.  
If any man wrong ye,  
The thief is among ye.

*Town.* Excellent, i' faith: a most restorative gipsy! all's here again; and yet by his learning of leggendmain he would make us believe we had robbed ourselves; for the hobnails are come to me.

*Cock.* May be he knew whose shoes lacked clouting.

*Pup.* Ay—he knows more than that, or I'll never trust my judgment in a gipsy again.

*Cock.* A gipsy of quality, believe it, and one of the king's gipsies, this; a drink-alian, or a drink-braggatan? Ask him.

<sup>1</sup> And says our first lord,  
*Cocklorrel he hight.* Cock Lorrel is merely the master rogue. The following extract, taken from Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 396, gives all that I know; and all perhaps that the reader may require to know of this noted character.

"In a very curious tract in the Museum, entitled *Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell*, which gives an account of the London Rogues at that time, I find a personage named *Cocklorrel*, represented as the head of a gang of thieves in the time of Henry VIII.

"After him succeeded by the General Council one Cock Lorele, the most notorious knave that ever lived. By trade he was a tinker, often

The king has his noise of gipsies as well as of bearwards and other minstrels.

*Pup.* What sort of order of gipsies, I pray, sir?

*Pat.* A flagon-flekian,  
A Devil's arse-a-Pekian  
Born first at Niglington,  
Bred up at Filchington,  
Boarded at Tappington,  
Bedded at Wappington.

*Town.* Fore me, a dainty derived gipsy!

*Pup.* But I pray, sir, if a man might ask on you, how came your captain's place first to be called the Devil's Arse?

*Pat.* For that take my word,  
We have a record,  
That doth it afford,  
And says our first lord,<sup>1</sup>  
Cocklorrel he hight,  
On a time did invite  
The devil to a feast;  
The tail of the jest  
(Though since it be long),  
Lives yet in a song;  
Which if you would hear,  
Shall plainly appear,  
Like a chime in your ear.  
I'll call in my clerk,  
Shall sing like a lark.

*Cock.* Oh ay, the song, the song in any case; if you want music we'll lend him our music.

Come in, my long shark,  
With thy face brown and dark;  
With thy tricks and thy toys,  
Make a merry, merry noise,  
To these mad country boys,  
And chant out the farce  
Of the grand Devil's Arse. [*Music.*]

#### SONG.<sup>2</sup>

Cocklorrel would needs have the Devil his guest,  
And bade him once into the Peak to dinner,

carrying a panne and a hanmer for a show; but when he came to a good booty would he cast his profession in a ditch, and play the padder; and as he past through the town, would crie, *Had ye any worke for a tinker?* To write of his knaveries, it would aske a long time. This was he that reduced in forme the Catalogue of Vagabonds, or Quarter of Knaves, called the Five and twentie Orders of Knaves.

"This Cock Lorele continued among them longer than any of his predecessors; for he ruled almost two and twentie years until the year A.D. 1533, and about the five and twenty year of Hen. VIII."

<sup>2</sup> This "Song" continued long in favour. It

Where never the fiend had such a feast  
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomach was queasy (he came thither  
coacht),  
The jogging had made some crudities  
rise ;  
To help it he called for a puritan poacht,  
That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes,

And so recovered unto his wish,  
He sate him down, and he fell to eat ;  
Promoter in plumb-broth was the first dish,  
His own privy kitchen had no such meat.

Yet though with this he much were taken,  
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher,  
As soon as he spied the bawd and bacon,  
By which you may note the Devil's a  
wencher.

Six pickled tailors sheed and ent,  
Sempsters and tiewomen, hit for his  
palate ;  
With feathermen and perfumers put  
Some twelve in a charger to make a grand  
sallet.

A rich fat usurer stewed in his marrow,  
And by him a lawyer's head and green  
sauce ;  
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,  
As if till then he had never seen sauce.

Then carbonadoed and cooked with pams,  
Was brought up a cloven sergeant's face ;  
The sauce was made of his yeoman's brains,  
That had been beaten out with his own  
mace.

Two roasted sheriffs came whole to the  
board ;  
(The feast had nothing been without 'em)  
Both living and dead they were foxed and  
furred,  
Their chains like sausages hung about 'em.

The very next dish was the mayor of a town,  
With a pudding of maintenance thrust  
in his belly,

is mentioned with praise not only by the poets  
of Jonson's age, but by many of those who  
wrote after the Restoration.

<sup>1</sup> Here the Song ends in the MS. The fol  
and 12mo editions add the three following  
stanzas, which must have been tacked on in  
compliment to James, whose aversion to tobacco  
is well known :

"And there he made such a breach with the  
wind,  
The hole too standing open the while,

Like a goose in the feathers, drest in his  
gown,  
And his couple of hinch-boys boiled to a  
jelly.

A London cuckold hot from the spit,  
And when the carver up had broke him,  
The Devil chopped up his head at a bit,  
But the horns were very near like to  
choke him.

The chine of a letcher too there was roasted,  
With a plump harlot's haunch and gar-  
like,  
A pander's pettitoes, that had boasted  
Himself for a captain, yet never was war-  
like.

A large fat pasty of a midwife hot ;  
And for a cold baked meat into the story,  
A reverend painted lady was brought,  
And confined in crust till now she was hoary.

To these, an over-grown justice of peace,  
With a clerk like a gizzard trussed unde,  
each arm ;  
And warrants for sippits, laid in his own  
grease,  
Set over a chaffing-dish to be kept warm.

The jowl of a jailor served for a fish,  
A constable soused with vinegar by ;  
Two aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish.  
A deputy tart, a churchwarden pye.

All which devoured, he then for a close  
Did for a full draught of Derby call ;  
He heaved the huge vessel up to his nose,  
And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,  
Where banquet and wine were nothing  
source,  
All which he flirted away with a fart,  
From whence it was called the Devil's  
Arse.<sup>1</sup>

*Pup.* An excellent song, and a sweet  
songster, and would have done rarely in a  
cage, with a dish of water and hemp-seed !

That the scent of the vapour before and behind,  
Hath foully perfumed most part of the isle.

And this was tobacco, the learned suppose,  
Which since in country, court, and town  
In the devil's glister-pipe smokes at the nose,  
Of polecat and madam, of gallant and clown.

From which wicked weed, with swine's flesh  
and ling,

Or any thing else that's feast for the fiend :  
Our captain, and we cry, God save the king,  
And send him good meat and mirth without  
end."

a fine breast of his own<sup>1</sup> sir, you are a prelate of the order, I understand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon me to be one of your company; will your captain take a prentice, sir? I would bind myself to him, body and soul, either for one-and-twenty years, or as many lives as he would.

*Clod.* Ay, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too; I am sorry I had no more money i' my purse when you came first upon us, sir; if I had known you would have picked my pocket so like a gentleman, I would have been better provided; I shall be glad to venture a purse with your worship at any time you'll appoint, so you would prefer me to your captain; I'll put in security for my truth, and serve out my time, though I die to-morrow.

*Cock.* Ay, upon those terms, sir, and I hope your captain keeps better cheer than he made for the devil, for my stomach will ne'er agree with that diet, we'll be all his followers; I'll go home and fetch a little money, sir, all I have, and you shall pick my pocket to my face, and I'll avouch it: a man would not desire to have his purse pickt in better company.

*Pup.* Tut, they have other manner of gifts than picking of pockets, or telling fortunes.

*Cock.* Ay, and if they would but please to shew them, or thought us poor country mortals worthy of them.

*Pup.* What might a man do to be a gentleman of your company, sir?

*Cock.* Ay, a gipsy in ordinary, or nothing.

*Pat.* Friends, not to refuse ye,  
Or any way quell ye,  
To buy or to sell ye,  
I only must tell ye,  
Ye aim at a mystery,  
Worthy a history;  
There's much to be done,  
Ere you can be a son,  
Or a brother of the moon.  
'Tis not so soon  
Acquired, as desired.  
You must be ben-bowsy,  
And sleepy and drowsy,  
And lazy, and lousy,  
Before ye can rouse ye,  
In shape that avows ye.  
And then ye may stalk  
The gipsies walk,

<sup>1</sup> *A fine breast of his own.* A phrase common to all the writers of Jonson's age, and constantly used as an equivalent for what is now termed a *fine voice*. It is needless to bring examples of so trite an expression.

To the coops and the pens,  
And bring in the hens,  
Though the cock be left sullen  
For loss of the pullen:  
Take turkey or capon,  
And gammons of bacon,  
Let nought be forsaken.  
We'll let you go loose,  
Like a fox to a goose,  
And shew you the sty  
Where the little pigs lie;  
Whence if you can take  
One or two, and not wake  
The sow in her dreams,  
But by the moonbeams  
So wanly hie,  
As neither do cry;  
You shall the next day  
Have licence to play  
At the hedge a flut,  
For a sheet or a shirt:  
If your hand be light,  
I'll shew you the slight  
Of our Ptolemy's knot.  
It is, and 'tis not.

To change your complexion,  
With the noble confection  
Of walnuts and hog's-grease,  
Better than dog's-grease:  
And to milk the kine,  
Ere the milkmaid fine  
Hath opened her eyne;  
Or if you desire  
To spit or fart fire,  
I'll teach you the knacks  
Of eating of flax;  
And out of your noses,  
Draw ribands and posies.  
As for example,  
Mine own is as ample,  
And fruitful a nose,  
As a wit can suppose;  
Yet it shall go hard,  
But there will be spared,  
Each of you a yard,  
And worth your regard,  
When the colour and size  
Arrive at your eyes.  
And if you incline  
To a cup of good wine,  
When you sup or dine;  
If you chance it to lack,  
Be it claret or sack;  
I'll make this snout,  
To deal it about,  
Or this to run out  
As it were from a spout.

*Town.* Admirable tricks, and he does them all *se defendendo*, as if he would not

be taken in the trap of authority by a frail  
fleshly constable.

*Pup.* Without the aid of a cheese.

*Clod.* Or help of a flitch of bacon.

*Cock.* Oh, he would chirp in a pair of  
stocks sumptuously; I'd give anything to  
see him play loose with his hands when his  
feet were fast.

*Pup.* O' my conscience he fears not that,  
an the marshal himself were here; I protest  
I admire him.

*Pat.* Is this worth your wonder!

Nay then you shall under-

Stand more of my skill.

I can (for I will)

Here at Burley o' the Hill

Give you all your fill,

Each Jack with his Gill,

And shew you the king,

The prince too, and bring

The gipsies were here,

Like lords to appear,

With such their attenders,

As you thought offenders,

Who now become new men,

You'll know them for true men;

For he we call chief,

I'll tell't ye in brief,

Is so far from a thief,

As he gives ye relief

With his bread, beer, and beef.

And 'tis not long sin'c

Ye drank of his wine,

And it made you fine;

Both claret and sherry,

Then let us be merry;

And help with your call,

For a hall, a hall!

Stand up to the wall,

Both good men, and tall,

We are one man's all.<sup>1</sup>

*Omnos.* A hall, a hall, a hall!

Enter the GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED, *i.e.*  
*dressed in rich Habits, and DANCE.*

*Pat.* Why now ye behold,  
'Twas truth that I told,

<sup>1</sup> As he gives ye relief, &c.] He speaks of  
the Captain (the Marquis of Buckingham).  
When the Masque was represented at Bever  
Castle, the following lines were used instead of  
those in the text:

"The fifth of August,  
Will not let saw-dust  
Lie in your throats,  
Or cobwebs, or oats;  
But help to scour ye.  
This is no Gowry (a)  
Has drawn James hither

And no device;

They are changed in a trice

And so will I

Be myself, by and by.

I only now

Must study how

To come off with a grace,

With my Patrico's place:

Some short kind of blessing,

Itself addressing

Unto my good master,

Which light on him faster,

Than wishes can fly.

And you that stand by

Be as jocund as I;

Each man with his voice,

Give his heart to rejoice,

Which I'll requite,

If my art hit right.

Though late now at night,

Each clown here in sight,

Before daylight,

Shall prove a good knight;

And your lasses, pages

Worthy their wages,

Where fancy engages

Girls to their ages.

*Clod.* Oh, anything for the Patrico;  
what is't? what is't?

*Pat.* Nothing but bear the bob of the close,  
It will be no burthen you well may suppose,  
But bless the Sov'reign and his senses,  
And to wish away offences.

*Clod.* Let us alone, *Bless the Sov'reign  
and his senses.*

*Pat.* We'll take them in order as they  
have being,

And first of seeing.

From a gipsy in the morning,

Or a pair of squint eyes turning:

From the goblin and the spectre,

Or a drunkard, though with nectar;

From a woman true to no man,

Which is ugly besides common;

A smock rampant, and the itches

To be putting on the breeches:

Wheresoe'er they have their being,

But the goodman of Bever,

Our Buckingham's father;

Then so much the rather

Make it a jolly night,

For 'tis a holy night;

Spight of the constable,

Or Mas dean of Dunstable."

(a) *The fifth of August*—

*This is no Gowry*

[Has drawn James hither.] The Gowries  
conspiracy was on the fifth of August, 1666.

*Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his SEEING.*

*Pat.* From a fool, and serious toys ;  
From a lawyer, three parts noise :  
From impertinence, like a drum  
Beat at dinner in his room ;  
From a tongue without a file,  
Heaps of phrases and no style.  
From a fiddle out of tune,  
As the cuckow is in June,<sup>1</sup>  
From the candlesticks of Lothbury,<sup>2</sup>  
And the loud pure wives of Banbury ;  
Or a long pretended fit,  
Meant for mirth, but is not it ;  
Only time and ears out-wearing.

*Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his HEARING.*

*Pat.* From a strolling tinker's sheet,  
Or a pair of carrier's feet :  
From a lady that doth breathe  
Worse above than underneath ;  
From the diet, and the knowledge  
Of the students in Bears-college ;  
From tobacco, with the type  
Of the devil's glyster-pipe ;  
Or a stink all stunks excelling,  
From a fishmonger's stale dwelling :

*Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his SMELLING.*

*Pat.* From an oyster and fried fish,  
A sow's baby in a dish ;<sup>3</sup>  
From any portion of a swine,  
From bad venison, and worse wine ;  
Ling, what cook soe'er it boil,  
Though with mustard sauced and oil,  
Or what else would keep man fasting,

*Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his TASTING.*

*Pat.* Both from birdlime, and from pitch,  
From a doxy and her itch ;  
From the bristles of a hog,  
Or the ringworm in a dog ;  
From the courtship of a briar,  
Or St. Anthony's old fire :

From a needle or a thorn

In the bed at e'en or morn ;

Or from any gout's least grutching,

*Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his TOUCHING.*

*Pat.* Bless him too from all offences,  
In his sports as in his senses ;  
From a boy to cross his way,  
From a fall or a foul day.<sup>4</sup>  
Bless him, O bless him, heaven, and lend  
him long  
To be the sacred burden of all song ;  
The acts and years of all our kings t'  
outgo ;  
And while he's mortal we not think him so.

*After which, ascending up, the JACKMAN sings.*

#### SONG 1.

*Jack.* The sports are done, yet do not let  
Your joys in sudden silence set ;  
Delight and dumbness never met

In one self-subject yet.

If things opposed must mixt appear,

Then add a boldness to your fear,

And speak a hymn to him,

Where all your duties do of right belong,

Which I will sweeten with an under-song.

*Captain.* Glory of ours, and grace of all  
the earth ;

How well your figure doth become your  
birth !

As if your form and fortune equal stood,

And only virtue got above your blood.

#### SONG 2.

*Jack.* Virtue, his kingly virtue, which did  
merit

This isle entire, and you are to inherit.

*4 Gipsy.* How right he doth confess him  
in his face,

<sup>1</sup> *From a fiddle out of tune, As the cuckow is in June.]* The dissonant note of the cuckow in this month is thus alluded to by Shakespeare :

"So when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckow is in June,  
Heard, not regarded."—*Hen. IV.*

<sup>2</sup> *From the candlesticks of Lothbury.]* This expression will be best illustrated by a quotation from Stow's *Survey of London* : "The street of Lothbury is possessed (for the most part) by founders that cast candlesticks, chaffing-dishes, pice-mortars, and such like copper or laton works, and doe afterwards turne them with the pot, and not with the wheele, to make them smooth and bright with turning and scrating (as some do term it), making a lothsome noise to the by-passers, and therefore disdainfully called

by them '*Lothberie*,' p. 287. Banbury has been already noticed as being chiefly inhabited by Puritans, vol. ii. p. 142.

<sup>3</sup> *A sow's baby in a dish.]* "Three things to which James had a great dislike ; and with which, he said, he would treat the devil were he to invite him to a dinner, were a pig, a poll of ling with mustard, and a pipe of tobacco for digesture."—*Wittly Apothegms delivered by James I. &c.* 12mo, 1671.

<sup>4</sup> *Or a foul day.]* There was nothing James bore so impatiently as this, whenever it interfered with his hunting. This was pretty nearly the case with those of his followers who were much attached to the chase, I believe. The king sometimes relieved his ill humour by a sonnet : whether they tried the efficacy of a little poetry on themselves is not said.



His brow, his eye, and ev'ry mark of state;  
As if he were the issue of each Grace,  
And bore about him both his fame and fate.

## SONG 3.

*Jack.* Look, look, is he not fair,  
And fresh and fragrant too,  
As summer sky or purged air,  
And looks as lilies do,  
That were this morning blown.

4 *Gip.* Oh more! that more of him were known.

3 *Gip.* Look how the winds upon the waves grown tame,

Take up land sounds upon their purple wings;

And catching each from other, bear the same  
To every angle of their sacred springs.

So will we take his praise and hurl his name  
About the globe in thousand airy rings,

If his great virtue be in love with fame,  
For that contemned, both are neglected things.

## SONG 4.

*Jack.* Good princes soar above their fame,  
And in their worth,  
Come greater forth,  
Than in their name.

Such, such the father is,  
Whom ev'ry title strives to kiss;

Who on his royal grounds unto himself doth raise,

The work to trouble fame and to astonish praise.

4 *Gip.* Indeed he's not lord alone of all the state,

But of the love of men, and of the empire's fate.

The muses' arts, the schools, commerce,  
our honours, laws,

And virtues hang on him, as on their working cause.

2 *Gip.* His handmaid justice is.

3 *Gip.* Wisdom, his wife.

4 *Gip.* His mistress, mercy.

5 *Gip.* Temperance, his life.

2 *Gip.* His pages' bounty and grace, which many prove.

3 *Gip.* His guards are magnanimity and love.

4 *Gip.* His ushers, counsel, truth, and piety.

5 *Gip.* And all that follows him, felicity.

## SONG 5

*Jack.* Oh that we understood  
Our good!

There's happiness indeed in blood,

And store,

But how much more,

When virtue's flood

In the same stream doth hit!

As that grows high with years, so happiness with it.

*Capt.* Love, love his fortune then, and virtues known,

Who is the top of men,

But makes the happiness our own;

Since where the prince for goodness is renowned,

The subject with felicity is crowned.

## THE EPILOGUE,

## AT WINDSOR.

At Burleigh, Bever, and now last at Windsor,  
Which shews we are gipsies of no common kind, sir:

You have beheld (and with delight), their change,

And how they came transformed may think it strange;

It being a thing not touched at by our poet,  
Good Benslept there or else forgot to shew it:

But lest it prove like wonder to the sight,  
To see a gipsy, as an Æthiop, white,

Know, that what dy'd our faces was an ointment

Made and laid on by Master Wolfe's appointment,

The court Lycanthropos; yet without spells,  
By a mere barber, and no magic else,

It was fetched off with water and a ball;

And to our transformation, this is all,

Save what the master fashioner calls his:

For to a gipsy's metamorphosis,

Who doth disguise his habit and his face,

And takes on a false person by his place,

The power of poetry can never fail her,

Assisted by a barber and a tailor.

# The Masque of Augurs.

WITH THE SEVERAL ANTIMASQUES.

*Presented on Twelfth-night, 1622-23.*

**THE MASQUE OF AUGURS.]** From the folio 1641, where it is wretchedly printed. Every page that I turn over in this volume renews my regret at the remissness of Jonson in not giving these little pieces himself to the press. In this, as in everything else, his character has been misrepresented. He is constantly spoken of as extremely jealous of the fate of his works, as tremblingly alive to the accuracy of his page; whereas nothing is so certain as that for the greatest part of his dramatic career, he was as careless of their appearance as any of his contemporaries, not excepting Shakspeare. Want itself could not drive him to the revision and publication of a single drama; and for the long space of twenty years (i.e., from the appearance of the first folio to his death), he gave nothing to the press (unless *Love's Triumph*, or *Chloridia* was published by him, which I can scarcely believe), but the *New Inn*, to which he was compelled by the triumphant ridicule of his enemies, who represented that unfortunate piece as worse perhaps than it really was.

A new whim has seized the editors in this place, and they have given the *dramatis personæ* or "presenters of the first Antimasque."

Notch, a brewer's clerk.  
Slug, a lighterman.  
Vangoose, a rare artist.  
Urson, the bear-ward.  
Groom of the Revels.

Lady Alewife.  
Her two women.  
Three dancing bears.

*All from St. Katherine's.*

**SCENE.—The Court Buttery-hatch.**

*Enter NOTCH and SLUG.*

*Notch.* Come, now my head's in, I'll even venture the whole: I have seen the lions ere now, and he that hath seen them may see the king.

*Slug.* I think he may; but have a care you go not too nigh, neighbour Notch, lest you chance to have a tally made on your pate, and be clawed with a cudgel; there is as much danger going too near the king, as the lions.

*Enter Groom of the Revels.*

*Groom.* Whither, whither now, game-

sters? what is the business, the affair? stop, I beseech you.

*Notch.* This must be an officer or nothing, he is so pert and brief in his demands: a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o' this side nothing; howsoever we must not be daunted now, I am sure I am a greater man than he out of the court, and I have lost nothing of my size since I came to it.

*Groom.* Hey-da! what's this? a hog's-head of beer broke out of the king's buttery, or some Dutch hulk! whither are you bound? the wind is against you, you must back; do you know where you are?

*Notch.* Yes, sir, if we be not mistaken,

we are at the court; and would be glad to speak with something of less authority and more wit, that knows a little in the place.

*Groom.* Sir, I know as little as any man in the place. Speak, what is your business? I am an officer, groom of the revels, that is my place.

*Notch.* To fetch bouge of court,<sup>1</sup> a parcel of invisible bread and beer for the players (for they never see it); or to mistake six torches from the chandry, and give them one.

*Groom.* How, sir?

*Notch.* Come, this is not the first time you have carried coals to your own house, I mean, that should have warmed them.

*Groom.* Sir, I may do it by my place, and I must question you farther.

*Notch.* Be not so musty, sir; our desire is only to know whether the king's majesty and the court expect any disguise here to-night?

*Groom.* Disguise! what mean you by that? do you think that his majesty sits here to expect drunkards?

*Notch.* No; if he did I believe you would supply that place better than you do this. Disguise was the old English word for a masque, sir, before you were an implement belonging to the Revels.

*Groom.* There is no such word in the office now, I assure you, sir. I have served here, man and boy, a prenticeship or twain, and I should know. But by what name soever you call it, here will be a masque, and shall be a masque, when you and the rest of your comroques shall sit disguised in the stocks.

*Notch.* Sure, by your language you were never meant for a courtier, howsoever it hath been your ill fortune to be taken

out of the nest young; you are some constable's egg, some such widgeon of authority, you are so easily offended! Our coming was to shew our loves, sir, and to make a little merry with his majesty to-night, and we have brought a masque with us, if his majesty had not been better provided.

*Groom.* Who, you! you, a masque! why you stink like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney! In the name of ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have been hanged in the smoke sufficiently, that is smelt out already.

*Notch.* Sir, we do come from among the brewhouses in St. Katherine's, that's true, there you have smoked us; the dock comfort your nostrils! and we may have lived in a mist there, and so mist our purpose; but for mine own part, I have brought my properties with me, to express what I am; the keys of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this, the register-book of my function, shews me no less than a clerk at all points, and a brewer's clerk, and a brewer's head-clerk.

*Groom.* A man of accompt, sir! I cry you mercy.

*Slug.* Ay, sir, I knew him a fine merchant, a merchant of hops, till all hopt into the water.<sup>2</sup>

*Notch.* No more of that; what I have been I have been; what I am I am. I, Peter Notch, clerk, hearing the Christmas invention was drawn dry at court; and that neither the king's poet nor his architect had wherewithal left to entertain so much as a baboon of quality, nor scarce the Welsh ambassador, if he should come there: out of my allegiance to wit, drew in some other friends that have as it were presumed out of their own naturals to fill

<sup>1</sup> *To fetch bouge of court.* A corruption of *bouche*, Fr. An allowance of meat and drink for the tables of the inferior officers, and others who were occasionally called to serve and entertain the court. (See p. 217.) Skelton has a kind of little drama called *Bouge of Court*, from the name of the *ship* in which the dialogue takes place. It is a very severe satire, full of strong painting and excellent poetry. The courtiers of Harry must have winced at it.

In a collection of Epigrams and Satires, by S. Rowlands, 1600, and lately republished, this line occurs:

"His jacket faced with moth-eaten budge."

Upon which the editor observes, that budge was probably some paltry imitation of velvet. Have we always to begin our studies! *Budge* had

been rightly explained in a hundred places to mean *fur*, and it seems somewhat of the latest to blunder about it at this period. As to what follows, that "the word was used in Elizabeth's time to signify an allowance of liquor to those who attended her progresses," it is sufficient to observe that this is to confound all language as well as all sense. If an editor cannot disentangle the loose orthography of our old poets, he had better not meddle with them at all.

<sup>2</sup> *A merchant of hops, till all hopt into the water.* This joke seems to be borrowed from old Heywood, who being asked at table by a person whose beer was better hopped than malted how he liked it, and whether it was not well hopped? answered, "It is very well hopt, but if it had hopt a little further, it had hopt into the water." See Camden's *Remains*.—WHAL.

up the vacuum with some pretty presentation, which we have addressed and conveyed hither in a lighter at the general charge, and landed at the back door of the Buttery, through my neighbour Slug's credit there.

*Slug.* A poor lighterman, sir, one that hath had the honour sometimes to lay in the king's beer there : and I assure you I heard it in no worse place than the very Buttery, for a certain there would be no masque, and from such as could command a jack of beer, two or three.

*Enter VANGOOSE.*

*Van.* Dat is all true,<sup>1</sup> exceeding true, de inventors be barren, lost, two, dre, your mile, I know that from my selven ; dey have noting, no ting van deir own, but 'at dey take from the eard, or de zen, or de heaven, or de hell, or de rest van de voir lementen, de place a ! dat be so common s de vench in the bordello. Now me would bring in some danty new ting, dat never was, nor never sall be in de *rebus natura* ; dat has never van de *materia*, nor de *forma*, nor de hofien, nor de voot, but a mera *devisa* of de brain—

*Groom.* Hey-da ! what Hans Flutterkin

is this ? what Dutchman does build or frame castles in the air.

*Notch.* He is no Dutchman, sir, he is a Britain born, but hath learned to misuse his own tongue in travel, and now speaks all languages in ill English ; a rare artist he is, sir, and a projector of masques. His project in ours is, that we should all come from the Three Dancing Bears in St. Katherine's (you may hap know it, sir) hard by where the priest fell in, which alehouse is kept by a distressed lady, whose name, for the honour of knighthood, will not be known ; yet she is come in person here errant, to fill up the adventure, with her two women that draw drink under her ; gentlewomen born all three, I assure you.

*Enter the LADY, with her two Maids.*

*Slug.* And were three of those gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of England's Joy in six hundred and three.<sup>2</sup>

*Lady.* What talk you of England's Joy, gentlemen ? you have another matter in hand, I wiss, England's Sport and Delight, if you can manage it. The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a

<sup>1</sup> *Dat is all true, &c.* This medley of languages appears in the folio (through the whole of Vangoose's part), in the German character ; even in that form it would scarcely pass upon a native, I suspect, and Whalley's copy is therefore followed.

<sup>2</sup> *Of those gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of England's Joy in 1603.* This old piece, which was once very popular, is a kind of pageant, comprehending in dumb shew the chief political events of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and concluding with her apotheosis in great state, "being crowned with the sun, moon, and stars, she is taken up into heaven." It has lately been reprinted among the *Harleian Papers*.

I had occasion to mention this mummery in a note on the following lines, in which Satan twits *Old Iniquity* with the dulness of Pug, vol. ii. p. 215 b.

"Where canst thou carry him, except to taverns  
To mount upon a joint-stool, with a Jew's  
trump,  
To put down Cokely, and that must be to  
citizens,  
He ne'er will be admitted there when *Vennor*  
comes."

At that time I was ignorant of the history of Vennor or Fenner, and I take this opportunity of correcting the passage. Fenner, whom I supposed to be a juggler, was a rude kind of improvisatore. He was altogether ignorant,

but possessed a wonderful facility in pouring out doggrel verse. He says of himself :

"Yet, without boasting, let me boldly say,  
I'll rhyme with anyman that breathes this day,  
Upon a subject, in *extempore*," &c.

He seems to have made a wretched livelihood by frequenting city feasts, &c., where, at the end of the entertainment, he was called in to mount a stool and amuse the company by stringing together a number of vile rhymes upon any given subject. To this the quotation alludes. Fenner is noticed by the Duchess of Newcastle : "For the numbers every schoolboy can make them on his fingers, and for the *time*, Fenner would put down Ben Jonson ; and yet neither the boy nor Fenner so good poets." This too is the person meant in the Cambridge answer to Corbet's satire :

"A ballad late was made,  
But God knows who the penner ;  
Some say the rhyming sculler,  
And others say 'twas Fenner."—P. 24.

Fenner was so famed for his faculty of rhyming that James, who, like Bartholomew Cokes, would willingly let no rare-show escape him, sent for him to court. Upon which Fenner added to his other titles that of his "Majesty's Riming Poet." This gave offence to Taylor, the Water poet, and helped to produce that miserable squabble printed among his works, and from which I have principally derived the substance of this note.

cheat loaf and a bombard of broken beer,<sup>1</sup> how will ye dispose of them?

*Groom.* Cattle! what cattle does she mean?

*Lady.* No worse than the king's game, I assure you; the bears, bears both of quality and fashion, right bears, true bears.

*Notch.* A device only to express the place from whence we come, my lady's house, for which we have borrowed three very bears, that, as her ladyship aforesaid says, are well bred, and can dance to present the sign, and the bearward to stand for the sign-post.

*Groom.* That is pretty; but are you sure you have sufficient bears for that purpose?

*Slug.* Very sufficient bears as any are in the ground, the Paris-garden, and can dance at first sight, and play their own tunes if need be. John Urson, the bearward, offers to play them with any city-dancers christened for a ground measure.

*Notch.* Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the ropes, he will not undertake; it is out of their element, he says. Sir, all our request is, since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a masque, for an antic-masque; and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the Buttery from whence we came for reward, or to the porter's lodge with discredit, for our punishment.<sup>2</sup>

*Groom.* To be whipt with your bears! well, I could be willing to venture a good word in behalf of the game, if I were assured the aforesaid game would be cleanly, and not fright the ladies.

*Notch.* For that, sir, the bearward hath put in security by warranting my lady and her women to dance the whole changes

with them in safety; and for their abusing the place you shall not need to fear, for he hath given them a kind of diet-bread to bind them to their good behaviour.

*Groom.* Well, let them come; if you need one, I'll help you myself.

*Enter JOHN URSON with his Bears, who dance while he sings the following*

#### BAILLAD.

Though it may seem rude

For me to intrude,

With these my bears, by chance-a;

'Twere sport for a king,

If they could sing

As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out

Of fear or doubt,

We came from St. Katherine-a,

These dancing three,

By the help of me,

Who am the post of the sign-a.

We sell good ware,

And we need not care

Though court and country knew it;

Our ale's o' the best,

And each good guest

Prays for their souls that brew it.<sup>3</sup>

For any ale-house,

We care not a louse,

Nor tavern in all the town-a;

Nor the Vintry-Cranes,

Nor St. Clement's Danes,

Nor the Devil can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,

Comes thither again,

Again:

"The manchet fine on high estates bestowe,  
The coarser cheat the baser sort must prove."  
*Whitney's Emblems*, 1586, p. 79.

A cheat loaf is therefore a brown loaf. Broken beer, for the stale leavings of what has been drawn for others, is so common an expression that it may be wondered how it escaped Whalley's observation.

<sup>2</sup> Or to the porter's lodge for our punishment.] The usual place of chastisement for the menials and humbler retainers of great families. See *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 294.

<sup>3</sup> And each good guest  
Prays for their souls that brew it.] Alluding to the proverb of that age, "Blessings on your heart, for you brew good ale."—WHAL.

<sup>1</sup> With a cheat loaf and a bombard of broken beer.] A white loaf, a manchet. A bombard is a large vessel to hold beer, so called from the shape of it: what the epithet broken should denote, unless beer of which some part had been drunk, I cannot say. We have the same phrase at the beginning of *The Masque of the Gipsies*: "Fed with broken beer, and blown wine o' the best daily."—WHAL.

Where Whalley found his explanation of cheat loaf, I know not; it is, however, wrong. Cheat is coarse bread, and is put in opposition to manchet, or fine bread, which is not usually, I believe, given to bears. One or two examples, where as many scores might be produced, will be sufficient:

The Earl of Oxford (speaking of the labouring man), says,

"The manchet fine falls not unto his share,  
On coarser cheat his hungry stomacke feeds."

The liquor is so mighty;  
Beer strong and stale,  
And so is our ale,  
And it burns like aqua-vitæ.

To a stranger there,  
If any appear,

Where never before he has been :  
We shew the iron gate,  
The wheel of St. Kate,  
And the place where the priest fell in.<sup>1</sup>

The wives of Wapping,  
They trudge to our tapping,  
And there our ale desire :  
And still sit and drink,  
Till they spue and stink,  
And often piss out our fire.

From morning to night,  
And about to daylight,  
They sit, and never grudge it ;  
Till the fishwives join  
Their single coin,  
And the tinker pawns his budget.

If their brains be not well,  
Or their bladders do swell,  
To ease them of their burden,  
My lady will come  
With a bowl and a broom,  
And her handmaid with a jorden.

From court we invite  
Lord, lady, and knight,  
Squire, gentleman, yeoman, and groom ;  
And all our stiff drinkers,  
Smiths, porters, and tinkers,  
And the beggars shall give ye room.

*Van.* How like you, how like you ?

*Groom.* Excellent ! the bears have done learnedly and sweetly.

*Van.* Tis noting, tis noting ; vill you see something ? ick sall bring in de Turk-schen, met all zin bashaws, and zin dirty towssand Yanitsaries met all zin whooren, eunuken, all met an ander, de sofie van Persia, de Tartar cham met de groat king of Mogull, and made deir men, and deir horse, and deir elephanten, be seen fight in the ayr, and be all killen, and aliven, and no such ting. And all dis met de *ars van de Catropricks*, by de reflexie van de glassen.

*Notch.* Oh, he is an admirable artist.

*Slug.* And a half, sir.

*Groom.* But where will he place his glasses ?

*Van.* Fow, dat is all ean, as it be two, dree, veir, vife towssand mile off ; ick sall multiplien de vizioun, met an ander secret dat ick heb : Spreck, vat vill you haben ?

*Groom.* Good sir, put him to't, bid him do something that is impossible ; he will undertake it, I warrant you.

*Notch.* I do not like the Mogul, nor the great Turk, nor the Tartar, their names are somewhat too big for the room ; marry, if he could shew us some country-players, strolling about in several shires, without licence from the office, that would please I know whom ; or some Welsh pilgrims—

*Van.* Pilgrim ! now yow talk of de pilgrim, it come in my head. Ick vill show yow all de whole brave pilgrim o' de world : de pilgrim dat go now, now at de instant, two, dre towssand mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, dere, everywhere, make de fine labyrints, and shew all de brave error in de world.

*Slug.* And shall we see it here ?

*Van.* Yaw, here, here, here in dis room, tis very room : vel vat is dat to you, if ick do de ting ? vat an devil, vera boten devil ?

*Groom.* Nay, good sir, be not angry.

*Notch.* 'Tis a disease that follows all excellent men, they cannot govern their passions ; but let him alone, try him one bout.

*Groom.* I would try him ; but what has all this to do with our mask ?

*Van.* O sir, all de better vor an antick-mask, de more absurd it be, and vrom de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it go from de nature of de ting, it is de more art : for dere is art, and dere is nature, yow sall see. *Ilocos Pocos ! paucos palabros !*

Here the second ANTIMASQUE.

Which was a perplexed DANCE of straying and deformed PILGRIMS taking several paths, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of APOLLO, they were all frightened away, and the MAIN MASQUE began :

APOLLO, descending, SUNG.\*

It is no dream ; you all do wake and see ;  
Behold who comes ! far-shooting I'liacbus, I  
he

<sup>1</sup> And the place where the priest fell in.] This was mentioned above (p. 163 b.). I have met with nothing on the subject of this catastrophe, though it must have been sufficiently familiar at the time

\* *Artes eximias quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas.*

† *Sagittandi peritiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud epitheton ἐκβολας, longe jaculans.*

That can both hurt and heal;\* and with  
his voice†

Rear towns, and make societies rejoice;  
That taught the muses all their harmony,  
And men the tuneful art of augury ‡  
Apollo stoops, and when a god descends,  
May mortals think he hath no vulgar ends.

*Being near the earth, he called these persons  
following, who came forth as from their  
tombs.*

Linus § and Orpheus || Branchus ¶ Id-  
mon !\*\* all,

My sacred sons, rise at your father's call,  
From your immortal graves; where sleep,  
not death,

Yet binds your powers.

*Linus.* Here.

*Orpheus.* Here.

*Branchus.* What sacred breath

Doth re-inspire us?

*Idmon.* Who is this we feel?

*Phæmonoe.* †† What heat creeps through  
me, as when burning steel

Is dipt in water?

*Apollo.* Ay, Phæmonoe,

Thy father Phœbus' fury filleth thee:  
Confess my godhead, once again I call,  
Let whole Apollo enter in you all,  
And follow me.

\* *Medicinam, unde medici nomen adeptus.*

† *Musicam, unde μουσικήνος appellatus.*

‡ *Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augu-  
rium) unde Augur Apollo dictus. Virg.*

*Æneid. lib. 4 et Ilor. Car. lib. 1, Od. 2*

Nube candentes humero annuctus  
Augur Apollo.

*Et Carm. Sacul. ult. ubi doctissimus Poeta  
has artes totidem versibus complectitur,*

Augur ut fulgente decorus arcu  
Phœbus, acceptusque novem camœnis,  
Qui salutari levat arte fessos  
Corporis artus.

§ *Linus, Apollinis et Terpsichores filius.—*  
Paus.

|| *Orpheus, Apollinis et Calliope, de quibus  
Virg. in Ecloga inscript.*

¶ *Non me carminibus vincet, non Thracius Or-  
pheus,*  
*Nec Linus, huic mater quamvis, atque huic  
pater adsit.*

*Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.*

¶ *Branchus, Apollinis et Fances filius, de  
quo vid. Strab. lib. 4, et Statium Thebaid. lib.*

*3.—patricque equalis honori Branchus.*

\*\* *Idmon, Apollinis et Asteris filius. De  
illo vid. Val. Flac. lib. 1.*

*Argonautic.*

Contra Phœbus Idmon

Non pallore viris non ullo horrore comarum

*Omnes.* We fly, we do not tread;  
The gods do use to ravish whom they lead.

*APOLLO being descended, shewed them where  
the KING sat, and sung forward.*

Behold the love and care of all the gods,  
Of the ocean and the happy isles;  
That whilst the world about him is at odds,  
Sits crowned lord here of himself, and  
smiles,

*Cho.* To see the erring mazes of mankind.  
Who seek for that doth punish them to find.

*Then he advanceth with them to the KING.*

*Apol.* Prince of thy peace, see what it is  
to love

The powers above!

Jove hath commanded me

To visit thee;

And in thine honour with my †† music rear

A college here; §§

Of tuneful augurs, whose divining skill

Shall wait thee still,

And be the heralds of his highest will.

The work is done,

And I have made their president thy son;

Great Mars too, on these nights,

Hath added Sahan rites. ||||

Yond, yond afar,

Terribilis, plenus fatis, Phœboque quieto,  
Cui genitor tribuit monitu prænoscente Divum  
Omina, seu flammæ, seu lubrica cominus exta,  
Seu plenum certis interroget aëra pennis.

†† *Phæmonoe filia Phœbi, quæ prima carmen  
heroicum cecinit.—Hesiod in Theog.*

‡‡ *Allusio ad illud Ovidii Epistol. Epist.*

*Parid.*

Ilion aspicias, firmataque turribus altis  
Mœnia Apollinæe structa canore lyre.

§§ *Augurandi scientia nobilis erat et antiqua,  
apud gentes præsertim Hetruscos: quibus erat  
collegium et domicilium celeberrimum Augu-  
rum, quorum summa fuit authoritas et digni-  
tas per totam Italiam, potissimum Romæ.*  
Romulus, urbe condita, collegium et Auguresibi  
instituit, ipse nobilis, ut apud Liv. lib. 1, et  
Tull. lib. 1, Optimus Augur. Eorum officium  
fuit auspicia captare, et ex iis colligere signa  
futurarum rerum, Deorumque monita conside-  
rare de eorum prosperis vel adversis. Sacra  
erat Romanis et res regia habita, dignitasque  
penes patricios et principes viros mansit, etiam  
apud imperatores obtinuit, unde ad Apolline  
nostro talis Præses Pulchre designatus.

|||| *Sallationes in rebus sacris adhibebantur  
apud omnes penè gentes: et à saliendo, seu sal-  
tatione sacra ad saliare carmen instituta, Salsi  
dicti et Marti consecrati. Omnes etiam qui ad  
cantum et tibiam iudebant Salsi et Salsusuli*

They closed in their temple are,\*  
And each one guided by a star.

*Cho.* Haste, haste to meet them, and as they advance.

'Twixt every dance,  
Let us interpret their prophetic trance.

*Here they fetched out the MASQUERS [i.e. the AUGURS]: and came before them with the TORCHBEARERS along the stage, singing this full*

SONG.

*Apol.* Which way and whence the lightning flew.

Or how it burned bright and blue,  
Design and figure by your lights :  
Then forth, and shew the several flights  
Your birds have made, † or what the wing,  
Or voice in augury doth bring.  
Which hand the crow cried on, how high  
The vulture, or the erne did fly ;  
What wing the swan made, and the dove,  
The stork, and which did get above :  
Shew all the birds of food or prey,  
But pass by the unlucky jay,  
The night-crow, swallow, or the kite,  
Let these have neither right,

*Chor.* Nor part

In this night's art.

*Here the TORCHBEARERS danced.*

*dicebantur. Salius ὑμνωδὸς, vet. gloss. et Pauv.*  
Pro imperio sic Salisubulus vestro excubet Mars  
*et Virg. Æneid. lib. 8.*

Tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum  
Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.

\* *Auguria captaturi cælum eligeabant purum et serenum, atreque nullo. Lituum (qui erat baculus incurvus, augurale signum) manu tenebat augur. Eo cæli regiones designabant, et metis inter quas contineri debebant auguria: et hæ vocabantur templa: unde contemplatio dicta est consideratio, et meditatio rerum sacrarum, ut dextrum sinistrumque latus observaret: in impetrato sibi ipse regiones definiëbat; in oblato manum suam respexit levam aut dextram. Regiones ab oriente in occasum terminabant limite decumano, et cardine ex transverso signo metito, quo oculi ferrent quam longissime. Antica in ortum vergebat; Postica regio à tergo ad occasum: dextra ad meridiem: sinistra ad septentrionem. Observationes fiebant augure sedente, capite velato, toga duplici augurali candida amicto, à media nocte ad mediam diem, crescente non deficiente die. Neque captabantur auguria post mensem Julium, propterea quod ares redderentur imbeciores et moribide, pullique eorum essent imperfecti.*

† *Augurandi scientia* ὀρνιθομαντεία dicta;  
*divinatio per aves. Aves aut oscines, aut*

*After which the AUGURS laid by their staves, and danced their entry; which done, APOLLO and the rest interpreted the Augury.*

*Apol.* The signs are lucky all, and right,†  
There hath not been a voice, or flight,  
Of ill presage—

*Lin.* The bird that brings\$

Her augury alone to kings,  
The dove, hath flown.

*Orph.* And to thy peace,  
Fortunes and the Fates increase.

*Bran.* Minerva's hennshaw, and her owl,  
Do both proclaim thou shalt control  
The course of things.

*Idm.* As now they be

With tumult carried—

*Apol.* And live free  
From hatred, faction, or the fear  
To blast the olive thou dost wear.

*Cho.* More is behind, which these do  
long to show,  
And what the gods to so great virtue owe.

*Here the MAIN DANCE.*

*Cho.* Still, still the auspice is so good,  
We wish it were but understood :

It even puts Apollo  
To all his strengths of art, to follow  
The flights, and to divine  
What's meant by every sign.\*\*

*præpetes; oscines, quæ orr, præpetes, quæ volatu  
augurium significant. Pulli tripudium. Aves  
auspicata, et præpetes, aquila, vultur, san-  
guinalis seu ossifraga, triarches, sive buteo, im-  
menseculus, accipiter, cygnus, columba; oscines,  
coruix, corvus, anser, ciconia, ardea, noctua;  
inauspicata, milvus, parra, nycticorax, striges,  
hirundo, picus, &c.*

† Habebant dextra et laeva omina; antica et postica; orientalia et occidentalia. Graeci, cum se ad septentrionem obverterent, ortum ad dextram habuere. Romani meridiem in aspiciendam cum tuerentur, ortum ad laevam habuere. Itaque sinistra partes eadem sunt Romanis quae Graecis dextra ad ortum. Sinistra igitur illis meliora, dextra pejora: Graecis contra. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum: salutaria, quia ortus lucis index et auctor. Dextra, quia spectant occasum, tristica.

§ *Columbæ auguria non nisi regibus dant: quia nunquam singulæ volant: sicut rex nunquam solus incedit. Nuntia pacis.*

|| *Ardea et ardeola, rerum arduarum auspici-  
cium. Minervæ sacra. Apud Homer. Iliad. κ,  
δεξιὸν ἐρωδιός.*

¶ *Auspicium, ab ave specienda. Paul. Nam quod nos cum præpositione dicimus aspicio, apud veteres sine præpositione spicio dicebatur.*

**\*\* Signa quæ sese offerent, erant multifaria:**



Thou canst not less be than the charge  
Of every deity ;  
That thus art left here to enlarge,  
And shield their piety !  
Thy neighbours at thy fortune long have  
gazed ;  
But at thy wisdom all do stand amazed,  
And wish to be  
O'ercome, or governed by thee !  
Safety itself so sides thee where thou go'st,  
And Fate still offers what thou covest most.

*Here the REVELS.*

*After which, APOLLO went up to the KING,  
and SUNG.*

*Apol.* Do not expect to hear of all  
Your good at once, lest it forestal  
A sweetness would be new :  
Some things the Fates would have concealed,  
From us the gods, lest being revealed,  
Our powers shall envy you.  
It is enough your people learn  
The reverence of your peace,  
As well as strangers do discern  
The glories, by th' increase ;  
And that the princely augur here,\* your  
son,<sup>1</sup>  
Do by his father's lights his courses run.  
*Cho.* Him shall you see triumphing over  
all,  
Both foes and vices ; and your young and  
tall  
Nephews, his sons, grow up in your em-  
braces,<sup>2</sup>  
To give this island princes in long races.

*Here the heaven opened, and JOVE, with the  
Senate of the Gods, was discovered,  
while APOLLO returned to his seat, and  
ascending, SUNG.*

*nam si officieretur avis aliqua, considerabatur  
quo volatu ferretur, an obliquo vel prono, vel  
supino motu corporis ; quo flecteret, contor-  
queret, aut contraheret membra ; qua in parte  
se occultaret ; an ad dextram vel sinistram  
cancerent oscines, &c.*

\* *Romulus augur fuit, et Numa, et reliqui  
reges Romani, sicut ante eos Turnus, Rham-  
netes, et alii. Lacedæmonii suis regibus au-  
gurem assessorem dabant. Cilices, Lycii,  
Cares, Arabes, in summa veneratione habue-  
runt auguria.*

† *Vide Orpheum in hym. de omnib. Jovis.*

‡ *Mos Jovis, annuendo votis et firmandis  
omnibus. Apud Homer. &c.*

<sup>1</sup> *And that the princely augur here.] It*

*Apol.* See, heaven expecteth my return,  
The forked fire begins to burn,  
Jove beckons me to come.

*Jove.* Though Phœbus be the god of  
arts,

He must not take on him all parts ;

But leave his father some,

*Apol.* My arts are only to obey,

*Jove.* And mine to sway.†

Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last,  
you call,

The power that governs and conserveth all ;  
Earth, sea, and air, are subject to our check,

And fate with heaven moving at our beck  
Till Jove it ratify

It is no augury,

Though uttered by the mouth of Destiny.

*Apol.* Dear father, give the sign, and  
seal it then.

*The EARTH riseth.*

It is the suit of Earth and men.

*Jove.* What do these mortals crave with-  
out our wrong ?

*Earth, with the rest.* That Jove will lend  
us this our sovereign long ;

Let our grand-children, and not we,  
His want or absence ever see.

*Jove.* Your wish is blest,

Jove knocks his chin against his breast,‡  
And firms it with the rest.

*Full Cho.* Sing then his fame through all  
the orbs ; in even

Proportions, rising still from earth to hea-  
ven :

And of the lasting of it leave to doubt,  
The power of time shall never put that out.

*This done, the whole Scene shut, and the  
MASQUERS danced their last DANCE.*

*And thus it ended.*

appears from p. 166 b that Charles led the Dance,  
at the head of the Augurs.

<sup>2</sup> *Your young and tall nephews, his sons.]*  
i.e., *Nepotes*, grandchildren.—WHAL.

It appears a little singular that the learned  
Prideaux should be unacquainted with this  
acceptation of the word, which is common to  
all our old writers. He apologizes for reading  
"son and grandson" (Isaiah xiv. 22), instead of  
"son and nephew," with the translators of the  
Bible ; who, as he afterwards shews, elsewhere  
translate the same word (naked) "grandson."  
There is no doubt of it : the only difficulty lay  
in the commentator's not observing that with  
them nephew and grandson were perfectly syn-  
onymous ; though the former term was used  
also for a brother or sister's son. *Connac. vol. i.*  
p. 125.

# Time Vindicated to Himself and to his Honours :

IN THE PRESENTATION AT COURT ON TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1623-24.

*Qui se mirantur, in illos  
Virus habet: nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

TIME VINDICATED, &c.] This Entertainment, which forms a kind of *retort courtoise* to the scurrilous satires now dispersed with mischievous activity, appears only in the second folio. The light parts of it are composed with great gaiety and humour; and the singing and dancing must have been given with great effect among the rich and beautiful concomitants of scenery, &c. that surrounded them.

In the Dulwich College MS. this is called the *Prince's Masque*; its unusual splendour seems to have induced the Master of the Revels (Sir John Astley) to enter into a more particular mention of it than is common with these costive gentlemen.

"Upon New Year's-day at night, the *Alchemist* was acted by the King's players.

"Upon Sunday, being the 19th of January (1623), the *Prince's Masque*, appointed for Twelfedaye, was performed. The speeches and songs composed by Mr. Ben Johnson, and the scene made by Mr. Inigo Jones, which was three times changed during the tyme of the Masque, wherein the first that was discovered was a prospective of Whitehall, with the Banqueting House; the second was the Masquers in a cloud; and the third a forest. The French ambassador was present.

"Antemasques were of tumblers and jugglers. The Prince did lead the measures with the French ambassadors wife.

"The measures, braules, corrantos, and galliards being ended, the Masquers with the ladies did daunce two contrey daunces, where the French ambassadors wife and Mademoysal St. Luke did daunce."—*Malone's Hist. of the Eng. Stage.*

*The Court being seated, a trumpet sounded, and FAME entered, followed by the CURIOUS, the EYED, the EARED, and the NOSED.<sup>1</sup>*

*Fame.* Give ear, the worthy, hear what Fame proclaims.

*Ears.* What, what? is't worth our ears?

*Eyes.* Or eyes?

*Nose.* Or noses?

For we are curious, Fame; indeed THE CURIOUS.

*Eyes.* We come to spy.

*Ears.* And hearken.

*Nose.* And smell out.

*Fame.* More than you understand, my hot inquisitors.

*Nose.* We cannot tell.

*Eyes.* It may be.

*Ears.* However, go you on, let us alone.

*Eyes.* We may spy out that which you never meant.

*Nose.* And nose the thing you scent not.

First, whence come you?

*Fame.* I came from Saturn.

*Ears.* Saturn? what is he?

*Nose.* Some Protestant, I warrant you, a time-server,

As Fame herself is.

*Fame.* You are near the right.

<sup>1</sup> *The Eyed, &c.]* It appears from the sequel that the masks of the performers were furnished with numerous eyes, ears, and noses respectively.

Indeed he's Time itself, and his name  
CHRONOS.

*Nose.* How! Saturn! Chronos! and the  
Time itself!

You are found: enough. A notable old  
pagan!

*Ears.* One of their gods, and eats up his  
own children.

*Nose.* A fencer, and does travel with a  
scythe,

Instead of a long sword,  
*Eyes.* Hath been oft called from it,

To be their lord of Misrule,<sup>1</sup>

*Ears.* As Cincinnatus  
Was from the plough, to be dictator.

*Eyes.* Yes.

We need no interpreter: on, what of Time?  
*Fame.* The Time hath sent me with my

trump to summon

All sorts of persons worthy to the view  
Of some great spectacle he means to-night

To exhibit, and with all solemnity.

*Nose.* O, we shall have his Saturnalia.

*Eyes.* His days of feast and liberty again.

*Ears.* Where men might do, and talk all  
that they list.

*Eyes.* Slaves of their lords.

*Nose.* The servants of their masters.

*Ears.* And subjects of their Sovereign.

*Fame.* Not so lavish.

*Ears.* It was a brave time that!

*Eyes.* This will be better:

I spy it coming, peace! All the impostures,  
The prodigies, diseases, and distempers,  
The knaveries of the time, we shall see all  
now.

*Ears.* And hear the passages, and several  
humours

Of men, as they are swayed by their affec-  
tions:

Some grumbling, and some mutining, some  
scoffing,

Some pined, some pining; at all these we  
laughing.

*Nose.* I have it here, here, strong, the  
sweat of it,

And the confusion, which I love—I nose it;  
It tickles me.

*Eyes.* My four eyes itch for it.

*Ears.* And my ears tingle; would it  
would come forth:

This room will not receive it.

*Nose.* That's the fear.

# Enter CHRONOMASTIX.

*Chro.* What, what, my friends, will not  
this room receive?

*Eyes.* That which the Time is presently  
to shew us.

*Chro.* The Time! Lo, I, the man that  
hate the time,  
That is, that love it not; and (though in  
rhyme

I here do speak it), with this whip you  
see,

Do lash the time, and am myself lash free.

*Fame.* Who's this?

*Ears.* 'Tis Chronomastix, the brave  
satyr.

*Nose.* The gentlemanlike satyr, cares for  
nobody,

His forehead tipt with bays, do you not  
know him?

*Eyes.* Yes, Fame must know him, all the  
town admires him.

*Chro.* If you would see Time quake and  
shake, but name us,

It is for that we are both beloved and  
famous.

*Eyes.* We know, sir: but the Time's now  
come about.

*Ears.* And promiseth all liberty.

*Nose.* Nay, licence.

*Eyes.* We shall do what we list.

*Ears.* Talk what we list.

*Nose.* And censure whom we list, and  
how we list.

*Chro.* Then I will look on Time, and love  
the same,

And drop my whip: who's this? my mis-  
tress, Fame!

The lady whom I honour and adore!

What luck had I not to see her before!

Pardon me, madam, more than most ac-  
curst,

That did not spy your ladyship at first;  
T' have given the stoop, and to salute the

skirts

Of her to whom all ladies else are flirts.

It is for you I revel so in rhyme,

Dear mistress, not for hope I have the  
Time

Will grow the better by it: to serve Fame

Is all my end, and get myself a name.

*Fame.* Away, I know thee not, wretched  
impostor,

<sup>1</sup> To be their Lord of Misrule.] "In the feast of Christmass, there was in the king's house, wheresoever he was lodged, a lord of misrule, or master of merry sports; and the like had ye in the house of every noble man of honour, or good worship, were be spiritual or

temporal."—Stow. In the following verses the poet alludes to that liberty which reigned amongst the Romans during the Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn. These were appointed to remind them of the general equality between all men in the first age.—WHAL.

Creature of glory, mountebank of wit,  
Self-loving braggart, Fame doth sound no  
trumpet

To such vain empty fools : 'tis Infamy  
Thou serv'st and follow'st, scorn of all the  
Muses !

Go revel with thine ignorant admirers,  
Let worthy names alone.

*Chro.* O, you, the Curious,  
Breathe you to see a passage so injurious,  
Done with despight, and carried with such  
tumour

'Gainst me, that am so much the friend of  
rumour ?

I would say, Fame ? whose muse hath rid  
in rapture

On a soft ambling verse, to every capture,  
From the strong guard to the weak child  
that reads me,

And wonder both of him that loves or  
dreads me ;

Who with the lash of my immortal pen  
Have scourged all sorts of vices, and of  
men.

Am I rewarded thus ? have I, I say,  
From Envy's self torn praise and bays  
away,

With which my glorious front and word at  
large

Triumphs in print at my admirers' charge ?  
*Ears.* Rare ! how he talks in verse, just  
as he writes !<sup>1</sup>

*Chro.* When have I walked the streets,  
but happy he

That had the finger first to point at me,  
Prentice, or journeyman ! The shop doth  
know it,

The unlettered clerk, major and minor  
poet !

The sempster hath sat still as I passed by,  
And dropt her needle ! fishwives stayed their  
cry !

The boy with buttons, and the basket-  
wench,

To vent their wares into my works do  
trench !

A pudding-wife that would despise the times,  
Hath uttered frequent penn'orths, through  
my rhymes,

And, with them, dived into the chamber-  
maid,

And she unto her lady hath conveyed  
The seasoned morsels, who hath sent me  
pensions,

To cherish, and to heighten my inventions.  
Well, Fame shall know it yet, I have my  
faction,

And friends about me, though it please de-  
traction,

To do me this affront. Come forth that  
love me,

And now or never, spight of Fame, approve  
me.

*Enter the Mutes for the ANTIMASQUE.*

*Fame.* How now ! what's here ! Is hell  
broke loose ?

*Eyes.* You'll see

<sup>1</sup> *Rare ! how he talks in verse, just as he writes.* From the particular description given us of Chronomastix, it appears that the character was personal ; and there is reason for thinking that the author intended was John Marston, who, besides his dramatic writings, was the author of three books of satires, called *The Scourge of Villainy*.—WHAL.

Whalley writes very carelessly. Had he ever looked into Marston, he could not have formed so strange a conjecture. *The Scourge of Villainy* was written nearly thirty years before this Masque appeared, to which, in fact, it has not the slightest reference. Chronomastix is undoubtedly a generic name for the herd of libellists which infested those times ; but the lines noticed by Whalley bear a particular reference to George Wither the puritan, the author of *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, and other satirical poems on the *Times*, the style and manner of which Jonson has imitated with equal spirit and humour. The allusion to his

"Picture in the front,  
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,"

and which was in great request with "the godly," was probably not a little grateful to the courtiers.

In some editions of *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, there is a print of a Satyr with a scourge, such as Chronomastix enters with : but Wither had displayed his "glorious front and word at large" (*nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*) in the title-page of another poem not long before the appearance of this Masque, in which he refers, with sufficient confidence, to his former works :

"Had I been now disposed to satyze,  
Would I have *tamed* my numbers in this wise ?  
No. I have Furies that lye tied in chaines,  
Bold, English - mative - like, adventurous  
straines,  
Who fearlesse dare on any monster flye  
That wears a body of mortality :  
And I had let them loose, if I had list,  
To play againe the *sharp-fanged Satyr*ist."

This man, whom nature meant for better things, and who did not always write doggerel verses, once thought more modestly of himself ; but popularity gave him assurance. In the introduction to his *Abuses Whipt*, he tells his readers "not to looke for Spencer's or Daniel's well composed numbers, or the deep conceits of the now flourishing Jonson ; but to say—'tis honest plain matter, and there's as much as he expects."

That he has favourers, Fame, and great ones too ;

That unctuous Bounty is the boss of Billingsgate.<sup>1</sup>

*Ears.* Who feasts his muse with claret wine and oysters.

*Nose.* Grows big with satyr.

*Ears.* Goes as long as an elephant.

*Eyes.* She labours, and lies in of his inventions.

*Nose.* Has a male poem in her belly now, Big as a colt—

*Ears.* That kicks at Time already.

*Eyes.* And is no sooner foaled, but will neigh sulphur.

*Fame.* The next.

*Ears.* A quondam justice, that of late Hath been discarded out o' the pack o' the peace,

For some lewd levity he holds *in capite*, But constantly loves him. In days of yore He used to give the charge out of his poems ;

He carries him about him in his pocket, As Philip's son did Homer in a casket, And cries, *O happy man!* to the wrong party,

Meaning the poet, where he meant the subject.

*Fame.* What are this pair ?

*Eyes.* The ragged rascals ?

*Fame.* Yes.

*Eyes.* Mere rogues :—you'd think them rogues, but they are friends ;

One is his printer in disguise, and keeps His press in a hollow tree,<sup>2</sup> where to conceal him,

He works by glow-worm light, the moon's too open.

The other zealous rag is the compositor, Who in an angle, where the ants inhabit, (The emblems of his labours), will sit curled

Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out for him.

*Nose.* Strange arguments of love ! there is a schoolmaster

Is turning all his works too into Latin,

To pure satyric Latin ; makes his boys To learn him ; calls him the Times' Juvenal ;

Hangs all his school with his sharp sentences ;

And o'er the execution place hath painted Time whipt, for terror to the infantry.

*Eyes.* This man of war i' the rear, he is both trumpet

And champion to his muse.

*Ears.* For the whole city.

*Nose.* Has him by rote, recites him at the tables

Where he doth govern ; swears him into name,

Upon his word and sword, for the sole youth

Dares make profession of poetic truth, Now militant amongst us : to th' incredulous,

That dagger is an article he uses To rivet his respect into their pates, And make them faithful. Fame, you'll find you have wronged him.

*Fame.* What a confederacy of folly's here ?

*They all dance but FAME, and make the first ANTIMASQUE, in which they adore, and carry forth CHRONOMASTIX.*

*After which the CURIOUS come up again to FAME.*

*Eyes.* Now, Fame, how like you this ?

*Ears.* This falls upon you

For your neglect.

*Nose.* He scorns you, and defies you, He has got a Fame on's own, as well as a faction.

*Eyes.* And these will deify him, to despite you.

*Fame.* I envy not the *Ἀποθεώσις*.

<sup>1</sup> 'Twill prove but deifying of a pompon.<sup>3</sup>

*Nose.* Well, what is that the Time will now exhibit ?

*Eyes.* What gambols, what devices, what new sports ?

*Ears.* You promised us we should have anything.

<sup>1</sup> *That unctuous Bonnty is the boss of Billingsgate.*] Boss is a head or reservoir of water. It frequently occurs in Stow, who also mentions that of the text. "The Bosses of water at Billingsgate, by Powles Wharfe, and by St. Giles without Cripplegate, were made about the year 1423."—*Survey of London*. This word has escaped Mr. Todd

<sup>2</sup> *His press in a hollow tree, &c.*] There is very little exaggeration in this lively satire ; it is sufficient to read the state-papers of the day

to be able to appropriate it with sufficient accuracy. Nothing gave the great officers of the law such trouble as ferreting out the obscure holes in which the libels which overflowed the country were produced. Almost every scurrilous writer had a portable press, which was moved from one hiding-place to another with a secrecy and dispatch truly wonderful.

<sup>3</sup> *'Twill prove but deifying of a pompon.*] Alluding to the burlesque deification of Claudius by Seneca.

*Nose.* That Time would give us all we could imagine.

*Fame.* You might imagine so; I never promised it.

*Eyes.* Pox! then 'tis nothing. I had now a fancy

We might have talked o' the king.

*Ears.* Or state.

*Nose.* Or all the world.

*Eyes.* Censured the council ere they censure us.

*Ears.* We do it in Paul's.

*Nose.* Yes, and in all the taverns.

*Fame.* A comely licence! They that censure those

They ought to reverence, meet they that old curse,

To beg their bread and feel eternal winter! There's difference 'twixt liberty and licence!

*Nose.* Why, if it be not that, let it be this then,

(For since you grant us freedom, we will hold it),

Let's have the giddy world turned the heels upward,

And sing a rare black Sanctus<sup>1</sup> on his head, Of all things out of order.

*Eyes.* No, the man

In the moon dance a coranto, his bush At's back a-fire; and his dog piping *La-chrymæ.*

*Ears.* Or let's have all the people in an uproar,

None knowing why, or to what end; and in The midst of all start up an old mad woman Preaching of patience.

*Nose.* No, no, I'd have this.

*Eyes.* What?

*Fame.* Anything.

*Nose.* That could be monstrous—

Enough, I mean. A Babel of wild humours.

*Ears.* And all disputing of all things they know not.

*Eyes.* And talking of all men they never heard of.

*Ears.* And all together by the ears o' th sudden.

*Eyes.* And when the matter is at hottest, then

All fall asleep.

*Fame.* Agree among yourselves,

And what it is you'd have, I'll answer you.

*Eyes.* O, that we shall never do.

*Ears.* No, never agree.

*Nose.* Not upon what? Something that is unlawful.

*Ears.* Ay, or unreasonable.

*Eyes.* Or, impossible.

*Nose.* Let it be uncivil enough, you hit us right.

*Ears.* And a great noise.

*Eyes.* To little or no purpose.

*Nose.* And if there be some mischief, 'twill become it.

*Eyes.* But see there be no cause, as you will answer it.

*Fame.* These are mere monsters.

*Nose.* Ay, all the better.

*Fame.* You do abuse the Time. These are fit freedoms

For lawless prentices on a Shrove-Tuesday, When they compel the Time to serve their riot;

For drunken wakes and strutting bear-baitings,

That savour only of their own abuses.

*Eyes.* Why, if not those, then something to make sport.

*Ears.* We only hunt for novelty, not truth.

*Fame.* I'll fit you, though the Time faintly permit it.

*The second ANTIMASQUE of TUMBLERS and JUGGLERS brought in by the CAT AND FIDDLE, who make sport with the CURIOUS, and drive them away.*

*Fame.* Why now they are kindly used like such spectators

That know not what they would have. Commonly

The Curious are ill natured, and, like flies,

<sup>1</sup> And sing a rare black Sanctus.] The black Sanctus was a profane parody of some hymn in the Mass book; and the tune to which it was set was probably loud and discordant, to assist the ridicule. As a satire on the monks, whom it lashes with some kind of coarse humour, it appears to have been very popular. It may be referred to the times of Hen. VIII., when to criminate the ancient possessors of the monasteries was to render a most acceptable service to that hateful tyrant and his rapacious court. Sir J. Harrington, who printed it entire, calls it

"The Monks Hymn to Saunte Satan." It occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Let'ssing him a black Sanctus, then let's all howl In our own beastly voices."—*Mad Lover.*

And is also introduced by Phil. Holland in his translation of Livy: *Nata in vanos tumultus gens, truci cantu, clamoribusque variis, horrendo cuncta impleverunt sono.*—Lib. v. c. 37 "With an hideous and dissonant kind of singing like a black Sanctus, they filled all about with a fearful and horrible noise."

Seek Time's corrupted parts to blow upon:  
But may the sound ones live with fame and honour,

Free from the molestation of these insects,  
Who being fled, Fame now pursues her errand.

*Loud music.*

*To which the whole Scene opens; where SATURN sitting with VENUS is discovered above, and certain VOTARIES coming forth below, which are the CHORUS.*

*Fame.* For you, great king, to whom the Time doth owe

All his respects and reverence, behold  
How Saturn, urged at request of Love,  
Prepares the object to the place to-night.  
Within yond' darkness, Venus hath found out

That Hecate, as she is queen of shades,  
Keeps certain glories of the Time obscured,  
There for herself alone to gaze upon,  
As she did once the fair Endymion.  
These Time hath promised at Love's suit to free,

As being fitter to adorn the Age,  
By you restored on earth, most like his own;  
And fill this world of beauty here, your court:

To which his bounty, see how men prepare  
To fit their votes below, and thronging come

With longing passion to enjoy the effect!  
Hark! it is Love begins to Time. Expect.

*[Music.]*

*Ven.* Beside that it is done for Love,  
It is a work, great Time, will prove  
Thy honour, as men's hopes above.

*Sat.* If Love be pleased, so am I,  
For Time could never yet deny  
What Love did ask, if Love knew why.

*Vot.* She knew, and hath exprest it now:

And so doth every public vow  
That heard her why and waits thy how.

*Sat.* You shall not long expect: with ease

The things come forth, are born to please:  
Look, have you seen such lights as these?

*The MASQUERS are discovered, and that which obscured them vanisheth.*

*1 Vot.* These, these must sure some wonders be!

*Cho.* O, what a glory 'tis to see  
Men's wishes, Time, and Love agree.

*[A pause.]*

*SATURN and VENUS pass away, and the MASQUERS descend.*

*Cho.* What grief or envy had it been  
That these and such had not been seen,  
But still obscured in shade!

Who are the glories of the Time,  
Of youth and feature too the prime,  
And for the light were made.

*1 Vot.* Their very number, how it takes!

*2 Vot.* What harmony their presence makes!

*1 Vot.* How they inflame the place!

*Cho.* Now they are nearer seen and viewed,

For whom could Love have better sued,  
Or Time have done the grace?

*Here to a loud Music, they march into their figure, and dance their ENTRY, or first DANCE.*

*After which,*

*Ven.* The night could not these glories miss,

Good Time, I hope, is ta'en with this.

*Sat.* If Time were not, I'm sure Love is.  
Between us it shall be no strife,

For now 'tis Love gives Time his life.

*Vot.* Let Time then so with Love conspire,

As straight be sent into the court,  
A little Cupid, armed with fire,

Attended by a jocund Sport,  
To breed delight, and a desire

Of being delighted in the nobler sort.

*Sat.* The wish is crowned as soon as made.

*Vot.* And Cupid conquers ere he doth invade.

His victories of lightest trouble prove,  
Forthere is never labour where is Love.

*Then follows the MAIN DANCE;*

*Which done, CUPID, with the SPORT, comes forward.*

*Cup.* [to the Masquers.] Take breath awhile, young bloods, to bring

Your forces up, whilst we go sing  
Fresh charges to the beauties here.

*Sport.* Or if they charge you, do not fear,  
Though they be better armed than you;  
It is but standing the first view,  
And then they yield.

*Cup.* Or quit the field.

*Sport.* Nay, that they'll never do.

They'll rather fall upon the place,  
Than suffer such disgrace.

You are but men at best, they say,  
And they from those ne'er ran away.

[Pause.

*Cup.* [to the King.] You, sir, that are the  
lord of Time,  
Receive it not as any crime  
'Gainst majesty, that Love and Sport  
To-night have entered in your court.

*Sport.* Sir, doubt him more of some sur-  
prise

Upon yourself. He hath his eyes.  
You are the noblest object here,  
And 'tis for you alone I fear:  
For here are ladies that would give  
A brave reward to make Love live  
Well all his life, for such a draught;  
And therefore look to every shaft:  
The wag's a deacon in his craft. [Pause.

*Cup.* [to the Lords.] My lords, the  
honours of the crown,  
Put off your sourness, do not frown,  
Bid cares depart, and business hence:  
A little for the Time dispense.

*Sport.* Trust nothing that the boy lets fall,  
My lords, he hath plots upon you all.  
A pensioner unto your wives,  
To keep you in uxorious gyves,  
And so your sense to fascinate,  
To make you quit all thought of state,  
His amorous questions to debate.  
But hear his logic, he will prove  
There is no business but to be in love.

*Cup.* The words of Sport, my lords, and  
coarse.

Your ladies yet will not think worse  
[Pause.

Of Love for this: they shall command  
My bow, my quiver, and my hand.

*Sport.* What, here to stand  
And kill the flies?

Alas, thy service they despise.  
One beauty here hath in her eyes  
More shafts than from thy bow e'er flew,  
Or that poor quiver knew.

These dames,  
They need not Love's, they've Nature's  
flames.

*Cup.* I see the Beauty that you so re-  
*Sport.* Cupid, you must not point in  
court,

Where live so many of a sort.  
Of Harmony these learned their speech,  
The Graces did them footing teach,  
And, at the old Italian brawls,  
They danced your mother down. She  
calls.

*Cup.* Arm, arm them all.

*Sport.* Young bloods, come on,  
And charge; let every man take one.

*Cup.* And try his fate.

*Sport.* These are fair wars;  
And will be carried without scars.

*Cup.* A joining but of feet and hands  
Is all the Time and Love commands.

*Sport.* Or if you do their gloves off-strip,  
Or taste the nectar of the lip;  
See, so you temper your desires,  
For kisses, that ye suck not fires.

*The REVELS follow; which ended, the  
Chorus appear again, and DIANA de-  
scends to HIPPOLITUS, the whole Scene  
being changed to a wood, out of which  
he comes.*

*Cho.* The courtly strife is done, it should  
appear,

Between the youths and beauties of the  
year:

We hope that now these lights will know  
their sphere,

And strive hereafter to shine ever here:

Like brightest planets, still to move

In the eye of Time and orbs of Love.

*Dia.* Hippolitus, Hippolitus!

*Hip.* Diana?

*Dia.* She.

Be ready you, or Cephalus,

To wait on me.

*Hip.* We ever be.

*Dia.* Your goddess hath been wronged  
to-night

By Love's report unto the Time.

*Hip.* The injury itself will right,  
Which only Fame hath made a crime.

For Time is wise,

And hath his ears as perfect as his eyes.

*Sat.* Who's that descends? Diana?

*Vot.* Yes.

*Ven.* Belike her troop she hath begun to  
miss.

*Sat.* Let's meet and question what her  
errand is.

*Hip.* She will prevent thee, Saturn, not  
t' excuse

Herself unto thee, rather to complain  
That thou and Venus both should so abuse

The name of Dian, as to entertain  
A thought that she had purpose to defraud

The Time of any glories that were his:  
To do Time honour rather and applaud

His worth, hath beer her study.

*Dia.* And it is.

I called these youths forth in their blood  
and prime,

Out of the honour that I bore their parts,  
To make them fitter so to serve the Time

By labour, riding, and those ancient  
arts.



That first enabled men unto the wars,  
And furnished heaven with so many stars :

*Hip.* As Perseus, Castor, Pollux, and  
the rest,  
Who were of hunters first, of men the  
best ;

Whose shades do yet remain within yond'  
groves,  
Themselves there sporting with their nobler  
loves.

*Dia.* And so may these do, if the Time  
give leave.

*Sat.* Chaste Dian's purpose we do now  
conceive,

And yield thereto.

*Ven.* And so doth Love.

*Vot.* All votes do in one circle move.

*Grand Cho.* Turn hunters then,  
Agen.

Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,  
Makes men laborious, active, wise,  
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,

It helps the hearing and the sight :  
It teacheth arts that never slip  
The memory, good horsemanship,  
Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,  
And chaseth all ill habits thence.

Turn hunters then,

Agen,

But not of men.

Follow his ample

And just example,

That hates all chase of malice and of  
blood,

And studies only ways of good,

To keep soft peace in breath.

Man should not hunt mankind to death,

But strike the enemies of man ;

Kill vices if you can :

They are your wildest beasts,

And when they thickest fall you make  
the gods true feasts.

*Thus it ended.*



# Neptune's Triumph for the Return of Albion.

CELEBRATED IN A MASQUE AT THE COURT ON THE TWELFTH NIGHT, 1624.

*Omnis et ad reducem jam litat ara Deum.*—MART. Lib. viii. Epig. xlv.

NEPTUNE'S TRIUMPH, &c.] Charles (i.e., Albion) returned from his ill-fated expedition to Spain on the fifth of October in the preceding year (1623). Before this Masque appeared, the Spanish match was completely broken off, and James, who had long set his heart upon it, and for several years honestly and sedulously laboured to effect it, wearied out at length by the interminable juggling of the court of Spain, was by this time reconciled to the disappointment. *Neptune's Triumph* appears to have been celebrated with uncommon magnificence. All hearts and hands were in it; and the Spanish influence then received a check, from which it has not recovered to this day.

*His Majesty being set, and the loud music ceasing. All that is discovered of a Scene are two erected pillars, dedicated to Neptune, with this inscription upon the one,*

N E P. R E D.

*On the other,*

S E C. J O V.

*The POET entering on the stage to disperse the argument, is called to by the MASTER COOK.*

*Cook.* Do you hear, you creature of diligence and business! what is the affair that you pluck for so under your cloke?

*Poet.* Nothing but what I colour for, I assure you; and may encounter with, I hope, if luck favour me, the gamester's goddess.

*Cook.* You are a votary of hers, it seems, by your language. What went you upon, may a man ask you?

*Poet.* Certainties, indeed, sir, and very good ones; the representation of a masque; you'll see't anon.

VOL. III.

*Cook.* Sir, this is my room, and region too, the Banqueting-house. And in matter of feast, the solemnity, nothing is to be presented here but with my acquaintance and allowance to it.

*Poet.* You are not his majesty's confectioner, are you?

*Cook.* No, but one that has as good title to the room, his Master-cook. What are you, sir?

*Poet.* The most unprofitable of his servants, I sir, the Poet. A kind of a Christmas ingine: one that is used at least once a year, for a trifling instrument of wit or so.

*Cook.* Were you ever a cook?

*Poet.* A cook! no, surely.

*Cook.* Then you can be no good poet: for a good poet differs nothing at all from a master-cook. Either's art is the wisdom of the mind.

*Poet.* As how, sir?

*Cook.* Expect. I am by my place to know how to please the palates of the guests; so you are to know the palate of the times; study the several tastes, what every nation, the Spaniard, the Dutch, the

French, the Walloun, the Neapolitan, the Briton, the Sicilian, can expect from you.

*Poet.* That were a heavy and hard task, to satisfy Expectation, who is so severe an exactress of duties; ever a tyrannous mistress, and most times a pressing enemy.

*Cook.* She is a powerful great lady, sir, at all times, and must be satisfied: so must her sister, Madam Curiosity, who hath as dainty a palate as she; and these will expect.

*Poet.* But what if they expect more than they understand?

*Cook.* That's all one, Master Poet, you are bound to satisfy them. For there is a palate of the understanding as well as of the senses. The taste is taken with good relishes, the sight with fair objects, the hearing with delicate sounds, the smelling with pure scents, the feeling with soft and plump bodies, but the understanding with all these; for all which you must begin at the kitchen. There the art of Poetry was learned and found out, or nowhere; and the same day with the art of Cookery.

*Poet.* I should have given it rather to the cellar, if my suffrage had been asked.

*Cook.* O, you are for the oracle of the bottle, I see; hogshead Trismegistus; he is your Pegasus. Thence flows the spring of your muses, from that hoof.

Seduced Poet, I do say to thee—

A boiler, range, and dresser were the fountains

Of all the knowledge in the universe,  
And that's the kitchen. What! a master-cook!

Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,

Till thou hast served some years in that deep school

<sup>1</sup> A master-cook, &c.] Cartwright has reduced this into practice in his *Ordinary*, and furnished out a military dinner with great pleasantry, at the expense of *Have-at-all*, who is desirous to grow valiant, as lawyers do learned, by eating. This speech is also closely imitated by the master-cook in Fletcher's tragedy of *Rollo Duke of Normandy*.

<sup>2</sup> And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner.] This seems to be taken from the poet Posidippus, who in Athenæus compares a good cook to a good general:

Αγαθὸν στρατηγὸν διαφέρειν οὐδὲν δοκεῖ.

And Athenion in like manner (see Athenæus, l. 14, c. 23) attributes to the art of cookery, and kitchen-philosophy, what the poets assign to the legislators of society and the first founders of states and commonwealths.—WHAL.

The Greek poet is truly excellent; and the

That's both the nurse and mother of thearts,  
And heard'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate.

A master-cook! why, he's the man of men,  
For a professor! he designs, he draws,  
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,  
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,  
Some he dry-ditches, some motes round  
with broths;

Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled  
custards;

Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer  
works,

He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;  
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner:<sup>3</sup>  
What ranks, what files to put his dishes in,  
The whole art military! then he knows  
The influence of the stars upon his meats;  
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,  
And so to fit his relishes and sauces!

He has Nature in a pot, 'bove all the  
chemists,

Or bare-breached brethren of the Rosy-  
cross!

He is an architect, an inginer,  
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,  
A general mathematician!

*Poet.* It is granted.

*Cook.* And that you may not doubt him  
for a Poet—

*Poet.* This fury shews, if there were  
nothing else;

And 'tis divine!

*Cook.* Then, brother poet.

*Poet.* Brother.

*Cook.* I have a suit.

*Poet.* What is it?

*Cook.* Your device.

*Poet.* As you came in upon me, I was then  
Offering the argument, and this it is.

*Cook.* Silence.

apparent seriousness with which his cook descants on the importance of his profession adds greatly to its genuine humour. The concluding lines are very amusing:

Καταρχομεθ' ἡμεῖς οἱ μαγειροὶ, θυομεν,  
Σπονδας ποιουμεν, τῷ μάλιστα τοὺς θεοὺς  
Ἥμιν ὑπακουειν. διὰ τὸ ταυθ' εὐρηκεναι  
Τὰ μάλιστα συντεινοντα πρὸς τὸ ζῆν καλῶς.

"We slay the victims,  
We pour the free libations, and to us  
The gods themselves lend a propitious ear;  
And, for our special merits, scatter blessings  
On all the human race, because from us  
And from our art, mankind was first induced  
To live the life of reason."

There is no translating the sly felicity of ζῆν καλῶς, which looks, at the same time, to good morals and good eating.

*Poet. [reads.]* "The mighty Neptune,  
mighty in his styles,  
And large command of waters and of isles;  
Not as the 'lord and sovereign of the seas,  
But 'chief in the art of riding,' late did  
please  
To send his Albion forth, the most his own,  
Upon discovery to themselves best known,  
Through Celtiberia; and, to assist his  
course,  
Gave him his powerful Manager of Horse,  
With Divine Proteus,<sup>1</sup> father of disguise,  
To wait upon them with his counsels wise,  
In all extremes. His great commands  
being done,  
And he desirous to review his son,  
He doth dispatch a floating isle from  
hence,  
Unto the Hesperian shores, to waft him  
thence.  
Where, what the arts were, used to make  
him stay,  
And how the Syrens wooed him by the way,  
What monsters he encountered on the  
coast,  
How near our general joy was to be lost,<sup>2</sup>  
Is not our subject now; though all these  
make  
The present gladness greater for their sake.  
But what the triumphs are, the feast, the  
sport,  
And proud solemnities of Neptune's court,  
Now he is safe, and Fame's not heard in  
vain,  
But we behold our happy pledge again.  
That with him loyal Hippius is returned,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *With divine Proteus, &c.*] This, I believe, was Sir Francis Cottington. He had been secretary to Sir Charles Cornwallis, and was at this time private secretary to the Prince; he was well versed in political affairs, and particularly in those of Spain, where he had resided many years in a public capacity.

<sup>2</sup> *How near our general joy was to be lost.*] This alludes to the storm which took place on the Spanish coast, and in which the Prince, together with a number of the Spanish nobility who came to take leave of him, was nearly wrecked. The other dangers which Charles is said to have encountered are probably exaggerated by the "poet."

<sup>3</sup> *That with him loyal Hippius is returned.*] By Hippius is meant the Duke of Buckingham, master of the horse to James I., who accompanied the Prince into Spain, to which this speech alludes.—WHAL.

<sup>4</sup> *Of the sea-monster, Archy.*] Archibald Armstrong, the court jester, who followed the Prince into Spain. Charles seems to have taken a strange fancy to this buffoon, who joined the surly savageness of the bear to the mischievous

Who for it, under so much envy, burned  
With his own brightness, till her starved  
snakes saw

What Neptune did impose, to him was law."

*Cook.* But why not this till now?

*Poet.*—"It was not time

To mix this music with the vulgar's chime.  
Stay, till the abortive and extemporal din  
Of balladry were understood a sin,  
Minerva cried; that what tumultuous verse,  
Or prose could make, or steal, they might  
rehearse,

And every songster had sung out his fit;  
That all the country and the city wit,  
Of bells and bonfires and good cheer was  
spent,

And Neptune's guard had drunk all that  
they meant;

That all the tales and stories now were old  
Of the sea-monster Archy,<sup>4</sup> or grown cold:  
The Muses then might venture undeterred,  
For they love then to sing when they are  
heard."

*Cook.* I like it well, 'tis handsome; and  
I have

Something would fit this. How do you  
present them?

In a fine island, say you?

*Poet.* Yes, a Delos!

Such as when fair Latona fell in travail,  
Great Neptune made emergent.

*Cook.* I conceive you.

I would have had your isle brought float-  
ing in now,

In a brave broth,<sup>5</sup> and of a sprightly green,  
Just to the colour of the sea; and then

tricks of the monkey. Howell, who was at Madrid during the Prince's visit, says in one of his letters, "Our cousin Archy hath more privilege here than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat where the Infanta is with her Meninos and ladies of honour, and keeps a blowing and blustering among them, and flurts out what he lists." In conclusion, he gives a specimen of his ill-manners, which must have been offensive in the highest degree. Book I. lett. 18.

<sup>5</sup> *In a brave broth—*  
*With an Arion mounted on the back*  
*Of a grown conger, but in such a posture*  
*As all the world should take him for a dolphin.*  
This is humorously imitated by Fletcher:

"For fish, I'll make a standing lake of white  
broth,  
And pikes come ploughing up the plumbs  
before them,

*Arion on a dolphin, playing Lachrymas," &c.*  
*Rollo, act ii. sc. 2.*

Mr. Weber has happily discovered the *pronomen*

Some twenty Syrens, singing in the kettle,  
With an Arion mounted on the back  
Of a grown conger, but in such a posture  
As all the world should take him for a  
dolphin :

O, 'twould have made such music ! Have  
you nothing  
But a bare island ?

*Poet.* Yes, we have a tree too,  
Which we do call the tree of Harmony,  
And is the same with what we read the sun  
Brought forth in the Indian Musicana first,  
And thus it grows : the goodly bole being  
got !

To certain cubits height, from every side  
The boughs decline, which taking root  
afresh,

Spring up new boles, and these spring  
new and newer,

Till the whole tree become a porticus,  
Or arched arbor, able to receive  
A numerous troop, such as our Albion,  
And the companions of his journey are :  
And this they sit in.

*Cook.* Your prime Masquers ?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Cook.* But where's your Antimasque now  
all this while ?

I hearken after them.

*Poet.* Faith, we have none.

*Cook.* None !

*Poet.* None, I assure you, neither do I  
think them

A worthy part of presentation,  
Being things so heterogeneous to all device,  
Mere by-works, and at best outlandish  
nothings.

*Cook.* O, you are all the heaven awry,  
sir !

For blood of poetry running in your veins,  
Make not yourself so ignorantly simple.  
Because, sir, you shall see I am a poet,  
No less than cook, and that I find you want

of this celebrated musician. He was called, it  
seems, *Bike* Arion, without the Mr.—“*Bike*,”  
as he aptly observes, “which signifies a *hive* of  
*bees*, is not in the least applicable, *for which*  
*reason* I must leave it to the reader.” This is  
kind ; but Mr. Weber is unjust to the merits of  
his own text. Does he not know that bees will  
swarm to a brass kettle ? How much rather  
then to the harp of Arion ! Hence the name.  
The verse stands thus in his precious edition  
(vol. ii. p. 55) :

“Ride like *Bike* Arion on a trout to London.”

Former editors, whom Mr. Weber treats with  
all the contempt which his superior attainments  
justify him in assuming, had supposed that *bike*  
(which destroys the metre) was merely an acci-

A special service here, an antimasque,  
I'll fit you with a dish out of the kitchen,  
Such as I think will take the present  
palates,

A metaphorical dish ! and do but mark  
How a good wit may jump with you. Are  
you ready, child ?

(Had there been masque, or no masque, I  
had made it.)

Child of the boiling-house !

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Here, father.

*Cook.* Bring forth the pot. It is an  
olla podrida.

But I have persons to present the meats.

*Poet.* Persons !

*Cook.* Such as do relish nothing but *dî*  
*stato*,

But in another fashion than you dream of,  
Know all things the wrong way, talk of  
the affairs,

The clouds, the cortines, and the mysteries  
That are afoot, and from what hands they  
have them,

The master of the elephant, or the camels :  
What correspondences are held ; the posts  
That go and come, and know almost  
their minutes,

All but their business : therein they are  
fishes ;

But have their garlic, as the proverb says.  
They are our Quest of Enquiry after news.

*Poet.* Together with their learned  
authors ?

*Boy.* Yes, sir.

And of the epicœne gender, hees and  
shees :

Amphibion Archy is the chief.

*Cook.* Good boy !

The child is learned too : note but the  
kitchen !

Have you put him into the pot for garlic ?

dental repetition of *like*, and therefore dropt it :  
but as this was done without writing a page or  
two about it, Mr. Weber wonders at their pre-  
sumption, and very judiciously reinstates it in  
the text.

<sup>1</sup> *The goodly bole being got, &c.*] Milton  
treads rather closely upon the heels of Jonson  
here :

“The fig tree that—

In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms  
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters  
grow

About the mother tree, a pillared shade  
High over-arched, and echoing wailes be-  
tween.”—*Par. Lost*, ix. 2109.

*Boy.* One in his coat shall stink as strong as he, sir,  
And his friend Giblets with him.

*Cook.* They are two,  
That give a part of the seasoning.

*Poet.* I conceive  
The way of your gallimaufry.

*Cook.* You will like it,  
When they come pouring out of the pot together.

*Boy.* O, if the pot had been big enough!

*Cook.* What then, child?

*Boy.* I had put in the elephant, and one camel

At least, for beef.

*Cook.* But whom have you for partridge?

*Boy.* A brace of dwarfs, and delicate plump birds.

*Cook.* And whom for mutton and kid?

*Boy.* A fine laced mutton!  
Or two; and either has her frisking husband

That reads her the Coranto every week.  
Grave Master Ambler, newsmaster o' Paul's,  
Supplies your capon; and grown Captain Buz,

His emissary, under-writes for turkey;  
A gentleman of the Forest presents pheasant,

And a plump poulterer's wife in Grace's street,

Plays hen with eggs in the belly, or a coney,  
Choose which you will.

*Cook.* But where's the bacon, Tom?

*Boy.* Hogrel the butcher, and the sow his wife,  
Are both there.

*Cook.* It is well; go dish them out.  
Are they well boiled?

*Boy.* Podrida!

*Poet.* What's that, rotten?

*Cook.* O, that they must be. There's one main ingredient

We have forgot, the artichoke.

*Boy.* No, sir;

I have a fruiterer, with a cold red nose  
Like a blue fig, performs it.

*Cook.* The fruit looks so.

Good child, go pour them out, shew their concoction.

They must be rotten boiled; the broth's the best on't,

And that's the dance: the stage here is the charger.

[A fine laced mutton.] A cant term for a ranton. Some of the characters mentioned in this speech, the author subsequently introduced into the *Staple of News*.

And, brother poet, though the serious part  
Be yours, yet envy not the cook his art.

*Poet.* Not I: nam lusius ipse Triumphus amat.

Here the ANTIMASQUE is danced by the persons described, coming out of the pot.

*Poet.* Well, now expect the Scene itself; it opens!

The island of DELIOS is discovered, the MASQUERS sitting in their several sieges. The heavens opening, and APOLLO with MERCURY, some of the Muses and the goddess HARMONY, make the music: the whole island moves forward, PROTEUS sitting below, and APOLLO sings.

## SONG.

*Apol.* Look forth, the shepherd of the seas,  
And of the ports that keep'st the keys,  
And to your Neptune tell,  
His Albion, prince of all his isles,  
For whom the sea and land so smiles,  
Is home returned well.

*Grand Cho.* And be it thought no common cause,  
That to it so much wonder draws,  
And all the heavens consent,  
With Harmony, to tune their notes  
In answer to the public votes  
That for it up were sent.

It was no envious step-dame's rage,  
Or tyrant's malice of the age,  
That did employ him forth:  
But such a wisdom that would prove  
By sending him their hearts and love,  
That else might fear his worth.

By this time the island hath joined itself  
with the shore: and PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, and SARON come forth; and go up singing to the state, while the Masquers take time to land.

## SONG.

*Pro.* Ay, now the pomp of Neptune's triumph shines!  
And all the glories of his great designs  
Are read reflected in his son's return!  
*Por.* How all the eyes, the looks, the hearts here burn  
At his arrival!

*Sar.* These are the true fires  
Are made of joys!

*Pro.*

*Por.*

*Sar.* Of hopes!

Of longing!

Of desires!

*Pro.* Of fears !

*Por.* No intermitted blocks.

*Sar.* But pure affections, and from odorous stocks !

*Cho.* 'Tis incense all that flames, And these materials scarce have names !

*Pro.* My king looks higher, as he scorned the wars

Of winds, and with his trident touched the stars ;

There is no wrinkle in his brow or frown, But as his cares he would in nectar drown, And all the silver-footed nymphs were drest To wait upon him to the Ocean's feast.

*Por.* Or here in rows upon the banks were set,

And had their several hairs made into net To catch the youths in as they come on shore.

*Sar.* How, Galatea sighing ! O, no more, Banish your fears.

*Por.* And, Doris, dry your tears. ALBION is come.

*Pro.* And Haliclyon too,<sup>1</sup> That kept his side, as he was charged to do, With wonder.

*Sar.* And the Syrens have him not.

*Por.* Though they no practice, nor no arts forgot, That might have won him, or by charm or song.

*Pro.* Or laying forth their tresses all along Upon the glassy waves.

*Por.* Then diving.

*Pro.* Then, Up with their heads, as they were mad of men.

*Sar.* And there the highest-going billows crown,

Until some lusty sea-god pulled them down.

*Cho.* See, he is here !

*Pro.* Great master of the main, Receive thy dear and precious pawn again.

*Cho.* Saron, Portunus, Proteus bring him thus,

Safe as thy subjects' wishes gave him us : And of thy glorious triumph let it be No less a part, that thou their loves dost see, Than that his sacred head's returned to thee.

*This sung, the island goes back, whilst the Upper Chorus takes it from them, and the Masquers prepare for their figure.*

*Cho.* Spring all the Graces of the age, And all the Loves of time :

Bring all the pleasures of the stage, And relishes of rhyme :

Add all the softnesses of courts,

The looks, the laughs, and the sports :

And mingle all their sweets and salts,

That none may say the Triumph halts.

*Here the MASQUERS dance their Entry.*

*Which done, the first perspective of a maritime palace, or the house of OCEANUS, is discovered with loud music.*

*And the other above is no more seen.*

*Poet.* Behold the palace of Oceanus !

Hail, reverend structure ! boast no more to us

Thy being able all the gods to feast ;

We've seen enough ; our Albion was thy guest.

*Then follows the Main Dance.*

*After which the second prospect of the sea is shown to the former music.*

*Poet.* Now turn and view the wonders of the deep,

Where Proteus' herds and Neptune's orks do keep,

Where all is ploughed, yet still the pasture's green,

The ways are found, and yet no paths are seen.

*There PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, SARON, go up to the Ladies with this SONG.*

*Pro.* Come, noble nymphs, and do not hide The joys for which you so provide.

*Sar.* If not to mingle with the men,

What do you here ? go home agen.

*Por.* Your dressings do confess,

By what we see so curious parts

Of Pallas' and Arachne's arts,

That you could mean no less.

*Pro.* Why do you wear the silkworm's toils,

Or glory in the shell-fish's spoils,

Or strive to shew the grains of ore

That you have gathered on the shore,

Whereof to make a stock

To graft the greener emerald on,

Or any better-watered stone ?

*Sar.* Or ruby of the rock ?

*Pro.* Why do you smell of amber-grise,

Of which was formed Neptune's niece,

The queen of Love ; unless you can,

Like sea-born Venus, love a man ?

*Sar.* Try, put yourselves unto't.

*Cho.* Your looks, your smiles, and

thoughts that meet,

Ambrosian hands and silver feet,

Do promise you will do't.

*The REVELS follow.*

*Which ended, the fleet is discovered, while*

*the three cornets play.*

<sup>1</sup> And Haliclyon too.] The Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Admiral.

*Poet.* 'Tis time your eyes should be refreshed at length  
With something new, a part of Neptune's strength,

See yond' his fleet, ready to go or come,  
Or fetch the riches of the ocean home, -  
So to secure him, both in peace and wars,  
Till not one ship alone, but all be stars.

[*A shout within.*]

*Re-enter the COOK, followed by a number of Sailors.*

*Cook.* I've another service for you, brother Poet ; a dish of pickled sailors, fine salt sea-boys, shall relish like anchovies or caveare, to draw down a cup of nectar in the skirts of a night.

*Sail.* Come away, boys, the town is ours ; hey for Neptune and our young master !

*Poet.* He knows the compass and the card,  
While Castor sits on the main yard,  
And Pollux too to help your hales ;  
And bright Leucothoe fills your sails :  
Arion sings, the dolphins swim,  
And all the way, to gaze on him.

*The ANTIMASQUE of Sailors.*

*Then the last Song to the whole Music, five lutes, three cornets, and ten voices.*

### SONG.

*Pro.* Although we wish the triumph still might last

For such a prince, and his discovery past ;  
Yet now, great lord of waters and of isles,  
Give Proteus leave to turn unto his wiles.

*Por.* And whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,

Dispatch Portunus to thy ports.

*Sar.* And Saron to thy seas :

To meet old Nereus with his fifty girls,  
From aged Indus laden home with pearls,  
And orient gums, to burn unto thy name.

*Grand Cho.* And may thy subjects' hearts be all on flame,

Whilst thou dost keep the earth in firm estate,

And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no debate,  
But both at sea and land our powers increase,

With health and all the golden gifts of peace.

*The last Dance.*

*With which the whole ended.*





# Pan's Anniversary; or, The Shepherd's Holyday.

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT BEFORE KING JAMES, 1625.

*The Inventors.* INIGO JONES; BEN JONSON.

PAN'S ANNIVERSARY, &c.] This Masque, which was probably presented on New Year's Day, was the last that James witnessed, as he died on the twenty-seventh of March following. It only appears in the fol. 1641, and was printed after Jonson's death.

## *The SCENE Arcadia.*

*The Court being seated, enter three NYMPHS, straving several sorts of flowers, followed by an old SHEPHERD, with a censer and perfumes.*

1 *Nym.* Thus, thus begin the yearly rites  
Are due to Pan on these bright nights;  
His morn now riseth and invites  
To sports, to dances, and delights:  
All envious and profane, away,  
This is the shepherd's holyday.

2 *Nym.* Strew the glad and smiling  
ground  
With every flower, yet not confound  
The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,  
Bright day's-eyes, and the lips of cows,  
The garden-star, the queen of May,  
The rose, to crown the holyday.

3 *Nym.* Drop, drop your violets, change  
your hues,  
Now red, now pale, as lovers' use,  
And in your death go out as well,  
As when you lived unto the smell:

That from your odour all may say,  
This is the shepherd's holyday.

*Shep.* Well done, my pretty ones, rain  
roses still,  
Until the last be dropt: then hence, and fill  
Your fragrant prickles<sup>1</sup> for a second shower.

Bring corn-flag, tulips, and Adonis' flower,  
Fair ox-eye, goldy-locks, and columbine,  
Pinks, goulds, king-cups, and sweet sops  
in-wine,

Blue harebells, pagles, pansies, calaminth,  
Flower-gentle, and the fair-haired hyacinth,

Bring rich carnations, flower-de-luces, lilies,  
The chequed, and purple-ringed daffodillies,

Bright crown-imperial, kingspear, holylocks,

Sweet Venus-navel, and soft lady-smocks,  
Bring too some branches forth of Daphne's hair,

And gladdest myrtle for these posts to wear,  
With spikenard weaved, and marjoram between,

And starred with yellow-golds, and meadows-queen,

That when the altar, as it ought, is drest,  
More odour comenot from the phoenix' nest;  
The breath thereof Panchaia may envy,  
The colours China,<sup>2</sup> and the light the sky.

## *Loud Music.*

*The Scene opens, and the MASQUERS are discovered sitting about the Fountain of Light, with the Musicians attired like the Priests of Pan, standing in the work beneath them.*

<sup>1</sup> Your fragrant prickles.] So the gardeners still call the light open wicker baskets in which flowers are brought to market.

<sup>2</sup> The colours China.] This is the earliest

allusion that I have found to the beautiful colouring of this ware, which now began to make its appearance in the shops, or as they were called, China-houses of the capital.

*Enter a FENCER, flourishing.*

*Fen.* Room for an old trophy of time; a son of the sword, a servant of Mars, the minion of the muses, and a master of fence! One that hath shown his quarters, and played his prizes at all the games of Greece in his time; as fencing, wrestling, leaping, dancing, what not? and hath now ushered hither by the light of my long sword, certain bold boys of Bœotia, who are come to challenge the Arcadians at their own sports, call them forth on their own holyday, and dance them down on their own green-swarth.

*Shep.* 'Tis boldly attempted, and must be a Bœotian enterprise, by the face of it, from all the parts of Greece else, especially at this time, when the best and bravest spirits of Arcadia, called together by the excellent Arcas, are yonder sitting about the Fountain of Light, in consultation of what honours they may do the great Pan, by increase of anniversary rites fitted to the music of his peace.

*Fen.* Peace to thy Pan, and mum to thy music, swain: there is a tinker of Thebes a coming, called Epam, with his kettle, will make all Arcadia ring of him. What are your sports for the purpose—say? If singing, you shall be sung down; if dancing, danced down. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you are in smoke, gone, vapoured, vanished, blown, and, as a man would say, in a word of two syllables, nothing.

*Shep.* This is short, though not so sweet. Surely the better part of the solemnity here will be dancing.

*Fen.* Enough: they shall be met with instantly in their own sphere, the sphere of their own activity, a dance. But by whom, expect: no Cynæthæian, nor Satyrs; but, as I said, boys of Bœotia, things of Thebes, (the town is ours, shepherd), mad merry Greeks, lads of life, that have no gall in us, but all air and sweetness. A tooth-crawer is our foreman, that if there be but

a bitter tooth in the company, it may be called out at a twitch: he doth command any man's teeth out of his head upon the point of his poniard; or tickles them forth with his riding rod: he draws teeth a horseback in full speed, yet he will dance a foot, he hath given his word: he is yeoman of the mouth to the whole brotherhood, and is charged to see their gums be clean and their breath sweet, at a minute's warning. Then comes my learned Theban, the tinker I told you of, with his kettledrum before and after, a master of music and a man of metal, he beats the march to the tune of Ticklefoot, Pam, Pam, Pam, brave Epam with a Nondas. That's the strain.

*Shep.* A high one!

*Fen.* Which is followed by the trace and tract of an excellent juggler, that can juggle with every joint about him, from head to heel. He can do tricks with his toes, wind silk and thread pearl with them, as nimble a fine fellow of his feet as his hands: for there is a noble corn-cutter, his companion, hath so pared and finished them—Indeed he hath taken it into his care to reform the feet of all, and fit all their footing to a form! only one splay foot in the company, and he is a bellows-mender allowed, who hath the looking to of all their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffs keeps them in breath during pleasure: a tinderbox-man, to strike new fire into them at every turn, and where he spies any brave spark that is in danger to go out, ply him with a match presently.

*Shep.* A most politic provision!

*Fen.* Nay, we have made our provisions beyond example, I hope. For to these there is annexed a clock-keeper, a grave person as Time himself, who is to see that they all keep time to a nick,<sup>2</sup> and move every elbow in order, every knee in compass. He is to wind them up and draw them down, as he sees cause: then is there a subtle, shrewd bearded sir, that hath been a politician, but is now a maker of

<sup>1</sup> Then comes my learned Theban, the tinker I told you of.] In *Lear*, the poor old king says, "I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban."

On which Stevens observes, "Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a tinker, whom he calls a learned Theban, perhaps in ridicule of this passage." The ridicule (if ridicule there be) must be in the word *learned*, for (though Stevens was ignorant of it) the tinker actually was a Theban: as he was

also a master of music, the epithet does not seem to be very much out of its place. But "perhaps" Jonson laid the scene of this grave Antimasque in Greece, that he might have an opportunity of "ridiculing Shakspeare;" and thus I take to be the case, as *Thebes* is not particularly celebrated for the musical talents of its tinkers. The commentators should consider this well.

<sup>2</sup> To a nick], i.e. what Shakspeare calls "a jar o' the clock."

mouse-traps, a great inginer yet : and he is to catch the ladies favours in the dance with certain cringes he is to make : and to bait their benevolence. Nor can we doubt of the success, for we have a prophet amongst us of that peremptory pate, a tailor or master fashioner, that hath found it out in a painted cloth, or some old hanging, (for those are his library), that we must conquer in such a time, and such a half time ; therefore bids us go on cross-legged, or however thread the needles of our happiness, go through stitch with all, unwind the clew of our cares ; he hath taken measure of our minds, and will fit our fortune to our footing. And to better assure us, at his own charge, brings his philosopher with him, a great clerk, who, they say, can write, and it is shrewdly suspected but he can read too. And he is to take the whole dances from the foot by brachygraphy, and so make a memorial, if not a map of the business. Come forth, lads, and do your own turns.

*The BÆOTIANS enter for the ANTIMASQUE, which is danced.*

*After which,*

*Fen.* How like you this, shepherd ? was not this gear gotten on a holyday ?

*Shep.* Faith, your folly may deserve pardon because it hath delighted : but beware of presuming, or how you offer comparison with persons so near deities. Behold where they are that have now forgiven you, whom should you provoke again with the like, they will justly punish that with anger which they now dismiss with contempt. Away !

*[They retire.]*

*To the MASQUERS.*

And come, you prime Arcadians forth, that taught

By Pan the rites of true society,  
From his loud music all your manners wrought,

And made your commonwealth a harmony,

Commending so to all posterity  
Your innocence from that fair fount of light,

As still you sit without the injury  
Of any rudeness folly can, or spite :

Dance from the top of the Lycæan mountain

Down to this valley, and with nearer eye  
Enjoy what long in that illumined fountain  
You did far off, but yet with wonder, spy.

## HYMN I.

1 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan,

That taught us swains how first to tune our lays,

And on the pipe more airs than Phoebus can.

*Cho.* Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

2 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of leaders, Pan,

That leads the Naiads and the Dryads forth ;

And to their dances more than Hermes can.

*Cho.* Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.

3 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,

That drives the hart to seek unused ways, And in the chase more than Sylvanus can.

*Cho.* Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

2 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan,

That keeps our flocks and us, and both leads forth

To better pastures than great Pales can.

*Cho.* Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth,

And while his powers and praises thus we sing,

The valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

*The MASQUERS descend, and dance their Entry.*

## HYMN II.

Pan is our All, by him we breathe, we live,  
We move, we are ; 'tis he our lambs

doth rear,

Our flocks doth bless, and from the store doth give

The warm and finer fleeces that we wear.

He keeps away all heats and colds,

Drives all diseases from our folds ;

Makes everywhere the spring to dwell,

The ewes to feed, their udders swell ;

But if he frown, the sheep, alas !

The shepherds wither, and the grass.

*Cho.* Strive, strive to please him then,  
by still increasing thus

The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

## The MAIN DANCE.

## HYMN III.

If yet, if yet,

Pan's orgies you will further fit,  
See where the silver-footed fays do sit,

The nymphs of wood and water ;  
 Each tree's and fountain's daughter !  
 Go take them forth, it will be good  
 To see some wave it like a wood,  
 And others wind it like a flood ;

In springs,

And rings,

Till the applause it brings,  
 Wakes Echo from her seat,  
 The closes to repeat.

[*Ech. The closes to repeat.*]

Echo the truest oracle on ground,

Though nothing but a sound.

[*Ech. Though nothing but a sound.*]

Beloved of Pan, the valleys queen.

[*Ech. The valleys queen.*]

And often heard, though never seen.

[*Ech. Though never seen.*]

Here the REVELS.

After which re-enter the Fencer.

*Fen.* Room, room, there ; where are you, shepherd ? I am come again, with my second part of my bold bloods, the brave gamesters ; who assure you by me, that they perceive no such wonder in all is done here but that they dare adventure another trial. They look for some sheepish devices here in Arcadia, not these, and therefore a hall ! a hall ! they demand.

*Shep.* Nay, then they are past pity, let them come, and not expect the anger of a deity to pursue them, but meet them. They have their punishment with their fact : they shall be sheep.

*Fen.* O spare me, by the law of nations, I am but their ambassador.

*Shep.* You speak in time, sir.

The THEBANS enter for the 2 ANTI-MASQUE ; which danced,

*Shep.* Now let them return with their solid heads, and carry their stupidity into Boeotia, whence they brought it, with an

emblem of themselves and their country.  
 This is too pure an air for so gross brains.  
 [*They retire.*]

To the Nymphs.

End you the rites, and so be eased  
 Of these, and then great Pan is pleased.

#### HYMN IV.

Great Pan, the father of our peace and pleasure,

Who givest us all this leisure,

Hear what thy hallowed troop of herdsmen pray

For this their holyday,

And how their vows to thee they in Lycæum pay.

*Cho.* So may our ewes receive the mounting rams,

And we bring thee the earliest of our lambs :  
 So may the first of all our fells be thine,

And both the beestning<sup>1</sup> of our goats and kine ;

As thou our folds dost still secure,

And keep'st our fountains sweet and pure ;

Drivest hence the wolf, the tod,<sup>2</sup> the brock,  
 Or other vermin from the flock.

That we, preserved by thee, and thou observed by us,

May both live safe in shade of thy loved Mænalus.

*Shep.* Now each return unto his charge,  
 And though to-day you've lived at large,

And well your flocks have fed their fill,

Yet do not trust your hirelings still.

See yond' they go, and timely do

The office you have put them to ;

But if you often give this leave,

Your sheep and you they will deceive.

Thus it ended.

<sup>1</sup> [Beestning is the first milk given by a cow or she-goat.—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> The tod, i.e. the fox.—W.H.A.



# The Masque of Owls, at Kenelworth.

PRESENTED BY THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COX, MOUNTED IN HIS  
HOBBY-HORSE, 1626.

THE MASQUE OF OWLS, &c.] From the second folio. This trifle is not a *Masque*, nor could it have been so termed by the author: it is, in fact, a mere monologue, a *Lecture on Heads*; which, such as it is, probably gave the first hint to G. A. Stevens, for his amusing exhibition, of that name.

Of Captain Cox I know no more than Jonson tells. Queen Elizabeth had been entertained at Kenelworth by the "great Earl of Leicester," in 1575. To make her time pass as agreeably as possible the bears were brought in, and baited with great applause! There was also a burlesque representation of a battle, from some old romance, in which Captain Cox, who appears to have been some well-known humourist, valiantly bestirred himself. A description of this part of the Entertainment was written and published at the time, in a "Letter from a friend Officer attendant in the court, unto his friend a citizen and merchant of London." To this letter, which is written in a most uncouth style by a pedantic coxcomb of the name of Laneham, under an affectation of humour, Jonson perpetually alludes.

*Enter CAPTAIN COX, in his Hobby-horse.*<sup>1</sup>

Room! room! for my horse will wince,  
If he come within so many yards of a prince;  
And though he have not on his wings,  
He will do strange things.  
He is the Pegasus that uses  
To wait on Warwick Muses;  
And on gaudy-days he paces  
Before the Coventry Graces;  
For to tell you true, and in rhyme,  
He was foaled in Queen Elizabeth's time,  
When the great Earl of Lester  
In this castle did feast her.

Now I am not so stupid,  
To think you think me a Cupid,  
Or a Mercury that sit him;  
Though these cocks here would fit him:  
But a spirit very civil,  
Neither poet's god, nor devil,  
An old Kenelworth fox,  
The ghost of Captain Cox,  
For which I am the bawder  
To wear a cock on each shoulder.  
This Captain Cox, by St. Mary,  
Was at Bullen with King Ha-ry;  
And (if some do not vary)  
Had a goodly library,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The captain enters on, or rather in, the pasteboard hobby-horse used by the morris-dancers of the county, whom Jonson calls the Warwickshire Muses, and capers round the circle to make room, according to the usual practice. This little *jeu d'esprit* formed perhaps an episode in some amusement of a more extensive nature, for it could scarcely occupy ten minutes. It is not easy to say before whom it was played. The first couplet speaks of the Prince, and from a subsequent passage, it would seem to be the Prince of Wales; but there was none at this period: add too that the Earl of Leicester (if he was the possessor of Kenelworth Castle) died in 1626, so that the date is probably too late by a year.

<sup>2</sup> His library is given at great length by the author of the "Letter." It is curious and amusing. "And fyrst Captain Cox, an od man

I promiz yoo: by profession a mason, and that right skillfull; very cunning in fens (fencing) and hardly as Gavin, for his ton-sword hangs at huz tablz eend; great oversight hath he in matters of storie: For az for King Arthurs book, *Iuan of Burdiaus*, the fouor sons of *Aymon*, *Berys of Hampton*, *The Snyre of lo degree*, *The Knight of Courtesy*, and the *Lady Fagwell*, *Frederik of Gene*, *Syr Eglamoour*, *Syr Tryamoour*, *Syr Lamwell*, *Syr Isrubras*, *Syr Gawyn*, *Obyer of the Castle*, *Lucres and Curialus*, *Virgil's Life*, the *Castie of Ladies*, the *Wido Edyth*, the *King and the Tanner*, *Frier Kous*, *Honolegas*, *Gargantua*, *Robin Hood*, *Adam Bel*, *Clim of the Clough*, and *William of Cloudsley*, the *Churl and the Burd*, the *Seven Wise Masters*, the *Wife lapt in a Morels skin*, the *Sak full of Nuez*, the *Seagawant* that became a *Fryar*, *Shogon*,

By which he was discerned  
To be one of the learned,  
To entertain the queen here,  
When last she was seen here.  
And for the town of Coventry  
To act to her sovereignty.  
But so his lot fell out,  
That serving then a-foot,  
And being a little man  
When the skirmish began  
'Twixt the Saxon and the Dane,  
(For thence the story was ta'en)  
He was not so well seen  
As he would have been of the queen.  
Though his sword were twice so long  
As any man's else in the throng;  
And for his sake the play  
Was called for the second day.  
But he made a vow  
(And he performs it now)  
That were he alive or dead,  
Hereafter it should never be said  
But Captain Cox should serve on horse  
For better or for worse,  
If any prince came hither,  
And his horse should have a feather;  
Nay, such a prince it might be,  
Perhaps he should have three.  
Now, sir, in your approach,  
The rumbling of your coach  
Awaking me, his ghost,  
I come to play your host;  
And feast your eyes and ears,

*Collyn Clout, the Fryar and the Boy, Elynor Kunning, and the Nuthrooun Maid, with many moe than I rehear here: I beleeve hee have them all at hiz fingers endz.—*

Then in Philosophy, both morale and naturale, I think he be az naturally overseen; beside *Poetrie* and *Astronomie*, and oother hid *Science*; as I may gesse by the omberzt of his bookes: whereof part, az I remember, *The Shepherd's Kalender, The Ship of Foate, Daniel's Dreame, the Booke of Fortune, Stans pier ad Menem, The hy wey to the Spill-house, Julian of Brainford's Testament, The Castle of Love, the Booget of Demaunds, the Hundred merry Tales, the Booke of Riddels, the Seven Sorowes of Wemen, the Proude W'oes Peter-Noster, the Chapman of a Peniworth of Wit: Beside his Auncient Playz, Yooth and Charitee, Hiksokner, Nugiasee, Impacient Poverty, and herewith Doctor Boords Breviary of Health.* What should I rehear heer, what a Bunch of Ballets and Songs, all auncient; az *Broom broom on Hill, So wo is me begon, truly lo, Over a Whinny Meg, Hey ding a ding, Bony lass upon a green, My bonny on gave me a bek, By a bank as I lay: and a hundred more* he hath fair wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whip-cord. And as for Almanaks of Antiquitee (a point for *Ephemerides*), I ween he

Neither with dogs nor bears,<sup>1</sup>  
Though that have been a fit  
Of our main-shire wit,  
In times heretofore,  
But now we have got a little more.

These then that we present  
With a most loyal intent,  
And, as the author saith,  
No ill meaning to the catholic faith,  
Are not so much beasts as fowls,  
But a very nest of owls,  
And natural, so thrive I,  
I found them in the ivy,  
A thing that though I blundered at,  
It may in time be wondered at,  
If the place but affords  
Any store of lucky birds,  
As I make them to flush,  
Each owl out of his bush.

Now these owls, some say, were men,  
And they may be so again,  
If once they endure the light  
Of your highness' sight:  
For bank rupts, we have known,  
Rise to more than their own,  
With a little-little savour  
Of the prince's favour;  
But as you like their tricks,  
I'll spring them, they are but *six*.

#### HEY, OWL FIRST <sup>12</sup>

This bird is London-bred,  
As you may see by his horned head.

can sheaw from *Jasper Laet of Antwerp* unto *Nostradamus of France*, and thens untoo our *John Securis of Salisbury*. To stay ye no longer heer in, I dare say he hath az fair a Library for theez sciencenz, and as many goodly monuments both in prose and poetry, and at afternoonz can talk az much without book az any inholder betwixt *Brainford* and *Bagshot*, what degree soever he be."

The letter-writer evidently meant to raise a smile at the Captain's expense; but there is no occasion for it. The list shews him to have been a diligent and successful collector of the domestic literature of his country, and so far he is entitled to praise. Some of the fugitive pieces here mentioned are now lost: one of them, however, the *Hundred Merry Tales*, which has long set the Shakespeare commentators by the ears, has partly been recovered within these few days (1816), pasted into the binding of an old book. It is now in Mr. Bindley's possession, and proves to be a collection of jests, of no great novelty or value.

<sup>1</sup> Neither with dogs nor bears.] This alludes to the following passage in the *Letter*:—"On the sixth day of her Majestyes cumming, a great sort of bandogs whear thear tyed in the utter coart, and *thyrteen bears* in the inner," &c. See Massinger, vol. i. p. 44.

<sup>2</sup> Hey, Owl first!] Here the captain probably

And had like to have been ta'en  
At his shop in Ivy-lane,  
Where he sold by the penny  
Tobacco as good as any ;  
But whether it did provoke  
His conscience, he sold smoke ;  
Or some other toy he took,  
Towards his calling to look :  
He fled by moonshine thence,  
And broke for sixteen pence.

## HEY, OWL SECOND !

This too, the more is the pity,  
Is of the breed of the same city ;  
A true owl of London  
That gives out he is undone,  
Being a cheese-monger,  
By trusting two of the younger  
Captains, for the hunger  
Of their half-starved number ;  
Whom since they have shipt away,  
And left him *God to pay*,<sup>1</sup>  
With those cars for a badge  
Of their dealing with his Madge.

## HEY, OWL THIRD !

A pure native bird<sup>2</sup>  
This, and though his hue  
Be not Coventry blue,  
Yet is he undone  
By the thread he has spun ;  
For since the wise town  
Has let the sports down  
Of May-games and morris,  
For which he right sorry is ;  
Where their maids and their makes,<sup>3</sup>  
At dancings and wakes,  
Had their napkins and posies,  
And the wipers for their noses,  
And their smocks all-be-wrought  
With his thread which they bought :  
It now lies on his hands,  
And having neither wit nor lands,  
Is ready to hang or choke him,  
In a skein of that that broke him.

## HEY, OWL FOURTH !

Was once a bankrupt of worth ;

And having run a shifting-race,  
At last, by money and grace,  
Got him a serjeant's place,  
And to be one of chace.  
A full fortnight was not spent,  
But out comes the parliament,  
Takes away the use of his mace,  
And left him in a worse than his first case.

## HEY, OWL FIFTH !

But here was a defeat,  
Never any so great,  
Of a Don, a Spanish reader,  
Who had thought to have been the leader,  
Had the match gone on,  
Of our Ladies one by one,  
And triumphed our whole nation,  
In his Rodomant fashion :  
But now since the breach  
He has not a scholar to teach.

## HEY, OWL SIXTH !

The bird bringer-up is a knight,  
But a passionate wight,  
Who, since the Act against swearing,  
(The tale's worth your hearing),  
In this short time's growth  
Hath at twelpence an oath,  
For that, I take it, is the rate,  
Sworn himself out of his estate.

## THE THIRD OWL VARIED.

A crop-eared scrivener this,  
Who when he heard but the whis-  
per of monies to come down,  
Fright got him out of town  
With all the bills and bands  
Of other men's in his hands,  
And cried, who will, drive the trade,  
Since such a law they had made :  
It was not he that broke,  
Two i' the hundred spoke.  
Nor cared he for the curse,  
He could not hear much worse,  
He had his ears in his purse.

produced, from beneath the foot-cloth of the hobby-horse, a block ridiculously dressed or painted to correspond with the description.

<sup>1</sup> God to pay,] A cant term for a hopeless debt, nothing. See *Epiq.* xii.

<sup>2</sup> A pure native bird.] i.e. a puritan of Coventry, whose zeal in putting down May-poles and hobby-horses had injured the manufactory of blue thread (the chief staple of the town), of which a great consumption was made in ornamenting napkins, scarfs, &c. "I have heard," an old writer, W. Stafford, says, "that the chief trade of Coventry, was heretofore in making

*blew thread*, and then the town was richer ever upon that trade in manner only, and now our thread comes all from beyond sea : wherefore that trade of Coventry is decayed, and thereby the town likewise." This appeared long before *Owl the third* was hatched ; so that the *wool* town must have suffered from more causes than the loss of its rural sports.

<sup>3</sup> Where their maids, and their makes.] i.e. mates. So Chaucer :

"God shelde soche a lordes wife to take  
Another man to husbonde, or to make."

WHAL.

# The Fortunate Isles, and their Union.

CELEBRATED IN A MASQUE DESIGNED FOR THE COURT, ON THE  
TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1626.

*Hic choreæ, cantusque vigent.*

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.] From the second folio. Charles (now king) seems to have been so much pleased with the main Masque of *Neptune's Triumph*, presented two years before, as to call for it again, with another introduction, by way of Antimasque. This was the poet's first exhibition before his new sovereign, and it did not discredit him; for there is a considerable degree of humour, as well as satire, in the part of Johphiel; the latter of which must have been fully felt and enjoyed at a period when men were hourly burying white wands in the ground, to catch fairies; and muttering prayers in woods, to render sylphs and salamanders visible!

Evil days were now come upon Jonson: some months before this Masque was written he had been struck with the palsy, from which he never recovered. his old complaint, the dropsy, too, increased about the same time; and, as he says himself, *fixed his muse to the bed and boards, as she had never been.* Though no symptoms of decay be apparent in the present Entertainment, yet it is necessary to mention these circumstances; as the poet's enemies, while they watch for the opportunity of triumphing in the abatement of his powers, anxiously keep his maladies out of sight.

His Majesty being set,

*Enter, running, JOHPHIEL, an airy spirit, and (according to the Magi) the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere: attired in light silks of several colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow hair, a chaplet of flowers, blue silk stockings, and pumps, and gloves, with a silver fan in his hand.*

*Johp.* Like a lightning from the sky,  
Or an arrow shot by Love,  
Or a bird of his let fly;  
Be't a sparrow, or a dove:

With that winged haste, come I,  
Loosed from the sphere of Jove,  
To wish good-night  
To your delight.

*Enter MEREFOL, a melancholic student, in bare and worn clothes, shrowded under an obscure cloke, and the eyes of an old hat.*

*Mere.* [fetching a deep sigh.] Oh, oh!  
*Johp.* In Saturn's name, the father of my lord,  
What over-charged piece of melancholy  
Is this breaks in between my wishes thus  
With bombing sighs?

<sup>1</sup> *Johphiel, an airy spirit, and (according to the Magi) the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere.* Jonson is so accurate in all his positions (however unimportant they may appear in themselves) that it can scarcely be doubted that he had authority for the rank of Johphiel. I will not question the assertion of the "Magi;" but grippa (also a wise-man) affirms that "Johphiel one of the presiding angels in the Intelligible

World, and that he reigns in the sphere of the zodiac." This seems a pretty wide command! The name of the spirit of the "sphere of Jupiter, is Zadkiel."—*Occ. Phil.* B. 2, c. xiii.

Nothing in Jonson is done at random. Whatever was the subject of his verse, he came to it with a mind fully furnished, and what appears, at first sight, the mere sportiveness of invention, will be found, upon falling into the track of his



*Mere.* No! no intelligence!  
Not yet! and all my vows now nine days old!  
Blind — of fate! puppies had seen by this  
time;  
But I see nothing that I should, or would  
see!  
What mean the brethren of the Rosy-cross,  
So to desert their votary?

*Johp.* O! 'tis one  
Hath vowed himself unto that airy order,  
And now is gaping for the fly they pro-  
mised him.

I'll mix a little with him for my sport.

[Steps aside.]

*Mere.* Have I both in my lodging and  
my diet,  
My clothes, and every other solemn charge,  
Observed them, made the naked boards  
my bed,

A faggot for my pillow, hungred sore!

*Johp.* And thirsted after them!

*Mere.* To look gaunt and lean!

*Johp.* Which will not be.

*Mere.* Who's that? — Yes, and out-  
watched,

Yea, and outwalked any ghost alive

In solitary circle, worn my boots,

Knees, arms, and elbows out!

*Johp.* Ran on the score!

*Mere.* That have I—who suggests that?  
—and for more

Than I will speak of to abate this flesh,

And have not gained the sight—

*Johp.* Nay, scarce the sense.

studies (which is seldom my lot), to be the re-  
sult of laborious and excursive reading. In the  
*Alchemist*, for example, the directions given to  
Abel, for insuring the prosperity of his shop—

"On the east side of your shop, aloft,

Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;

Upon the north part, Rael, Velcl, Thiel."

Vol. ii. p. 17 a.

have probably been regarded as a mere play of  
fancy; but they appear to be derived from the  
very depths of magical science. "*Angeli se-  
cundi cæli regnantes die Mercurii, quos advo-  
cari oportet a quatuor mundi partibus:*

*Ad Orientem:*

*Mathlai, Tarmiel, Baraborat.*

*Ad Septentrionem:*

*Thiel, Rael, Velcl, &c*

*Elem. Magica Petri de Albana.*

<sup>1</sup> Outis! who is he? Outis is Greek for no-  
body; here is an allusion to the trick Ulysses  
put on Polyphemus when he had shut him in his  
cave, and asked him what his name was, which  
Ulysses said was Outis.—WHAL.

Where Julian de Campis

Holds out the brandished blade.] For my

*Mere.* "Voice, thou art right—of anything  
but a cold

Wind in my stomach.

*Johp.* And a kind of whimsie—

*Mere.* Here in my head that puts me to  
the staggers,

Whether there be that brotherhood or no.

*Johp.* Believe, frail man, they be, and  
thou shalt see.

*Mere.* What shall I see?

*Johp.* Me.

*Mere.* Thee! where?

*Johp.* [comes forward.] Here, if you  
Be Master Merefool.

*Mere.* Sir, our name is Merryfool,

But by contraction Merefool.

*Johp.* Then are you

The wight I seek; and, sir, my name is  
Johphiel,

Intelligence to the sphere of Jupiter,

An airy jocular spirit, employed to you

From Father Outis.

*Mere.* Outis! who is he?<sup>1</sup>

*Johp.* Know you not Outis? then you  
know nobody:—

The good old hermit that was said to dwell

Here in the forest without trees, that built

The castle in the air where all the brethren

Rhodostaurotic live. It flies with wings,

And runs on wheels; where Julian de  
Campis<sup>2</sup>

Holds out the brandished blade.

*Mere.* Is't possible

They think on me?

knowledge of this person, I am indebted to the  
kindness and activity of my friend, F. Cohen,  
[afterwards better known as Sir F. Palgrave,]  
who rummaged him out from a world of for-  
gotten lumber in the old German language.

"Send Briefe oder Bericht an alle welche von  
der Neuen Bröderschaft des Ordens vom  
Rosen Creutz genannt, etwas gesehen oder von  
andern per modum discursus der sachen be-  
schaffenheit vernommen.

"Es sind viel die im schranken lauffen,  
etliche aber gewinnen nur das kleinot, darumb  
ermahne ich,

Julianus de Campis,

OGDCRFE,

das diejenigen welche von einer glücklichen  
direction und gewünschtes impression guber-  
nirt worden, sich nicht durch ihrer selbst  
eigenen diffidens oder uppigkeit unartiges ju-  
dictiren wenig lassen.

"Milita bonam militiam, servans fidem, et  
accipies coronam glorie.

"Gedruckt im Jahr 1615."

"A Letter Missive, or account addressed to  
all those who have [as yet] read anything con-  
cerning the New Fraternity, entitled the order

*Johp.* Rise, be not lost in wonder,  
But hear me, and be faithful. All the  
brethren  
Have heard your vows, salute you, and  
expect you  
By me this next return. But the good  
father  
Has been content to die for you.

*Mere.* For me?

*Johp.* For you. Last New-year's day,  
which some give out,  
Because it was his birth-day, and began  
The year of jubilee, he would rest upon it,  
Being his hundred five and twentieth year:  
But the truth is, having observed your  
genesis,  
He would not live, because he might leave  
all

He had to you.

*Mere.* What had he?

*Johp.* Had I an office,  
Two, three, or four.

*Mere.* Where?

*Johp.* In the upper region;  
And that you'll find. The farm of the  
great customs  
Through all the ports of the air's intel-  
ligences;  
Then constable of the castle Rosy-cross,  
Which you must be; and keeper of the keys  
Of the whole Kabal with the seals; you  
shall be  
Principal secretary to the stars:  
Know all the signatures and combinations,  
The divine rods and consecrated roots,  
What not? Would you turn trees up like  
the wind,

of the Rosy Cross, or who have become ac-  
quainted with the matter by the verbal relations  
of others.

"Many enter the cabinet, but few acquire  
the treasure. Therefore I,  
Julianus de Campis,  
OGDCRFE,

warn all who wish to be guided by a happy di-  
rection and desirable impression, not to suffer  
themselves to be misled by their own mistrust,  
or by the loose judgment of forward people.

"Printed in the year 1615."

It is probable that this Julian de Campis (an  
assumed name) was among the earliest writers  
on this fantastic subject, and that Jonson de-  
rived some information from his Letter Missive.  
Mr. Cohen, however, assures me that there is  
nothing in it respecting "the brandished blade."

It is somewhat singular that the origin of the  
Rosicrucians should not have been discovered.  
Neither Paracelsus nor Agrippa (daring dreamers  
as both were) has any approaches to this singular  
sect, which, as far as can be discovered, did not  
spring to light till the end of the sixteenth cen-

VOL. III.

To shew your strength? march over heads  
of armies,

Or points of pikes, to shew your lightness?  
force

All doors of arts with the petard of your  
wit?

Read at one view all books? speak all the  
languages

Of several creatures? master all the learn-  
ings

Were, are, or shall be? or, to shew your  
wealth,

Open all treasures hid by nature, from  
The rock of diamond to the mine of sea-  
coal?

Sir, you shall do it.

*Mere.* But how?

*Johp.* Why, by his skill,  
Of which he has left you the inheritance,  
Here in a pot; this little gallipot  
Of tincture, high rose tincture. There's  
your order,

You will have your collar sent you ere't  
be long.

*Mere.* I looked, sir, for a halter. I was  
desperate.

*Johp.* Reach forth your hand.

*Mere.* O, sir, a broken sleeve

Keeps the arm back, as 'tis i' the proverb.

*Johp.* Nay,

For that I do commend you; you must be  
poor

With all your wealth and learning. When  
you have made

Your glasses gardens in the depth of  
winter,

Where you will walk invisible to mankind,

bury. It seems not unreasonable to conjecture  
that the folly had birth in one of those hot-beds,  
so prolific of

"All monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Gorgons and hydras, and chimæras dire,"

a German lodge of Freemasons: thus much, at  
least, is certain, that they pretend to the *bran-  
dished blade*, which is even now one of their  
hieroglyphics.

A curious disquisition, I will not say a pro-  
fitable one, might be written on this subject, on  
which nothing satisfactory has hitherto ap-  
peared. The Count de Gabalis wisely broke off  
just in time to hide his utter ignorance of it;  
indeed he only refines upon the rude visions of  
Paracelsus; and Gabriel Naudé, who wrote  
expressly on the Rosicrucians, is loose and de-  
clamatory, and has little to the purpose. He  
notices, however, a work entitled "*Speculum  
Sophisticum Rhodostauroticum*," which our  
poet had perhaps seen. But I forget—*satque  
superque*.

Talked with all birds and beasts in their own language,

When you have penetrated hills like air,  
Dived to the bottom of the sea like lead,  
And riss' again like cork, walked in the fire,  
An 'twere a salamander, passed through all  
The winding orbs like an Intelligence,  
Up to the empyreum, when you have made  
The world your gallery, can dispatch a business

In some three minutes with the antipodes,  
And in five more negotiate the globe over;  
You must be poor still.

*Mere.* By my place I know it.

*Johp.* Where would you wish to be now,  
or what to see,

Without the Fortunate Purse to bear your charges,

Or Wishing Hat? I will but touch your temples,

The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,  
The very tip o' your nose, with this collyrium,

And you shall see in the air all the ideas,  
Spirits, and atoms, flies that buzz about  
This way and that way, and are rather admirable

Than any way intelligible.

*Mere.* O, come, tinct me,  
Tinct me; I long; save this great belly, I long!

But shall I only see?

*Johp.* See, and command  
As they were all your varlets or your foot-boys:

But first you must declare, (your Greatness must,

For that is now your style,) what you would see,

Or whom.

*Mere.* Is that my style? my Greatness, then,  
Would see King Zoroastres.

*Johp.* Why, you shall;

Or anyone beside. Think whom you please;  
Your thousand, your ten thousand, to a million:

All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.  
*Mere.* I have named him.

*Johp.* You've reason.

*Mere.* Ay, I have reason;  
Because he's said to be the father of conjurers,

And a cunning man in the stars.

*Johp.* Ay, that's it troubles us  
A little for the present: for, at this time,  
He is confuting a French almanack,  
But he will straight have done, have you but patience;

Or think but any other in mean time,  
Any hard name.

*Mere.* Then Hermes Trismegistus.

*Johp.* O, ὁ τριμέγιστος! why, you shall see him.

A fine hard name! Or him, or whom you will,

As I said to you afore. Or what do you think

Of Howleglass, instead of him?

*Mere.* No, him

I have a mind to.

*Johp.* O, but Ulen-spiggle

Were such a name!<sup>1</sup>—but you shall have your longing.

What luck is this, he should be busy too!  
He is weighing water but to fill three hour-glasses,

And mark the day in penn'orths like a cheese,

And he has done. 'Tis strange you should name him

Of all the rest! there being Jamblicus,  
Or Porphyry, or Proclus, any name  
That is not busy.

*Mere.* Let me see Pythagoras.

*Johp.* Good.

*Mere.* Or Plato.

*Johp.* Plato is framing some ideas  
Are now bespoken at a groat a dozen,  
Three gross at least: and for Pythagoras,  
He has rashly run himself on an employment

Of keeping asses from a field of beans,  
And cannot be staved off.

*Mere.* Then Archimedes.

*Johp.* Yes, Archimedes!

*Mere.* Ay, or Æsop.

*Johp.* Nay,

Hold your first man, a good man, Archimedes,

And worthy to be seen; but he is now  
Inventing a rare mouse-trap with owl's wings

And a cat's-foot, to catch the mice alone:

And Æsop, he is filing a fox-tongue

For a new fable he has made of court:

But you shall see them all, stay but your time

And ask in season; things asked out of season

A man denies himself. At such a time

As Christmas, when disguising is on foot,

To ask of the inventions and the men,

The wits and the ingines that move those orbs!—

<sup>1</sup> O but Ulen-spiggle

Were such a name.] See vol. ii. p. 24.

Methinks you should inquire now after  
Skelton,

Or Master Skogan.

*Mere.* Skogan! what was he?

*Johp.* O, a fine gentleman, and master  
of arts,

Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made dis-  
guises

For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal  
Daintily well.

*Mere.* But wrote he like a gentleman?

*Johp.* In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme,  
and flowand verse,

With now and then some sense! and he  
was paid for't,

Regarded and rewarded; which few poets  
Are now-a-days.

*Mere.* And why?

*Johp.* 'Cause every dabbler

In rhyme is thought the same:—but you  
shall see him.

Hold up your nose.

[*Anoints his eyes and temples.*]

*Mere.* I had rather see a Brachman  
Or a Gymnosophist yet.

*Johp.* You shall see him, sir,  
Is worth them both: and with him Domine  
Skelton,

The worshipful poet laureat to King Harry,  
And *Tityre tu* of those times. Advance  
quick Skogan,

And quicker Skelton, shew your crafty  
heads

Before this heir of arts, this lord of learning,  
This master of all knowledge in reversion!

*Enter SKOGAN and SKELTON, in like  
habits as they lived.*<sup>1</sup>

*Skog.* Seemeth we are called of a moral  
intent,

If the words that are spoken as well now  
be meant.

*Johp.* That, Master Skogan, I dare you  
ensure.

*Skog.* Then, son, our acquaintance is like  
to endure.

*Mere.* A pretty game! like Crambo;  
Master Skogan,

Give me thy hand: thou art very lean, me-  
thinks.

Is't living by thy wits?

*Skog.* If it had been that,

My worshipful son, thou hadst ne'er been  
so fat.

*Johp.* He tells you true, sir. Here's a  
gentleman,

My pair of crafty clerks of that high caract  
As hardly hath the age produced his like,

Who not content with the wit of his own  
times,

Is curious to know yours, and what hath  
been.

*Mere.* Or is, or shall be.

*Johp.* Note his latitude.

*Skel.* O, *vir amplissimus,*

*Ut scholis dicimus,*

*Et gentilissimus!*

*Johp.* The question-*issimus*

Is, should he ask a sight now, for his life,  
I mean a person he would have restored

To memory of these times, for a playfellow,  
Whether you would present him with an

Hermes,

Or with an Howleglass?

*Skel.* An Howleglass

To come to pass

On his father's ass;

There never was,

By day nor night,

A finer sight

With feathers upright

In his horned cap,

And crooked shape,

Much like an ape,

<sup>1</sup> Enter Skogan and Skelton in *like habits as they lived.* i.e. in the dress they wore while they were alive. This puts an end to the grave difficulties and graver doubts of M. Mason, Steevens, and Malone, as to the exclamation of Hamlet,

"My father, in like habit as he lived,"

meaning, in the clothes which he usually wore. The idea of Steevens, that a ghost who once puts on armour can never exchange it afterwards for anything more light and comfortable, is very good.

In the lines which follow, Jonson imitates the language of Skogan and Skelton. The former (Henry Skogan) lived in the time of Henry IV., and, as Stow says, sent a *ballad* to the young

prince (Shakspeare's Hal) and his brothers, "while they were at supper in the Vintry, amongst the merchants." This is the *ballad-royal* of which our poet speaks: it was not very well timed, it must be allowed; and if we may judge from the opening stanza, moral as it is, it was not much better tuned:

"My noble sonnes and eke my Lords deare,  
I your father called unworthyly,  
Send unto you this ballad following here,  
Written with mine owne hand full rudely."

I have no knowledge of his "disguises." If *moral* Skogan (for this was his usual appellation) wrote any things of this nature, they were probably religious pieces, *Mysteries* and *Moralities*.

With owl on fist,  
And glass at his wrist.

*Skog.* Except the four knaves entertained  
for the guards  
Of the kings and the queens that triumph  
in the cards.

*Johp.* Ay, that were a sight and a half,  
I confess,  
To see 'em come skipping in, all at a mess!

*Skel.* With Elinor Rumming,  
To make up the mumming;<sup>1</sup>  
That comely Gill,  
That dwelt on a hill,  
But she is not grill:—  
Her face all bowsy,  
Droopy and drowsy,  
Scurvy and lousy,  
Comely crinkled,  
Wondrously wrinkled,  
Like a roast pig's ear  
Bristled with hair.

*Skog.* Or, what do you say to Ruffian  
Fitz-Ale?

*Johp.* An excellent sight, if he be not too  
stale.

But then we can mix him with modern  
Vapors,  
The child of tobacco, his pipes, and his  
papers.

*Mere.* You talked of Elinor Rumming, I  
had rather

See Ellen of Troy.<sup>2</sup>

*Johp.* Her you shall see:  
But credit me,

<sup>1</sup> With Elinor Rumming,  
To make up the mumming, &c.] These are  
Skelton's own verses in his ballad on *Eleanor  
Rumming*, the old ale-wife.—WHAL.

Jonson was evidently fond of Skelton, and  
frequently imitates his short titupping style,  
which is not his best. I know Skelton only by  
the modern edition of his works, dated 1736.  
But from this stupid publication I can easily  
discover that he was no ordinary man. Why  
Warton and the writers of his school rail at him  
so vehemently, I know not; he was perhaps the  
best scholar of his day, and displays on many  
occasions strong powers of description, and a  
vein of poetry that shines through all the rub-  
bish which ignorance has spread over it. He  
flew at high game, and therefore occasionally  
called in the aid of vulgar ribaldry to mask the  
direct attack of his satire. This was seen cen-  
turies ago, and yet we are now instituting a pro-  
cess against him for rudeness and indelicacy!  
"By what means," says Grange (who wrote  
about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign),  
"could Skelton, that laureat poet, have uttered  
his mind so well at large as thorowe his cloke  
of mery conceytes, as in his *Speake Parrot*,  
*Ware the Hawke*, *The Tunning of Elinor  
Rumming*, *Why come ye not to the Court*, &c.

That Mary Ambree  
(Who marched so free  
To the siege of Gaunt,  
And death could not daunt,  
As the ballad doth vaunt,<sup>3</sup>)  
Were a braver wight,  
And a better sight.

*Skel.* Or Westminster Meg.<sup>4</sup>  
With her long leg,  
As long as a crane;  
And feet like a plane:  
With a pair of heels,  
As broad as two wheels;  
To drive down the dew,  
As she goes to the stew:  
And turns home merry,  
By Lambeth ferry.  
Or you may have come  
In, Thomas Thumb,  
In a pudding fat  
With Doctor Rat.

*Johp.* Ay, that! that! that!  
We'll have 'em all,  
To fill the hall.

*The ANTIMASQUE follows,*  
Consisting of these twelve persons, HOWLE-  
GLASS, the four KNAVES, two RUF-  
FIANS (FITZ-ALE and VAPOR,) ELINOR  
RUMMING, MARY AMBREE, LONG MEG  
of Westminster, TOM THUMB, and  
Doctor RAT.

*They DANCE, and withdraw.*

*Mere.* What, are they vanished! where  
is skipping Skelton?

Yet what greater sense or better matter can be,  
than is in this ragged rhyme contain'd? Or  
who would have hearde his fault so playnely  
told him, if not in such giblyng sorte?"—*The  
Golden Aphroditis*.

<sup>2</sup> [When Jonson makes Merefool ask to see  
"Ellen of Troy," he was doubtless thinking of  
the exquisite lines of Marlowe in *The Tragical  
History of Doctor Faustus*.—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> As the ballad doth vaunt.] The ballad, of  
which the first stanza follows, is republished in  
*Percy's Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 218.

"When captains courageous, whom death colde  
not daunte,  
Did march to the siege of the citeye of Gaunte,  
They mustred their souldiers by two and by  
three,  
And foremost in battle was *Mary Ambree*."

<sup>4</sup> Or Westminster Meg.] There is a penny  
story-book of this tremendous virago, who per-  
formed many wonderful exploits about the time  
that Jack the Giant-killer flourished. She was  
buried, as all the world knows, in the cloisters  
of Westminster Abbey, where a huge stone is  
still pointed out to the Whitsuntide visitors as  
her gravestone.

Or moral Skogan? I do like their shew,  
And would have thanked them, being the  
first grace

The company of the Rosy-cross hath done  
me.

*Joh.* The company o' the Rosy-cross,  
you widgeon!

The company of [the] players.<sup>1</sup> Go, you  
are,

And will be still yourself, a Merefool, in :  
And take your pot of honey here, and hogs-  
grease,

See who has gulled you, and make one.  
[Exit Merefool.]

Great king,

Your pardon, if desire to please have tres-  
passed.

This fool should have been sent to An-  
ticyra,

The isle of Ellebore, there to have purged,  
Not hoped a happy seat within your waters.  
Hear now the message of the Fates, and  
Jove,

On whom these Fates depend, to you, as  
Neptune

The great commander of the seas and isles.  
That point of revolution being come,

When all the Fortunate Islands should be  
joined,

MACARIA one, and thought a principal,  
That hitherto hath floated, as uncertain  
Where she should fix her blessings, is to-  
night

Instructed to adhere to your Britannia :  
That where the happy spirits live, hereafter  
Might be no question made by the most  
curious,

Since the MACARII come to do you ho-  
mage,

And join their cradle to your continent.

*Here the Scene opens, and the MASQUERS  
are discovered sitting in their several  
sieges. The air opens above, and  
APOLLO, with HARMONY and the  
SPIRITS of Music, sing, the while the  
Island moves forward, PROTEUS sitting  
below and hearkening.*

### SONG.

Look forth, the Shepherd of the Seas,  
And of the ports that keep the keys,  
And to your Neptune tell,

<sup>1</sup> The company [of] the players.] Profes-  
sional actors, as has been already observed,  
were sometimes employed in the Antimasques,  
more especially where they were of a very gro-  
tesque and ridiculous nature.

Macaria, prince of all the isles,  
Wherein there nothing grows but smiles,  
Doth here put in to dwell.

The winds are sweet and gently blow,  
But Zephyrus, no breath they know,  
The father of the flowers :

By him the virgin violets live,  
And every plant doth odours give,  
As new as are the hours.

*Cho.* Then think it not a common cause,  
That to it so much wonder draws,  
And all the heavens consent,  
With harmony to tune their notes,  
In answer to the public votes,  
That for it up were sent.

*By this time, the island having joined itself  
to the shore, PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, and  
SARON come forth, and go up singing  
to the state, while the MASQUERS take  
time to rank themselves.*

### SONG.

*Pro.* Ay, now the heights of Neptune's  
honours shipe,

And all the glories of his greater style  
Are read reflected in this happiest isle.

*Por.* How both the air, the soil, the seat  
combine

To speak it blessed !

*Sar.* These are the true groves  
Where joys are born.

*Pro.* Where longings,  
*Por.* And where loves !

*Sar.* That live !

*Pro.* That last !

*Por.* No intermitted wind  
Blows here, but what leaves flowers or  
fruit behind.

*Cho.* 'Tis odour all that comes !  
And every tree doth give his gums.

*Pro.* There is no sickness, nor no old  
age known

To man, nor any grief that he dares own.  
There is no hunger here, nor envy of state,  
Nor least ambition in the magistrate.  
But all are even-hearted, open, free,  
And what one is, another strives to be.

*Por.* Here all the day they feast, they  
sport and spring,

Now dance the Graces' hay, now Venus  
ring :

To which the old musicians play and sing.

*Sar.* There is Arion, tuning his bold harp,  
From flat to sharp,

*Por.* And light Anacreon,  
He still is one !

*Pro.* Stesichorus there too,  
That Linus and old Orpheus doth outdo  
To wonder.

*Sar.* And Amphion ! he is there.  
*Por.* Nor is Apollo dainty to appear  
 In such a quire ; although the trees be  
 thick,  
*Pro.* He will look in, and see the airs be  
 quick,

And that the times be true.

*Por.* Then, chanting,  
*Pro.* Then,  
 Up with their notes, they raise the Prince of  
 Men,

*Sar.* And sing the present prophecy that  
 goes,  
 Of joining the bright Lily and the Rose.

*Cho.* See ! all the flowers,  
*Pro.* That spring the banks along.  
 Do move their heads unto that under song.

*Cho.* Saron, Portunus, Proteus, help to  
 bring

Our primrose in, the glory of the spring ;  
 And tell the daffodil, against that day,  
 That we prepare new gyrlands fresh as  
 May,

And interweave the myrtle and the bay.

*This sung, the island goes back, whilst  
 the Upper Chorus takes it from them,  
 and the MASQUERS prepare for their  
 figure.*

*Cho.* Spring all the graces of the age,  
 And all the loves of time ;  
 Bring all the pleasures of the stage,  
 And relishes of rhyme.  
 Add all the softnesses of courts,  
 The looks, the laughs, and the sports ;  
 And mingle all their sweets and salts,  
 That none may say the triumph halts.

*The MASQUERS dance their ENTRY, or  
 FIRST DANCE.*

*Which done, the first perspective, a mari-  
 time palace, or the house of OCEANUS, is  
 discovered to loud music.*

*The other above is no more seen.*

*Johp.* Behold the palace of Oceanus !  
 Hail, reverend structure ! boast no more to  
 us  
 Thy being able all the gods to feast ;  
 We saw enough when Albion was thy  
 guest.

*Here the MEASURES.*

*After which, the second perspective, a sea, is  
 shewn to the former music.*

*Johp.* Now turn, and view the wonders  
 of the deep,

Where Proteus' herds and Neptune's orks  
 do keep,  
 Where all is ploughed, yet still the pasture's  
 green,  
 New ways are found, and yet no paths are  
 seen.

*Here PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, SARON, go up  
 to the Ladies with this SONG.*

*Pro.* Come, noble nymphs, and do not  
 hide

The joys for which you so provide :

*Sar.* If not to mingle with the men,  
 What do you here ? Go home agen.

*Por.* Your dressings do confess,  
 By what we see, so curious parts  
 Of Pallas and Arachne's arts,

That you could mean no less.

*Pro.* Why do you wear the silkworm's  
 toils,

Or glory in the shell-fish' spoils ;  
 Or strive to shew the grains of ore

That you have gathered on the shore,  
 Whereof to make a stock

To graft the greener emerald on,  
 Or any better watered stone,

*Sar.* Or ruby of the rock.  
*Pro.* Why do you smell of amber-grise,  
 Of which was formed Neptune's niece,  
 The queen of love ; unless you can,  
 Like sea-born Venus, love a man ?

*Sar.* Try, put yourselves unto't.

*Cho.* Your looks, your smiles, and  
 thoughts that meet,

Ambrosian hands and silver feet,  
 Do promise you will do't.

*The REVELS follow.*

*Which ended, the fleet is discovered, while  
 the three cornets play.*

*Johp.* 'Tis time your eyes should be re-  
 freshed at length

With something new, a part of Neptune's  
 strength,

See yond' his fleet, ready to go or come,  
 Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,  
 So to secure him, both in peace and wars,  
 Till not one ship alone, but all be stars.

*Then the last*

*SONG.*

*Pro.* Although we wish the glory still  
 might last

Of such a night, and for the causes past :  
 Yet now, great lord of waters and of isles,  
 Give Proteus leave to turn unto his wiles.

*Por.* And whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,

Dispatch Portunus to the ports,

*Sar.* And Saron to the seas,

To meet old Nereus with his fifty girls,

From aged Indus laden home with pearls

And orient gums, to burn unto thy name.

*Cho.* And may thy subjects' hearts be all on flame,

Whilst thou dost keep the earth in firm estate,

And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no debate ;

But both at sea and land our powers increase,

With health, and all the golden gifts of peace.

*After which they danced their last DANCE,*

*And thus it ended.*



# Love's Triumph through Callipolis.

PERFORMED IN A MASQUE AT COURT, 1630, BY HIS MAJESTY,  
WITH THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN ASSISTING.

*The Inventors,* BEN JONSON; INIGO JONES.

---

*Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos?*

---

[LOVE'S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.] From the small edition in 4to. 1630, which differs in no material point from the second folio. In this, which was the Queen's Masque, the King was a performer; in that which follows, (the King's Masque,) she returned the compliment. It does not appear that either *Love's Triumph*, or *Chloridia*, which follows it, was given to the press by Jonson: the latter is not dated, but was printed for the same bookseller, Thomas Walkley, as the former.

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## TO MAKE THE SPECTATORS UNDER- STANDERS.

Whereas all Representations, especially those of this nature in court, public spectacles, either have been, or ought to be, the mirrors of man's life, whose ends, for the excellence of their exhibitors (as being the donatives of great princes to their people), ought always to carry a mixture of profit with them no less than delight; we, the inventors, being commanded from the KING to think on something worthy of His Majesty's putting in act, with a selected company of his lords and gentlemen, called to the assistance; for the honour of his court, and the dignity of that heroic love and regal respect born by him to his unmatched lady and spouse the Queen's majesty, after some debate of cogitation with ourselves,<sup>1</sup> resolved on this following argument.

First, that a person, *boni ominis*, of a good character, as Euphemus, sent down from heaven to Callipolis, which is under-

stood the city of Beauty or Goodness, should come in; and, finding Her Majesty there enthroned, declare unto her that Love, who was wont to be respected as a special deity in court, and tutelar god of the place, had of late received an advertisement that in the suburbs or skirts of Callipolis were crept in certain sectaries or depraved lovers, who neither knew the name or nature of love rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be called his furies: their whole life being a continued vertigo, or rather a torture on the wheel of love than any motion either of order or measure. When suddenly they leap forth below, a mistress leading them, and with antic gesticulation and action, after the manner of the old pantomimi, they dance over a distracted comedy of love, expressing their confused affections in the scenical persons and habits of the four prime European nations.

A glorious boasting lover.

A whining ballading lover.

An adventurous romance lover.

<sup>1</sup> After some debate with ourselves, &c.] This is worth notice, as it seems to prove that up to this late period, nearly thirty years from

the commencement of their connexion, nothing had happened to interrupt the good understanding between Inigo Jones and Jonson.

A phantastic umbrageous lover.

A bribing corrupt lover.

A froward jealous lover.

A sordid illiberal lover.

A proud scornful lover.

An angry quarrelling lover.

A melancholic despairing lover.

An envious unquiet lover.

A sensual brute lover.

*All which, in varied intricate turns,  
and involved mazes, exprest, make the  
ANTIMASQUE: and conclude the exit,  
in a circle.*

*EUPHEMUS descends singing.*

Joy, joy to mortals, the rejoicing fires  
Of gladness smile in your dilated hearts!  
Whilst Love presents a world of chaste  
desires,

Which may produce a harmony of parts!

Love is the right affection of the mind,

The noble appetite of what is best:

Desire of union with the thing designed,

But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The father Plenty is, the mother Want,<sup>1</sup>

Plenty the beauty which it wanteth draws;

Want yields itself; affording what is scant:

So both affections are the union's cause.

But rest not here. For Love hath larger  
scopes,

New joys, new pleasures, of as fresh a  
date

As are his minutes: and in him no hopes

Are pure, but those he can perpetuate.

*[He goes up to the state.]*

To you, that are by excellence a queen!

The top of beauty! but of such an air,

As only by the mind's eye may be seen

Your enterwoven lines of good and fair!

Vouchsafe to grace Love's triumph here to-  
night,

Through all the streets of your Callipolis;  
Which by the splendour of your rays made  
bright,

The seat and region of all beauty is.

Love in perfection longeth to appear,

But prays of favour he be not called on,

Till all the suburbs and the skirts be clear  
Of perturbations, and th' infection gone.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume

Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound

Of melting music, that shall not consume

Within the ear, but run the mazes round.

*Here the CHORUS walk about with  
their censers.*

*Cho.* Meantime, we make lustration of  
the place,

And, with our solemn fires and waters  
prove

T' have frighted hence the weak diseased  
race

Of those were tortured on the wheel of  
love.

The Glorious, Whining, the Adventurous  
fool

Fantastic, Bribing, and the Jealous ass.

The Sordid, Scornful, and the Angry mule,

The Melancholic, Dull, and Envious mass.

*Grand Cho.* With all the rest, that in the  
sensual school

Of lust, for their degree of Brute may  
pass;

All which are vapoured hence.

No loves, but slaves to sense;

Mere cattle, and not men.

Sound, sound, and treble all our joys  
agen,

Who had the power and virtue to remove  
Such monsters from the labyrinth of love.

*The Scene opens and discovers a prospect of  
the sea. The TRIUMPH is first seen  
afar off, and led in by AMPHITRITE,  
the wife of Oceanus, with four sea gods  
attending her, NEREUS, PROTEUS,  
GLAUCUS, PALÆMON.*

*The Triumph<sup>2</sup> consists of fifteen LOVERS,  
and as many Cupids, who rank them-  
selves seven and seven on a side,  
with each a Cupid before him with a  
lighted torch, and the middle person  
(which is his Majesty) placed in the  
centre.<sup>3</sup>*

*Amph.* Here stay a while: this, this,  
The temple of all beauty is!

<sup>1</sup> *The father Plenty is, the mother Want.]*  
This allegory is a fiction of Plato, in his *Symposium*.—WHAL.

Whalley was not aware of the existence of  
the 4to edition. There Jonson gives the names  
*Porus and Penia*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Triumph, &c.]* The approach of this  
Triumph (that is, the procession or grand entry  
of the Masquers, crowned with chaplets of roses,

laurel, and all the rich adornments of victory,  
and ushered in by a blaze of torches), must have  
afforded a magnificent spectacle. Indeed, the  
whole of this masque is creditable to the fancy  
of the inventors; who appear to have consulted  
the splendour of the show more than the usual  
concomitants of poetry, music, and dancing.

<sup>3</sup> If the reader is curious to know who pre-  
sented the respective lovers, he may learn it

Here, perfect lovers, you must pay  
First fruits; and on these altars lay  
(The ladies' breasts), your ample vows,  
Such as Love brings and Beauty best allows!  
*Cho.* For Love without his object soon is  
gone:

Love must have answering love to look  
upon.

*Amph.* To you, best judge then of perfection!

*Euph.* The queen of what is wonder in  
the place!

*Amph.* Pure object of heroic love alone!

*Euph.* The centre of proportion!—

*Amph.* Sweetness!

*Euph.* Grace!

*Amph.* Deign to receive all lines of love  
in one.

*Euph.* And by reflecting of them fill  
this space.

*Cho.* Till it a circle of those glories prove,  
Fit to be sought in beauty, found by love.

*Semi-cho.* Where love is mutual, still

All things in order move.

The circle of the will

Is the true sphere of love.

*Cho.* Advance, you gentler Cupids, then,  
advance,

And show your just perfections in your  
dance,

*The CUPIDS dance their dance; and the  
MASQUERS their Entry.*

*Which done, EUCLIA, or a fair Glory,  
appears in the heavens, singing an ap-  
plausive SONG or Paean of the whole,  
which she takes occasion to ingeminate  
in the second chorus, upon the sight of  
a work of Neptune's, being a hollow  
rock, filling part of the sea-prospect,  
whereon the MUSES sit.*

#### HYMN.

*Euc.* So love emergent out of chaos  
brought

The world to light!

And gently moving on the waters, wrought  
All form to sight!

from the following arrangement, as given by the  
author.

- |                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. The Provident. | Marquess HAMILTON.  |
| 2. The Judicious. | Lord Chamberlain.   |
| 3. The Secret.    | Earl of HOLLAND.    |
| 4. The Valiant.   | Earl of CARMARVON.  |
| 5. The Witty.     | Earl of NEWPORT.    |
| 6. The Jovial.    | Viscount DONCASTER. |
| 7. The Secure.    | Lord STRANGE.       |

Love's appetite

Did beauty first excite:

And left imprinted in the air

Those signatures of good and fair,

*Cho.* Which since have flowed, flowed  
forth upon the sense,

To wonder first, and then to excellence,  
By virtue of divine intelligence!

#### *The Ingemination.*

And Neptune too,

Shews what his waves can do:

To call the Muses all to play,

And sing the birth of Venus' day,

*Cho.* Which from the sea flowed forth  
upon the sense,

To wonder first, and next to excellence,  
By virtue of divine intelligence.

#### *Here follow the REVELS.*

*Which ended, the Scene changeth to a  
garden, and the heavens opening, there  
appear four new persons, in form of a  
Constellation, sitting; or a new Aste-  
rism, expecting VENUS, whom they call  
upon with this*

#### SONG.

JUPITER, JUNO, GENIUS, HYMEN.

*Jun.* Haste, daughter Venus, haste and  
come away,

*Jun.* All powers that govern marriage,  
pray

That you will lend your light,

*Gen.* Unto the constellation of this night.

*Hym.* Hymen.

*Jun.* And Juno.

*Gen.* And the Genius call.

*Jup.* Your father Jupiter.

*Grand Cho.* And all

That bless or honour holy nuptial.

*VENUS here appears in a cloud, and pass-  
ing through the Constellation, descendeth  
to the earth, when presently the cloud  
vanisheth, and she is seen sitting in a  
throne.*

*Ven.* Here, here I present am,  
Both in my girdle and my flame;

#### 15. THE HEROICAL. The KING.

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 8. The Substantial.  | Sir WILLIAM HOWARD. |
| 9. The Modest.       | Sir ROBERT STANLEY. |
| 10. The Candid.      | Sir WILLIAM BROOK.  |
| 11. The Courteous.   | Master GORING.      |
| 12. The Elegant.     | Master RALEGH.      |
| 13. The Rational.    | Master DIMOCK.      |
| 14. The Magnificent. | Master ABERCROMBY.  |

Wherein are woven all the powers  
The Graces gave me, or the Hours,  
My nurses once, with all the arts  
Of gaining, and of holding hearts :  
And these with I descend.

But, to your influences, first commend  
The vow I go to take  
On earth, for perfect love and beauty's sake.

*Her song ended, and she rising to go up  
to the queen, the throne disappears:  
in place of which, there shooteth up a  
palm-tree with an imperial crown on  
the top; from the root whereof, lilies  
and roses twining together, and em-  
bracing the stem, flourish through the  
crown; which she in the SONG with  
the CHORUS describes.*

Grand Cho. Beauty and Love, whose  
story is mysterial,  
In yonder palm-tree, and the crown im-  
perial,

Do from the Rose and Lily so delicious,  
Promise a shade shall ever be propi-  
tious

To both the kingdoms. But to Britain's  
Genius

The snaky rod and serpents of Cyllenius  
Bring not more peace than these, who so  
united be

By Love, as with it earth and heaven de-  
lighted be.

And who this king and queen would well  
historify,

Need only speak their names; these them  
will glorify:

MARY and CHARLES, Charles with his  
Mary named are,

And all the rest of loves or princes famed  
are.

*After this, they DANCE their going out.*

*And thus it ended.*



# Chloridia : Rites to Chloris and her Nymphs.

PERSONATED IN A MASQUE AT COURT, BY THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY,  
AND HER LADIES, AT SHROVE-TIDE, 1630.

*The Inventors, BEN JONSON; INIGO JONES.*

---

*Unius tellus ante coloris erat.*

---

CHLORIDIA.] From the undated 4to, but probably printed in 1630: it is also in the fol. 1641. See the observations on *Love's Triumph*. No mention of Jones occurs in the 4to edition of this Masque; though his name is found in the folio.

~~~~~

The King and Queen's Majesty having given their command for the invention of a new argument, with the whole change of the scene, wherein her Majesty, with the like number of her ladies, purposed a presentation to the King; it was agreed it should be the celebration of some rites done to the goddess Chloris, who, in a general council of the gods, was proclaimed goddess of the flowers; according to that of Ovid, in the *Fasti*,

*Arbitrium tu Dea floris habe.*

And was to be stellified on earth by an absolute decree from Jupiter, who would have the earth to be adorned with stars as well as the heaven.

Upon this hinge the whole invention moved.

The ornament which went about the scene was composed of foliage or leaves, heightened with gold, and interwoven with all sorts of flowers, and naked children playing and climbing among the branches; and in the midst a great garland of flowers, in which was written CHLORIDIA.

The curtain being drawn up, the Scene is discovered, consisting of pleasant hills

planted with young trees, and all the lower banks adorned with flowers. And from some hollow parts of those hills, fountains come gliding down; which, in the far-off landscape, seemed all to be converted to a river.

Over all a serene sky with transparent clouds, giving a great lustre to the whole work; which did imitate the pleasant Spring.

When the spectators had enough fed their eyes with the delights of the Scene, in a part of the air a bright cloud begins to break forth; and in it is sitting a plump boy, in a changeable garment richly adorned, representing the mild ZEPHYRUS. On the other side of the Scene, in a purplish cloud, appeareth the SPRING, a beautiful maid, her upper garment green, under it a white robe wrought with flowers; a garland on her head.

Here ZEPHYRUS begins his dialogue, calling her forth, and making narration of the gods' decree at large, which she obeys, pretending it is come to earth already; and there begun to be executed by the King's favour, who assists with all bounties that may be either urged as causes or reasons of the Spring.

## FIRST SONG.

*Zeph.* Come forth, come forth, the gentle

Spring,

And carry the glad news I bring,

To earth, our common mother :

It is decreed by all the gods,

That heaven of earth shall have no odds,

But one shall love another.

Their glories they shall mutual make,

Earth look on heaven, for heaven's sake,

Their honours shall be even :

All emulation cease, and jars,

Jove will have earth to have her stars

And lights, no less than heaven.

*Spring.* It is already done, in flowers

As fresh and new as are the hours,

By warmth of yonder sun :

But will be multiplied on us,

If from the breath of Zephyrus

Like favour we have won.

*Zeph.* Give all to him. His is the dew,

The heat, the humour,

*Spring.* All the true

Beloved of the Spring !

*Zeph.* The sun, the wind, the verdure !

*Spring.* All

That wisest nature cause can call

Of quickening anything.

*At which ZEPHYRUS passeth away through the air, and the SPRING descendeth to the earth ; and is received by the NAIADES, or Napeæ, who are the nymphs, FOUNTAINS, and servants of the season.*

## SECOND SONG.

*Fountains.* Fair maid, but are you come to dwell,

And tarry with us here ?

*Spring.* Fresh Fountains, I am come to tell

A tale in yond' soft ear,

Whereof the murmur will do well,

If you your parts will bear.

*Fountains.* Our purlings wait upon the Spring.

*Spring.* Go up with me then ; help to sing The story to the king.

*Here the SPRING goes up, singing the argument, to the King, and the FOUNTAINS follow with the close.*

*Spring.* Cupid hath ta'en offence of late

At all the gods, that of the state,

And in their council, he was so deserted,

Not to be called unto their guild,

But slightly passed by as a child.

*Fountains.* Wherein he thinks his honour was perverted.

*Spring.* And though his mother seek to season,

And rectify his rage with reason,

By shewing he lives yet under her command,

Rebellious he doth disobey,

And she hath forced his arms away.

*Fountains.* To make him feel the justice of her hand,

Whereat the boy, in fury fell,

With all his speed is gone to hell,

There to excite and stir up jealousy.

To make a party 'gainst the gods,

And set heaven, earth, and hell at odds.

*Fountains.* And raise a chaos of calamity.

*The Song ended, the Nymphs fall into a dance, to their voices and instruments, and so return into the scene.*

## The ANTIMASQUE.

*A part of the under-ground opening, out of it enter a DWARF post from hell, riding on a curtal, with cloven feet, and two Lacqueys : these DANCE, and make the first entry of the ANTIMASQUE. He alights and speaks.*

*Dwarf.* Hold my stirrup, my one lacquey ; and look to my curtal, the other ; walk him well, sirrah, while I expatiate myself here in the report of my office. Oh the Furies ! how I am joyed with the title of it ! Postillion of hell ! yet no Mercury, but a mere cacodæmon, sent hither with a packet of news ! News ! never was hell so furnished of the commodity of news ! Love hath been lately there, and so entertained by Pluto and Proserpine, and all the grantees of the place, as, it is there perpetual holyday ; and a cessation of torment granted and proclaimed for ever ! Half-famished Tantalus is fallen to his fruit with that appetite as it threatens to undo the whole company of costard-mongers, and he has a river afore him running excellent wine. Ixion is loosed from his wheel and turned dancer, does nothing but cut capreols, fetch friskals, and leads lavoltos with the Lamie ! Sisyphus has left rolling the stone, and is grown a master-bowler ; challenges all the prime gamesters, parsons in hell, and gives them odds upon Titus's breast, that (for six of the nine acres) is counted the subtilst bowling-ground in all

Tartary.<sup>1</sup> All the Furies are at a game called nine-pins, or keils, made of old usurers' bones, and their souls looking on with delight and betting on the game! Never was there such freedom of sport. Danaus' daughters have broke their bottomless tubs and made bonfires of them. All is turned triumph there. Had hell-gates been kept with half that strictness as the entry here has been to-night, Pluto would have had but a cold court and Proserpine a thin presence, though both have a vast territory. We had such a stir to get in, I and my curtal and my two lacqueys all ventured through the eye of a Spanish needle, we had never come in else, and that was by the favour of one of the guard who was a woman's tailor, and held open the passage.—Cupid by commission hath carried Jealousy from hell, Disdain, Fear, and Dissimulation, with other goblins, to trouble the gods. And I am sent after, post, to raise TEMPEST, WINDS, LIGHTNINGS, THUNDER, RAIN, and SNOW, for some new exploit they have against the earth, and the goddess Chloris, queen of the flowers and mistress of the Spring. For joy of which I will return to myself, mount my bidet in a dance, and curvet upon my curtal.

*Here he mounts his curtal, and with his lacqueys, danceth forth as he came in.*

#### Second ENTRY.

Cupid, Jealousy, Disdain, Fear, and Dissimulation dance together.

#### Third ENTRY.

The queen's dwarf,<sup>2</sup> richly apparelled, as a prince of hell, attended by six infernal

spirits : he first danceth alone, and then the spirits, all expressing their joy for Cupid's coming among them.

#### Fourth ENTRY.

Here the scene changeth into a horrid storm; out of which enters the nymph Tempest, with four Winds; they dance.

#### Fifth ENTRY.

Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistering expressing that effect in their motion.

#### Sixth ENTRY.

Thunder alone dancing the tunes to a noise, mixed, and imitating thunder.

#### Seventh ENTRY.

Rain, presented by five persons, all swollen and clouded over, their hair flagging as if they were wet, and in their hands balls full of sweet water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the room.

#### Eighth ENTRY.

Seven with rugged white heads and beards, to express Snow, with flakes on their garments, mixed with hail. These having danced, return into the stormy Scene whence they came.

Here, by the providence of Juno, the Tempest on an instant ceaseth; and the scene is changed into a delicious place, figuring the BOWER OF CHLORIS, wherein an arbour feigned of goldsmith's-work, the ornament of which was borne up with termes of satyrs, beautified with festoons, garlands, and all sorts of fragrant flowers. Beyond all this, in the sky afar off, appeared a rainbow : in the most eminent place of

<sup>1</sup> *Is counted the subtlest bowling-ground in all Tartary.* i.e. the smoothest, finest : the expression occurs in Shakspeare :

"Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground."

*Coriolanus*, act v.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *The queen's dwarf.* Jeffrey Hudson. He was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire. His father, who kept the Duke of Buckingham's "baiting-bulls," and was, as Fuller says, a very proper man, broad-shouldered and broad-chested, presented him to the Duchess, when he was nine years old, and scarcely a foot and a half in height. In 1626, he was served up to the king and queen, then upon a visit to Burleigh, in a cold pye; and subsequently taken to Whitehall, where he became the queen's page, and entered into the diversions of the court.

It is probable that he played *Tom Thumb* in the preceding Masque, in which Evans, the

gigantic porter, in the character of *Dr. Rat*, to the inexpressible delight of the spectators, produced him out of his pocket.

But Jeffrey played a part in more serious affairs. He was sent some time after this to France to fetch a midwife for the queen; and on his return was captured by a Dunkirk privateer. On the breaking out of the civil war, he held a commission in the cavalry, and followed his mistress to France. Here he had a dispute with a Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, which ended in a challenge. Crofts came to the field armed with a squirt :—this only served to exasperate matters; and a real duel ensued, in which Jeffrey shot his antagonist dead upon the spot. For this (Fuller says) he was imprisoned.

He returned to England after the Restoration, and was involved in some trouble on account of what was called the Popish Plot. He died about 1683.

the Bower sat the goddess CHLORIS, accompanied with fourteen nymphs,<sup>1</sup> their apparel white embroidered with silver, trimmed at the shoulders with great leaves of green embroidered with gold, falling one under the other. And of the same work were their bases, their head-tires of flowers, mixed with silver and gold, with some sprigs of ægrets among, and from the top of their dressing a thin veil hanging down.

*All which beheld, the NYMPHS, RIVERS, and FOUNTAINS, with the SPRING, sung this rejoicing Song.*

### THIRD SONG.

*Grand Cho.* Run out, all the floods, in joy, with your silver feet,  
And haste to meet

The enamoured Spring,  
For whom the warbling Fountains sing  
The story of the flowers,  
Preserved by the Hours,

At Juno's soft command, and Iris' showers,  
Sent to quench jealousy and all those powers

Of Love's rebellious war :  
Whilst CHLORIS sits a shining star  
To crown and grace our jolly song, made long,  
To the notes that we bring, to glad the Spring.

*Which ended, the Goddess and her Nymphs descend the degrees into the room, and dance the Entry of the GRAND MASQUE.*

*After this, another SONG by the same persons as before.*

### FOURTH SONG.

*Grand Cho.* Tell a truth, gay Spring,  
let us know

What feet they were that so  
Impressed the earth and made such  
various flowers to grow.

*Spring.* She that led, a queen was at least,

Or a goddess 'bove the rest :  
And all their graces in herself express.

*Grand Cho.* O, 'twere a fame to know  
her name !

Whether she were the root,  
Or they did take th' impression from her foot.

*The MASQUERS here dance their  
SECOND DANCE.*

*Which done, the further prospect of the Scene changeth into air, with a low landscape, in part covered with clouds : and in that instant, the heaven opening, JUNO and IRIS are seen ; and above them many airy spirits, sitting in the clouds.*

### FIFTH SONG.

*Juno.* Now Juno and the air shall know  
The truth of what is done below  
From our discoloured bow.

*Iris,* what news?

*Iris.* The air is clear, your bow can tell,  
Chloris renowned, Spight fled to hell ;  
The business all is well,

And Cupid sues.

*Juno.* For pardon ! Does he ?

*Iris.* He sheds tears  
More than your birds have eyes.  
*Juno.* The gods have ears :  
Offences made against the deities  
Are soon forgot.—

*Iris.* If who offends be wise.

*Here, out of the earth ariseth a Hill, and on the top of it a globe, on which FAME is seen standing with her trumpet in her hand ; and on the hill are seated four persons, representing POESY, HISTORY, ARCHITECTURE, and SCULPTURE ; who together with the Nymphs, Floods, and Fountains, make a full quire ; at which FAME begins to mount, and moving her wings flieeth, singing, up to heaven.*

*Fame.* Rise, golden Fame, and give thy name a birth.

*Cho.* From great and generous actions  
done on earth.

*Fame.* The life of Fame is action.

*Cho.* Understood,  
That action must be virtuous, great, and good.

### 15. The QUEEN.

7. Countess of Ox- 8. Lady HOWARD.

FORD.

9. Lady ANNE CA- 10. M. ELIZ. SAVAGE.

VENDISH.

11. Lady PENELOPE 12. M. ANNE WESTON.

EGERTON.

13. Lady STRANGE. 14. M. SOPHIA CARY.

<sup>1</sup> The names of the Masquers who personated the nymphs are thus given by the poet, arranged as they sat in the BOWER.

1. Countess of CAR- 2. Countess of CAR-  
LISLE. NARVON.  
3. Countess of BERK- 4. M. PORTER.  
SHIRE.  
5. Countess of NEW- 6. M. DOR. SAVAGE.  
FORT.



*Fame.* Virtue itself by Fame is oft protected,  
And dies despised—

*Cho.* Where the Fame's neglected.<sup>1</sup>

*Fame.* Who hath not heard of Chloris  
and her bower,  
Fair Iris' act, employed by Juno's power,  
To guard the Spring and prosper every  
flower,

Whom jealousy and hell thought to devour?

*Cho.* Great actions oft obscured by time  
may lie,

Or envy—

*Fame.* But they last to memory.

*Poesy.* We that sustain thee, learned  
Poesy.

*Hist.* And I her sister, severe History,

*Arch.* With Architecture, who will  
raise thee high,

*Sculp.* And Sculpture, that can keep  
thee from to die.<sup>2</sup>

*Cho.* All help to lift thee to eternity.

*Juno.* And Juno through the air doth  
make thy way,

*Iris.* By her serenest messenger of day.

<sup>1</sup> *Where the Fame's neglected.*] This sentiment has occurred more than once before. It is from Tacitus: *Contemptu fama contemni virtutem.*

<sup>2</sup> *From to die.*] i.e. from death. A very elegant Grecism; *ano rou thaveiv*: and which our poets have employed in our language with

*Fame.* Thus Fame ascends by all  
degrees to heaven,  
And leaves a light here brighter than the  
seven.

*Grand Cho.* Let all applaud the sight,  
Air first, that gave the bright  
Reflections, day or night!  
With these supports of Fame,  
That keep alive her name!  
The beauties of the Spring,  
Founts, Rivers, every thing:  
From the height of all,  
To the waters fall,  
Resound and sing  
The honours of his Chloris, to the king.  
Chloris, the queen of flowers;  
The sweetness of all showers;  
The ornament of bowers:  
The top of paramours.

*FAME being hidden in the clouds, the hill  
sinks, and the heaven closeth.*

*The MASQUERS dance with the LORDS.*

*And thus it ended.*

singular strength and beauty. Thus Spenser:

"Be sure that nought may save thee *from to die*."—WHAL.

The Grecism is, as Whalley says, very elegant; in our language the expression is a mere barbarism, feeble, ungraceful, and ungrammatical.

## An Expostulation with Inigo Jones.

We have now reached the scene of contention between our poet and Inigo Jones. Till this period, they appear to have lived in sufficient harmony. The writer of Jones's life in the *Biographia Britannica*, says that the quarrel broke out soon after 1609, and continued to the death of Jonson; this is the eternal echo: and I am weary of repeating that it is utterly false and groundless. The first symptoms of disaffection on the poet's side, appear in the *Tale of a Tub*, written in 1633, and from the language there used it is more than probable that the quarrel originated not with him, but his associate.

If the reader has looked through these Masques, he must have noticed the friendly solicitude of Jonson to put forward the talents of this man: this was the more important, as the first attempts of Jones had been somewhat unsuccessful. In 1605-6, he was employed on a Masque prepared for the king's entertainment at Oxford. "The machinery and stages," (says my author) "were chiefly constructed by one Mr. Jones, a great traveller, who undertook to furnish them with rare devices, but performed very little to what was expected." *Lel. Col.* vol. ii. 646. He was not more fortunate at Cambridge, where he was employed on the machinery for the representation of *Ajax*. Till the death of Prince Henry, then, in 1612, nothing but kindness appears on the part of Jonson. In that year, or the next, Jones went abroad, and pursued his studies in Italy for several years; yet Jonson is ridiculously charged with attacking him in *Bartholomew Fair*, which was brought out in 1614. No mention of his name occurs in any part of our poet's works, (though the Master of the Revels says he was employed in the *Prince's Masque*,) till 1625, when he joined in the production of *Pan's Anniversary*. Another interval of five years took place before he was called upon again, when, as Jonson says, they met by the king's command, and consulted together on the construction of *Love's Triumph*, and *Chloridia*. During this long period, not a murmur of discontent appears to have escaped Jonson. Why then is it taken for granted that the quarrel which followed the exhibition of the last piece originated solely with him? Even in the description of the scenery, which evidently proceeded from Jonson, there is a visible anxiety to recommend it to favour.

But what, after all, occasioned the breach? Dr. Aikin, in that worthless compilation, the *General Biography*, is pleased to insinuate that it arose from our author's envy of Inigo's poetry! The only poetry, I believe, of which the architect was ever known to be guilty, is a little piece of five stanzas, written in 1610, and prefixed to the first edition of *Coryat's Crudities*. I will subjoin the best of them, that the reader may form some idea of the transcendent excellence of those verses which disturbed the tranquillity of Jonson for more than twenty years!

"Enough of this; all pens in this doe travell  
To track thy steps, who, Proteus like, dost varie  
Thy shape to place, the home-borne muse to gravell,  
For though in Venice thou not long didst tarie,  
Yet thou the Italian soul so soone couldst steale,  
As in that time thou eat'st but one good meale."

It seems reasonable to suppose that *Chloridia* was not so well received as *Love's Triumph*. Ben's share in it, as a poet, was not very important, nor, to say the truth, very remarkable either for harmony or expression. In the construction of the fable, both took part alike; but Inigo chose to fasten on the verse, and to attribute their want of success solely to its demerits, while he arrogated to himself a more than ordinary portion of applause for his skill in painting the scenery. He had a fair field before

him; he was rich and popular; his associate was sick, confined to "the bed and boards," and in want of everything. Jones was, besides, as vain as Jonson was proud; as arrogant as Jonson was overbearing, he was also extremely petulant. Pennant claims him for a countryman on the strength of his "violent passions;"<sup>1</sup> and we know, from the charges carried up by the Commons to the House of Lords against him, that his language was of the most insolent kind. Jonson, however, bore it for two years, when he wrote, in 1633, the ridiculous *Motion of Squire Trub of Totten*; and, as this perhaps did not silence his adversary, two years afterwards he drew up, and handed about in private, the verses which Whalley reprinted among the *Epigrams*. To prevent the necessity of recurring to this disagreeable subject, I shall give them here.

The first notice of them appears in Howel's *Letters*.

"I thank you for the last *regule* you gave me at your *Museum*, and for the good company. I heard you censured<sup>2</sup> lately at court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir Inigo, and that you write with a porcupine's quill, dipt in too much gall: excuse me that I am so free with you, it is because I am, in no common way of friendship,

Yours, &c.

J. H."

May 3, 1635.

This letter, which is directed "to his honoured friend and father, M. Ben Jonson," having failed of effect, he wrote a second, bearing date July 5, 1635, in which he repeats his allusion to the porcupine's quill, and, after deprecating the asperity of the satire on the "royal architect," concludes thus: "If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more copies of the satire; for to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at court by it; and as I hear from a good hand, the King, who hath so great a judgment in poetry (as in all other things else), is not well pleased therewith. Dispense with this.

Your respectful son and servitor,

J. H."

In consequence, perhaps, of this remonstrance, Jonson recalled and destroyed every copy (as he probably thought,) of his satire, for not a line of it was found among his papers: but there is in some minds a perverse passion for perpetuating the memory of enmities, which no sense of propriety can subdue. A copy, most probably secreted by a person of this description, fell into the hands of Mr. Vertue, who communicated it, as a great favour, to Whalley, by whom it was sent to the press. Thus, in despite of the author, this wretched squabble has reached posterity.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Tour in Wales*, vol. ii. p. 150.

<sup>2</sup> *I heard you censured lately at court.* It might be so; but the validity of the assertion depends upon the character of Howel's informer, a good hand, as he calls him just below. One thing, however, is certain, that the king had listened, some time before, and, as far as appears, without displeasure, to an attack upon Inigo (Coronel Vitruvius) in a masque prepared solely for his entertainment, and presented by one who would on no account have hazarded a word that was likely to give him offence. See p. 221 a.

<sup>3</sup> [The question of authenticity has long ago been settled by Mr. Collier, who discovered among the Bridgewater MSS. a copy of the *Expostulation* in Jonson's autograph. Why Gifford (see note 1) should reject the fifth verse on account of its want of melody will amaze the readers of many another couplet in these volumes. Macaulay hardly goes too far when he says that "Ben's heroic couplets resemble blocks [for sails] rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand with a blunt hatchet" and then goes on to describe them as "jagged mis-shapen distiches."—F. C.]

# An Expostulation with Inigo Jones.<sup>1</sup>

Master Surveyor, you that first began  
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man  
You are : from them leaped forth an architect,

Able to talk of Euclid, and correct  
Both him and Archimede; damn Archytas,  
The noblest inginer that ever was :  
Control Ctesibius, overbearing us  
With mistook names<sup>2</sup> out of Vitruvius ;  
Drawn Aristotle on us, and thence shewn  
How much Architectonice is your own :  
Whether the building of the stage or scene,  
Or making of the properties it mean,  
Vizors or antics ; or it comprehend  
Something your sur-ship doth not yet intend.

By all your titles, and whole style at once,  
Of tireman, mountebank, and Justice Jones,  
I do salute you : are you fitted yet ?

Will any of these express your place or wit ?

Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers,  
You'd be an Assinigo by your ears ?

Why much good do't you ; be what part you will,

You'll be, as Langley said, "an Inigo still."  
What makes your wretchedness to bray so loud

In town and court ? are you grown rich and proud ?

Your trappings will not change you, change your mind ;

No velvet suit you wear will alter kind.

A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,  
Nor gold nor ivory haft can make it good.

What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask ?  
And all men echo, you have made a masque.  
I chime that too, and I have met with those  
That do cry up the machine and the shows ;  
The majesty of Juno in the clouds,  
And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds ;  
The ascent of Lady Fame, which none  
could spy,

Not they that sided her, Dame Poetry,<sup>3</sup>  
Dame History, Dame Architecture too,  
And Goody Sculpture, brought with much ado

To hold her up : O shows, shows, mighty shows !

The eloquence of masques ! what need of prose,

Or verse or prose, t'express immortal you ?

You are the spectacles of state, 'tis true,  
Court-hieroglyphics and all arts afford,  
In the mere perspective of an inch-board ;  
You ask no more than certain politic eyes,  
Eyes that can pierce into the mysteries  
Of many colours, read them and reveal  
Mythology, there painted on slit deal.

Or to make boards to speak ! there is a task !

Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.

Pack with your peddling poetry to the stage,  
This is the money-got, mechanic age.

To plant the music where no ear can reach,  
Attire the persons as no thought can teach  
Sense what they are ; which by a specious,  
fine

Term of [you] architects, is called Design ;

<sup>1</sup> *An Expostulation.*] That some part of this may have proceeded from Jonson I am not prepared to question ; but it has assuredly been much corrupted or interpolated. The fifth line could not be written by our poet, who was much too good a judge of accent to give this for a verse.

<sup>2</sup> *With mistook names, &c.*] A Mr. Webb, related to Jones, published some account of him, in imitation, as it seems to me, of Sir Thomas Urquhart's *Life of the Admirable Crichton*. In this ridiculous rhapsody we are told that "Mr. Jones was not only proclaimed by public acclamation the Vitruvius of England, but of all Christendom ; that his abilities in all human sciences surpassed most of his age ; that he was

a perfect master of the mathematics, and had some insight into the two learned languages," &c. &c. The fact is, that he knew scarcely anything of either. He was a good scene painter, a better machinist, and an incomparable architect. I give Jonson full credit for what he says of his antagonist's mistakes.

<sup>3</sup> *The ascent of Lady Fame, which none could spy,*

*Not they that sided her, Dame Poetry.*] This alludes to the scenery and decorations of *Chloridia*. As these were the Surveyor's province, it is possible those here referred to were so injudiciously contrived or ordered as to occasion the sarcasms of our poet.—WHAL.

But in the practised truth, destruction is  
Of any art beside what he calls his.  
Whither, O whither will this tireman grow?  
His name is *Συνοποιος*, we all know,  
The maker of the properties; in sum,  
The scene, the engine; but he now is  
come

To be the music-master; table too;  
He is, or would be, the main *Dominus Do-*  
*All* of the work,<sup>1</sup> and so shall still for Ben,  
Be Inigo, the whistle and his men.  
He's warm on his feet, now he says; and  
can

Swim without cork: why, thank the good  
Queen Anne.<sup>2</sup>

I am too fat to envy, he too lean  
To be worth envy; henceforth I do mean  
To pity him, as smiling at his feat  
Of lantern-lerry, with fuliginous heat  
Whirling his whimsies, by a subtilty  
Sucked from the veins of shop-philosophy.  
What would he do now, giving his mind  
that way,

In presentation of some puppet-play,  
Should but the king his justice-hood em-  
ploy,

In setting forth of such a solemn toy?  
How would he firk, like Adam Overdo,<sup>3</sup>  
Up and about; dive into cellars too,  
Disguised, and thence drag forth Enormity,  
Discover Vice, commit Absurdity:  
Under the moral, shew he had a pate  
Moulded or stroked up to survey a state!  
O wise surveyor, wiser architect,  
But wisest Inigo; who can reflect

<sup>1</sup> *He is, or would be, the main Dominus Do-*  
*All of the work.*] This is no forced descrip-  
tion of Inigo's manner. In the Declaration of  
the Commons, already noticed, in behalf of the  
parishioners of St. Gregory, they complain that  
"the said Inigo Jones would not undertake the  
work (of re-edifying the church) unless he might  
be, as he termed it, *sole monarch*, or might  
have the *principality* thereof," &c. What fol-  
lows is still more offensive.

<sup>2</sup> *Why, thank the good Queen Anne.*] Consort  
to James I., who appointed Inigo Jones her  
architect.—WHAL.

<sup>3</sup> *How would he firk, like Adam Overdo,*  
*Up and about, &c.*] This line is of some  
importance, inasmuch as it quite destroys the  
established opinion that Lantern Leatherhead  
was meant for Inigo Jones. "Old Ben," as Mr.  
Malone truly observes, "generally spoke out,"  
and he was here sufficiently angry to identify  
him with that character, to which not only his  
allusion to *Bartholomew Fair*, but his mention  
of a puppet play, directly led: and we may  
confidently assure ourselves that he would have  
done it, had what he is so often charged with  
been ever in his contemplation.

On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,  
Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts  
Of thy dead standards; or with marvel see  
Thy twice conceived, thrice paid for ima-  
gery;

And not fall down before it, and confess  
Almighty Architecture, who no less  
A goddess is than painted cloth, deal board,  
Vermilion, lake, or crimson can afford  
Expression for; with that unbounded line  
Aimed at in thy omnipotent design!  
What poesy e'er was painted on a wall,  
That might compare with thee? what story  
shall,

Of all the worthies, hope t' outlast thy own,  
So the materials be of Purbeck stone?  
Live long the Feasting-Room! and ere thou  
burn<sup>4</sup>

Again, thy architect to ashes turn;  
Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament, can  
With all remonstrance, make an honest  
man.<sup>5</sup>

#### TO A FRIEND.

##### *An Epigram of Inigo Jones.*

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,<sup>6</sup>  
And labours to seem worthy of this fear,  
That I should write upon him some sharp  
verse,

Able to eat into his bones, and pierce  
The marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy  
pain,

Thou'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:  
The Libyan lion hunts no butterflies;  
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.

<sup>4</sup> [The Feasting-Room at Whitehall was burnt  
down on the 12th January, 1619, making way for  
the erection of Inigo's noble Banqueting House.  
—F. C.]

<sup>5</sup> *Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament, can*  
*With all remonstrance, make an honest man.*] Jones, by some arbitrary proceedings, had sub-  
jected himself to the censures of parliament; and  
this seems to refer to the affair between him and  
the parishioners of St. Gregory in London. In  
order to execute his design of repairing St.  
Paul's cathedral, he demolished part of the  
church of St. Gregory adjoining to it; upon  
which the parishioners presented a *Remon-*  
*strance* to the parliament against him: but that  
affair did not come to an issue till some time  
after the writing of this satire.—WHAL.

The question is, when it began. The *Re-*  
*monstrance* was not even presented to parlia-  
ment till three years after Jonson's death, and  
could scarcely have been in contemplation at  
the date of this satire, 1635. There are many  
difficulties in the way of those who make Jonson  
the author of the whole of this piece.

<sup>6</sup> *Sir Inigo doth fear it, &c.*] This is un-  
doubtedly Jonson's, and this seems to shew that

If thou be so desirous to be read,  
 Seek out some hungry painter, that, for  
     bread,  
 With rotten chalk or coal, upon the wall  
 Will well design thee to be viewed of all  
 That sit upon the common draught or  
     strand;  
 Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

TO INIGO MARQUIS WOULD-BE.

*A Corollary.*

But 'cause thou hear'st the mighty king of  
 Spain  
 Hath made his Inigo marquis, wouldst  
     thou fain  
 Our Charles should make thee such? 'twill  
     not become  
 All kings to do the self-same deeds with  
     some:  
 Besides, his man may merit it, and be  
 A noble honest soul: what's this to thee?

nothing had been hitherto written against Jones. The learned writers of the *Biographia Britannica*, in their zeal to criminate Jonson, strangely mistake the sense of the ninth line,

"If thou art so desirous to be read,"

"which," they say, "alludes to some attempt of the architect in the poetical way," whereas it merely means, if you are so desirous to be noticed, hope not for it from me; but, &c.

<sup>1</sup> *Thou paint a lauc, &c.* i.e. just wide enough to allow of the meeting of Tom Thumb and Jeffrey Hudson.

<sup>2</sup> *Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while.* i.e. one of the "Worthies" who annually rode to Mile End or the Artillery Ground in the ridiculous procession called *Arthur's Shew*. There can be no doubt, however, that Inigo Jones really aspired to the elevation mentioned

He may have skill and judgment to design  
 Cities and temples, thou a cave for wine  
 Or ale; he build a palace, thou the shop,  
 Withsliding windows, and false lights a-top;  
 He draw a forum with quadrivial streets;  
 Thou paint a lane where Tom Thumb  
     Jeffrey meets.<sup>1</sup>

He some Colossus, to bestride the seas  
 From the famed pillars of old Hercules:  
 Thy canvas giant at some channel aims,  
 Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames;  
 And straddling shews the boys' brown paper  
     fleet

Yearly set out there, to sail down the street:  
 Your works thus differing, much less so  
     your style,

Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while,<sup>2</sup>  
 An earl of show; for all thy worth is show:  
 But when thou turn'st a real Inigo,  
 Or canst of truth the least entrenchment  
     pitch,

We'll have thee styled the Marquis of  
     Tower-ditch.

in the first couplet. Sir Francis Kinaston (the translator of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida* into Latin), in his *Cynthiades*, 1642, says—

"Meantime imagine that Newcastle coles,  
 Which, as Sir Inigo saith, have perisht Paules,  
 And by the skill of Marquis Would-be Jones,  
 'Tis found the smockes salt did corrupt the  
     stones."

Other notices of this might be produced:—but enough, and more than enough, has been said of this foolish quarrel, little honourable to either party, and which, now that Jonson appears not to have been the aggressor, not to have sought "every occasion of injury," not to have lived in "constant hostility," &c., may be dismissed without much regret to the oblivion from which it was dragged by the misdirected industry of my predecessor.

# Love's Welcome.

## THE KING'S ENTERTAINMENT AT WELBECK, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,

A House of the Right Honourable WILLIAM, Earl of Newcastle,  
Viscount Mansfield, Baron of Botle and Bolsover, &c.

At his going into Scotland, 1633.

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LOVE'S WELCOME (or, as it is called in the folio, *The KING'S ENTERTAINMENT, &c.*) In the spring of 1633, Charles, in an interval of tranquillity, resolved to make a progress into the northern part of his kingdom, and to be solemnly crowned in Scotland, which he had not seen since he was two years old. His journey was a perpetual triumph, the great families of the counties through which he passed feasting him on his way. None of the nobility and gentry, however, seem to have equalled the Earl of Newcastle in the magnificence of their hospitality. "When he passed (says Lord Clarendon) through Nottinghamshire, both the King and Court were received and entertained by the Earl of Newcastle, and at his own proper expense, in such a wonderful manner and in such an excess of feasting, as had scarce ever before been known in England; and would be still thought very prodigious, if the same noble person had not, within a year or two afterwards, made the King and Queen a more stupendous Entertainment; which, God be thanked, though possibly it might too much whet the appetite of others to excess, no man ever after imitated."—*Hist. of the Rebellion*. The Duchess, in the *Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, speaks of it modestly enough. "When his Majesty (her Grace says) was going into Scotland to be crowned, he took his way through Nottinghamshire; and lying at Worksep Manor, hardly two miles distant from Welbeck where my lord then was, my lord invited his Majesty thither to dinner, which he was graciously pleased to accept of. This entertainment cost my lord between four and five thousand pounds."—p. 183.

On this occasion our poet was called on to prepare one of those little compliments, which, in those days, were supposed to grace, and, as it were, vivify the feast. The object was merely to introduce, in a kind of Antimasque, a course at Quintain, performed by the gentlemen of the county, neighbours to this great earl, in the guise of rustics, in which much awkwardness was affected, and much real dexterity probably shewn. Whatever it was, however, it afforded considerable amusement to the King and his attendants; a fact recorded by the Duchess with no little complacency in the memoirs of her family.

This Entertainment, with that which immediately follows it, is shuffled in among the translations, towards the close of the folio, 1641. It is evidently given in a very imperfect manner but there is no other copy.

*His Majesty being set at Dinner,*

*Music:*

*The Passions, DOUBT and LOVE, enter with the Affections, JOY, DELIGHT, &c., and sing this*

SONG.

*Doubt.* What softer sounds are these salute the ear,  
From the large circle of the hemisphere,  
As if the centre of all sweets met here!

*Love.* It is the breath and soul of every-thing,  
Put forth by earth, by nature, and the spring,  
To speak the Welcome, Welcome of the King.

*Chorus of Affections.* The joy of plants,  
the spirit of flow'rs,  
The smell and verdure of the bowers,  
The water's murmur, with the showers  
Distilling on the new fresh hours;  
The whistling winds and birds that sing  
The Welcome of our great, good King:  
Welcome, O welcome, is the general voice,  
Wherein all creatures practise to rejoice.

[*A pause. Music again.*]

*Love.* When was old Sherwood's head  
more quaintly curled?  
Or looked the earth more green upon the world?  
Or nature's cradle more enchased and purled?  
When did the air so smile, the winds so chime,

As quisters of season, and the prime?  
*Doubt.* If what they do be done in their due time.

*Cho. of Affections.* He makes the time  
for whom 'tis done,  
From whom the warmth, heat, life begun;  
Into whose fostering arms do run  
All that have being from the sun.  
Such is the fount of light, the King,  
The heart that quickens everything,  
And makes the creatures' language all one voice,

In welcome, welcome, welcome to rejoice:  
Welcome is all our song, is all our sound,  
The treble part, the tenor, and the ground.

*After Dinner.*

*The King and the Lords being come down*

<sup>1</sup> *By his thewes he may.* i.e. by his manners, accomplishments. Shakspeare, in *Henry IV.*, "Care I for the thewes," &c., seems to use it in the sense of sinews, which, after all, may be the genuine word.

*and ready to take horse, in the crowd were discovered two notorious persons, whose names were ACCIDENCE and FITZALE, men of business, as by their eminent dressing and habits did soon appear.*

*One in a costly cassock of black buckram girt unto him, whereon was painted party per pale:*

|                         |             |                           |               |
|-------------------------|-------------|---------------------------|---------------|
| <i>On the one side.</i> |             | <i>On the other side.</i> |               |
| Noun,                   | } declined. | Adverb,                   | } undeclined. |
| Pronoun,                |             | Conjunction,              |               |
| Verb,                   |             | Preposition,              |               |
| Participle,             |             | Interjection,             |               |

*With his hat, hatband, stockings, and sandals suited, and marked A, B, C, &c. The other in a taberd, or herald's coat of azure and gules quarterly changed, of buckram; lined with yellow instead of gold, and pasted over with old records of the two shires and certain fragments of the Forest, as a coat of antiquity and precedent, willing to be seen, but hard to be read, and as loth to be understood without the interpreter who wore it: for the wrong ends of the letters were turned upward, therefore was a label fixed, To the curious prier, advertising:*

Look not so near, with hope to understand,  
Out-cept, sir, you can read with the left-hand

*Acci.* By your fair leave, gentlemen of court; for leave is ever fair, being asked; and granted, is a light, according to our English proverb, *Leave is light.* Which is the King, I pray you?

*Fitz.* Or rather the King's lieutenant? for we have nothing to say to the King, till we have spoken with my lord lieutenant.

*Acci.* Of Nottinghamshire.

*Fitz.* And Darbyshire, for he is both. And we have business to both sides of him from either of the counties.

*Acci.* As far as his command stretches.

*Fitz.* Is this he?

*Acci.* This is no great man by his timber, as we say in the Forest; by his thewes he may.<sup>1</sup> I'll venture a part of speech two or three at him, to see how he is declined.—My lord, pleaseth your good lordship, I am a poor neighbour here of your honour's, in the county.

[Spenser uses it as Jonson does:

"And straight delivered to a fairy knight  
To be upbrought in gentle thews and martial might."—F. C.]



*Fitz.* Master A. B. C. Accidence, my good lord, school-master of Mansfield, the painful instructor of our youth in their country elements, as appeareth by the sign of correction in his hat, with the trust of the town-pen-and-inkhorn committed to the suretie of his girdle from the whole corporation.

*Acci.* This is the more remarkable man, my very good lord; father Fitz-Ale, herald of Darby, light and lanthorn of both counties; the learned antiquary of the north; conservor of the records of either Forest, as witnesseth the brief taberd or coat-armour he carries, being an industrious collection of all the written or reported Wonders of the Peak.

Saint Anne of Buxton's boiling well,  
Or Elden, bottomless, like hell:  
Poole's Hole, or Satan's sumptuous Arse.  
(Surreverence) with the mine-men's farce.

Such a light and metall'd dance  
Saw you never yet in France.

And by lead-men for the nones,  
That turn round like grindlestones;  
Which they dig out fro' the dells,  
For their bairns' bread, wives, and sel's:  
Whom the whetstone sharps to eat,  
And cry milstones are good meat.

He can fly o'er hills and dales,  
And report you more odd tales  
Of our outlaw Robin Hood,  
That revelled here in Sherewood,  
And more stories of him show,  
(Though he ne'er shot in his bow)  
Than au'men or believe or know.

*Fitz.* Stint, stint your court,  
Grow to be short,  
Throw by your clatter,  
And handle the matter;

We come with our peers,  
And crave your ears,  
To present a wedding,  
Intended a bedding  
Of both the shires.

Father Fitz-Ale  
Hath a daughter stale  
In Darby town,  
Known up and down

For a great antiquity;  
And Pem she hight,  
A solemn wight  
As you should meet

In any street,

In that ubiquity.  
Her he hath brought,  
As having sought  
By many a draught  
Of ale and craft,  
With skill to graft  
In some old stock  
O' the yeoman block,  
And Forest-blood  
Of old Sherewood.  
And he hath found  
Within the ground,  
At last no shrimp,  
Whereon to imp  
His jolly club,  
But a bold Stub  
O' the right wood,  
A champion good;

Who here in place  
Presents himself,  
Like doughty elf  
Of Greenwood chase.

*Here STUB the bridegroom presented himself, being apparelled in a yellow canvas doublet, cut, a green jerkin and hose, like a ranger, a Monmouth cap with a yellow feather, yellow stockings and shoes; for being to dance, he would not trouble himself with boots.*

*Fitz.* Stub of Stub-hall,  
Some do him call;  
But most do say,  
He's Stub will stay  
To run his race,  
Not run away.

*Acci.* At Quintain he,  
In honour of this bridee,  
Hath challenged either wide countee;  
Come Cut and Long-tail: for there be  
Six bachelors as bold as he,  
Adjuting to his compee,  
And each one hath his livery.

*Fitz.* Six Hoods they are, and of the  
blood,  
They tell, of ancient Robin Hood.

*Enter RED-HOOD.*

Red-hood, the first that doth appear  
In stamel.<sup>1</sup>

*Acci.* Scarlet is too dear.

<sup>1</sup> *Red-hood, the first that doth appear in stamel.* i.e. a kind of red, inferior both in quality and price to scarlet. Thus Fletcher:

"To see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well-mounted wench

Humble herself in an old stamel petticoat." *Woman Hater*, act iv. scene 2.

And our author, a little after, describes the bride-maids drest in stamel petticoats, after the cleanest country guise.—*WHA.*

## Enter GREEN-HOOD.

Fitz. Then Green-hood.

Acci. He's in Kendal-green,  
As in the Forest-colour seen.

## Enter BLUE-HOOD.

Fitz. Next Blue-hood is, and in that hue  
Doth vaunt a heart as pure and true  
As is the sky; give him his due.

Acci. Of old England the yeoman blue.

## Enter TAWNY-HOOD.

Fitz. Then Tawny fra' the kirk that came.

Acci. And cleped was the abbot's man.

## Enter MOTLEY-HOOD.

Fitz. With Motley-hood, the man of law.

## Enter RUSSET-HOOD.

Acci. And Russet-hood keeps all in awe.  
Bold bachelors they are, and large,  
And come in at the country charge;  
Horse, bridles, saddles, stirrups, girts,  
All reckoned o' the county skirts!  
And all their courses, miss or hit,  
Intended are for the shire-wit,  
And so to be received. Their game  
Is country sport, and hath a name  
From the place that bears the cost,  
Else all the fat i' the fire were lost.  
Go, Captain Stub, lead on, and show  
What house you come on by the blow  
You give Sir Quintain, and the cuff  
You scape o' the sand-bag's counterbuff.<sup>1</sup>

[Flourish.]

## STUB'S COURSE.

Acci. O well run, yeoman Stub!  
Thou hast knocked it like a club,

And made Sir Quintain know,  
By this his race so good,  
He himself is also wood,

As by his furious blow. [Flourish.]

## RED-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Bravely run, Red-hood,  
There was a shock

To have buffed out the blood  
From aught but a block. [Flourish.]

## GREEN-HOOD'S COURSE.

Acci. Well run, Green-hood, got between,  
Under the sand-bag he was seen,  
Lowting low, like a forester green.

Fitz. He knows his tackle and his green.  
[Flourish.]

## BLUE-HOOD'S COURSE.

Acci. Give the old England yeoman his  
due,

He's hit Sir Quintain just in the qu—  
Though that be black, yet he is blue.  
It is a brave patch and a new! [Flourish.]

## TAWNY-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Well run, Tawny, the abbot's churl,  
His jade gave him a jerk,  
As he would have his rider hurl  
His hood after the kirk.

But he was wiser and well behest,  
For this is all that he hath left. [Flourish.]

## MOTLEY-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Or the saddle turned round, or the  
girts brake—  
For low on the ground, woe for his sake!  
The law is found.

Acci. Had his pair of tongues not so much  
good,  
To keep his head in his motley hood,  
[Safe from the ground?] [Flourish.]

## RUSSET-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Russet ran fast, though he be  
thrown.

Acci. He lost no stirrup, for he had none.

Fitz. His horse it is the herald's weft.

Acci. No, 'tis a mare, and hath a cleft.<sup>5</sup>

Fitz. She is country-borrowed, and novail,  
Acci. But's hood is forfeit to Fitz-Ale.

*Here ACCIDENCE did break them off by  
calling them to the dance, and to the  
bride, who was drest like an old May-  
lady, with scarfs, and a great wrought  
handkerchief, with red and blue, and  
other habiliments: six maids attending*

<sup>1</sup> Go, Captain Stub, lead on, and show  
What house you come on by the blow  
You give Sir Quintain, and the cuff

You scape o' th' sand-bag's counterbuff.] The  
diversion here mentioned is thus described  
by Dr. Kennet: "They set up a post perpen-  
dicularly in the ground, and then placed a slender  
piece of timber on the top of it on a spindle, with  
a board nailed to it on one end and a bag of  
sand on the other. Against this board they rode  
with spears. Dr. Plot writes, that he saw it at  
Deddington in Oxfordshire, where only strong  
staves were used: which violently bringing  
about the bag of sand, if they made not good

speed away, it struck them on the neck and  
shoulders, and sometimes perhaps knocked them  
off their horses."—*Paroch. Antiq.* WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> [Safe from the ground.] A line is lost in this  
place, and I have merely put in brackets what I  
conceive the sense of it to have been. [Is there  
any necessity for inserting a line here?—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> And hath a cleft.] This passage is quoted  
by Mr. Todd to illustrate the meaning of *clefts*,  
"a term in farriery for a disease of the pas-  
terns." This is very innocently done; never-  
theless I would advise the substitution of  
another example, for the present is *unlikely*  
not to the purpose.

*on her, attired with buckram bride-luces begilt, white sleeves, and stamell petticoats, drest after the cleanliest country guise; among whom Mistress ALPHABET, Master ACCIDENCE's daughter, did bear a prime sway.*

*The two bride-squires, the cake-bearer and the bowl-bearer, were in two yellow leather doublets and russet hose, like two twin clowns prest out for that office, with livery hats and ribands.*

*Acci.* Come to the bride; another fit  
Yet show, sirs, of your country wit,  
But of your best. Let all the steel  
Of back and brains fall to the heel;  
And all the quicksilver in the mine  
Run in the foot-veins, and refine  
Your firk-hum-jerk-hum to a dance,  
Shall fetch the fiddles out of France,  
To wonder at the horn-pipes here,  
Of Nottingham and Darbyshire.

*Fitz.* With the phant'sies of hey-troll,  
Troll about the bridal bowl,  
And divide the broad bride-cake,  
Round about the bride's-stake.

*Acci.* With, Here is to the fruit of Pem,

*Fitz.* Grafted upon Stub his stem,

*Acci.* With the Peakish nicety,

*Fitz.* And old Sherewood's vicety.

*The last of which words were set to a tune, and sung to the bagpipe, and measure of their dance; the clowns and company of spectators drinking and eating the while.*

#### SONG.

Let's sing about, and say, Heytroll,  
Troll to me the bridal bowl,  
And divide the broad bride-cake,  
Round about the bride's-stake.  
With, Here is to the fruit of Pem,  
Grafted upon Stub his stem,  
With the Peakish nicety,  
And old Sherewood's vicety.  
But well danced Pem upon record,  
Above thy yeoman or May-lord.

*Here it was thought necessary they should be broken off by the coming in of a GENTLEMAN, an officer or servant of the Lord-Lieutenant's, whose face had put on, with his clothes, an equal authority for the business.*

*Gent.* Give end unto your rudeness:  
know at length  
Whose time and patience you have urged,  
the KING'S  
Whom if you knew, and truly, as you  
ought,

'Twould strike a reverence in you, ev'n to blushing.

That King whose love it is to be your parent!

Whose office and whose charge, to be your pastor!

Whose single watch defendeth all your sleeps!

Whose labours are your rests! whose thoughts and cares

Breed your delights, whose business all your leasures!

And you to interrupt his serious hours  
With light, impertinent, unworthy objects,  
Sights for yourselves, and savouring your own tastes!

You are to blame. Know your disease, and cure it.

Sports should not be obtruded on great monarchs,

But wait when they will call for them as servants,

And meanest of their servants, since their price is

At highest to be styled but of their pleasures!

—Our King is going now to a great work,  
Of highest love, affection, and example,  
To see his native country and his cradle,  
And find those manners there which he sucked in

With nurse's milk and parent's piety.  
O sister Scotland! what hast thou deserved  
Of joyful England, giving us this King!

What union (if thou lik'st) hast thou not made,

In knitting for Great Britain such a garment,

And letting him to wear it? Such a king  
As men would wish that knew not how to hope

His like but seeing him! A prince that's law

Unto himself; is good for goodness sake,  
And so becomes the rule unto his subjects!

That studies not to seem or to shew great,  
But be: not drest for others' eyes and ears,

With vizors and false rumours, but makes fame

Wait on his actions, and thence speak his name!

O bless his goings-out and comings-in,  
Thou mighty God of heaven! lend him long

Unto the nations, which yet scarcely know him,

Yet are most happy by his government.

Bless his fair bedmate, and their certain  
pledges,

And never may he want those nerves in  
fate,

For sure succession fortifies a state.

Whilst he himself is mortal, let him feel

Nothing about him mortal in his house ;

Let him approve his young increasing  
Charles

A loyal son ; and take him long to be

An aid, before he be a successor.

Late come that day that heaven will ask  
him from us !

Let our grandchildren, and their issue, long

Expect it and not see it. Let us pray

That fortune never know to exercise

More power upon him than as Charles his  
servant,

And his Great Britain's slave : ever to wait  
Bondwoman to the GENIUS of this state.

*Thus it ended.*



# Love's Welcome.

## THE KING AND QUEEN'S ENTERTAINMENT AT BOLSOVER,

At the EARL of NEWCASTLE'S, the 30th of July, 1634.

LOVE'S WELCOME.] The King (as was observed before) was so well pleased with the Entertainment at Welbeck, that he sent the Earl of Newcastle word, the Queen was resolved to make a progress with him into the north, and he therefore desired him to prepare the same amusement for her which had given him such satisfaction in the preceding year. "Which, (says her Grace,) my lord accordingly did, and endeavoured for it with all possible care and industry, sparing nothing that might add splendour to that feast, which both their Majesties were pleased to honour with their presence. Ben Jonson he employed in fitting such scenes and speeches as he could best devise, and sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait on their Majesties. This entertainment he made at Bolsover Castle, in Derbyshire, some five miles distant from Welbeck, and resigned Welbeck for their Majesties lodging. It cost him in all between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds."—*Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, p. 184.

It is probable that the course at the Quintain was repeated; what we have here was exhibited, not at the dinner, but at the *banquet*, a kind of dessert, which was usually served up in an open room. This little piece is wretchedly given in the folio.

*The KING and QUEEN being set at banquet, this SONG was sung by two tenors and a bass.*

*Full Cho.* If Love be called a lifting of the sense

To knowledge of that pure intelligence,  
Wherein the soul hath rest and residence.

1 *Ten.* When were the senses in such order placed?

2 *Ten.* The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taste,

All at one banquet?

*Bas.* Would it ever last!

1 *Ten.* We wish the same: who set it forth thus?

*Bas.* Love!

2 *Ten.* But to what end, or to what object?

*Bas.* Love!

1 *Ten.* Doth Love then feast itself?

*Bas.* Love will feast Love.

2 *Ten.* You make of Love a riddle or a chain,

A circle, a mere knot; untie't again.

*Bas.* Love is a circle, both the first and last

Of all our actions, and his knot's, too, fast.

1 *Ten.* A true love knot will hardly be untied:

And if it could, who would this pair divide?

*Bas.* God made them such, and Love.

2 *Ten.* Who is a ring

The likeliest to the year of any thing,

2 *Ten.* And runs into itself.

*Bas.* Then let us sing,

And run into one sound.

*Cho.* Let Welcome fill

Our thoughts, hearts, voices, and that one word trill

Through all our language, Welcome, Welcome still!

1 *Ten.* Could we put on the beauty of all creatures,

2 *Ten.* Sing in the air, and notes of nightingales,

1 *Ten.* Exhale the sweets of earth, and all her features,

2 *Ten.* And tell you, softer than in silk, these tales;

*Bas.* Welcome should season all for taste.  
*Cho.* And hence,

At every real banquet to the sense,  
Welcome, true welcome, fill the com-  
pliments.

*After the Banquet,*

*The KING and QUEEN being retired, were  
entertained with a DANCE of ME-  
CHANICS.*

*Enter CORONEL VITRUVIUS speaking to  
some without.*

*Vit.* Come forth, boldly put forth 'I  
your holiday clothes, every mother's son of  
you. This is the King and Queen's majes-  
tical holiday. My lord has it granted from  
them; I had it granted from my lord; and  
do give it unto you *gratis*, that is, *bona  
fide*, with the faith of a surveyor, your  
coronel Vitruvius. Do you know what a  
surveyor is now? I tell you, a supervisor.  
A hard word that; but it may be softened,  
and brought in to signify something. An  
overseer! one that overseeth you. A busy  
man! and yet I must seem busier than I  
am, as the poet sings, but which of them I  
will not now trouble myself to tell you.

*Enter the first QUATERNIO: Captain SMITH,  
(or VULCAN,) with three Cyclops.*

O Captain Smith! or hammer-armed Vul-  
can! with your three sledges, you are our  
music; you come a little too tardy, but we  
remit that to your polt-foot, we know you  
are lame. Plant yourselves there, and  
beat your time out at the anvil. Time and  
Measure are the father and mother of  
music, you know, and your coronel Vitru-  
vius knows a little.

*Enter the second QUATERNIO: CHESIL the  
carver; MAUL the freemason; squire  
SUMMER the carpenter; TWYBIL his  
man.*

O Chesil, our curious carver! and Master  
Maul our free-mason; Squire Summer our  
carpenter; and Twybil his man; stand you  
four there, in the second rank, work upon  
that ground.

<sup>1</sup> *Iniquo Vitruvius.*] This miserable pun  
upon Inigo is copied by the poet's friend, Philip,  
Earl of Pembroke, in some angry remarks upon  
Jones, written in the margin of his work on  
*Stonehenge*.

[It was pointed out by Peter Cunningham  
(*Life of Inigo Jones*, p. 44) that as the "poet's  
friend" Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Mont-  
gomery died in 1650, he could not possibly have

*Enter the third QUATERNIO: DRESSER the  
plumber; QUARREL the glazier; FRET  
the plaisterer; BEATER, mortar-man.*

And you, Dresser the plumber; Quarrel  
the glazier; Fret the plaisterer; and  
Beater the mortar-man; put all you on in  
the rear; as finishers in true footing with  
tune and measure. Measure is the soul of  
a dance, and Tune the tickle-foot thereof.  
Use holiday legs, and have 'em; spring,  
leap, caper, and gingle: pumps and  
ribands shall be your reward, till the soles  
of your feet swell with the surfeit of your  
light and nimble motion.

[*Here they began to dance.*

Well done, my musical, arithmetical,  
geometrical gamesters! or rather my true  
mathematical boys! it is carried in number,  
weight, and measure, as if the airs were  
all harmony, and the figures a well-timed  
proportion! I cry still, deserve holidays  
and have 'em. I'll have a whole quarter  
of the year cut out for you in holidays, and  
laced with statute-tunes and dances, fitted  
to the activity of your tressels, to which  
you shall trust, lads, in the name of your  
Iniquo Vitruvius! Hey for the lily, for, and  
the blended rose!

*Here the DANCE ended, and the  
MECHANICS retired.*

The King and Queen had a second  
banquet set down before them from the  
clouds by two Loves, EROS and ANTEROS:  
one as the King's, the other as the Queen's,  
differenced by their garlands only; his of  
white and red roses, the other of lilies  
interwaved, gold, silver, purple, &c. with  
a bough of palm in his hand cleft a little at  
the top; they were both armed and  
winged; with bows and quivers, cassocks,  
breeches, buskins, gloves, and perukes  
alike. They stood silent a while, won-  
dering at one another, till at last the lesser  
of them began to speak.

*Er.* Another Cupid.

*An.* Yes, your second self,  
A son of Venus, and as mere an elf  
And wag as you.

written notes in the margin of a volume which  
was not published till 1655. There is just a  
chance, considering the troubled state of the  
times, that the work may have been printed  
before the earl's death, though not published till  
a later date. It is dedicated to an Earl Philip,  
but whether the fourth or fifth is not specified.—  
F. C.]

*Er.* Eros?

*An.* No, Anteros :  
Your brother Cupid, yet not sent to cross  
Or spy into your favours here at court.

*Er.* What then?

*An.* To serve you, brother, and report  
Your graces from the Queen's side to the  
King's,

In whose name I salute you.

*Er.* Break my wings

I fear you will.

*An.* O be not jealous, brother !

What bough is this?

*Er.* A palm.

*An.* Give't me.

*Er.* Another

You may have.

*An.* I will this. [*Snatches at the palm.*]

*Er.* Divide it.

[*He divides it, and gives Anteros a part.*]

*An.* So,

This was right brother-like ! the world will  
know

By this one act, both natures. You are  
Love,

I Love, again. In these two spheres we  
move,

Eros and Anteros.

*Er.* We have cleft the bough,  
And struck a tally of our loves too now.

*An.* I call to mind the wisdom of our  
mother

Venus, who would have Cupid have a  
brother—

*Er.* To look upon and thrive. Me seems  
I grew

Three inches higher since I met with you.  
It was the counsel that the oracle gave  
Your nurses, the glad Graces, sent to crave  
Themis' advice. You do not know, quoth she,  
The nature of this infant. Love may be  
Brought forth thus little, live awhile alone,  
But ne'er will prosper, if he have not one  
Sent after him to play with, such another  
As you are, Anteros, our loving brother.

*An.* Who would be always planted in  
your eye;

For love by love increaseth mutually.

*Er.* We either, looking on each other,  
thrive;

*An.* Shoot up, grow galliard—

*Er.* Yes, and more alive !

*An.* When one's away, it seems we both  
are less.

*Er.* I was a dwarf, an urchin, I confess,  
Till you were present.

*An.* But a bird of wing,  
Now fit to fly before a Queen or King.

*Er.* I have not one sick feather since you  
came,

But turned a jollier Cupid,

*An.* Than I am.

*Er.* I love my mother's brain, could thus  
provide

For both in Court, and give us each our side  
Where we might meet.

*An.* Embrace.

*Er.* Circle each other.

*An.* Confer and whisper.

*Er.* Brother with a brother.

*An.* And by this sweet contention for the  
palm,

Unite our appetites, and make them calm.

*Er.* To will, and nill one thing.

*An.* And so to move

Affection in our wills, as in our love.

*Er.* It is the place, sure, breeds it, where  
we are.

*An.* The King and Queen's court, which  
is circular

And perfect.

*Er.* The pure school that we live in.

And is of purer love a discipline.<sup>1</sup>

#### Enter PHILAETHES.

No more of your poetry, pretty Cupids,  
lest presuming on your little wits, you pro-  
fane the intention of your service. The  
place, I confess, wherein (by the providence  
of your mother Venus) you are now planted,  
is the divine School of Love : an academy  
or court, where all the true lessons of Love  
are thoroughly read and taught. The rea-  
sons, the proportions and harmony, drawn  
forth in analytic tables, and made demon-  
strable to the senses. Which if you brethren  
should report and swear to, would hardly  
get credit above a fable, here in the edge  
of Darbyshire, the region of ale, because  
you relate in rhyme. O that rhyme is a  
shrewd disease, and makes all suspected it  
would persuade. Leave it, pretty Cupids,  
leave it. Rhyme will undo you, and hinder  
your growth and reputation in Court more  
than anything beside you have either men-  
tioned or feared. If you dabble in poetry  
once, it is done of your being believed or

<sup>1</sup> We have already had this fable in the *Tilting at a Marriage*. There is not much to be said of it here. In fact, these effusions, which attended the king in his progresses, and which perhaps came upon him unexpectedly, are merely

little artifices of love and duty on the part of the noble hosts, to keep their sovereign with them as long as possible, and should not be too rigorously judged : they are, as Jonson says, " suddenly thought upon."

understood here. No man will trust you in this Verge, but conclude you for a mere case of canters or a pair of wandering gipsies.

Return to yourselves, little deities, and admire the miracles you serve, this excellent King and his unparalleled Queen, who are the canons, the decretals, and whole school divinity of Love. Contemplate and study them. Here shall you read Hymen, having lighted two torches, either of which inflame mutually, but waste not. One love by the other's aspect increasing, and both in the right lines of aspiring. The Fates spinning them round and even threads, and of their whitest wool,<sup>1</sup> without brack or purl. Fortune and Time fettered at their feet with adamantine chains, their wings depum'd for starting from them. All amiableness in the richest dress of delight and colours courting the season to tarry by them, and make the Idea of their felicity perfect; together with the love, knowledge, and duty

of their subjects perpetual. So wisheth the glad and grateful client seated here, the overjoyed master of the house; and prayeth that the whole region about him could speak but his language. Which is, that first the people's love would let that people know their own happiness, and that knowledge could confirm their duties to an admiration of your sacred persons; descended,<sup>2</sup> one from the most peaceful, the other the most warlike, both your pious and just progenitors; from whom, as out of peace, came strength, and "out of the strong came sweetness;" so in you joined by holy marriage, in the flower and ripeness of years, live the promise of a numerous succession to your sceptres, and a strength to secure your own islands, with their own ocean, but more your own palm-branches, the types of perpetual victory. To which, two words be added, a zealous *Amen*, and ever rounded with a crown of *Welcome*. *Welcome*, welcome!

<sup>1</sup> [This is almost identical with the couplet in the *Lines on Lord Bacon's Birthday*, *Underwoods*, lxx. :

"Whose even thread the fates spin round and full,

Out of their choicest and their whitest wool."

F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> [In this same year, 1634, was published a

noble engraving by Van Voerst, after Vandyck, in which the Queen (in a most interesting condition) is presenting an olive wreath to the King. The couplet subscribed may have been supplied by Jonson :

"Filius hic Magni est Jacobi, hæc filia Magni Henrici; soboles dic mihi qualis erit?"

F. C.]





# Epigrams.

## BOOK I.

**EPIGRAMS.]** From the folio of 1616. The Collection is there called **Book I.**, from which it may be collected, that Jonson intended, at the period of its appearance, to make a further selection. It is to be lamented, on many accounts, that he subsequently changed his purpose. The character of the illustrious nobleman to whom this manly and high-spirited dedication is addressed, must be looked for in the history of the times.

It may be necessary to admonish the reader not to take up these poems with the general expectation of finding them terminate in a point of wit. This, indeed, is the modern construction of the word; but this was never Jonson's: by Epigram he meant nothing more than a short poem, chiefly restricted to one idea, and equally adapted to the delineation and expression of every passion incident to human life. The work is, in short, an Anthology, and may occasionally remind those who are studious of antiquity, of the collections which pass under that name.

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOUR AND VIRTUE,

THE MOST NOBLE

WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN, &c.

MY LORD,

While you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your title: it was that made it, and not I. Under which name, I here offer to your lordship the ripest of my studies, my EPIGRAMS; which, though they carry danger in the sound, do not therefore seek your shelter; for, when I made them, I had nothing in my conscience, to expressing of which I did need a cipher. But, if I be fallen into those times wherein, for the likeness of vice and facts, every one thinks another's ill deeds objected to him; and that in their ignorant and guilty mouths, the common voice is, for their security, *Beware the poet!* confessing therein so much love to their diseases, as they would rather make a party for them than be either rid, or told of them; I must expect, at your Lordship's hand, the protection of truth and liberty, while you are constant to your own goodness. In thanks whereof, I return you the honour of leading forth so many good and great names (as my verses mention on the better part) to their remembrance with posterity. Amongst whom, if I have praised unfortunately any one that doth not deserve; or, if all answer not, in all numbers, the pictures I have made of them; I hope it will be forgiven me that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the persons. But I foresee a nearer fate to my book than this, that the vices therein will be owned before the virtues (though there I have avoided all particulars, as I have done names), and that some will be so ready to discredit me as they will have the impudence to belie themselves: for if I meant them not, it is so. Nor can I hope otherwise. For why should they remit anything of their riot, their pride, their self-love, and other inherent graces, to consider truth or virtue, but with the trade of the world, lend their long ears against men they love not, and hold their dear mountebank or jester in far better condition than all the study, or studiers of humanity? For such, I would rather know them by their visards still, than they should publish their faces, at their peril, in my theatre,<sup>1</sup> where Cato, if he lived, might enter without scandal.

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

BEN JONSON.

<sup>1</sup> *In my theatre.*] i.e., in the ensuing collection of epigrams. This would not have deserved mention had not Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, gravely produced the passage to prove that Jonson was "master of a playhouse!" "He (Ben) mentions something of his theatre to the Earl of Pembroke, before his epigrams." So men sometimes read!

# Epigrams.

## I.

### TO THE READER.

Pray thee take care, that tak'st my book  
in hand,  
To read it well; that is, to understand.

## II.

### TO MY BOOK.

It will be looked for, BOOK, when some  
but see  
Thy title, EPIGRAMS, and named of me,  
Thou shouldst be bold, licentious, full of  
gall,  
Wormwood, and sulphur, sharp, and  
toothed withal;  
Become a petulant thing, hurl ink, and wit,  
As mad-men stones; not caring whom they  
hit.  
Deceive their malice who could wish it so;  
And by thy wiser temper let men know  
Thou art not covetous of least self-fame  
Made from the hazard of another's shame;  
Much less, with lewd, profane, and beastly  
phrase,  
To catch the world's loose laughter or  
vain gaze.

<sup>1</sup> *Send it to Bucklers-bury, there 'twill well.*  
"The whole street (Stow says) called *Buckle's-bury*, on both the sides throughout, is possessed of grocers and apothecaries." So that there must have been a terrible consumption of poetry, and, of course, a never-failing demand for it. "The pepperers," also, it appears from the same authority, mightily affected this street.

<sup>2</sup> *How, best of kings, &c.]* "Dr. Hurd," Whalley says in the margin of his copy, "has severely but justly reprehended Jonson for the gross adulation in these verses." Reprehensions of adulation come with a good grace from Hurd, it must be confessed! But why this outcry against our poet? His epigram was probably written soon after the accession of James, and when this good prince had surely given little cause for complaint to any one. With respect to his boyish poetry, of which I presume Hurd never read a line, it is really creditable to his talents. Some of the Psalms are better translated by him than they were by Milton at his years; and surrounded as he was by the hirelings of Elizabeth, who betrayed his mother, and only waited for the word to do as much by him, it is greatly to his honour that he turned his

VOL. III.

He that departs with his own honesty  
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy.

## III.

### TO MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely  
well,  
Call'st a book good or bad, as it doth sell,  
Use mine so too; I give thee leave: but  
crave,  
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour  
have,  
To lie upon thy stall till it be sought;  
Not offered, as it made suit to be bought;  
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls,  
Or in cleft-sticks, advanced to make calls  
For terms, or some clerklike serving-man,  
Who scarce can spell th' hard names; whose  
knight less can.  
If, without these vile arts, it will not sell,  
Send it to Bucklers-bury, there 'twill well.<sup>1</sup>

## IV.

### TO KING JAMES.

How, best of Kings, dost thou a sceptre  
How, best of Poets, dost thou laur

studies to so good an account. But ask again, this eternal outcry again Hurd had not very far to look for flattered much more grossly than for out his plea for it. James was his patron, and gratitude, which none ardently than our poet, might excuse so exaggeration of praise.—But what extraneous inducement had Shakspere for his adulation? Hurd never asked himself this question. What plea had Drummond, or his friend Alexander (Lord Stirling) for their gross sycophancy? The latter has a panegyric on James for a sonnet greatly inferior to anything which his Majesty had written at the date of this Epigram, in which he says,

"He, prince or poet, more than man doth  
prove!"

and, after a deal of fulsome rant, concludes thus:

"But all his due who can afford him then,  
A God of poet, and a king of men!"

And this is addressed to the queasy Drummond, who is so grievously scandalized at the "insincerity" of his "dear friend" Jonson. I trust

But two things rare the Fates had in their store,  
And gave thee both, to shew they could no more.  
For such a Poet, while thy days were green,  
Thou wert, as chief of them are said t' have been.  
And such a Prince thou art, we daily see,  
As chief of those still promise they will be.  
Whom should my muse then fly to, but the best  
Of Kings, for grace ; of Poets, for my test ?

## V.

## ON THE UNION.

When was there contract better driven by Fate,  
Or celebrated with more truth of state ?  
The world the temple was, the priest a king,  
The spoused pair two realms, the scattering ring.

## VI.

## TO ALCHEMISTS.

If all you boast of your great art be true ;  
Sure, willing poverty lives most in you.

## VII.

ON THE NEW HOT-HOUSE.<sup>1</sup>

Where lately harboured many a famous whore,  
A purging bill, now fixed upon the door,  
Tells you it is a hot-house ; so it may,  
Still be a whore-house : they're sy-  
yma.

## VIII.

## ON A ROBBERY.

Robbed DUNCOTE of three hun-  
dred pounds,  
Was ta'en, arraigned, condemned  
to ;  
This money, was a courtier found,

the reader will not be mortified at discover-  
ing that our author has partners in his delin-  
quency : a fact that never appears to have been  
suspected by those who write against him.

[King James was a very tolerable versifier,  
and studied poetry as an art. Besides *The  
Essays of a Prentise in the Divine Art of  
Poetrie*, which were published in Edinburgh  
eighteen years before he came to England, he  
was also the author of *Some Reulis and Cautelis  
to be observit and eschevit in Scottis Poetrie*.  
Bishop Hurd, before he reprehended Jonson for  
adulation of James I., should have remembered  
the Dedication of the Bible to the "Sun in his  
strength."—F. C.]

<sup>1</sup> A bagnio. Thus Shakspeare: "Now she  
professes a hot-house, which I think is a very ill  
house too."—*Measure for Measure*.

<sup>2</sup> That haunt Picket-hatch, Marsh-Lambeth,

Begged Ridway's pardon : Duncote now  
doth cry,  
Robbed both of money, and the law's relief,  
"The courtier is become the greater thief."

## IX.

## TO ALL TO WHOM I WRITE.

May none whose scattered names honour  
my book,  
For strict degrees of rank or title look :  
'Tis 'gainst the manners of an Epigram ;  
And I a Poet here, no Herald am.

## X.

## TO MY LORD IGNORANT.

Thou call'st me POET, as a term of shame ;  
But I have my revenge made, in thy name.

## XI.

ON SOMETHING, THAT WALKS  
SOMEWHERE.

At court I met it, in clothes brave enough,  
To be a courtier ; and looks grave enough,  
To seem a statesman : as I near it came,  
It made me a great face ; I asked the name.  
A Lord, it cried, buried in flesh and blood,  
And such from whom let no man hope least  
good,  
For I will do none ; and as little ill,  
For I will date none : Good Lord, walk dead  
still.

## XII.

## ON LIEUTENANT SHIFT.

SHIFT, here in town, not meanest among  
squires  
That haunt Picket-hatch, Marsh-Lambeth,  
and White-friars,<sup>2</sup>  
Keeps himself, with half a man, and defrays  
The charge of that state with this charm,  
god pays.<sup>3</sup>

and *White-friars*.] The respective resorts of  
debauchees, thieves, and fraudulent debtors.

<sup>2</sup> *God pays*.] The impudent plea for charity,  
or rather for running in debt, advanced by dis-  
banded soldiers, of whom there were many at  
this period, and more who pretended to be such.  
The expression occurs in the *London Prodigal*,  
in a passage much to the purpose :

"*Sir Arthur*. I am a soldier and a gentleman.  
*Lace*. I neither doubt your valour nor your  
love,  
Put there be some that bear a soldier's form,  
That swear by him they never think upon :  
Go swaggering up and down from house to  
house,  
Crying, *god pays*."

For 'ssays, or says (tries) see vol. i. p. 112 a.

By that one spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrays  
Himself : his whole revenues, god pays.  
The quarter-day is come ; the hostess says,  
She must have money : he returns, god pays.  
The tailor brings a suit home ; he it 's says,  
Looks o'er the bill, likes it : and says, god  
pays.

He steals to ordinaries ; there he plays  
At dice his borrowed money : which, god  
pays.

Then takes up fresh commodity for days ;  
Signs to new bond ; forfeits ; and cries,  
god pays.

That lost, he keeps his chamber, reads  
essays,

Takes physic, tears the papers : still, god  
pays.

Or else by water goes, and so to plays :  
Calls for his stool, adorns the stage : god  
pays.

To every cause he meets, this voice he brays :  
His only answer is to all, god pays.

Not his poor cockatrice but he betrays  
Thus ; and for his lechery scores, god pays.  
But see ! the old bawd hath served him in  
his trim,

Lent him a pocky whore.—She hath paid  
him.

## XIII.

## TO DOCTOR EMPIRIC.

When men a dangerous disease did scape,  
Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape :<sup>1</sup>  
Let me give two, that doubly am got free ;  
From my disease's danger, and from thee.

## XIV.

## TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.

CAMDEN ! most reverend head, to whom I  
owe  
All that I am in arts, all that I know ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *They gave a cock to Æsculape.*] The last request which Socrates made to his friends was that they would offer this popular sacrifice for him. This has led some to imagine that the poison had begun to take effect, and that he was becoming light-headed. He was quite as rational as his critics ; and, in perfect consistency with his creed, viewed his death as a *recovery* to life.

<sup>2</sup> *Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe all that I am in arts, all that I know.*] Camden was our poet's master at Westminster School ; and gratitude has led him to make a proper acknowledgment for his care and pains in teaching him, both by this epigram, and the dedication of *Every Man in his Humour* to him.—W<sup>H</sup>AL.

These are not the only places in which Camden is mentioned with respect. In the *King's*

(How nothing's that?) to whom my country  
owes

The great renown and name wherewith  
she goes !

Than thee the age sees not that thing more  
grave,  
More high, more holy, that she more would  
crave.

What name, what skill, what faith hast thou  
in things !

What sight in searching the most antique  
springs !

What weight, and what authority in thy  
speech !

Men scarce can make that doubt, but thou  
canst teach.

Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,  
Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by  
thee.

Many of thine, this better could than I ;  
But for their powers, accept my piety.

## XV.

## ON COURT-WORM.

All men are worms ; but this no man. In  
silk

'Twas brought to court first wrapt, and  
white as milk ;

Where, afterwards, it grew a butterfly,  
Which was a caterpillar ; so 'twill die.<sup>3</sup>

## XVI.

## TO BRAINHARDY.

HARDY, thy brain is valiant, 'tis confest,  
Thou more ; that with it every day dar'st  
jest

Thyself into fresh brawls : when, called  
upon,

Scarce thy week's swearing brings thee off  
of one.

*Entertainment*, Jonson terms him "the glory and light of the kingdom," and in the *Masque of Queens*, he introduces him with similar commendation. No man ever possessed a more warm and affectionate heart than this great poet, whose name is made synonymous with envy and ingratitude by every desperate blockhead who reprints an old play or a poem.

## 3

## In silk

'Twas brought to court, &c.] Pope had this epigram in his thoughts when he wrote his *Epistle to Arbuthnot* :

"Let Sporus tremble. What, that thing of silk !  
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk."

But he has confounded the metaphor, which is preserved by Jonson with equal accuracy and beauty.

So in short time, th' art in arreage  
 grown  
 Some hundred quarrels, yet dost thou fight  
 none;  
 Nor need'st thou: for those few, by oath  
 releast,  
 Make good what thou dar'st do in all the  
 rest.  
 Keep thyself there, and think thy valour  
 right;  
 He that dares damn himself, dares more  
 than fight.

## XVII.

## TO THE LEARNED CRITIC.

May others fear, fly, and traduce thy name,  
 As guilty men do magistrates; glad I,  
 That wish my poems a legitimate fame,  
 Charge them, for crown, to thy sole cen-  
 sure hie.  
 And but a sprig of bays, given by thee,  
 Shall outlive gyrlands stol'n from the chaste  
 tree.<sup>1</sup>

## XVIII.

## TO MY MERE ENGLISH CENSURER.

To thee, my way in Epigrams seems new,  
 When both it is the old way, and the true.  
 Thou sayst that cannot be; for thou hast  
 seen  
 Davis and Weever,<sup>2</sup> and the best have  
 been,  
 And mine come nothing like. I hope so:  
 yet,  
 As theirs did with thee, mine might credit  
 get,

<sup>1</sup> *Shall outlive gyrlands stol'n from the chaste tree.* i.e., the laurel; Daphne, rather than consent to the desires of Apollo, being changed into that tree.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *For thou hast seen*

Davis and Weever.] Davis was the author of a collection of epigrams called *The Scourge of Folly*: he was by profession a writing-master, and chiefly taught in the University of Oxford. He was a contemporary of Jonson, and has an epigram addressed to him. Weever was the author of a work in folio, which is called *Fune-ral Monuments*, and is a miscellany of epitaphs and inscriptions, collected from ancient monuments in various parts of the kingdom.—WHAL.

<sup>3</sup> *He woos with an ill sprite*.] A play on the double meaning of the last word, an evil genius or spirit, and a stinking breath. To this last sense of *sprite* young Knowell alludes in the inflated panegyric with which he puzzles and plays upon Master Stephen: "A wight that hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit." The name of the person to whom this epigram is addressed is borrowed from the *cod*

If thou'dst but use thy faith as thou didst  
 then,  
 When thou wert wont t' admire, not cen-  
 sure men.  
 Prithce believe still, and not judge so fast,  
 Thy faith is all the knowledge that thou  
 hast.

## XIX.

## ON SIR COD THE PERFUMED.

That COD can get no widow, yet a knight,  
 I scent the cause: he woos with an ill  
 sprite.<sup>3</sup>

## XX.

## TO THE SAME SIR COD.

The expense in odours is a most vain sin,  
 Except thou couldst, SIR COD, wear them  
 within.

## XXI.

## ON REFORMED GAMESTER.

Lord, how is GAMESTER changed! his  
 hair close cut,<sup>4</sup>  
 His neck fenced round with ruff, his eyes  
 half shut!  
 His clothes two fashions off, and poor! his  
 sword  
 Forbid his side, and nothing but the word,  
 Quick in his lips! Who hath this wonder  
 wrought?  
 The late ta'en bastinado. So I thought.  
 What several ways men to their calling  
 have!  
 The body's stripes, I see, the soul may  
 save.

or little purse in which civet and other perfumes were kept in the poet's days.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Woman's Prize* Livia says to her lover,

"Hold this certain—

Selling, which is a sin unpardonable,  
 Of counterfeit *cods*, or musty English crocus,  
 Switches, or stones for the tooth-ach, sooner  
 finds me

Than that drawn fox Moroso."—Act i. sc. 2.

Upon which Mr. Weber observes: "In some MS. notes which have been procured for me, *cod* is explained, a pillow, a belly. I am afraid the allusion is not so delicate." The writer's fears are about as ideal as those of Mr. Steevens, from whom this miserable cant is adopted; his ignorance, however, here, as well as everywhere else, is sufficiently real: what did he suppose Livia to mean? *Counterfeit cods* are spurious or adulterate civet-bags, and nothing more.

<sup>4</sup> *His hair close cut, &c.*] These are the characteristic marks of a Puritan, which Gamester was now become. The word was the cant phrase for the Scripture, which was profanely applied to every incident of life. This is an epigram of all times.

## XXII.

## ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

Here lies, to each her parents ruth,  
MARY, the daughter of their youth ;  
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's duc,  
It makes the father less to rue.  
At six months end she parted hence  
With safety of her innocence ;  
Whose soul heaven's Queen, whose name  
she bears,<sup>1</sup>

In comfort of her mother's tears,  
Hath placed amongst her virgin-train :  
Where while that severed doth remain,  
This grave partakes the fleshly birth ;  
Which cover lightly, gentle earth !

## XXIII.

TO JOHN DONNE.<sup>2</sup>

DONNE, the delight of Phœbus and each  
Muse,

Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse ;  
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,  
Came forth example, and remains so yet :  
Longer a knowing than most wits do live,  
And which no affection praise enough can  
give !

To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,  
Which might with half mankind maintain  
a strife ;

All which I meant to praise, and yet I would ;  
But leave, because I cannot as I should !

## XXIV.

## TO THE PARLIAMENT.

There's reason good, that you good laws  
should make :

Men's manners ne'er were viler, for your  
sake.

<sup>1</sup> *Whose soul heaven's Queen, whose name she bears.* i.e., the Virgin Mary; this seems to have been written when our poet was a convert to the church of Rome. **WIAL.**

There is both pathos and beauty in this little piece : Jonson appears to have been a most kind and affectionate parent ; and if, as Fuller says, he did not always meet with an equal return of duty and love, those who denied it to him have the greater sin. It is here the proper place to observe that our poet is by far the best writer of epitaphs that this country ever possessed.

<sup>2</sup> *John Donne.* The celebrated Dean of St. Paul's. His character is excellently given in this affectionate memorial of his virtues ; indeed no one knew him better, or valued him more justly than Jonson. The domestic life of this eminent man is admirably written by Izaak Walton : and a severe, though not unjust esti-

## XXV.

## ON SIR VOLUPTUOUS BEAST.

While BEAST instructs his fair and inno-  
cent wife,  
In the past pleasures of his sensual life,  
Telling the motions of each petticoat,  
And how his Ganymede moved, and how  
his goat,  
And now her hourly her own *cucquean*  
makes,  
In varied shapes, which for his lust she  
takes :  
What doth he else, but say Leave to be  
chaste,  
Just wife, and to change me, make woman's  
haste !

## XXVI.

## ON THE SAME BEAST.

Than his chaste wife though BEAST now  
know no more,  
He adulterers still : his thoughts lie with a  
whore.

## XXVII.

ON SIR JOHN ROE.<sup>3</sup>

In place of scutcheons that should deck  
thy herse,

Take better ornaments, my tears and verse.  
If any sword could save from Fates, ROE's  
could ;

If any Muse outlive their spight, his can ;  
If any friends' tears could restore, his  
would ;

If any pious life e'er lifted man  
To heaven ; his hath : O happy state !  
wherein

We, sad for him, may glory and not  
sin.

mate of his poetical merits will be found in Dr. Johnson's *Life of Cowley*.

[Jonson told Drummond that he esteemed Donne "the first poet in the world in some thing." He had "written his best pieces ere he was twenty-five years old."—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> *On Sir John Roe.* Probably the son of Sir Thomas Roe, *knt.*, an eminent merchant of London, who after passing, with distinguished credit through every municipal honour, died full of years and good works about 1570. This worthy citizen, whose charity was directed by his piety to the most useful purposes, left four sons, who appear to have trod in the footsteps of their father.

[Jonson said emphatically to Drummond that "Sir John Roe loved him." "He died in his arms of the pest."—F. C.]

## XXVIII.

## ON DON SURLY.

DON SURLY, to aspire the glorious name  
Of a great man, and to be thought the  
same,  
Makes serious use of all great trade he  
knows.

He speaks to men with a rhinocroté's  
nose,<sup>1</sup>

Which he thinks great; and so reads verses  
too:

And that is done as he saw great men do.  
He has tympanies of business in his face,  
And can forget men's names with a great  
grace.

He will both argue, and discourse in oaths,  
Both which are great: and laugh at ill-  
made clothes;

That's greater yet: to cry his own up  
neat.

He doth at meals, alone, his pheasant eat,  
Which is main greatness; and at his still  
board,

He drinks to no man: that's, too, like a  
lord.

He keeps another's wife, which is a spice  
Of solemn greatness; and he dares at dice  
Blaspheme God greatly; or some poor  
hind beat,

That breathes in his dog's way:<sup>2</sup> and this  
is great.

Nay more, for greatness sake, he will be one  
May hear my Epigrams, but like of none.

SURLY, use other arts, these only can  
Style thee a most great fool, but no great  
man.

<sup>1</sup> *He speaks to men with a rhinocroté's nose,* i.e., I believe, with a nose clate, or curled up into a kind of snout, scornfully, contemptuously. This at least is the meaning of the expression in Martial's lively address to his book:

*Nescis, heu nescis dominus fastidia Roma,  
Credere mihi, nimum Martia turba sapit;  
Majores nusquam ronchi, juvenesque senesque,  
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent!*  
Lib. i. iv.

<sup>2</sup> *That breathes in his dog's way.* "Breathes (Whalley says) is intended to express what Shakspeare means when he describes such as "breathe in their watering." There is no end to this nonsense, since Steevens first set it abroad. I have already relieved Shakspeare from the obloquy of so filthy a meaning (vol. i. p. 73 b.) and to take away every possible plea for its being charged upon him again, I will now add the following decisive passage. The words of Shakspeare are: "They call drinking deep dying, scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering," (stop to take breath in your draught,)

## XXIX.

## TO SIR ANNUAL TILTER.

TILTER, the most may admire thee, though  
not I;

And thou, right guiltless, mayst plead to  
it, Why?

For thy late sharp device. I say 'tis fit  
All brains, at times of triumph, should run  
wit:

For then our water-conduits do run wine;  
But that's put in, thou'lt say. Why, so is  
thine.

## XXX.

## TO PERSON GUILTY.

GUILTY, be wise; and though thou know'st  
the crimes

Be thine I tax, yet do not own my rhymes:  
'Tweremadness in thee, to betray thy fame  
And person to the world; ere I thy name.

## XXXI.

## ON BANCK THE USURER.

BANCK feels no lameness of his knotty  
gout,

His monies travel for him in and out:  
And though the soundest legs go every day,  
He toils to be at hell as soon as they.

## XXXII.

ON SIR JOHN ROE.<sup>3</sup>

What two brave perils of the private sword  
Could not effect, nor all the Furies do,

That self-divided Belgia did afford:  
What not the envy of the seas reached to,

"they cry *hem!* and bid you play it off." The  
parallel passage follows:

"Fill Will his beaker, he will never flinch  
To give a full quart pot the empty pinch.  
He'll looke unto your *waters* well enough,  
And hath an eye that no man leaves a sauffe:  
A box of piece meale drinking! Will: m sayes,  
*Playt away!* will have no stoppes and stayes;  
*Blown drink* is odious," &c.

S. Rowland, Sat. vi.

<sup>3</sup> Jonson appears to have sincerely loved and lamented this excellent person, of whose actions I can give the reader no account. He seems to have followed the business of a merchant-adventurer at first, like his father, and subsequently, in imitation of many gallant spirits in those days, to have embarked in the wars of the Netherlands. He died, however, in peace, at home.

Among Whalley's loose papers I find another memorial of our author's regard for him. It is taken from the blank leaf of Casaubon's Commentary on Persius, with which Jonson re-

The cold of Mosco, and fat Irish air,  
His often change of clime, (though not  
of mind,) What could not work ; at home, in his re-  
pair,  
Was his blest fate, but our hard lot to find.  
Which shews, wherever death doth please  
t' appear,  
Seas, sérenes, swords, shot, sickness, all  
are there.<sup>1</sup>

## XXXIII.

## TO THE SAME.

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,  
Glad-mentioned ROE ; thou art but gone  
before,  
Whither the world must follow : and I, now,  
Breathe to expect my When, and make  
my How.  
Which if most gracious heaven grant like  
thine,  
Who wets my grave<sup>2</sup> can be no friend of  
mine.

## XXXIV.

## OF DEATH.

He that fears death, or mourns it, in the just,  
Shews of the Resurrection little trust.

## XXXV.

## TO KING JAMES.

Who would not be thy subject, JAMES, t'  
obey  
A prince that rules by' example more than  
sway?

sented his friend. Why Whalley chose to give  
us vile English instead of copying the elegant  
Latin of the original, I cannot tell.

"To Sir John Roe, his most approved friend,  
this his love and delight, the most learned of  
Satirists, PERSIUS, with a most learned com-  
mentary, is consecrated by Ben. Jonson, who  
willingly, deservedly, gives and dedicates it.  
Nor is a parent more to be preferred by me than  
a friend."

["D. JOANNI ROWE,

Amico

Probatissimo,

Hunc Amorem et delicias

Suas, Satiricorum doctissimum,

Persium, cum

doctissimo commentario

Sacrauit

Ben: Jonsonius,

et

L. M. D.D.

Nec prior est incipi parens Amico."—F. C.]

<sup>1</sup> Seas, sérenes, &c.] i.e., a blast of warm air ;  
a bright, or mildew, vol. i. p. 371 a. The most  
miserable pun on record (which yet was repeated  
at every table in Paris,) was made by the Mar-

Whose manners draw, more than thy  
powers constrain.

And in this short time of thy happiest reign,  
Hast purged thy realms, as we have now  
no cause

Left us of fear, but first our crimes, then laws.  
Like aids 'gainst treasons who hath found  
before,

And than in them, how could we know  
God more?

First thou preserved wert our king to be ;  
And since, the whole land was preserved  
for thee.<sup>3</sup>

## XXXVI.

## TO THE GHOST OF MARTIAL.

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler Epigrams  
To thy DOMITIAN, than I can my JAMES ;  
But in my royal subject I pass thee,  
Thou flatter'st thine, mine cannot flattered  
be.

## XXXVII.

## ON CHEVERIL THE LAWYER.

No cause, no client fat, will CHEVERIL leese,  
But as they come, on both sides he takes fees,  
And pleaseth both : for while he melts his  
grease

For this ; that wins, for whom he holds his  
peace.

## XXXVIII.

## TO PERSON GUILTY.

GUILTY, because I bade you late be wise,<sup>4</sup>  
And to conceal your ulcers, did advise

quis of Bievre on this word. Mad. d'Angivilliers  
had a favourite *serin* (a canary-bird), and the  
Marquis, on coming into her drawing-room,  
gravely put on his hat, with this notable picce  
of wit : "I beg your ladyship's pardon—but I  
am afraid of the *serin*!" The Marquis was a  
great reader of Joe Miller—so were not the  
French in general : his second-hand wit there-  
fore was in high request.

<sup>2</sup> Who wets my grave, &c.] This is a beau-  
tiful little valediction ; there is a simple gran-  
deur of thought, a high moral dignity in all the  
addresses of Jonson (for there are more to come)  
to this distinguished family, which does no less  
honour to them than to the poet.

<sup>3</sup> And since the whole land was preserved for  
thee.] This epigram was probably written in  
1604, as the last allusion is to the plague, which  
broke out in London soon after the death of  
Elizabeth. The "treasons" spoken of just  
above are probably those of the Gowrie and Sir  
Walter Raleigh.

<sup>4</sup> GUILTY, because I bade you late be wise.]  
See Epig. XXX. This is an excellent epigram ;  
replete with strong sense and keen observation  
of mankind.



You laugh when you are touched, and long before  
Any man else, you clap your hands and roar,  
And cry, *good! good!* this quite perverts  
my sense,  
And lies so far from wit, 'tis impudence.  
Believe it, GUILTY, if you lose your shame,  
I'll lose my modesty, and tell your name.

## XXXIX.

## ON OLD COLT.

For all night-sins, with others wives unknown,  
COLT now doth daily penance in his own.

## XL.

## ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE.

M arble, weep, for thou dost cover  
A dead beauty underneath thee,  
R ich as nature could bequeath thee;  
G rant then, no rude hand remove her.  
A ll the gazers on the skies  
R ead not in fair heaven's story,  
E xpresser truth, or truer glory,  
T han they might in her bright eyes.

R are as wonder was her wit;  
A nd, like nectar, ever flowing:  
T ill time, strong by her bestowing,  
C onquered hath both life and it;  
L ife, whose grief was out of fashion  
I n these times. Few so have rued  
F ate in a brother. To conclude,<sup>1</sup>  
F or wit, feature, and true passion,  
E arth, thou hast not such another.

## XLI.

## ON GIPSY.

GIPSY, new bawd, is turned physician,  
And gets more gold than all the college can:

<sup>1</sup> *Few so have rued Fate in a brother.*] Of this lady, Margaret Ratcliffe, I can give the reader no information. She was probably a collateral branch of the family of the Earl of Sussex, for the marriage of whose daughter Jonson wrote the beautiful *Masque of the Hue and Cry after Cupid*. From a subsequent epigram I collect that she had five brothers, of whom she had the misfortune to lose four; two in the field in Ireland, and two by sickness in the Low Countries. Jonson had reason, therefore, to say that few had *rued* such fate in their relations.

<sup>2</sup> *To will and nill The self-same things, &c.*] *Idem velle atque nolle, ea demum amicitia est.*

<sup>3</sup> *Robert, Earl of Salisbury.*] Younger son of Lord Burghley. He and his elder brother, William, were both created earls in the same

Such her quaint practice is, so it allures,  
For what she gave, a whore: a bawd, she cures.

## XLII.

## ON GILES AND JOAN.

Who says that GILES and JOAN at discord be?

Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.

Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;  
But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would never,

By his free-will, be in Joan's company:  
No more would Joan he should. Giles riseth early,

And having got him out of doors is glad;  
The like is Joan: but turning home is sad:  
And so is Joan. Oftimes when Giles doth find

Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind;

All this doth Joan: or that his long-yarned life

Were quite out-spun; the like wish hath his wife.

The children that he keeps, Giles swears are none

Of his begetting; and so swears his Joan.  
In all affections she concurrereth still.

If now, with man and wife, to will and nill  
The self-same things,<sup>2</sup> a note of concord be,

I know no couple better can agree!

## XLIII.

TO ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY.<sup>3</sup>

What need hast thou of me, or of my muse,

Whose actions so themselves do celebrate?

day. Robert in the morning; to give his descendants precedence of those of William.

"This man," Walpole says, "who had the fortune or misfortune" (why misfortune?—but this poor stuff was meant for wit) "to please both Elizabeth and James I.; who like the son of the Duke of Lerma had the uncommon fate of succeeding his own father as prime minister, and who unlike that son of Lerma did not, though treacherous to everybody else, supplant his own father, is sufficiently known; his public story may be found in all our histories, his particular in the *Biographia*."—*Cat. of Royal and Noble Authors*. In none of these, however, did Walpole look for the "story" of this eminent statesman; but in the ignorant, impure, and scandalous reports of the Weldons, Peytons, and other puritanical disseminators of falsehood, as better suited to the base and envious nature

Which should thy country's love to speak  
refuse,  
Her foes enough would fame thee in their  
hate.

'Tofore, great men were glad of poets; now,  
I, not the worst, am covetous of thee:  
Yet dare not to my thought least hope  
allow

Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,  
When in my book men read but CECIL'S  
name,

And what I write thereof find far, and free  
From servile flattery, common poets' shame,  
As thou stand'st clear of the necessity.

## XLIV.

ON CHUFFE,

BANCKS the *Usurer's Kinsman*.

CHUFFE, lately rich in name, in chattels,  
goods,

And rich in issue to inherit all,

Ere blacks were bought for his own  
funerall,

Saw all his race approach the blacker floods:

of his own spirit. When the time shall come for Walpole himself to be added to the number of "noble authors," by a sterner biographer than Mr. Parke, he will, if fairly represented, be found to be one of the most odious and contemptible of the whole "Catalogue."

[Walpole was one of Gifford's special aversions. He may have derived the feeling from his bosom friend Hoppner, the painter, who however expressed his dislike in more measured terms. See Hoppner's excellent article in the first number of the *Quarterly Review*, p. 41. For further abuse of Horace Walpole, see notes on the *Pindaric Ode*, post.—F. C.]

<sup>1</sup> *Farewell*, thou child of my right hand, and joy.] The expression here must be explained: *thou child of my right hand* shews us his son's name was *Benjamin*; that word being usually taken as a compound of two Hebrew words, which imply that meaning. But some modern commentators more justly interpret the word *Benjamin* to signify the *son of days*, or of *old age*. *Benjamin* was the youngest son, and probably born when his father was advanced in years.—WHAL.

My predecessor seems to write without reading what he is about to explain. The title declares the epitaph to be written on *his first son*; Benjamin, says the critic, was the *youngest son*, and probably born when the father was advanced in years! This is sad trifling: but Whalley appears to me to have contented himself upon all occasions with second-hand authorities, which are commonly worse than none at all. In one of the spiteful attempts made to injure Jonson by his "friend" Drummond, he relates the following anecdote, which he had (he

He meant they thither should make swift  
repair,  
When he made him executor, might be  
heir.

## XLV.

ON MY FIRST SON.

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and  
joy!

My sin was too much hope of thee, loved  
boy:

Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I  
thee pay,

Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.

O, could I lose all father, now! for why  
Will man lament the state he should envy?

To have so soon escaped world's, and flesh's  
rage,

And if no other misery, yet age!

Rest in soft peace, and asked, say here  
doth lie

BEN JONSON his best piece of Poetry:

For whose sake henceforth all his vows be  
such,

As what he loves may never like too much.

says) from the poet's own mouth. While the plague raged in London, he was on a visit with Camden at the house of Sir Robert Cotton, in the country. Here he saw, in a dream, his eldest son, with the mark of a woody cross (the token of the plague) on his forehead. Alarmed at this, he prayed to God for him, and went in the morning to Camden's room, and told him what he had seen. Camden desired him not to be dejected, for that it was merely the creation of his own fears: but there came a letter from his wife, to inform him that the child was dead of the plague. Jonson added, that his son appeared to him of a manly stature, and of such growth as he thought he would beat the Resurrection." There is enough in this narrative to convince any one but the vile calumniator who reports it, that the fond father was not, as he asserts, void of all religion:—but to the purpose of the note. The plague broke out in 1603, the child was then in his seventh year; he was born therefore in 1596, when Jonson, instead of being "advanced in years," was just turned of two-and-twenty!

The last couplet contains a pretty allusion to the cheerless advice of Martial, in one of his melancholy moods:

*Si vitare velis acerba querelam,  
Et tristis animi cavere morbum,  
Nulli te fucius nimis sodalem,  
Gaudebis minus, at minus dolebis.*

[This insanely rabid note is best disposed of by referring the reader to "the vile calumniator's" own words. See *Conversations*, post.—F. C.]

XLVI.

TO SIR LUCKLESS WOO-ALL.

Is this the sir, who, some waste wife to win,  
A knighthood bought, to go a wooing in?  
'Tis LUCKLESS, he that took up one on band  
To pay at's day of marriage. By my hand  
The knight-wright's cheated then! he'll  
never pay:

Yes, now he wears his knighthood every day.

XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

Sir LUCKLESS, troth, for luck's sake pass  
by one;  
He that woos every widow, will get none.

XLVIII.

ON MUNGRIL ESQUIRE.

His bought arms MUNG' not liked; for his  
first day  
Of bearing them in field, he threw 'em away:<sup>1</sup>  
And hath no honour lost, our duellists say.

XLIX.

TO PLAYWRIGHT.

PLAYWRIGHT me reads, and still my verses  
damns,

He says I want the tongue of Epigrams;  
I have no salt, no bawdry he doth mean;<sup>2</sup>  
For witty, in his language, is obscene.  
Playwright, I loath to have thy manners  
known

In my chaste book; profess them in thine  
own.

<sup>1</sup> *For his first day*  
*Of bearing them in field, he threw 'em away.]*  
The arms were usually portrayed upon the shield; so that on his entering into battle, he flung away his shield, that he might not be encumbered in his flight. This marks him for his cowardice.—WHAL.

Jonson might have thrown his epigram after Mungril's arms, with no more loss of credit than the other of honour.

<sup>2</sup> *I have no salt, no bawdry he doth mean.]*  
This expression sufficiently justifies Pope's emendation of the passage in *Hamlet*, "I remember one said there were no salts in the lines to make the matter savoury." The old copies read *sallets*, which being akin to nonsense is, according to custom, replaced in the text by the last editors; though, as Mr. Steevens adds, "the alteration of Pope may be, in some measure, supported by the following passage in Decker's *Satiromastix*—A prepared troop of gallants, who shall distaste every unsalted line in their fly-blown comedies." If the change be in some measure supported by this quotation, it

L.

TO SIR COD.

Leave, COD, tobacco-like, burnt gums to  
take,  
Or fummy clysters, thy moist lungs to bake:  
Arsenic would thee fit for society make.

LI.

TO KING JAMES.

*Upon the happy false rumour of his death,*  
*the two-and-twentieth day of March,*  
1606.<sup>3</sup>

That we thy loss might know, and thou our  
love,  
Great heaven did well to give ill fame  
free wing;  
Which though it did but panic terror prove,  
And far beneath least pause of such a  
king;  
Yet give thy jealous subjects leave to doubt,  
Who this thyscape from rumour gratulate,  
No less than if from peril; and devout,  
Do beg thy care unto thy after-state.  
For we, that have our eyes still in our ears,  
Look not upon thy dangers, but our fears.

LII.

TO CENSORIOUS COURTTLING.

COURTLING, I rather thou shouldst utterly  
Dispraise my work, than praise it frostily:  
When I am read, thou feign'st a weak ap-  
plause,  
As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dst a  
cause.

is altogether fixed by the line above, of which none of the commentators take the slightest notice.

<sup>3</sup> The best comment upon this little piece is to be found in Winwood's State Papers, in a letter from Mr. Chamberlaine to that minister, dated April 5th, 1606; from which it appears that Jonson has not exaggerated the common feeling, which was the more alive as the story came so quickly upon the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The report was that the king had been stabbed with a poisoned knife at Woking, in Surrey, where he was hunting. Mr. Lodge has also a letter on the subject from the Earl of Kent to the Earl of Shrewsbury, of which a part is subjoined:

"My very hon'ble good Lo. I received yesterday yo'r hon'able and frendley lines by John Sibley, whereby it pleased yo'r L<sup>p</sup> to adv'tise me of the untruth of those bruits spread abroad of so horrible a treason against his Maj'ties precious life. Theis false bruits come very speedily not only to the Privie Councell at the Corte, and so to London, but also into theis parts, and

This but thy judgment fools: the other way  
Would both thy folly and thy spite betray.

LIII.

TO OLD-END GATHERER.

Long-gathering OLD-END, I did fear thee  
wise,  
When having pilled a book which no man  
lms,  
Thou wert content the author's name to lose:  
But when, in place, thou didst the patron's  
choose,

It was as if thou printed hadst an oath,  
To give the world assurance thou wert both;  
And that, as puritans at baptism do,  
Thou art the father, and the witness too.  
For, but thyself, where, out of motley, 's he?  
Could save that line to dedicate to thee?

LIV.

ON CHEVERIL.

CHEVERIL cries out my verses helbs are;  
And threatens the Star-chamber, and the  
Bar.  
What are thy petulant pleadings, Cheveril,  
then,  
That quit'st the cause so oft, and rail'st at  
men?

LV.

TO FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

How I do love thee, BEAUMONT, and thy  
Muse,  
That unto me dost such religion use!

not unlike, into a great p'te of the kingdom. All thother daye being Sondaye, we here knew nothinge certainly to the contrary but that the worst might be feared: but the greater astonishment this sudden fearfull rumour hath ev' where occasioned, the more sing'lar comfort and joye will now redounde to ev' true harted subject by the report of his Ma'tie's safetie, for w'ch they shall have so just cause to sounde forth God's praise, together with incessant prayers for his Highnesse longe happie and prosperous raigne ov' us." Wilson's account of the confusion and dismay which took place on this occasion, is given in yet stronger language.

<sup>1</sup> *Where, out of motley, 's he, &c.* i e., where out of a motley, or fool's coat is he, &c. In other words, who but a fool?—Whalley seems to have strangely mistaken this simple expression.

<sup>2</sup> *When even there, where most thou praisest me,*

*For writing better, I must envy thee.* This short poem is an answer to a letter which Beaumont, then in the country with Fletcher, sent to Jonson, together with two unfinished comedies. The letter is an excellent one, and proves the interesting frankness and cordiality in which

How I do fear myself, that am not worth  
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops  
forth!

At once thou mak'st me happy, and un-  
mak'st;  
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!  
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?  
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?  
When even there, where most thou praisest  
me,  
For writing better, I must envy thee.<sup>3</sup>

LVI.

ON POET-APE.

Poor POET-APE,<sup>3</sup> that would be thought  
our chief,  
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,  
From brokage is become so bold a thief,  
As we, the robbed, leave rage, and pity it.  
At first he made low shifts, would pick and  
glean,  
Buy the reversion of old plays; now grown  
To a little wealth, and credit in the Scene,  
He takes up all, makes each man's wit  
his own:  
And, told of this, he slights it. Tut, such  
crimes  
The sluggish gaping auditor devours;  
He marks not whose 'twas first: and after-  
times  
May judge it to be his, as well as ours.  
Fool! as if half eyes will not know a fleece  
From locks of wool, or shreds from the  
whole piece?

"the envious and malignant Ben" lived with his brother poets. The passage to which the text more immediately applies is the following:

"Fate once again

Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and  
plain

The way of knowledge for me, and then I,  
(Who have no good but in thy company),  
Protest it will my greatest comfort be,  
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.  
Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste  
wine,  
I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff  
mine.

[See vol. i. p. cxiv. Jonson, however, told Drummond "that Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses"—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> *Poor Poet-ape, &c.* Mr Chalmers will take it on his death that the person here meant is Shakspeare! Who can doubt it? For my part I am persuaded that GROOM IDIOT in the next epigram is also Shakspeare; and indeed, generally, that he is typified by the words "fool and knave," so exquisitely descriptive of him, wherever they occur in Jonson.

## LVII.

## ON BAWDS AND USURERS.

If, as their ends, their fruits were so, the same,  
Bawdry and Usury were one kind of game.

## LVIII.

## TO GROOM IDIOT.

IDIOT, last night I prayed thee but forbear  
To read my verses; now I must to hear:  
For offering with thy smiles my wit to grace,  
Thy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.

And so my sharpness thou no less disjoins,  
Than thou didst late my sense, loosing my points.

So have I seen at Christmas-sports, one lost,  
And hoodwinked, for a man embrace a post.

## LIX.

## ON SPIES.

SPIES, you are lights in state, but of base stuff,

Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,

Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough.

## LX.

TO WILLIAM LORD MOUNTEAGLE.<sup>1</sup>

Lo, what my country should have done (have raised

An obelisk, or column to thy name,  
Or, if she would but modestly have praised  
Thy fact, in brass or marble writ the same)

I, that am glad of thy great chance, here do!

And proud my work shall out-last common deeds,

Durst think it great, and worthy wonder too,

But thine, for which I do't, so much exceeds!

My country's parents I have many known;  
But, savor of my country, THEE alone.

## LXI.

## TO FOOL, OR KNAVE.

Thy praise or dispraise is to me alike;  
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

## LXII.

## TO FINE LADY WOULD-BE.

Fine Madam WOULD-BE, wherefore should you fear,

That love to make so well, a child to bear?  
The world reputes you barren: but I know  
Your pothecary, and his drug, says no.

Is it the pain affrights? that's soon forgot.  
Or your complexion's loss? you have a pot,

That can restore that. Will it hurt your feature?

To make amends, you're thought a wholesome creature.

What should the cause be? oh, you live at court;

And there's both loss of time and loss of sport

In a great belly. Write then on thy womb,  
"Of the not born, yet buried, here's the tomb."

## LXIII.

## TO ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY.

Who can consider thy right courses run,  
With what thy virtue on the times hath won,

And not thy fortune? who can clearly see  
The judgment of the king so shine in thee;

<sup>1</sup> To William, Lord Mounteagle.] This was the nobleman who received the remarkable letter about the gunpowder plot, taken notice of by our historians, and which gave the first apprehensions of what was then contriving.—WHAR.

Many angry attacks have been made on James for assuming to himself the merit of discovering the import of this letter; of which Cecil takes the credit in an excellent official paper to Sir Charles Cornwallis (*Winwood Mem.* vol. ii. p. 170.) but surely without much cause. The fact seems to be that Cecil allowed the king (who was always tenacious of his own sagacity) to imagine that he had detected the latent meaning of the letter. Cecil was the least shrewd, and James the most simple and

unsuspicious of mortals:—there is, therefore, not the smallest reason to believe that the king meant to mislead the parliament, or that he thought otherwise than he spoke. We deceive ourselves grossly if we assume that all which is known now was known at the time when the event took place. Cecil's letter was a sealed letter to the parliament and the nation; and, after all, we have only the minister's word for his share in the discovery. The hint to Lord Mounteagle, which was given to him by his sister, Mary Parker, wife of Thomas Habington, and mother of the amiable and virtuous author of *Castara*, was not the only one conveyed to the Earl of Salisbury on this mysterious business.

And that thou seek'st reward of thy each act,

Not from the public voice, but private fact?  
Who can behold all envy so declined  
By constant suffering of thy equal mind;  
And can to these be silent, SALISBURY,  
Without his, thine, and all time's injury?  
Curst be his Muse that could lie dumb, or hid

To so true worth, though thou thyself forbidd.

## LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

*Upon the Accession of the Treasurership to him.<sup>1</sup>*

Not glad, like those that have new hopes, or suits,

With thy new place, bring I these early fruits

Of love, and what the golden age did hold  
A treasure, art; contained in th' age of gold.

Nor glad as those that old dependents be,  
To see thy father's rites new laid on thee.

Nor glad for fashion; nor to shew a fit  
Of flattery to thy titles; nor of wit.

But I am glad to see that time survive,  
Where merit is not sepulchred alive;

Where good men's virtues them to honours bring,

And not to dangers: when so wise a king  
Contents to have worth enjoy from his regard,

As her own conscience, still the same reward.

These, noblest CECIL, laboured in my thought,

Wherein what wonder see thy name hath wrought!

That whilst I meant but thine to gratulate,  
I have sung the greater fortunes of our state.

<sup>1</sup> Enough has been said already of the character of this eminent statesman; but it may not be amiss on the present occasion to enumerate the periods of his successive honours. He was born June 1, 1563, knighted in 1591; sworn of the privy council in the following August, and in 1596 appointed principal secretary of state. In 1599 he was made master of the court of wards, and in the same year sent to France to negotiate a peace between that country and Spain. On the accession of King James, 1603, he was created Baron Cecil and Viscount Cranborne, and in 1605 Earl of Salisbury. In 1608 (which is therefore the date of this epigram) he was created LORD HIGH TREASURER; and in this post he died May 24, 1612.

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Henry Cary.* First Lord Falkland,

## LXV.

TO MY MUSE.

Away, and leave me, thou thing most abhorred,

That hast betrayed me to a worthless lord;  
Made me commit most fierce idolatry  
To a great image through thy luxury:  
Be thy next master's more unlucky Muse,  
And, as thou hast mine, his hours and youth abuse.

Get him the time's long grudge, the court's ill will;

And reconciled, keep him suspected still.  
Make him lose all his friends; and, which is worse,

Almost all ways to any better course.

With me thou leav'st an happier Muse than thee,

And which thou brought'st me, welcome poverty:

She shall instruct my after-thoughts to write

Things manly, and not smelling parasite.

But I repent me: stay—Who'er is raised  
For worth he has not, he is taxed not praised.

## LXVI.

TO SIR HENRY CARY.<sup>2</sup>

That neither fame nor love might wanting be

To greatness, CARY, I sing that and thee:  
Whose house, if it no other honour had,

In only thee might be both great and glad:

Who, to upbraid the sloth of this our time,

Durst valour make, almost, but not a crime.

Which deed I know not, whether were more high,

Or thou more happy, it to justify

and father of the celebrated Lucius, Lord Falkland, who acted so conspicuous and noble a part in the Rebellion. Sir Henry was also a very distinguished character as a statesman and soldier. He had been master of the Jewel Office to Elizabeth, was made a Knight of the Bath at the creation of Prince Henry, and soon after Lord Deputy of Ireland. The intimacy of Jonson with this family (for he was much endeared to the son as well as father) is not a little to his credit; but indeed this great poet, who is represented by Steevens and his followers as little better than an obscure garruletter, lived on terms of honourable familiarity with all the genius, worth, and rank of his age.

Against thy fortune; when no foe, that day,  
Could conquer thee but chance, who did  
betray.

Love thy great loss, which a renown hath  
won,

To live when Broeck not stands, nor Roer  
doth run :<sup>1</sup>

Love honours, which of best example be  
When they cost dearest and are done  
most free.

Though every fortitude deserves applause,  
It may be much, or little, in the cause.

He's valiant'st, that dares fight, and not  
for pay ;

That virtuous is, when the reward's away.

## LXVII.

TO THOMAS, EARL OF SUFFOLK.<sup>2</sup>

Since men have left to do praiseworthy  
things,

Most think all praises flatteries : but truth  
brings

That sound and that authority with her  
name,

As, to be raised by her, is only fame.

Stand high then, HOWARD, high in eyes  
of men,

High in thy blood, thy place ; but highest  
then,

When, in men's wishes, so thy virtues  
wrought,

As all thy honours were by them first sought :  
And thou designed to be the same thou art,

<sup>1</sup> "The castle and river (Jonson says) near where he was taken." It appears from a letter of Sir Thomas Edmonds (resident ambassador with the Archduke, at Brussels) that while Spinola was engaged in securing the passage of the Roer by the erection of a battery, an attempt was made to surprise the covering party by Count Maurice. The action was short but severe, and in the end the Count was obliged to retreat. Some officers of rank fell on each side, and Spinola made some prisoners, "among whom," Sir Thomas says, "were certain English gentlemen, whereof the principal are Sir Henry Carey and Mr. Radcliffe, brother to Sir John Radcliffe (and to Margaret), and one Captain Pygot." *Winwood's Mem.* vol. ii. 145. This letter is dated 21st October, 1605; and the action took place a few days before.

The capture of Sir Henry Carey seems to have been viewed by the Spanish court as a matter of considerable moment, and it required all the influence of Cecil and all the dexterity of Sir Charles Cornwallis, our ambassador at Madrid, to procure his release. "In conclusion," Sir Charles writes to the Earl of Salisbury, "I moved him (the Duke of Lerma) for Sir Henry Carey; saying 'I was thereunto solicited by the entreatie of many honourable personages

Before thou wert it, in each good man's  
heart.

Which, by no less confirmed than thy  
king's choice,

Proves that is God's, which was the people's  
voice.

## LXVIII.

ON PLAYWRIGHT.

PLAYWRIGHT convict of public wrongs to  
men,

Takes private beatings, and begins again.

Two kinds of valour he doth shew at once;

Active in's brain, and passive in his bones.

## LXIX.

TO PERTINAX COB.

COB, thou nor soldier, thief, nor fencer art,  
Yet by thy weapon liv'st ! thou hast one  
good part.

## LXX.

TO WILLIAM ROE.

When nature bids us leave to live, 'tis late  
Then to begin, my ROE ! He makes a state

In life, that can employ it ; and takes hold  
On the true causes, ere they grow too old.

Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending  
worst ;

Each best day of our life escapes us first :<sup>3</sup>

Then since we, more than many, these  
truths know ;

Though life be short, let us not make it so.

that wished well to the state ; and by some fair ladies, whom I knew his Excellencie would be apt to favour. I delivered his valuable estate, and the hard course taken against him. And lastly told what between the Conde de Villa Longa and me, had been agreed to be done in his favour, whereat he smyled, and desired he might be put in further memorie of it, which by God's grace shall not be omitted." This was in June, 1606; but it required yet many conferences before his liberty was procured.

<sup>2</sup> *To Thomas, Earl of Suffolk.* He was so created by James I. in 1603, and bore several great offices of state. In the twelfth year of the same king he was constituted Lord High Treasurer ; and it is not improbable but this epigram was addressed to him on his promotion to that high station.—WHAL.

The epigram has a much earlier date than Whalley assigns it. It was probably written upon his accession to the title of Suffolk, when he was also appointed Lord Chamberlain.

<sup>3</sup> *Each best day of our life escapes us first.* From Virgil :

*"Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi  
Prima fugit."*

William Roe was probably the brother of the

## LXXI.

## ON COURT PARROT.

To pluck down mine, POLL sets up new  
wits still;  
Still 'tis his luck to praise me 'gainst his  
will.

## LXXII.

## TO COURTLING.

I grieve not, COURTLING, thou art started  
up  
A chamber-critic, and dost dine and sup  
At Madam's table, where thou mak'st all  
wit  
Go high or low, as thou wilt value it.  
'Tis not thy judgment breeds the prejudice,  
Thy person only, Courtling, is the vice.

## LXXIII.

TO FINE GRAND.<sup>1</sup>

What is't, FINE GRAND, makes thee my  
friendship fly,  
Or take an Epigram so fearfully,  
As 'twere a challenge, or a borrower's  
letter?  
The world must know your greatness is my  
debtor.  
*Imprimis*, Grand, you owe me for a jest  
I lent you, on mere acquaintance, at a  
feast.  
*Item*, a tale or two some fortnight after;  
That yet maintains you and your house in  
laughter.

person to whose memory the epigrams xxvii.,  
xxxii., and xxxiii. are consecrated. I have  
already remarked on the solemn tone which the  
poet assumes in all his addresses to this family.

<sup>1</sup> Randolph has imitated this epigram in his  
*Pedlar*; a forgotten piece, from which Dodsley  
took the plot, and something more than the plot,  
of his *Tobacco-shop*.

<sup>2</sup> *The Virgin, long since fled from earth, I  
see,*

*To our times returned, hath made her heaven  
in thee.* This is high praise, but it is not be-  
stowed at random; and it comes from one who  
knew, and judged him well.

This great man was the natural son of Sir  
Richard Egerton, of Ridley, Cheshire, by Alice,  
daughter of Mr. Sparke, also of Cheshire. He  
was born in 1539, sent to Oxford when he was  
about seventeen, and thence to Lincoln's Inn.  
In 1584 he was appointed Solicitor-General, and  
two years afterwards he was made Master of  
the Rolls, which office he held together with  
that of Lord Keeper until the accession of  
James I., 1603, when he was advanced to the  
dignity of Baron of Ellesmere, and constituted  
Lord High Chancellor of England. In 1610 he

*Item*, the Babylonian song you sing;  
*Item*, a fair Greek poesy for a ring,  
With which a learned madam you bely.  
*Item*, a charm surrounding fearfully  
Your *partic-per-pale* picture, one half drawn  
In solemn cyprus, th' other cobweb lawn.  
*Item*, a gulling imprise for you, at tilt.  
*Item*, your mistress' anagram, in your hilt.  
*Item*, your own, sewed in your mistress'  
smock.

*Item*, an epitaph on my lord's cock,  
In most vile verses, and cost me more pain,  
Than had I made 'em good, to fit your  
vein.  
Forty things more, dear Grand, which you  
know true,  
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

## LXXIV.

TO THOMAS, LORD CHANCELLOR  
EGERTON.

Whilst thy weighed judgments, EGERTON,  
I hear,  
And know thee then a judge, not of one year;  
Whilst I behold thee live with purest hands;  
That no affection in thy voice commands;  
That still thou'rt present to the better cause;  
And no less wise than skilful in the laws;  
Whilst thou art certain to thy words, once  
gone,  
As is thy conscience, which is always one:  
The Virgin, long since fled from earth, I see,  
To our times returned, hath made her  
heaven in thee.<sup>2</sup>

was created Viscount Brackley, and died at  
York House in the Strand, 15th March, 1617,  
having on the third of that month obtained the  
King's leave, after long and earnest importunity,  
to resign the Great Seal. He was in his seventy-  
eighth year.

His person, as to its exterior, was so grave  
and dignified, that many people, Fuller says,  
have gone to the Chancery on purpose only to  
see his venerable garb, and were highly pleased  
at so acceptable a spectacle. But his interior  
presented a subject of higher admiration. "His  
apprehension was keen and ready; his judgment  
deep and sound, his reason clear and compre-  
hensive, his elocution eloquent and easy. As a  
lawyer he was prudent in council, extensive in  
information, honest in principle, so that while he  
lived he was excelled by none; and when he  
died he was lamented by all."—*Coll. Peerage*,  
vol. iii. p. 190.

Jonson has some allusion; to the Ode to  
Lollus, who was very far from an Egerton:

"*Consulque non minus anni  
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus  
Iudex honestum prætulit utili,*" &c.



## LXXV.

## ON LIPPE, THE TEACHER.

I cannot think there's that antipathy  
Twixt Puritans and Players, as some cry ;  
Though LIPPE, at Paul's, ran from his text  
away,  
To inveigh 'gainst plays, what did he then  
but play?

## LXXVI.

## ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,<sup>1</sup>  
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,  
What kind of creature I could most desire  
To honour, serve, and love; as Poets use.  
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,  
Of greatest blood, and yet more good  
than great ;  
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,  
Nor lend like influence from his lucent  
seat.  
I meant she should be courteous, facile,  
sweet,  
Hating that solemn vice of greatness,  
pride ;  
I meant each softest virtue there should  
meet,  
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.  
Only a learned, and a manly soul  
I purposed her ; that should, with even  
powers,  
The rock, the spindle, and the sheers control  
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.  
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to  
see,  
My Muse bade, BEDFORD write, and that  
was she !

## LXXVII.

TO ONE THAT DESIRED ME NOT TO  
NAME HIM.

Be safe, nor fear thyself so good a fame,  
That, any way, my book should speak thy  
name :

<sup>1</sup> *This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,*] The English language, rich as it is in effusions of this kind, does not furnish a complimentary poem that for delicacy of sentiment and beauty of diction can at all be compared with this exquisite epigram; which has yet the further merit of being consonant to truth. See *ante*, p. 8 a.

<sup>2</sup> *That poets are far rarer births than kings, Your noblest father proved.*] This lady, wife to Roger, Earl of Rutland, was daughter to Sir Philip Sidney, by his wife Frances, only daughter to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of

For, if thou shame ranked with my friends  
to go,  
I'm more ashamed to have thee thought  
my foe.

## LXXVIII.

## TO HORNET.

HORNET, thou hast thy wife drest for the  
stall,  
To draw thee custom : but herself gets all.

## LXXIX.

TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF  
RUTLAND.

That Poets are far rarer births than kings,<sup>\*</sup>  
Your noblest father proved ; like whom,  
before,  
Or then, or since, about our Muses' springs,  
Came not that soul exhausted so their  
store.  
Hence was it that the Destinies decreed  
(Save that most masculine issue of his  
brain)  
No male unto him ; who could so exceed  
Nature, they thought, in all that he would  
feign.  
At which, she happily displeased, made you :  
On whom, if he were living now, to look,  
He should those rare and absolute numbers  
view,  
As he would burn, or better far his book.

## LXXX.

## OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The ports of death are sins ; of life, good  
deeds ;  
Through which our merit leads us to our  
meeds.  
How wilful blind is he, then, that would stray,  
And hath it, in his powers to make his  
way !  
This world death's region is, the other life's ;  
And here, it should be one of our first strifes,

State to Queen Elizabeth. It is necessary to know such trivial circumstances, as in these smaller poems their chief merit often consists in the turns of thought which allude to them.—  
WHAL.

It is somewhat singular that Whalley should entertain this opinion, and yet that this should be almost the only person whom he has noticed. This celebrated lady, who was also the patroness of Donne and Daniel, and to whom Jonson wrote other verses, died before these poems were published. The "masculine issue" of her father was the *Arcadia*.

So to front death, as men might judge us  
past it :  
For good men but see death, the wicked  
taste it.

## LXXXI.

## TO PROULE, THE PLAGIARY.

Forbear to tempt me, PROULE, I will not  
show

A line unto thee, till the world it know ;  
Or that I've by two good sufficient men,  
To be the wealthy witness of my pen :  
For all thou hear'st, thou swear'st thyself  
didst do.

Thy wit lives by it, PROULE, and belly too.  
Which, if thou leave not soon, though I  
am loth,

I must a libel make, and cozen both.

## LXXXII.

## ON CASHIERED CAPTAIN SURLY.

SURLY's old whore in her new silks doth  
swim :

He cast, yet keeps her well ! No ; she  
keeps him.

## LXXXIII.

## TO A FRIEND.

To put out the word whore, thou dost me  
woo,  
Throughout my book. Troth, put out  
woman too.

<sup>1</sup> *To be the wealthy witness of my pen.*] This is a pure Latinism: *testis locuples* is the phrase for a full and sufficient evidence.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *O, madam, if your grant, &c.*] She had probably offered him a warrant for one: the object of the epigram seems to be that it should be sent home to him. [Drummond mentions that Jonson often repeated this epigram.—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> *Goodyere, I'm glad, &c.*] Sir Henry Goodyere, to whom this and the following epigram are addressed, was a gentleman of great probity and virtue, and much respected by the men of genius in our author's age. There was great intimacy between him and Dr. Donne, whose letters to Sir Henry Goodyere make up the greatest part of the collection published by the Doctor's son.—WHAL.

Sir Henry had a fine seat at Polesworth, in Warwickshire, where Jonson, much to his satisfaction, appears to have passed some time with him.

"To the honour of this Sir Henry," Camden says, "a knight memorable for his virtues, an affectionate friend of his made this tetrastich." There is certainly more affection than poetry in it:

## LXXXIV.

## TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Madam, I told you late, how I repented,  
I asked a lord a buck, and he denied me ;  
And, ere I could ask you, I was prevented .  
For your most noble offer had supplied  
me.

Straight went I home ; and there, most  
like a Poet,

I fancied to myself, what wine, what wit  
I would have spent ; how every Muse should  
know it,

And Phœbus' self should be at eating it.  
O, madam, if your grant did thus transfer  
me,<sup>2</sup>

Make it your gift ! See whither that will  
bear me.

## LXXXV.

## TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

GOODYERE, I am glad,<sup>3</sup> and grateful to re-  
port,

Myself a witness of thy few days' sport ;  
Where I both learned, why wise men  
hawking follow,

And why that bird was sacred to Apollo :  
She doth instruct men by her gallant flight,  
That they to knowledge so should tower  
upright,

And never stoop but to strike ignorance ;  
Which if they miss, yet they should re-  
advance

"An Ill yeare of a Goodyere us bereft  
Who, gone to God, much lack of him here left  
Full of good gifts of body and of mind,  
Wise, comely, learned, eloquent, and kind."

*Remains*, 341.

Sir Henry joined the band of wits who amused themselves with the simple vanity of Coryat. He was not much of a poet : and I give the following extract merely because it serves to illustrate a passage relating to the "trunk" in the *Masque of Love Restored*, p. 84 b :

"If any think Tom dull and heavy, know  
The court and city's mirth cannot be so ;  
Who thinks him light, ask them who had the  
task,  
To beare him in a tronke unto the maske."

In the page just referred to, there is an omission that I now wish to supply. The old copy reads "which made me once think of a *trunk*, but that I would not imitate so catholic a coxcomb as Coryat, and make a case : *uses*." The last words appearing unintelligible, were thrown to the bottom of the page. I now think I see the author's meaning, and that the defect may be thus remedied: "I would not imitate so catholic a coxcomb as Coryat, and make a case (*i.e.*, a pair) of *asses*."

To former height, and there in circle tarry,  
Till they be sure to make the fool their quarry.

Now, in whose pleasures I have this discerned,  
What would his serious actions me have learned?

LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

When I would know thee, GOODBYE, my thought looks  
Upon thy well-made choice of friends, and books;

Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends  
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends:

Now I must give thy life and deed the voice  
Attending such a study, such a choice;  
Where, though 't be love that to thy praise doth move,

It was a knowledge that begat that love.

LXXXVII.

ON CAPTAIN HAZARD, THE CHEATER.<sup>1</sup>

Touched with the sin of false play in his punque,

HAZARD a month foreswore his, and grew drunk,

Each night, to drown his cares; but when the gain

Of what she had wrought came in, and waked his brain,

Upon the accompt, hers grew the quicker trade:

Since when he's sober again, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII.

ON ENGLISH MONSIEUR.

Would you believe, when you this MONSIEUR see,

That his whole body should speak French, not he?

<sup>1</sup> On Captain Hazard, the cheater.] i.e., the gamester. The terms were synonymous in Jonson's age, and perhaps have been so in every age since.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> Farther than half-way tree.] In the way to Dover, in the poet's time, 'tis probable some remarkable tree might be standing in the road about half-way thither.—WHAL.

<sup>3</sup> To Edward Allen.] The fame of this celebrated actor yet lives in these verses of our author and in those of his cotemporary poets; but a more durable monument of his name and goodness is existing in Dulwich College, near London, of which he was the munificent and pious founder.—WHAL.

Two things may be collected from this excel-

That so much scarf of France, and hat, and feather,

And shoe, and tye, and garter, should come hither,

And land on one whose face durst never be  
Toward the sea, farther than half-way tree?

That he, untravell'd, should be French so much,

As Frenchmen in his company should seem Dutch?

Or had his father, when he did him get,  
The French disease, with which he labours yet?

Or hung some Monsieur's picture on the wall,

By which his dam conceived him, clothes and all?

Or is it some French statue? no: 't doth move,

And stoop, and cringe. O then, it needs must prove

The new French tailor's motion, monthly made,

Daily to turn in Paul's, and help the trade.

LXXXIX.

TO EDWARD ALLEN.<sup>3</sup>

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,  
Feared not to boast the glories of her stage,

As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men  
Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches then;

Who had no less a trumpet of their name,  
Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame:

How can so great example die in me,  
That, ALLEN, I should pause to publish thee?

Who both their graces in thyself hast more  
Outstript, than they did all that went before:

And present worth in all dost so contract,  
As others speak, but only thou dost act.

lent epigram—first, that Jonson had other acquaintance on the stage than Shakspeare: and secondly, that when he spoke of "some better natures among the players, who had been drawn in to abuse him," he did not, as Messrs. Steevens and Malone are pleased to suggest, necessarily mean that great poet.

Hurd has two or three pages of vapid pomposity, to prove that *doctus*, applied by Horace to Roscius, ought to be translated *skilful*, and not learned. Jonson, who had ten times Hurd's learning, without a tithe of his pedantry, had done it in one word. Of this, however, no notice is taken! The verse which Jonson, had in view is the Epistle to Augustus:

*Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.*

Wear this renown. 'Tis just, that who did  
give  
So many poets life, by one should live.

XC.

ON MILL, MY LADY'S WOMAN.

When MILL first came to court, th' unpro-  
fitting fool,  
Unworthy such a mistress, such a school,  
Was dull, and long ere she would go to man:  
At last, ease, appetite, and example wan  
The nicer thing to taste her lady's page;  
And, finding good security in his age,  
Went on: and proving him still day by day,  
Discerned no difference of his years or play.  
Not though that hair grew brown which  
once was amber,  
And he, grown youth, was called to his  
lady's chamber;  
Still Mill continued: nay, his face growing  
worse,  
And he removed to gentleman of the horse,  
Mill was the same. Since, both his body  
and face  
Blown up; and he (too unwieldy for that  
place)  
Hath got the steward's chair; he will not  
tarry  
Longer a day, but with his Mill will marry:  
And it is hoped, that she, like Milo, wull  
First bearing him a calf, bear him a bull.

XCII.

TO SIR HORACE VERE.<sup>1</sup>

Which of thy names I take, not only bears  
A Roman sound, but Roman virtue wears,  
Illustrious VERE, or HORACE; fit to be  
Sung by a Horace, or a Muse as free;  
Which thou art to thyself: whose fame was  
won  
In the eye of Europe, where thy deeds were  
done,  
When on thy trumpet she did sound a blast,  
Whose relish to eternity shall last.  
I leave thy acts, which should I prosecute

Throughout, might flattery seem; and to  
be mute

To any one, were envy; which would live  
Against my grave, and time could not for-  
give.

I speak thy other graces, not less shown,  
Nor less in practice; but less marked, less  
known:

Humanity, and piety, which are  
As noble in great chiefs, as they are rare;  
And best become the valiant man to wear,  
Who more should seek men's reverence  
than fear.

XCIII.

THE NEW CRY.

Ere cherries ripe! and strawberries! be  
gone,

Unto the CRIES OF LONDON I'll add one.

Ripe statesmen, ripe! they grow in every  
street;

At six and twenty, ripe. You shall them  
meet,

And have them yield no savour but of state.  
Ripe are their ruffs, their cuffs, their beards,

their gait,  
And grave as ripe, like mellow as their faces.

They know the states of Christendom, not  
the places;

Yet they have seen the maps, and bought  
them too,

And understand them, as most chapmen do.  
The councils, projects, practices they know,

And what each prince doth for intelligence  
owe,

And unto whom; they are the almanacks,  
For twelve years yet to come, what each  
state lacks.

They carry in their pockets Tacitus,  
And the Gazetti, or Gallo-Belgicus;

And talk reserved, locked up, and full of fear,  
Nay ask you how the day goes, in your ear;

Keep a Star-chamber sentence close twelve  
days,

And whisper what a Proclamation says.

They meet in sixes, and at every mart

Are sure to con the catalogue by heart;

<sup>1</sup> To Sir Horace Vere.] He was created Lord Tilbury, and was the famous general in the Low Country wars in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Many of the nobility at that time served under him.—WHAL.

Sir Horace was grandson of John Vere, fifth Earl of Oxford. He was a celebrated warrior, as well as his elder brother, Sir Francis Fuller, in his quaint but forcible manner, says, that "he had more meekness, and as much valour as his brother; so pious, that he first made his peace with God before he went out to war with man."

Rowland Whyte (in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated *Court*, 7th Nov. 1607,) says, "Sir Horacio Vere shall marry within these eight days, one Mrs. Hobby, a widow, sister to Sir John Tracey; a fine, comely, well graced gentlewoman." To this lady, who outlived Sir Horace nearly forty years, the Parliament confided the care of the younger children of their unfortunate sovereign. They could not be in better hands, for she was "a person of excellent character." Sir Horace was created Lord Vere of Tilbury in 1625, being, as Fuller says, the first baron made by Charles I.

Or every day, some one at Rimee's looks,  
Or Bill's,<sup>1</sup> and there he buys the names of  
books.

They all get Porta, for the sundry ways  
To write in cipher, and the several keys  
To ope the character; they've found the  
slight

With juice of limons, onions, piss, to write;  
To break up seals, and close them: and  
they know,

If the States make peace, how it will go  
With England. All forbidden books they get,  
And of the powder-plot, they will talk yet:  
At naming the French king their heads  
they shake,

And at the Pope and Spain slight faces make;  
Or 'gainst the bishops for the brethren rail,  
Much like those brethren; thinking to pre-  
vail

With ignorance on us, as they have done  
On them: and therefore do not only shun  
Others more modest, but condemn us too,  
That know not so much state, wrong, as  
they do.

## XCIII.

TO SIR JOHN RADCLIFFE.

How like a column, RADCLIFFE, left alone,<sup>2</sup>  
For the great mark of virtue, those being  
gone

<sup>1</sup> *Some one at Rimee's looks,  
Or Bill's—*

*They all get Porta*] The two first were  
booksellers in that age: the last was the famous  
Neapolitan, *Johannes Baptista Porta*, who has  
a treatise extant in Latin, *De furtivis literarum  
notis, vulgo de Ziferis*, printed at Naples 1563.  
He died 1615.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *How like a column, Radcliffe, &c.*] This  
epigram (a very admirable one) is addressed to  
the surviving brother of Margaret Radcliffe.  
(See Epig. xl.) It undoubtedly furnished  
Edwards with the model for his affecting  
sonnet, *On a Family Picture*, which the reader  
will find subjoined, and which may be counted  
among the best of this polished and amiable man.

"ON A FAMILY PICTURE.

"When pensive on that portraiture I gaze,  
Where my four brothers round about me stand,  
And four fair sisters smile with graces bland,  
The goodly monument of happier days;  
And think how soon insatiate death, who preys  
On all, has cropt the rest with ruthless hand:  
While only I survive of all that band,  
Which one chaste bed did to my father raise:

It seems that like a column left alone,  
The tottering remnant of some splendid fane,  
Escaped from the fury of the barbarous Gaul,  
And wasting time which has the rest o'erthrown,  
Amidst our house's ruins I remain  
Single, unpropt, and nodding to my fall."

Who did, alike with thee, thy house up-bear;  
Stand'st thou, to shew the times what you  
all were?

Two bravely in the battle fell and died,\*  
Upbraiding rebels' arms and barbarous  
pride:

And two that would have fall'n as great as  
they,

The Belgic fever ravished away.

Thou, that art all their valour, all their spirit,  
And thine own goodness to encrease thy  
merit,

Than whose I do not know a whiter soul,  
Nor could I, had I seen all nature's roll,  
Thou yet remain'st, unhurt in peace or war,  
Though not unproved; which shows thy  
fortunes are

Willing to expiate the fault in thee,

Wherewith, against thy blood, they' of-  
fenders be.

## XCIV.

TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD, WITH  
MASTER DONNE'S SATIRES.<sup>3</sup>

LUCY, you brightness of our sphere, who are  
Life of the Muses' day, their morning star!  
If works, not th' authors, their own grace  
should look,

Whose poems would not wish to be your  
book?

It is melancholy to add to the little history of  
Sir J. Radcliffe's family, that this "column"  
also, this "great mark of virtue," fell, not many  
years afterwards, like the rest. That valiant  
and generally beloved gentleman (Weever  
says,) Sir John Radcliffe, lieutenant colonel,  
was slain fighting against the French in the  
isle of Rhee, the 29th of October, in the year of  
our Lord, 1627.

<sup>3</sup> Daniel, who has a poem addressed to the  
countess, terms her "learned;" undoubtedly  
she was a most accomplished lady, and skilled in  
a variety of arts not much studied by the  
females of those days. Sir Thomas Roe has a  
letter to her, in which he speaks of her pro-  
ficiency in the knowledge of ancient medals;  
and Sir William Temple mentions her  
applause in his Essay on the gardens of Epicurus,  
for "projecting the most perfect figure of a  
garden that he ever saw." Granger attempts  
to be severe on her bounty to the poets; but as  
Drayton, Donne, Daniel, and our author were  
among the number, her liberality seems to be  
nearly as secure from censure as her judgment.

It is pleasing to mark the habitual kindness  
with which Jonson recommends his friend's  
works, and the ingenious mode in which he  
compliments his patroness for desiring to have a  
copy of the *Satires*.

\* In Ireland.

But these, desired by you, the maker's ends  
Crown with their own : Rare poems ask  
rare friends.

Yet satires, since the most of mankind be  
Their unavoided subject, fewest see ;

For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's  
sense,

But, when they heard it taxed, took more  
offence.

They then, that living where the matter's  
bred,

Dare for these poems yet both ask, and read,  
And like them too ; must needfully, though  
few,

Be of the best, and 'mongst those best are  
you :

Lucy, your brightness of our sphere, who are  
The Muses' evening, as their morning star !

## XCIV.

TO SIR HENRY SAVILE.

If, my religion safe, I durst embrace  
That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,  
I should believe the soul of Tacitus

In thee, most weighty SAVILE, lived to us :  
So hast thou rendered him in all his bounds,  
And all his numbers, both of sense and  
sounds.

But when I read that special piece restored,  
Where Nero falls, and Galba is adored,  
To thine own proper I ascribe then more,  
And gratulate the breach I grieved before ;

<sup>1</sup> *Were thy glad country blest,*

*To have her story woven in thy thread.*] It  
was then imagined, that Sir Henry Savile intended  
to have compiled a general history of  
England : but he gave over the design, and  
engaged in the excellent edition of Chrysostom,  
which he afterwards published.—WHAL.

There is no date to this epigram ; but it  
must have been written after 1604, as he did  
not receive the honour of knighthood till  
that year, and before 1613, in which year  
his magnificent edition of Chrysostom's Works,  
8 vol. fol. appeared, which Jonson would  
not have omitted to mention. Sir Henry  
was one of the most learned men of that learned  
age, and published many valuable works, which  
raised his reputation no less abroad than at  
home. The translation of which Jonson speaks  
was published long before the death of Elizabeth,  
to whom it was dedicated : to this he appended  
a large body of notes, in which the breaks in the  
original are occasionally supplied with great  
ingenuity. He was admirably skilled in the  
history of this country, and collected and  
printed the tracts of many of the best ancient  
writers on the subject ; if therefore he really  
designed, as Whalley says, to compile a general  
history of England, we have to lament that one

Which Fate, it seems, caused in the history,  
Only to boast thy merit in supply.

O, wouldst thou add like hand to all the rest !  
Or, better work ! were thy glad country  
blest,

To have her story woven in thy thread ;<sup>1</sup>  
Minerva's loom was never richer spread.

For who can master those great parts like  
thee,

That liv'st from hope, from fear, from fac-  
tion free ?

That hast thy breast so clear of present  
crimes,

Thou need'st not shrink at voice of after-  
times ;

Whose knowledge claimeth at the helm to  
stand,

But wisely thrusts not forth a forward  
hand,

No more than Sallust in the Roman state :  
As then his cause, his glory emulate.

Although to write be lesser than to do,  
It is the next deed, and a great one too.

We need a man that knows the several  
graces

Of history, and how to apt their places ;  
Where brevity, where splendour, and where  
height,

Where sweetness is required, and where  
weight ;

We need a man can speak of the intents,<sup>2</sup>

The counsels, actions, orders, and events  
Of state, and censure them ; we need his pen

so well qualified for the task found cause to lay  
it aside.

Sir Henry was warden of Merton College,  
Oxford, and provost of Eton. Aubrey says  
that he was a severe governor, and that the  
scholars hated him for his austerity : but all  
governors were severe in those days. The  
worst of him was that "he could not abide  
witts ;"—"If a young scholar was recommended  
to him for a good witt, 'Out upon him !' he  
would say, 'I'll have nothing to do with him—  
if I would look for witts I would go to Newgate,  
there be the witts.'"—*Letters by Eminent*  
*Persons*, vol. ii. p. 525

Aubrey has other complaints ; but his idle  
stories are the more gossip of the day.—Sir  
Henry Savile was, after all, everything that  
Jonson describes him to be ; and we may  
securely acquiesce in the opinion of Bishop  
Montague, that he was "a magazine of learn-  
ing, whose memory will be honourable amongst  
not only the wise but the righteous for ever."

<sup>2</sup> *We need a man can speak of the intents,*

*The counsels, actions, orders, and events,*  
&c.] These are the essentials of history, and  
are laid down by Cicero (*de Oratore*, lib. 2.), as  
what a good historian should be capable of  
treating : this sentiment is taken from thence.—  
WHAL.

Can write the things, the causes, and the men:  
But most we need his faith (and all have you),  
That dares not write things false, nor hide things true.<sup>1</sup>

XCVI.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Who shall doubt, DONNE, where I a poet be,<sup>2</sup>  
When I dare send my Epigrams to thee?  
That so alone canst judge, so alone dost make:  
And in thy censures evenly dost take  
As free simplicity to disavow,  
As thou hast best authority t' allow.  
Read all I send; and if I find but one  
Marked by thy hand, and with the better stone,  
My title's sealed. Those that for claps do write,  
Let put'neers, porters', players' praise delight,  
And till they burst their backs like asses load:  
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

XCVII.

ON THE NEW MOTION.

See you yond' MOTION? not the old fa-ding,  
Nor Captain Pod, nor yet the Eltham thing;<sup>3</sup>  
But one more rare, and in the case so new:

<sup>1</sup> *That dares not, &c.*] This is the primary feature of a good historian, according to Cicero: "*Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.*"

<sup>2</sup> *Who shall doubt, Donne, where I a poet be.*] This contraction of the interrogative *whether*, seems peculiar to the poet.—WHAL.

Whalley is greatly mistaken: it is common to them all. Jonson has no peculiarities.

<sup>3</sup> *Nor Captain Pod, nor yet the Eltham thing.*] *Pod* has been mentioned before as the master of a puppet-show: the *Eltham thing* is alluded to in the *Silent Woman*: "The perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham."—WHAL.

For *fa ding*, see ante, p. 93 a.

<sup>4</sup> *Nor did the King of Denmark, &c.*] Christian IV. who visited this country in 1606. See vol. ii. p. 583.

<sup>5</sup> *Sir Thomas Roe.*] Grandson of Sir Thomas Roe, and nephew of the Sir John, and William Roe already mentioned. "In this great man," Granger truly says, "the accomplishments of the scholar, the gentleman, and the statesman, were eminently united. During his residence in the Mogul's court, he zealously promoted the trading interest of this kingdom, for which the East India Company is indebted

His cloak with orient velvet quite lined through;  
His rosy ties and garters so o'erblown,  
By his each glorious parcel to be known!  
He wont was to encounter me aloud,  
Where-e'er he met me, now he's dumb or proud.  
Know you the cause? he has neither land nor lease,  
Nor bawdy stock that travels for increase,  
Nor office in the town, nor place in court,  
Nor 'bout the bears, nor noise to make lords sport.  
He is no favourite's favourite, no dear trust  
Of any madam hath need o' squires, and must.  
Nor did the King of Denmark him salute,<sup>4</sup>  
When he was here; nor hath he got a suit,  
Since he was gone, more than the one he wears.  
Nor are the queen's most honoured maids  
by th' ears  
About his form. What then so swells each limb?  
Only his clothes have over-leavened him.

XCVIII.

TO SIR THOMAS ROE.<sup>5</sup>

Thou hast begun well, ROE, which stand well to,  
And I know nothing more thou hast to do.  
He that is round within himself, and straight,<sup>6</sup>

to him to this day. In his embassy to the Grand Signior, he collected many valuable Greek and Oriental manuscripts, which he presented to the Bodleian Library, to which he left his valuable collection of coins. The fine Alexandrian MS. of the Greek Bible which Cyrill, the patriarch of Constantinople, presented to Charles I., was procured by his means. This was afterwards published by Dr. Grabe. His speech, at the council-table, against debasing the coin in the reign of Charles, gained him the highest reputation. His curious and interesting "Negotiations" were first published by the Society for Promoting Learning, 1740, fol.

Sir Thomas was the son of Robert Roe: he was born in 1580, and about the close of Elizabeth's reign was made esquire of the body to that princess. He was knighted by James I. in 1604, and in 1614 appointed, at the request of the East India Company, ambassador to the Mogul: he continued at his court four years, and was dismissed with extraordinary honours. He died after a very active and useful life in 1644, and was buried in Woodford church, Essex.

<sup>6</sup> *He that is round, &c.*] From Horace:

*Totus teres atque rotundus,  
In quem manca ruit fortuna, &c.*

Need seek no other strength, no other height ;

Fortune upon him breaks herself, if ill,  
And what would hurt his virtue, makes it still.

That thou at once then nobly mayst defend  
With thine own course the judgment of thy friend,

Be always to thy gathered self the same,  
And study conscience more than thou wouldst fame.

Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,

And ever is ill got without the first.

## XCIX.

## TO THE SAME.

That thou hast kept thy love, encreased thy will,

Bettered thy trust to letters ; that thy skill  
Hast taught thyself worthy thy pen to tread,  
And that to write things worthy to be read ;  
How much of great example wert thou, ROE,

If time to facts as unto men would owe ?  
But much it now avails, what's done, of whom :

The self-same deeds, as diversly they come  
From place or fortune, are made high or low,

And e'en the praiser's judgment suffers so.  
Well, though thy name less than our great ones be,

Thy fact is more : let truth encourage thee.

## C.

ON PLAY-WRIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

PLAY-WRIGHT, by chance, hearing some toys I'd writ,

Cried to my face they were th' elixir of wit :

<sup>1</sup> On *Play-wright*.] This epigram is said by Stephen Jones (the person so judiciously selected by the booksellers to prepare the new edition of the *Biographia Dramatica*) to have been written on the appearance of Ford's *Ladies' Trial*. "Ben Jonson (he says) a bitter enemy of Ford's, charges the latter with having stolen a character in this play from him.

"Playwright (i.e. Ford) hearing," &c.

Mr. Jones has not here the usual apology for his stupidity,—that "he found it so in the former edition ;" for Reed, though Macklin's forgery lay before him, was too well acquainted with dates to adopt it. The fact is, that the *Ladies' Trial* did not appear till two years after Jonson's death, while the epigram to which it is here said to have given birth, was published two and twenty, and probably written two and thirty years before ! All this Mr. Jones must

And I must now believe him ; for to-day,  
Five of my jests, then stolen, past him a play.

## CI.

## INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER.

To-night, grave sir, both my poor house and I

Do equally desire your company :  
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,  
But that your worth will dignify our feast  
With those that come ; whose grace may make that seem

Something, which else could hope for no esteem.

It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates  
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.  
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,  
An olive, capers, or some better sallad  
Ushering the mutton ; with a short legged hen,

If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,  
Limons, and wine for sauce : to these a coney

Is not to be despaired of for our money ;  
And though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks,

The sky not falling, think we may have larks.

I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come :

Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some

May yet be there ; and godwit if we can ;  
Knat,<sup>2</sup> rail, and ruff too. Howsoe'er, my man

Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,<sup>3</sup>  
Livy, or of some better book to us,  
Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat ;

And I'll profess no verses to repeat :

have found stated in the very paper from which he copied the epigram ; and all this he chose to conceal from an itch become quite epidemic among the low scribblers of his cast, to insult the memory of Jonson. The assertion that this great poet was the *bitter enemy of Ford*, is an echo of the profligate falsehood of Weber, who is not afraid to declare that it is proved by *indisputable documents* ! whereas the only memorial of any passage whatever between Ford and Jonson, now known to exist, is a very friendly clergy by the former, "ON THE DEATH OF THE BEST OF ENGLISH POETS, BEN JONSON." It is mortifying to contend with such a "case of asses" ;—but they must not be suffered to kick at the a-hes of Jonson with impunity.

<sup>2</sup> [Knat, or knot, was a bird of the snipe kind.

<sup>3</sup> F. C.]

Howsoe'er my man

Shall read a piece of Virgil, &c.] Richard



To this if aught appear which I not know  
of,

That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.  
Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be;  
But that which most doth take my Muse  
and me,

Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,  
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be  
mine :<sup>1</sup>

Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,  
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had  
lasted.

Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,  
Are all but Luther's beer, to this I sing.  
Of this we will sup free, but moderately,  
And we will have no Pooley' or Patriot by ;  
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men :  
But at our parting, we will be as when  
We innocently met. No simple word  
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board,  
Shall make us sad next morning ; or affright  
The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.

## CII.

TO WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE.

I do but name thee, PEMBROKE, and I find  
It is an Epigram on all mankind ;  
Against the bad, but of, and to the good :  
Both which are asked, to have thee understood.

Nor could the age have missed thee, in  
this strife

Of vice and virtue, wherein all great life  
Almost is exercised, and scarce one knows  
To which, yet, of the sides himself he owes.  
They follow virtue for reward to-day ;  
To-morrow vice, if she give better pay :  
And are so good, and bad, just at a price,  
As nothing else discerns the virtue' or vice.

Broom, his servant, whom he had apparently  
instructed in Latin, whose talents justify his  
master's pains, and whose good qualities warrant  
his affection. Jonson had Juvenal in view  
here :

*Nostra dabunt alios hodie convivia ludos ;  
Conditor Ithados cantabitur, atque Maronis  
Alitisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.*  
Sat. 11.

<sup>1</sup> Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be  
mine.] The Mermaid, a tavern in Bread-  
street, at that time frequented by our author  
and his poetical friends, Beaumont and Fletcher,  
and the reigning wits of the age.—WHAL.

This is from Horace's *Invitation to Virgil* :

*"Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum  
Qui nunc Sulpicis accubet horreis,  
Spes donare novus largus," &c.*

But the plan of the whole is from a little poem of

But thou, whose noblesse keeps one stature  
still,<sup>2</sup>

And one true posture, though besieged with  
ill

Of what ambition, faction, pride can raise ;  
Whose life, even they that envy it, must  
praise ;

That art so revered, as thy coming in,  
But in the view, doth interrupt their sin ;  
Thou must draw more : and they that hope  
to see

The commonwealth still safe, must study  
thee.

## CIII.

TO MARY, LADY WROTH.<sup>3</sup>

How well, fair crown of your fair sex, might  
he

That but the twilight of your sprite did see,  
And noted for what flesh such souls were  
framed,

Know you to be a Sidney, though unnamed ?  
And being named, how little doth that name  
Need any Muse's praise to give it fame ?

Which is itself the impresse of the great,  
And glory of them all, but to repeat !  
Forgive me then, if mine but say you are  
A Sidney ; but in that extend as far  
As loudest praisers, who perhaps would find  
For every part a character assigned ;  
My praise is plain, and wheresoe'er profest,  
Becomes none more than you, who need it  
least.

## CIV.

TO SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.<sup>4</sup>

Were they that named you prophets ? did  
they see,  
Even in the dew of grace, what you would  
be ?

Martial, lib. x. epig. 48, of which it has many  
incidental imitations, particularly of the con-  
cluding lines :

*De Nomentana vinum sine face lugena,  
Quæ bis Frontino consule plena fuit.  
Accedent sine felle joci, nec mane timenda  
Libertas, et nil quod tacuisse velis :  
De Frasio conviva meus, Venetique loquatur ;  
Nec facient quæquam pocula nostra reum.*

<sup>2</sup> But thou whose noblesse, &c.] i.e. nobleness,  
nobility. A word which we have very impro-  
vidently suffered to become obsolete.

<sup>3</sup> To Mary, Lady Wroth.] She was a woman  
of genius, and wrote a romance called *Urania*,  
printed in folio, 1621 ; she was wife to Sir  
Robert Wroth of Durance, in the county of  
Middlesex, and daughter to Robert, Earl of  
Leicester, a younger brother of Sir Philip  
Sidney.—WHAL.

<sup>4</sup> To Susan, Countess of Montgomery.] Wife

Or did our times require it, to behold  
A new SUSANNA, equal to that old?  
Or, because some scarce think that story true,  
To make those faithful did the Fates send  
you,

And to your Scene lent no less dignity  
Of birth, of match, of form, of chastity?  
Or, more than born for the comparison  
Of former age, or glory of our own,  
Were you advanced past those times, to be  
The light and mark unto posterity?  
Judge they that can : here I have raised to  
show,

A picture which the world for yours must  
know,  
And like it too ; if they look equally :  
If not, 'tis fit for you some should envy.

## CV.

## TO MARY, LADY WROTH.

Madam, had all antiquity been lost,  
All history sealed up, and fables crost,  
That we had left us, nor by time nor place,  
Least mention of a Nymph, a Muse, a  
Grace,

But even their names were to be made anew,  
Who could not but create them all from you?  
He that but saw you wear the wheaten hat,  
Would call you more than Ceres, if not that;  
And drest in shepherd's tire, who would not  
say

You were the bright (Enone, Flora, or May?  
If dancing, all would cry, the Idalian queen  
Were leading forth the Graces on the green ;  
And armed to the chase, so bare her bow  
Diana' alone, so hit, and hunted so.

There's none so dull that for your style  
would ask,

That saw you put on Pallas' plumed cask ;  
Or, keeping your due state, that would not  
cry,

There Juno sat, and yet no peacock by :

to Philip, Earl of Montgomery, and grand-daughter to William, Lord Burghley.—WHAL.

This accomplished and excellent woman, who appeared in most of Jonson's Masques at court, has been more than once noticed. She was a lady of strict piety and virtue, and wrote a little treatise called *Eusebia, expressing briefly the Soul's praying robes*, 1620.

It is much to the credit, or the good fortune of "that memorable simpleton," as Walpole calls him, Philip Herbert, to have married in succession two wives of such distinguished worth. His second, as the reader knows, was the high-born and high-spirited daughter of George, Earl of Cumberland, widow of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

<sup>1</sup> *Sir Edward Herbert.*] Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was a person of great learning

So are you Nature's Index, and restore,  
In yourself, all treasure lost of the age be-  
fore.

## CVI.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT.<sup>1</sup>

If men get name for some one virtue ; then,  
What man art thou, that art so many men,  
All-virtuous Herbert ! on whose every part  
Truth might spend all her voice, Fame all  
her art ?

Whether thy learning they would take, or  
wit,

Or valour, or thy judgment seasoning it,  
Thy standing upright to thyself, thy ends  
Like straight, thy piety to God, and friends :  
Their latter praise would still the greatest be,  
And yet they, all together, less than thee.

## CVII.

## TO CAPTAIN HUNGRY.

Do what you come for, captain, with your  
news ;

That's sit and eat : do not my ears abuse.  
I oft look on false coin to know't from true ;  
Not that I love it more than I will you.

Tell the gross Dutch those grosser tales of  
yours,

How great you were with their two empe-  
rours ;

And yet are with their princes : fill them full  
Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull.

Tell them what parts you've ta'en, whence  
run away,

What states you've gulled, and which yet  
keeps you' in pay.

Give them your services, and embassies  
In Ireland, Holland, Sweden ; pompous  
lies !

In Hungary and Poland, Turkie too ;  
What at Ligerne, Rome, Florence you did  
do :

and of many excellent qualities as a statesman, a gentleman, and a scholar. This was all that was known of him at the period when this epigram appeared ; but he subsequently fell into strange contradictions : with great professions of piety he openly disavowed all belief in a divine revelation, and yet persuaded himself that his own prayers were audibly answered from heaven ! He was advanced to the dignity of baron of the kingdom of Ireland in 1625, and in 1631 was created Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in Shropshire, a favour which he repaid by joining the enemies of his sovereign, on the breaking out of the civil war. His death took place in 1648. "He died (Aubrey says) very serenely ; asked what it was o'clock, and then, sayed he, An hour hence I shall depart !" He then turned his head to the other side, and expired."

And, in some year, all these together heaped,  
For which there must more sea and land be  
leaped,

If but to be believed you have the hap,  
Than can a flea at twice skip i' the map.

Give your young statesmen (that first make  
you drunk,

And then lie with you, closer than a punque,  
For news) your Villeroys, and Silleries,  
Janins, your Nuncios, and your Tuilleries,  
Your Archdukes agents, and your Bering-  
hams,

That are your words of credit. Keep your  
names

Of Hannow, Shieter-huissen, Popenheim,  
Hans-spigle, Rotteinberg, and Bouters-  
heim,

For your next meal; this you are sure of.  
Why

Will you part with them here unthrifly?

Nay, now you puff, tusk, and draw up your  
chin,

Twirl the poor chain you run a-feasting  
in.—

Come, be not angry, you are HUNGRY; eat:  
Do what you come for, captain; there's  
your meat.

<sup>1</sup> *To true soldiers.*] We have this epigram in the *Apologetical Dialogue*, printed at the end of the *Poetaster*; and it seems to have been written as a kind of compensation for the character of Captain Tucca, in that play.—WHAL.

This was written before the *Poetaster*. Could not Whalley see that it alluded to the *Captain* in the preceding epigram? If there was any soldier stupid enough to take the character of Tucca as a reflexion on the army, he was not to be reclaimed to sense by the power of verse. Jonson produced the epigram in his *Apology* to shew that he entertained no disrespectful opinion of the profession of a soldier. In a word, it is impossible to read that comedy, and listen to the complaints which the men of arms and of law are said to have made on the occasion, without discovering that they were more captious than just, and that the poet himself was the calumniated person.

<sup>2</sup> *Is such.*] i.e. is the Captain Hungry whom I have just satirized. The observation is well-timed.

<sup>3</sup> *To Sir Henry Nevil.*] Son to Edward, Lord Abergavenny: he succeeded his father in the title in 1622, and died in December, 1641. Holland, in his additions to *Camden's Britannia*, mentions a place in Berkshire, called Bilingsbere, the inhabitation of Sir Henry Nevil, issued from the Lord Abergavenny.—WHAL.

Surely Whalley has mistaken the person to whom this is addressed, or confounded two different characters. The Sir Henry Neville of the poet was the son of Sir H. Neville of Billingbear, by Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir John Gresham. He was a very distinguished

## CVIII.

TO TRUE SOLDIERS.<sup>1</sup>

Strength of my country, whilst I bring to  
view

Such as are miscalled captains, and wrong  
you,

And your high names; I do desire that  
thence

Be nor put on you, nor you take offence.

I swear by your true friend, my Muse, I love  
Your great profession, which I once did  
prove;

And did not shame it with my actions then,  
No more than I dare now do with my pen.

He that not trusts me, having vowed thus  
much,

But's angry for the captain, still; is such.<sup>2</sup>

## CIX.

TO SIR HENRY NEVIL.<sup>3</sup>

Who now calls on thee, NEVIL, is a Muse  
That serves not fame, nor titles; but doth  
chuse

Where virtue makes them both, and that's  
in thee:

statesman, and much employed by the Queen, to whom he was introduced by Cecil. He was connected with the secretary by marriage; but he was less indebted to this for his promotion at court than to his own merits; "being," as Mr. Lodge says, "a person of great wisdom and integrity." He was sent ambassador to France in 1599, whence he returned in the following year, time enough, unfortunately for his future peace and prosperity, to be implicated in the wild treason of the Earl of Essex. He was committed to the Tower, "which," says Cecil to Sir Ralph Winwood, "being rather matter of form than substance, if any of his friends should have industriously opposed, it had been the ready way to have forced a course of more severity." What more was to be feared, I know not, but he was heavily fined; and his release from the Tower did not take place till some months after the accession of James. That he had really been in some danger, may be collected from the following passage:

"Thou rather striv'st the matter to possess,  
And elements of honour, than the dress;  
To make *thy lent life* good against the fates,  
And thence," &c.

But though restored to liberty, he was not advanced, as was generally expected. "All men (Sir Henry Wotton says) contemplate Sir Henry Neville for the future secretary: some saying that it is but deferred till the return of the Queen (Anne, who was then at Bath) that she may be allowed a hand in his introduction!" James, however, had strong prepossessions

Where all is fair beside thy pedigree.  
Thou art not one seek'st miseries with hope,  
Wrestlest with dignities, or feign'st a scope  
Of service to the public, when the end  
Is private gain, which hath long guilt to  
friend.

Thou rather striv'st the matter to possess,  
And elements of honour, than the dress;  
To make thy lent life good against the Fates:  
And first to know thine own state, then the  
State's;

To be the same in root thou art in height;  
And that thy soul should give thy flesh her  
weight.

Go on, and doubt not what posterity,  
Now I have sung thee thus, shall judge of  
thee.

Thy deeds unto thy name will prove new  
wombs,

Whilst others toil for titles to their tombs.

## CX.

TO CLEMENT EDMONDS, ON HIS CÆSAR'S  
COMMENTARIES OBSERVED AND TRANS-  
LATED.<sup>1</sup>

Not Cæsar's deeds, nor all his honours won,  
In these west parts,<sup>2</sup> nor, when that war  
was done,

The name of Pompey for an enemy,  
Cato's to boot; Rome, and her liberty,  
All yielding to his fortune, nor the while,  
To have engraved these acts with his own  
style,

And that so strong and deep, as't might be  
thought

He wrote with the same spirit that he  
fought;

Nor that his work lived in the hands of foes,  
Unargued then, and yet hath fame from  
those;

Not all these, EDMONDS, or what else put to,  
Can so speak Cæsar as thy labours do.

For where his person lived scarce one just  
age,

against him, which no interest could overcome,  
and the little remainder of this able statesman's  
life (for his correspondence is among the best in  
Winwood's collection) passed in dejection and  
comparative obscurity. It is to the honour of  
Jonson's steady friendship that he liberally  
praises, and commends to the notice of posterity,  
a worthy man depressed by two sovereigns,  
by each of whom he was himself favoured and  
patronized.

Sir Henry died 1615. He married Anne,  
daughter of Sir Henry Killigrew of Cornwall;  
by whom he had seven sons, whose descendants  
yet enjoy the family seat of their great ancestor.

And that midst envy and parts; then fell  
by rage:

His deeds too dying, but in books, whose  
good

How few have read! how fewer under-  
stood!

Thy learned hand and true Promethean art,  
As by a new creation, part by part,  
In every counsel, stratagem, design,  
Action or engine, worth a note of thine,  
T' all future time not only doth restore  
His life, but makes, that he can die no more.

## CXI.

TO THE SAME, ON THE SAME.

Who, EDMONDS, reads thy book, and doth  
not see

What the antiqued soldiers were, the modern  
be?

Wherein thou shew'st how much the later  
are

Beholding to this master of the war;  
And that in action there is nothing new,  
More than to vary what our elders knew;  
Which all but ignorant Captains will con-  
fess;

Nor to give Cæsar this, makes ours the less.  
Yet thou, perhaps, shalt meet some tongues  
will grutch

That to the world thou shouldst reveal so  
much,

And thence deprave thee and thy work: to  
those

Cæsar stands up, as from his urn late rose,  
By thy great help; and doth proclaim by  
me,

They murder him again that envy thee.

## CXII.

TO A WEAK GAMESTER IN POETRY.

With thy small stock, why art thou ven-  
turing still,

At this so subtle sport, and play'st so ill?

<sup>1</sup> To Clement Edmonds, on his *Cæsar's Commentaries*.] Of this learned gentleman, who bore several public offices during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I., the reader has an account in the *Athene Oxonienses*. — WHAL.

This and the following poem were prefixed, with other commendatory verses, to "*Observations upon Cæsar's Commentaries: by Clement Edmonds, Remembrancer of the city of London*," fol.

<sup>2</sup> In these west parts.] i.e. in Gaul and Britain. — WHAL.

Think'st thou it is mere fortune that can win,  
Or thy rank setting? that thou dar'st put in  
Thy all, at all : and whatsoe'er I do,  
Art still at that, and think'st to blow me  
up too?

I cannot for the stage a Drama lay,  
Tragic or comic, but thou writ'st the play.  
I leave thee there, and giving way, intend  
An Epic poem ; thou hast the same end.  
I modestly quit that, and think to write,  
Next morn, an Ode ; thou mak'st a song  
ere night.

I pass to Elegies ; thou meet'st me there ;  
To Satires ; and thou dost pursue me. Where,  
Where shall I scape thee ? in an Epigram ?  
O, thou cry'st out, that is my proper game.  
Troth, if it be, I pity thy ill luck,  
That both for wit and sense so oft dost  
pluck,  
And never art encountered, I confess ;  
Nor scarce dost colour for it, which is less.  
Prithce yet save thy rest ; give o'er in time :  
There's no vexation that can make thee  
prime.<sup>1</sup>

## CXIII.

TO SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.<sup>2</sup>

So Phœbus make me worthy of his bays,  
As but to speak thee, Overbury, is praise :  
So where thou liv'st thou mak'st life understood,  
Where, what makes other great, doth keep  
thee good !  
I think the Fate of court thy coming craved,

<sup>1</sup> *There's no vexation that can make thee prime.* This is an excellent little poem ; the allusion to a set at *primero*, which pervades the whole of it, is supported with equal spirit and ingenuity.

One of Sir John Harrington's "epigrams," or, as Jonson called them, "narrations," contains "the story of Marcus' life at *primero*." In this the various accidents of the game are detailed with great dulness and prolixity. A short specimen taken at random, will shew how closely our author has kept to the terms of the game.

"But Marcus never can encounter right,  
Yet drew two aces, and for further spight  
Had colour for it, with a hopeful draught,  
But not encountered, it availed him naught."

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Thomas Overbury.* This epigram was probably written about 1610, when Sir Thomas returned from his travels, and followed the fortunes of Carr with a zeal and integrity worthy of a better fate. That Sir Thomas was poisoned in the Tower by the infamous Countess of Essex is well known ; but it has been, and indeed still may be made a question, whether Carr himself was privy to this atrocious fact. It is said that his opposition to the marriage

That the wit there and manners might be  
saved :

For since, what ignorance, what pride is  
fled !

And letters and humanity in the stead !  
Repent thee not of thy fair precedent,  
Could make such men, and such a place  
repent :

Nor may any fear to lose of their degree,  
Who' in such ambition can but follow thee.

## CXIV.

TO MISTRESS PHILIP SIDNEY.<sup>3</sup>

I must believe some miracles still be,  
When Sidney's name I hear, or face I see :  
For Cupid, who at first took vain delight  
In mere out-forms, until he lost his sight,  
Hath changed his soul, and made his object  
you :

Where finding so much beauty met with  
virtue,

He hath not only gained himself his eyes,  
But, in your love, made all his servants wise.

## CXV.

## ON THE TOWN'S HONEST MAN.

You wonder who this is, and why I name  
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame :  
Naming so many too ! but this is one,  
Suffers no name, but a description ;  
Being no vicious person, but the Vice  
About the town ; and known too, at that  
price.

between his friend and the divorced countess made it expedient to remove him from court, and that while Rochester (Carr) intreated the king to bestow an embassy upon him, he secretly instigated Overbury to refuse the charge. It would seem however from Winwood's State Papers (vol. iii. pp. 447, 453, 475.) that the refusal originated with Sir Thomas himself, who was of a lofty and unmanageable spirit. However it might be, James was justly irritated ; the destined victim was committed to the Tower, and the catastrophe followed with fatal speed.

Overbury was of an ancient family in Warricks-lure. He was born in 1581, came to court to push his fortune in 1604, was knighted in 1608, and died in 1613. He was highly accomplished, and, as Granger truly remarks, was "possessed of parts, learning, and judgment, beyond his years."

Daughter of that great statesman, Sir Francis Walsingham, many years principal secretary to Queen Elizabeth, and widow of Sir Philip Sidney. Walsingham died poor, so that his daughter, who was also his heiress, brought little to her husband besides her beauty and her virtues. [Walsingham did not die for some years after Sidney.—F. C.]

A subtle thing that doth affections win  
 By speaking well o' the company it's in.  
 Talks loud and bawdy, has a gathered deal  
 Of news and noise to sow out a long meal.  
 Can come from Tripoly,<sup>1</sup> leap stools and  
 wink,  
 Do all that longs to the anarchy of drink,  
 Except the duel: can sing songs and  
 catches;  
 Give every one his dose of mirth: and  
 watches  
 Whose name's unwelcome to the present  
 ear,  
 And him it lays on; if he be not there.  
 Tells of him all the tales itself then makes;  
 But if it shall be questioned, undertakes,  
 It will deny all; and forswear it too:  
 Not that it fears, but will not have to do  
 With such a one: and therein keeps its  
 word.

'Twill see its sister naked, ere a sword.  
 At every meal, where it doth dine or sup,  
 The cloth's no sooner gone, but it gets up,  
 And shifting of its faces, doth play more  
 Parts than the Italian could do with his  
 door.<sup>2</sup>

Acts Old Iniquity, and in the fit  
 Of miming, gets the opinion of a wit.  
 Executes men in picture; by defect  
 From friendship, is its own fame's architect:  
 An inginer in slanders of all fashions,  
 That, seeming praises, are yet accusations.  
 Described it's thus: defined would you it  
 have,

Then the TOWN'S HONEST MAN's her cr-  
 rant'st knave.

## CXVI.

TO SIR WILLIAM JEPHSON.

JEPHSON, thou man of men, to whose loved  
 name,  
 All gentry yet owe part of their best flame:  
 So did thy virtue inform, thy wit sustain  
 That age, when thou stood'st up the  
 master-brain:  
 Thou wert the first mad'st merit know her  
 strength,

<sup>1</sup> Can come from Tripoly.] i.e. Can jump,  
 and do feats of activity: see the *Silent Woman*.  
 Vol. I. p. 452 b.—WIAL.

<sup>2</sup> Doth play more  
 Parts than the Italian could do, with his  
 door.] An allusion to an Italian, then well  
 known for his performances and tricks of art:  
 the person meant, I believe, is taken notice of in  
 King James's *Demonology*, and is there called  
*Scoto*: "The devil will learn them many  
 juggling tricks at cards, dice, and such like, to  
 deceive men's senses thereby, and such innum-  
 erable false practices, which are proved by over

And those that lacked it, to suspect at  
 length,  
 'Twas not entailed on title: that some  
 word  
 Might be found out as good, and not  
 "my lord:"  
 That Nature no such difference had im-  
 prest  
 In men, but every bravest was the best;  
 That blood not minds, but minds did  
 blood adorn;  
 And to live great was better than great  
 born.  
 These were thy knowing arts: which who  
 doth now  
 Virtuously practise, must at least allow  
 Them in, if not from thee, or must commit  
 A desperate solœcism in truth and wit.

## CXVII.

ON GROYNE.

GROINE, come of age, his state sold out  
 of hand  
 For's whore: Groyne doth still occupy his  
 land.

## CXVIII.

ON GUT.

GUT eats all day and lechers all the night,  
 So all his meat he tasteth over twice;  
 And striving so to double his delight,  
 He makes himself a thorough-fare of  
 vice.

Thus, in his belly, can he change a sin,  
 Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

## CXIX.

TO SIR RALPH SHELTON.<sup>3</sup>

Not he that flies the court for want of  
 clothes,  
 At hunting rails, having no gift in oaths,  
 Cries out 'gainst cocking, since he cannot  
 bet,  
 Shuns press—for two main causes, pox and  
 debt,

many in this age; as they who are acquainted  
 with that Italian called *Scoto*, yet living, can  
 report." *Lib. i. p. 105.* *Old Iniquity*, means  
 the character called the Vice in our ancient  
 Moralities: it has a place in our author's comedy,  
*The Devil is an Ass.*—WIAL.

<sup>2</sup> This is an excellent piece, full of strong sense  
 and just satire. It will serve for all times.

<sup>3</sup> This is the person who engaged with Mr.  
 Hayden, in the mad frolic of rowing up Fleet  
 Ditch to Holborn, celebrated p. 267; but I  
 know nothing more of him.

With me can merit more, than that good  
man,  
Whose dice not doing well, to a pulpit  
ran.—  
No, Shelton, give me thee, canst want all  
these,  
But dost it out of judgment, not disease;  
Dar'st breathe in any air; and with safe  
skill,  
Till thou canst find the best, choose the  
least ill.  
That to the vulgar canst thyself apply,  
Treading a better path, not contrary;  
And in their error's maze thine own way  
know:  
Which is to live to conscience, not to show.  
He that, but living half his age, dies such,<sup>1</sup>  
Makes the whole longer than 'twas given  
him, much.

## CXX.

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A  
CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.<sup>2</sup>

Weep with me, all you that read  
This little story:  
And know, for whom a tear you shed  
Death's self is sorry.

<sup>1</sup> *He that but living half his age, dies such,  
Makes the whole longer than 'twas given  
him, much.]*

*Qui sic vel medio finitus vixit in ævo  
Longior huic facta est quam data vita fuit.*  
Mart. lib. viii. 27.

<sup>2</sup> *Salathiel Pavy.]* The subject of this beautiful epitaph acted in *Cynthia's Revils*, and in the *Poetaster*, 1600 and 1601, in which year he probably died. The poet speaks of him with interest and affection, and it cannot be doubted that he was a boy of extraordinary talents. Many of the children of St. Paul's, as well as of the Queen's chapel, evinced great powers on the stage at a very early period of life, and not a few of them became the pride and ornament of it in ripper years.

Our times have witnessed several attempts to bring children (pert boys and girls) upon the stage as prodigies, which have all terminated, as might reasonably be expected, in disappointment and disgrace. It should be recollected that the "children" of the old theatre were strictly educated, and that they were opposed only to one another. Nothing so monstrous ever entered into the thoughts of the managers of those days as taking infants from the cock-horse and setting them to act with men and women.—And yet it would be unjust, perhaps, to attribute the present encouragement of this degrading exhibition wholly to the managers: if they took advantage of the gross folly of that many-headed beast the town, and indulged its vitiated taste, they did little more than their

'Twas a child that so did thrive  
In grace and feature,  
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive  
Which owned the creature.  
Years he numbered scarce thirteen  
When Fates turned cruel,  
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been  
The stage's jewel;  
And did act, what now we moan,  
Old men so duly,  
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,  
He played so truly.  
So, by error to his fate<sup>3</sup>  
They all consented;  
But viewing him since, alas, too late!  
They have repented;  
And have sought to give new birth,  
In baths to steep him;  
But being so much too good for earth,  
Heaven vows to keep him.

## CXXI.

TO BENJAMIN RUDYERD.<sup>4</sup>

RUDYERD, as lesser dames to great ones  
use,  
My lighter comes to kiss thy learned Muse;

precarious situation seemed to warrant.—Let not Mr. Kemble, however, be defrauded of his due praise: but for his judicious and well-timed humour in arranging the characters of the *Provoked Husband* in such a manner as to place the absurdity of the attempt in the most glaring light, that forward baby, Miss Mudie, would have disgraced and delighted all London for the season, instead of being sent back to her dirties and her doll after a single exposure.

<sup>3</sup> *So, by error to his fate  
They all consented, &c.*

*Ille ego sum Scorpis, clamosi gloria Circi,  
Plausus, Roma, tui, delicique breves;  
Invida quem Lachesis raptum trieteride nona,  
Dum numerat palmas, credit esse senem.*  
Mart. lib. x. epig. 53.

"Lachesis (Dr. Jortin observes) did not take away Scorpis out of *envy*, but by *mistake*. She concluded that one who had gained so many prizes at the chariot-races was an old man, and in consequence of this *error*, took him in the flower of youth. I fancy, therefore, that Martial wrote,

*Inscia quem Lachesis," &c.*  
*Tracts*, vol. ii. p. 273.

There can be no doubt that Jonson read *Inscia*; and it seems highly probable that Jortin was led to the emendation by this epitaph, which was always well known.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Benjamin Rudyerd (for subsequently to the writing of this epigram, he received the honour of knighthood) was, as Granger says,

Whose better studies while she emulates,  
She learns to know long difference of their  
states.

Yet is the office not to be despised,  
If only love should make the action prized;  
Nor he for friendship to be thought unfit,  
That strives his manners should precede  
his wit.

## CXXII.

## TO THE SAME.

If I would wish for truth, and not for  
show,

The aged Saturn's age and rites to know;  
If I would strive to bring back times, and  
try

The world's pure gold, and wise sim-  
plicity;

If I would virtue set as she was young,  
And hear her speak with one, and her first  
tongue;

If holiest friendship, naked to the touch,  
I would restore, and keep it ever such;  
I need no other arts, but study thee:  
Who prov'st all these were, and again may  
be.

## CXXIII.

## TO THE SAME.

Writing thyself, or judging others writ,  
I know not which thou hast most, candor  
or wit:

"an accomplished gentleman, and an elegant scholar." It is no small proof of his worth, that he lived on terms of intimacy with the Earl of Pembroke, to whose poetical trifles his own were subjoined, in a little volume which came out in 1660.

In the troubles which led to the usurpation of the Parliament, Sir Benjamin took an active part, and spoke often on the side of moderation and justice, particularly on the question of excluding the bishops from the Upper House. He was the last person who held the office of "Surveyor of the Court of Wards and Liveries," and when that court was abolished in 1646, received a grant of land and money as a compensation for his place. He died in 1658, and, as may be conjectured from his epitaph, which he wrote himself, in the practice of that piety and virtue which had formed the consolation of his life. There is a beautiful and touching simplicity in the second of these epigrams, which cannot be too highly praised.

*Elizabeth, L. H.]* Of this lady I can say nothing. If Jonson desired to keep her name secret, he has apparently succeeded; and yet he could scarcely mean to do this, as he has involved it, in some measure, with her history, in the last couplet. A luckier guesser, or a better historian, than I pretend to be, may

But both thou hast so, as who affects the  
state  
Of the best writer and judge, should emu-  
late.

## CXXIV.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.<sup>1</sup>

Wouldst thou hear what man can say  
In a little? reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die:  
Which in life did harbour give  
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,  
Leave it buried in this vault.  
One name was ELIZABETH,  
The other let it sleep with death:  
Fitter, where it died, to tell,  
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

## CXXV.

## TO SIR WILLIAM UVEDALE.

UVEDALE, thou piece of the first times, a  
man

Made for what Nature could, or Virtue can;  
Both whose dimensions lost, the world  
might find

Restored in thy body, and thy mind!  
Who sees a soul in such a body set,  
Might love the treasure for the cabinet.

one day hit upon it. But what is the import of this nameless tribute to beauty and virtue? "To be read by bare inscriptions, (says Sir Thomas Browne,) to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or initial letters, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us like some of the mummies, are cold consolations to the student of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages," or, as in the case before us, by everlasting verse.

Addison, after drawing a beautiful picture of good humour, innocence, and piety, in the person of Sophronia, adds that he "cannot conclude his essay better than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as he had been describing:

"Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die:  
Which in life did harbour give  
To more virtue than doth live."

*Spec. No. xxxiii.*

I must observe here that, in the *Spectator* this passage is very incorrectly given. In a work so universally read, the utmost care should be taken to preserve the integrity of the text.



But I, no child, no fool, respect the kind,  
The full, the flowing graces there enshrined;  
Which, would the world not miscall 't  
flattery,  
I could adore almost to idolatry!

## CXXVI.

TO HIS LADY,  
THEN MISTRESS CARY.<sup>1</sup>

Retired, with purpose your fair worth to  
praise,  
'Mongst Hampton shades and Phœbus'  
grove of bays,  
I plucked a branch; the jealous god did  
frown,  
And bade me lay the usurped laurel down.  
Said I wronged him, and, which was more,  
his love.  
I answered, Daphne now no pain can  
prove.  
Phœbus replied, Bold head, it is not she:  
CARY my love is, Daphne but my tree.

## CXXVII.

TO ESME, LORD AUBIGNY.<sup>2</sup>

Is there a hope that man would thankful be,  
If I should fall in gratitude to thee,  
To whom I am so bound, loved AUBIGNY?  
No, I do therefore call posterity  
Into the debt; and reckon on her head,  
How full of want, how swallowed up, how  
dead  
I and this Muse had been, if thou hadst not  
Lent timely succours, and new life begot:  
So all reward or name, that grows to me  
By her attempt, shall still be owing thee.  
And than this same I know no abler way  
To thank thy benefits: which is to pay.

## CXXVIII.

TO WILLIAM ROE.<sup>3</sup>

ROE, and my joy to name, thou'rt now to go,  
Countries and climes, manners and men to  
know,

To extract and choose the best of all these  
known,  
And those to turn to blood, and make  
thine own.  
May winds as soft as breath of kissing  
friends,  
Attend thee hence; and there may all thy  
ends,  
As the beginnings here, prove purely  
sweet,  
And perfect in a circle always meet!  
So when we, blest with thy return, shall see  
Thyself, with thy first thoughts brought  
home by thee;  
We each to other may this voice inspire;  
This is that good Æneus, past through fire,  
Through seas, storms, tempests; and em-  
barked for hell,  
Came back untouched. This man hath  
travelled well.

## CXXIX.

TO MIME.

That not a pair of friends each other see,  
But the first question is, When one saw  
thee?  
That there's no journey set or thought  
upon,  
To Braynford, Hackney, Bow, but thou  
mak'st one;  
That scarce the town designeth any feast  
To which thou'rt not a week bespoke a  
guest;  
That still thou'rt made the supper's flag, the  
drum,  
The very call, to make all others come:  
Think'st thou, MIME, this is great? or that  
they strive  
Whose noise shall keep thy miming most  
alive,  
Whilst thou dost raise some player from  
the grave,  
Out-dance the Babion, or out-boast the  
Brave;<sup>4</sup>  
Or, mounted on a stool, thy face doth hit  
On some new gesture that's imputed wit?

<sup>1</sup> *Mistress Cary.*] The usual term in the poet's days for an unmarried woman, or miss. Of her husband, Sir William Uvedale, knt., I can say nothing but that he was of Wickham, in the county of Southampton.

<sup>2</sup> *Esme, Lord Aubigny.*] Brother to the Duke of Lenox, whom he succeeded in title and estate. He has been already noticed.

<sup>3</sup> *William Roe.*] Younger brother, or perhaps cousin of Sir Thomas Roe (epig. 98.) This gentleman seems to have gone abroad in a mercantile or diplomatic capacity: but with the activity and energy inherent in this distinguished

family, he subsequently entered on the profession of arms, and probably served under Gustavus Adolphus. A few years of hardship, however, gave him enough of campaigning, and he returned to the pursuits of his youth. "William Roe (Howell writes to his friend at Brussels) is returned from the wars; but he is grown lame in one of his arms, so he hath no mind to bear arms any more; he confesseth himself to be an egregious fool to leave his mercership for a musket."—*Lib. ii. let. 62.*

<sup>4</sup> *Or out-boast the brave,*] i.e. the bravo, the ruffian: some well known bully of the time.

O, run not proud of this. Yet take thy due.

Thou dost out-zany Cokely, Pod; nay Gue:  
And thine own Coryat too; but, wouldst thou see,

Men love thee not for this; they laugh at thee.

## CXXX.

TO ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO, ON HIS BOOK.<sup>1</sup>

To urge, my loved ALPHONSO, that bold fame

Of building towns, and making wild beasts tame,

Which Music had; or speak her known effects,

That she removeth cares, sadness ejects,  
Declineth anger, persuades clemency,

Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten piety,  
And is to a body, often, ill inclined,

No less a sovereign cure, than to the mind;

T' allege, that greatest men were not ashamed,

Of old, even by her practice to be famed;  
To say indeed, she were the soul of heaven,

That the eighth sphere, no less than planets seven,

Moved by her order, and the ninth more high,

Including all, were thence called harmony;  
I yet had uttered nothing on thy part,

When these were but the praises of the art:

But when I have said, the proofs of all these be  
Shed in thy songs; 'tis true: but short of thee.

## CXXXI.

TO THE SAME.<sup>2</sup>

When we do give, ALPHONSO, to the light,

A work of ours, we part with our own right;

For then, all mouths will judge, and their own way:

The learned have no more privilege than the lay.

And though we could all men, all censures hear,

We ought not give them taste we had an ear.

For if the humorous world will talk at large,

They should be fools, for me, at their own charge.

Say this or that man they to thee prefer;  
Even those for whom they do this, know they err:

And would (being asked the truth) ashamed say,

They were not to be named on the same day.

Then stand unto thyself, not seek without

For fame, with breath soon kindled, soon blown out.

Cokely, Pod, and Gue, mentioned just below, were masters of motions, or puppet-shows, and exhibitors at Bartholomew Fair. The strong sense and indignant satire of this little poem might yet be turned to account if the parasite could feel shame, or the table-buffoon be awakened to a sense of honour by the pity, scorn, and insulting applause with which his degrading fooleries are received.

<sup>1</sup> To Alphonso Ferrabosco, on his book.] This person, descended of Italian parents, was born at Greenwich, in Kent: he was much admired, both at home and abroad, for his excellent compositions, and fancies, as they were then called, in music; he was principally employed in setting the songs to music in our poet's masques.—*Whal.*

Jonson appears to have had an extraordinary regard and affection for this excellent composer. He delights to mention him upon all occasions; and in the *Masque of Hymen*, hurried away by his feelings, he interrupts the strain of applause in which he was describing Alphonso's exertions with a genuine burst of tenderness, "Virtuous friend! take well this abrupt testimony. It cannot be flattery in me, who never did to great ones; and less than

love and truth it is not, where it is done out of knowledge!"

The learned reader will observe that Jonson had in view Horace's admirable description of the office of the ancient Chorus, in the opening of this epigram.

<sup>2</sup> TO THE SAME.] The "Book" from which the composer probably expected a large harvest of praise seems to have met with some ungentle critic, and Jonson writes this sensible and manly epigram to his friend, to qualify the excess of his disappointment and mortification. I know not the person meant, unless it be Morley, who is mentioned as dissatisfied with some of his compositions by Peacham:—but I will give the passage:—

"Alphonso Ferrabosco, the father, while he lived, for judgment and depth of skill, as also his son now living, was inferior to none. What he did was most elaborate and profound, and pleasing in air; though Master Thomas Morley censured him otherwise. That of his, *I saw my ladie weeping*, and the *Nightingale*, upon which dittie Master Bird and he in a friendly emulation exercised their invention, cannot be bettered for sweetnesse of aire or depth of judgment."—*Complenet Gent.* 1622.

## CXXXII.

TO MR. JOSHUA SILVESTER.<sup>1</sup>

If to admire were to commend, my praise  
Might then both thee, thy work and merit  
raise :

But as it is (the child of ignorance  
And utter stranger to all air of France),  
How can I speak of thy great pains, but  
err ?

Since they can only judge, that can confer.  
Behold ! the reverend shade of BARTAS  
stands

Before my thought, and, in thy right, com-  
mands

That to the world I publish for him this ;  
Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.  
So well in that are his inventions wrought,  
As his will now be the translation thought,  
Thine the original ; and France shall boast,  
No more those maiden glories she hath lost.

## CXXXIII.

ON THE FAMOUS VOYAGE.<sup>2</sup>

No more let Greece her bolder fables tell  
Of Hercules, or Theseus going to hell,

<sup>1</sup> To Mr. Joshua Silvester.] His translation of the French poem of *Du Bartas on the Creation*, was esteemed to be well done ; but he had little genius or invention of his own. In a censure of the poets, ascribed to Drayton, we have his character given in the following verses :—

"And Silvester, who, from the French more  
weak,

Made Bartas of his six days' labour speak  
In natural English : who, had he there stayed,  
He had done well ; and never had bewrayed  
His own invention to have been so poor,  
Who still wrote less, in striving to write  
more."—WHAL

This epigram was written some years before the folio 1616 appeared, being prefixed to the 4to edition of Silvester's *Du Bartas*, which came out in 1605. Jonson declares his ignorance of French, so that his praise must be confined to the poetical merits of the translator, who was pretty generally supposed to have gone beyond his original. When Jonson became acquainted with the French language, and was able to compare the two works, he then discovered, as he told Drummond, that Silvester had not been sufficiently faithful : this censure, however, must be understood with a reference to his own ideas of translation, and we know what they were from the majority of his professed versions.

Ritson appears to have strangely misunder-  
stood the passage in Drummond. He says, it  
was Ben Jonson's opinion, "that Silvester's

Orpheus, Ulysses ; or the Latin muse,  
With tales of Troy's just knight, our faiths  
abuse.

We have a SHELTON, and a HEYDEN got,<sup>3</sup>  
Had power to act, what they to feign had  
not.

All that they boast of Styx, of Acheron,  
Cocytus, Phlegethon, ours have proved in  
one ;

The filth, stench, noise : save only what  
was there

Subtly distinguished, was confused here.

Their wherry had no sail too ; ours had  
ne'er one :

And in it, two more horrid knaves than  
Charon.

Arses were heard to croak instead of frogs ;  
And for one Cerberus, the whole coast was  
dogs.

Furies there wanted not ; each scold was ten.  
And for the cries of ghosts, women and men,  
Laden with plague-sores, and their sins,  
were heard,

Lashed by their consciences, to die afeard.  
Then let the former age with this content her,  
She brought the Poets forth, but ours th'  
adventer.

translation of *Du Bartas* was not well done, and that he wrote his verses before he understood to confer."—*Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 356. But the HE refers to Jonson, not to Silvester, whose knowledge of French was never questioned.

The translation is now little known : an un-  
lucky quotation of Dryden,

Nor, with *Du Bartas*, "bridle up the floods,"  
And "periwig with wool the baldpate woods,"

serves as an apology for consigning it to ridicule and neglect ; Silvester wanted taste rather than poetry, and he has many shining passages. Goffe, who had a marvellous love for uncouth and extravagant phraseology, has imitated the line above, with noble emulation, in his *Courageous Turke* :—

"Who set the world on flame ? How now, ye  
heavens,

Grow you so proud as to put on curled locks,  
And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire !"

<sup>2</sup> Of this "Voyage," undertaken, as I have already observed, in a mad frolic, and celebrated in no very sane one, I shall only say that more humour and poetry are wasted on it than it deserves. As a picture of a populous part of London, it is not without some interest, and might admit of a few remarks ; but I dislike the subject, and shall therefore leave the reader, who will not follow my example, and pass lightly over it, to the annotations of Whalley.

<sup>3</sup> We have a Shelton and a Heyden got.] The names of the persons who embarked in this enterprise. The first, I suppose, is Sir Ralph

## THE VOYAGE ITSELF.

I sing the brave adventure of two wights,  
And pity 'tis, I cannot call them knights:  
One was; and he for brawn and brain right  
able

To have been styled of King Arthur's table.  
The other was a squire of fair degree;  
But, in the action, greater man than he,  
Who gave, to take at his return from Hell,  
His three for one. Now, lordlings, listen well.

It was the day, what time the powerful  
Moon<sup>1</sup>

Makes the poor Bankside creature wet its  
shoon

In its own hall; when these (in worthy scorn  
Of those that put out monies, on return  
From Venice, Paris, or some inland passage  
Of six times to and fro, without embassage,  
Or him that backward went to Berwick, or  
which

Did dance the famous morris unto Norwich)  
At Bread Street's Mermaid having dined,  
and merry,

Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry:  
A harder task than either his to Bristol,  
Or his to Antwerp. Therefore, once more,  
list ho.

A Dock there is, that called is Avernus,  
Of some Bridewell, and may in time  
concern us

All, that are readers: but methinks 'tis odd,  
That all this while I have forgot some god,  
Or goddess to invoke, to stuff my verse;  
And with both bombard style and phrase,  
rehearse

The many perils of this port, and how  
Sans help of Sibyl, or a golden bough,  
Or magic sacrifice, they past along!—  
Alcides, be thou succouring to my song.  
Thou hast seen Hell, some say, and know'st  
all nooks there,

Canst tell me best how ever Fury looks  
there,

And art a god, if Fame thee not abuses,  
Always at hand to aid the merry Muses.

*Shelton*, to whom the 119th epigram is addressed. The latter is probably Sir Christopher Heyden, to whom Davis, in his *Scourge of Folly*, p. 191, addresses an epigram.—*WHALE*.

Yet Jonson says, in the opening of the *Voyage*, that the "latter" was a squire.

<sup>1</sup> *It was the day, what time the powerful moon*, i.e. A spring tide, when the river frequently overflows its banks.—*WHALE*.

The persons alluded to in the next lines are William Kempe, Taylor the water-poet, and Coryat.

<sup>2</sup> *Than the ox in Livy.*] *Jam alia vulgata miracula erant, hanc Martis Præneste sub*

Great club-fist, though thy back and bones  
be sore

Still, with thy former labours; yet, once more,  
Act a brave work, call it thy last adventury:  
But hold my torch, while I describe the entry  
To this dire passage. Say, thou stop thy nose;  
'Tis but light pains: indeed this dock's no  
rose.

In the first jaws appeared that ugly mon-  
ster,

Ycleped Mud, which, when their oars did  
once stir,

Belched forth an air as hot, as at the muster  
Of all your night-tubs, when the carts do  
cluster,

Who shall discharge first his merd-urinous  
load:

Thorough her womb they make their fa-  
mous road,

Between two walls; where, on one side, to  
scare men,

Were seen your ugly centaurs ye call carmen,  
Gorgonian scolds, and Harpies; on the other

Hung stench, diseases, and old filth, their  
mother,

With famine, wants, and sorrows many a  
dozen,

The least of which was to the plague a cousin.  
But they unfrighted pass, though many a

privy  
Spake to them louder than the ox in Livy;<sup>2</sup>

And many a sink poured out her rage  
anentst 'em,

But still their valour and their virtue fenced  
'em,

And on they went, like Castor brave and  
Pollux,

Ploughing the main. When see (the worst  
of all lucks)

They met the second prodigy, would fear a  
Man that had never heard of a Chimæra.

One said, 'twas bold Briareus, or the beadle  
Who hath the hundred hands when he doth

meddle,  
The other thought it Hydra, or the rock

Made of the trull that cut her father's lock:<sup>3</sup>

*sponte promotam: bovem in Sicilia locutum, Liv. l. 24, cap. 10.* Though I believe the poet here refers to the following passage of the same author: *Inter cætera prodigia, quæ plurimæ fuisse traduntur, bovem Cn. Domitii consulis locutum, Roma, cave tibi, refertur. Epit. lib. 35.*—*WHALE*.

*Or the rock*  
*Made of the trull that cut her father's lock.*] He means *Scylla*, who cut off the hair of her father Nisus: but Ovid tells us she was changed into a bird called *Ciris*. The old poets seem to have confounded two different stories together.—*WHALE*.

But coming near, they found it but a lighter,  
So huge, it seemed they could by no means  
quite her.

Back, cried their brace of Charons: they  
cried, No,  
No going back; on still, you rogues, and row.  
How high the place? A voice was heard,  
Cocytus.

Row close then, slaves. Alas! they will be-  
shite us.

No matter, stinkards, row. What croaking  
sound

Is this we hear? of frogs? No, guts wind-  
bound,

Over your heads: well, row. At this a loud  
Crack did report itself, as if a cloud

Had burst with storm, and down fell *ab*  
*excelsis*,

Poor Mercury, crying out on Paracelsus,  
And all his followers, that had so abused  
him;

And in so shitten sort, so long had used him:  
For (where he was the god of eloquence,  
And subtilty of metals) they dispense  
His spirits now in pills, and eke in potions,  
Suppositories, cataplasms, and lotions.—

But many moons there shall not wane,  
quothe he,

In the meantime let them inprison me,  
But I will speak, and know I shall be heard,  
Touching this cause, where they will be  
affeard

To answer me: and sure, it was the intent  
Of the grave fart, late let in parliament,<sup>1</sup>

Had it been seconded, and not in fume  
Vanished away: as you must all presume  
Their Mercury did now. By this, the stem  
Of the hulk touched, and, as by Polypheme  
The sly Ulysses stole in a sheep's-skin,  
The well-greased wherry now had got be-  
tween,

And bade her farewell sough unto the lurdn:  
Never did bottom more betray her burden;  
The meat-boat of Bear's-college, Paris-  
garden,

Stunk not so ill; nor, when she kissed,  
Kate Arden.<sup>2</sup>

Yet one day in the year for sweet 'tis voiced,  
And that is when it is the Lord Mayor's  
foist.

<sup>1</sup> *And sure it was th' intent  
Of the grave fart, late let in Parliament.]*  
An accident of this kind happened about this  
time, which, it seems, was the occasion of much  
mirth among the wits. See the *Alchemist*.—  
WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> [*Kate Arden*. This nymph is again men-  
tioned in "*An Excretion upon Vulcan*."—  
*Underwoods*, No. lxii.—F. C.]

By this time had they reached the Sty-  
gian pool,

By which the Masters swear, when on the  
stool

Of worship, they their nodding chins do hit  
Against their breasts. Here, several ghosts  
did flit

About the shore, of farts but late departed,  
White, black, blue, green, and in more  
forms out started,

Than all those *atomi* ridiculous  
Whereof old Democrite and Hill Nicholas,<sup>3</sup>

One said, the other swore, the world con-  
sists.

These be the cause of those thick frequent  
mists

Arising in that place, through which, who  
goes,

Must try the unused valour of a nose:  
And that ours did. For, yet, no nare was  
tainted,

Nor thumb, nor finger to the stop ac-  
quainted,

But open, and unarmed, encountered all:  
Whether it languishing stuck upon the  
wall,

Or were precipitated down the jakes,  
And after, swam abroad in ample flakes,  
Or that it lay heaped like an usurer's mass,  
All was to them the same, they were to  
pass,

And so they did, from Styx to Acheron,  
The ever-boiling flood; whose banks upon  
Your Fleet-lane Furies and hot cooks do  
dwell,

That with still-scalding steams make the  
place Hell.

The sinks ran grease, and hair of measled  
hogs,

The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides  
of dogs:

For, to say truth, what scullion is so nasty,  
To put the skins and offal in a pasty?

Cats there lay divers had been flayed and  
roasted,

And after mouldy grown, again were toasted,  
Then selling not, a dish was ta'en to mince  
'em,

But still, it seemed, the rankness did con-  
vince 'em.

<sup>3</sup> *Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas.]*  
"Nicholas Hill was a fellow of St. John's  
College, in Oxford: he adopted the notions of  
Democritus about atoms, and was a great patron  
of the Corpuscular philosophy. The book he  
published on this subject is entitled *Philosopha  
Epicurea, Democritana, Theophrastica,  
proposita simpliciter, non edocta*. Par. 1666."  
—A. WOOD.

For, here they were thrown in with th'  
melted pewter,  
Yet drowned they not : they had five lives  
in future.

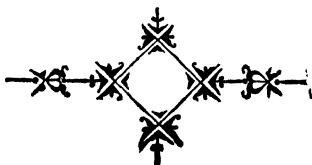
But 'mongst these Tiberts,<sup>1</sup> who do you  
think there was ?  
Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,  
Grave tutor to the learned horse ; both  
which,  
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,  
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat :  
And now, above the pool, a face right fat,  
With great gray eyes, it lifted up, and  
mewed ;  
Thrice did it spit ; thrice dived : at last it  
viewed  
Our brave heroes with a milder glare,  
And in a piteous tune, began. How dare  
Your dainty nostrils, in so hot a season,  
When every clerk eats artichokes and  
peason,  
Laxative lettuce, and such windy meat,  
Tempt such a passage ? When each privy's  
seat  
Is filled with buttock, and the walls do sweat  
Urine and plaisters ; when the noise doth beat  
Upon your ears, of discords so unsweet,  
And outcries of the damned in the Fleet ?  
Cannot the Plague-bill keep you back, nor  
bells  
Of loud Sepulchre's, with their hourly knells,

<sup>1</sup> But 'mongst these Tiberts.] i. e. cats. The name given to them in the old story book of *Keynard the Fox*. Banks, who follows in the next line, was a fellow who shewed a horse about that time, famous for his tricks.—WHAL.

But you will visit grisly Pluto's hall ?  
Behold where Cerberus, reared on the wall  
Of Holborn - [bridge] (three serjeants'  
heads) looks o'er,  
And stays but till you come unto the door !  
Tempt not his fury, Pluto is away :  
And Madam Cæsar, great Proserpina,  
Is now from home ; you lose your labours  
quite,  
Were you Jove's sons, or had Alcides' might.  
They cry'd out, Puss. He told them he was  
Banks,  
That had so often showed them merry  
pranks.  
They laughed at his laugh-worthy fate ;  
and past  
The triple-head without a sop. At last,  
Calling for Rhadamanthus, that dwelt by,  
A soap-boiler ; and Æacus him nigh,  
Who kept an ale-house ; with my little  
Minos,  
An ancient purblind fletcher, with a high  
nose ;  
They took them all to witness of their action :  
And so went bravely back without protraction.

In memory of which most liquid deed,  
The city since hath raised a pyramid ;  
And I could wish for their eternized sakes,  
My Muse had ploughed with his that sung  
A-JAX.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> My Muse had ploughed with his, that sung A-jax.] Sir John Harrington, author of the treatise called *Misacmos*, or the *Metamorphosis of A-jax*.—WHAL.



# The Forest.

THE FOREST.] From the folio, 1616. Between this and the poem which now concludes the Epigrams, Whalley foisted in several compositions under that title, which appeared long after the publication of the volume. This was injudiciously done, for as the date of the folio was well known, it tended to confound the idea of time, and to mislead the general reader. Several of the pieces given by Whalley under the head of Epigrams, closed by the author in 1616, were written by him as late as 1630.

## I.

### WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE.

Some act of LOVE's bound to rehearse,  
I thought to bind him in my verse :  
Which when he felt, Away, quoth he,  
Can poets hope to fetter me ?  
It is enough, they once did get  
Mars and my Mother, in their net :  
I wear not these my wings in vain.  
With which he fled me ; and again,  
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got  
By any art : then wonder not,  
That since, my numbers are so cold,  
When Love is fled, and I grow old.

## II.

### TO PENSURST.<sup>1</sup>

Thou art not, PENSURST, built to envious  
show  
Of touch or marble ;<sup>2</sup> nor canst boast a row

<sup>1</sup> To Penshurst.] This place is pleasantly situated near the banks of the Medway ; it was the ancient seat of Sir Stephen Penecstre, Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Constable of Dover Castle, in the reign of Henry III., and was granted by Edward VI. to Sir William Sidney and his heirs :—having been forfeited to the Crown by the rebellion of Sir R. Fane, its last proprietor.

<sup>2</sup> Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show  
Of touch or marble.] The common kind of black marble frequently made use of in funeral monuments, was then called by this name ; so Weever, giving the account of a tomb at Hampstead :

" Under a fair monument of marble and touch,"  
&c.

Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold :  
Thou hast no lantern whereof tales are  
told ;  
Or stair, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient  
pile,  
And these grudged at, art revered the  
while.  
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,  
Of wood, of water ; therein thou art fair.  
Thou hast thy walks for health as well as  
sport :  
Thy mount to which th' Dryads do resort,  
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts  
have made,  
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut  
shade ;  
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,  
At his great birth where all the Muses met,<sup>3</sup>  
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names  
Of many a sylvan taken with his flames ;  
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke

From its solidity and firmness it was used also as the test of gold : in this sense it occurs in Shakespeare :

" Ah ! Buckingham, now do I ply the touch."  
*Richard III.*, act iv. sc. 2.

And from this use of it the name itself was taken. It seems to be the same with that anciently called *basalt*.—WHAL.

<sup>3</sup> At his great birth, where all the Muses met.] i.e., Sir Philip Sidney's, who was born at Penshurst in Kent.—WHAL.

Sir Philip Sidney was born 29th November, 1554. "That taller tree," produced from an acorn planted on his birthday, and which has been the theme of many poets, is no longer standing. It is said to have been felled by mistake in 1768 ; a wretched apology, if true, and,

The lighter fauns to reach thy Lady's Oak.<sup>1</sup>  
Thy copse too, named of Gamage, thou  
hast there;<sup>2</sup>

That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer,  
When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy  
friends.

The lower land, that to the river bends,  
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves  
do feed;

The middle grounds thy mares and horses  
breed.

Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the  
tops

Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sidneys copp's,  
To crown thy open table, doth provide  
The purpled pheasant with the speckled  
side:

The painted partridge lies in ev'ry field,  
And for thy mess is willing to be killed.  
And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,  
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute  
fish,

Fat aged carps that run into thy net,  
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,  
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,  
Officially at first themselves betray.

Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on  
land

Before the fisher, or into his hand.

Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden  
flowers,

Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.  
The early cherry, with the later plum,  
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time  
doth come:

The blushing apricot, and woolly peach  
Hang on thy walls, that every child may  
reach.

And though thy walls be of the country stone,  
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's  
groan;

There's none that dwell about them wish  
them down;

But all come in, the farmer and the clown;  
And no one empty-handed, to salute  
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.  
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,  
Some nuts, some apples; some that think  
they make

The better cheeses, bring them; or else send  
By their ripe daughters, whom they would  
commend

This way to husbands; and whose baskets  
bear

An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.  
But what can this (more than express their  
love)

Add to thy free provisions, far above  
The need of such? whose liberal board doth  
flow

With all that hospitality doth know!  
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat,<sup>3</sup>

in a case of such notoriety, scarcely possible. Waller, in one of his poems, written at Penshurst, where he amused himself with falling in love, has an allusion to this oak:

"Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark  
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark  
Of noble Sidney's birth," &c.

On which the commentator on his poems observes that though no tradition of the circumstance remained in the family, yet the observation of Cicero on the Marian oak might not unaptly be applied to it. "*Manet vero et semper manebit. Sata est enim ingenio: Nullius autem agricolæ cultu stirps tam diuturna quam poetæ versu seminari potest.*" *De leg. lib. 1.*

About a century after the date of Waller's verses this oak was still standing, and the ingenious Mr. F. Coventry wrote the following lines under its shade:

"Stranger, kneel here! to age due homage pay  
When great Eliza held Britannia's sway  
My growth began,—the same illustrious morn,  
Joy to the hour! saw gallant Sidney born.  
He perished early; I just stay behind  
An hundred years; and lo! my clefted rind,  
My withered boughs foretell destruction nigh;  
We all are mortal; oaks and heroes die."

<sup>1</sup> *Thy Lady's Oak.*] There is an old tradition that a Lady Leicester (the wife undoubtedly of

Sir Robert Sidney) was taken in travail under an oak in Penshurst Park, which was afterwards called *My Lady's Oak*.

<sup>2</sup> *Thy copse too named of Gamage.*] "This coppice is now called Lady Gamage's bower; it being said that Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester, used to take great delight in feeding the deer therein from her own hands."—*Dug. Baron.* This lady was daughter and heiress of John Gamage of Coytie, in Glamorganshire, and the first wife of Sir Robert.

<sup>3</sup> *Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat, Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat, &c.*] This and what follows may appear a strange topic for praise to those who are unacquainted with the practice of those times. But, in fact, the liberal mode of hospitality here recorded was almost peculiar to this noble person. The great, indeed, dined at long tables (they had no other in their vast halls) and permitted many guests to sit down with them; but the gradations of rank and fortune were rigidly maintained, and the dishes grew visibly coarser as they receded from the head of the table. No reader of our old poets can be ignorant of the phrase, *below the salt*; but it may not be generally known that in some countries the custom yet prevails. It is the natural consequence of feudal manners; and the scene between the patron and the client which excited the caustic indignation of Juvenal is daily renewed in many



Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat :  
Where the same beer and bread, and self-  
same wine,

That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.  
And I not fain to sit (as some this day,  
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.  
Here no man tells my cups ; nor standing by,  
A waiter, doth my gluttony envy :  
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,  
He knows below he shall find plenty of  
meat ;

Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,  
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray  
For fire, or lights, or livery ; all is there ;  
As if thou then wert mine, or I reigned here :  
'There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.  
That found King JAMES, when hunting  
late, this way,

With his brave son the Prince ; they saw  
thy fires

Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires  
Of thy Penates had been set on flame  
To entertain them ; or the country came,  
With all their zeal, to warm their welcome  
here.

What (great, I will not say, but) sudden cheer  
Didst thou then make 'em ! and what praise  
was heaped

On thy good lady then ! who therein reaped  
The just reward of her high buswifery ;  
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,  
When she was far ; and not a room, but drest  
As if it had expected such a guest !

These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet  
not all.

Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.  
His children thy great lord may call his  
own ;<sup>1</sup>

A fortune, in this age, but rarely known.  
They are, and have been taught religion ;  
thence

Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.  
Each morn and even, they are taught to  
pray,

With the whole household, and may, every  
day,

parts of Russia and in the whole of Poland. In  
England the system was breaking up when  
Jonson wrote, and he notices it with his usual  
good sense. It is to the honour of Penshurst  
that the observation was made there.

Herrick, who abounds in imitations of Jonson,  
whom he loved and admired, has copied many  
passages of this and the following poem, in his  
*Panegyrick to Sir L. Pemberton*. Here is one  
of them :

" No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beere  
Is not reserved for Trebius here,  
But all, who at thy table seated are,  
Find equal freedom, equal fare," &c.

Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts  
The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.  
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion  
thee

With other edifices, when they see  
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing  
else,

May say their lords have built, but thy lord  
dwells.

### III.

#### TO SIR ROBERT WROTH.

How blest art thou, canst love the country,  
WROTH,

Whether by choice, or fate, or both !  
And though so near the city, and the court,<sup>2</sup>

Art ta'en with neither's vice nor sport :  
That at great times, art no ambitious guest  
Of sheriff's dinner, or mayor's feast.

Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state,  
The richer hangings, or crown-plate ;  
Nor throng'st (when masquing is) to have a  
sight

Of the short bravery of the night ;  
To view the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit  
There wasted, some not paid for yet !

But canst at home, in thy securer rest,  
Live, with unbought provision blest ;  
Free from proud porches, or the gilded roofs,

'Mongst loving herds and solid hoofs :  
Along the curled woods, and painted meads,  
Through which a serpent river leads

To some cool courteous shade which he  
calls his,

And makes sleep softer than it is.  
Or if thou list the night in watch to break,  
A-bed canst hear the loud stag speak,

In spring, oft roused for thy master's sport,  
Who for it makes thy house his court ;  
Or with thy friends, the heart of all the year

Divid'st, upon the lesser deer :  
In autumn, at the partridge mak'st a flight,  
And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight ;

And in the winter, hunt'st the flying hare,  
More for thy exercise than fare ;

<sup>1</sup> *Thy great lord, &c.* Robert Sidney, the second son of Sir Henry Sidney, and brother of Sir Philip, was knighted for his gallant behaviour at the battle of Zutphen, 1586 ; advanced to the dignity of Baron Sidney of Penshurst by James, created Viscount Lisle in 1605, and finally promoted to the earldom of Leicester in 1618. He is not flattered in these pleasing lines, for his character was truly excellent.

<sup>2</sup> *And though so near the city and the court.* The seat of Sir Robert Wroth was at Durance, in Middlesex. James was a frequent guest there.

While all that follow, their glad ears apply  
To the full greatness of the cry :  
Or hawking at the river, or the bush,<sup>1</sup>  
Or shooting at the greedy thrush,  
Thou dost with some delight the day out-  
wear,

Although the coldest of the year !  
The whilst the several seasons thou hast seen  
Of flowery fields, of cop'ces green,  
The mowed meadows, with the fleeced sheep,  
And feasts, that either shearers keep ;  
The ripened ears, yet humble in their height,  
And furrows laden with their weight ;  
The apple-harvest, that doth longer last ;  
The hogs returned home fat from mast ;  
The trees cut out in log, and those boughs  
made

A fire now, that lent a shade !  
Thus I'an and Sylvan having had their rites,  
Comus puts in for new delights ;  
And fills thy open hall with mirth and cheer,  
As if in Saturn's reign it were ;  
Apollo's harp and Hermes' lyre resound,  
Nor are the Muses strangers found.  
The rout of rural folk come thronging in,  
(Their rudeness then is thought no sin)  
Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome  
grace ;<sup>2</sup>

And the great heroes of her race  
Sit mixt with loss of state, or reverence.  
Freedom doth with degree dispense.  
The jolly wassal walks the often round,  
And in their cups their cares are drowned :  
They think not then, which side the cause  
shall leese,  
Nor how to get the lawyer fees.  
Such and no other was that age of old,  
Which boasts t' have had the head of gold.  
And such, since thou canst make thine own  
content,  
v Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.  
Let others watch in guilty arms, and stand  
The fury of a rash command,

<sup>1</sup> Or hawking at the river.] i.e., for the greater game, which frequented it. This, which was the afternoon's amusement, is noticed by many of our old writers. *Sir Topas* was much attached to it, if we may trust Chaucer :

"He couth hunt at the wild dere  
And ride an hawking by the rivere," &c.

Again :

"These fauconers upon a fair rivere  
That with the hawkis han the heron slaine."  
*Franklin's Tale.*

<sup>2</sup> The noblest spouse, &c.] This accomplished and learned lady has been already mentioned as the niece of Sir Philip Sidney.

Go enter breaches, meet the cannon's rage,  
That they may sleep with scars in age ;  
And shew their feathers shot, and colours  
torn,

And brag that they were therefore born.  
Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the bar,  
For every price, in every jar,  
And change possessions oftener with his  
breath,

Than either money, war, or death :  
Let him than hardest sires more disinherit,  
And each where boast it as his merit  
To blow up orphans, widows, and their  
states ;

And think his power doth equal Fate's.  
Let that go heap a mass of wretched wealth,  
Purchased by rapine, worse than stealth,  
And brooding o'er it sit with broadest eyes,  
Not doing good scarce when he dies.

Let thousands more go flatter vice, and win,  
By being organs to great sin ;  
Get place and honour, and be glad to keep  
The secrets that shall break their sleep :  
And so they ride in purple, eat in plate,  
Though poison, think it a great fate.

But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,  
Shalt neither that nor this envy :  
Thy peace is made ; and when man's state  
is well,

'Tis better if he there can dwell.  
God wisheth none should wreck on a  
strange shelf :

To him man's dearer than t' himself,<sup>3</sup>  
And howsoever we may think things sweet,  
He always gives what he knows meet ;  
Which who can use is happy : such be thou.

Thy morning's and thy evening's vow  
Be thanks to Him, and earnest pray'r, to find  
A body sound, with sounder mind ;  
To do thy country service, thyself right ;  
That neither want do thee affright,  
Nor death ; but when thy latest sand is spent,  
Thou mayst think life a thing but lent.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> God wisheth none should wreck on a strange shelf :

To him man's dearer than t' himself.] The sentiment, with the following verses, is taken from that celebrated passage in the tenth satire of Juvenal :

*Permites ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid  
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris ;  
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quaque dabunt  
diti.*

*Carior est illis homo, quam sibi—  
Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore san-  
A shelf, or shelve, is a bank of sand.—WHALE.*

<sup>4</sup> Thou mayst think life a thing but lent.  
This is a very beautiful epode, honourable alike

## IV.

## TO THE WORLD.

*A Farewell for a Gentlewoman, virtuous  
and noble.*

False world, good-night ! since thou hast brought

That hour upon my morn of age,  
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,  
My part is ended on thy stage.

Do not once hope that thou canst tempt  
A spirit so resolved to tread  
Upon thy throat, and live exempt  
From all the nets that thou canst spread.

I know thy forms are studied arts,  
Thy subtle ways be narrow straits ;  
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,  
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.

I know too, though thou strut and paint,  
Yet art thou both shrunk up, and old ;  
That only fools make thee a saint,  
And all thy good is to be sold.

I know thou whole art but a shop  
Of toys and trifles, traps and snares,  
To take the weak, or make them stop :  
Yet art thou falser than thy wares.

And knowing this should I yet stay,  
Like such as blow away their lives,  
And never will redeem a day,  
Enamoured of their golden gyves ?

Or having 'scaped shall I return,  
And thrust my neck into the noose,  
From whence so lately I did burn,  
With all my powers, myself to loose ?

What bird or beast is known so dull,  
That fled his cage, or broke his chain,  
And tasting air and freedom, wull  
Render his head in there again ?

If these who have but sense, can shun  
The engines that have them annoyed ;  
Little for me had reason done,  
If I could not thy gins avoid.

Yes, threaten, do. Alas, I fear  
As little as I hope from thee :  
I know thou canst nor shew, nor bear  
More hatred, than thou hast to me.

to the writer and the subject of it. How nobly do Jonson's lines rise above the common addresses of his age ! he is familiar with decorum, and moral with dignity ; while his unbounded command of classic images gives a force to his language which renders his description of the humblest object interesting.

My tender, first, and simple years

Thou didst abuse, and then betray ;  
Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,  
When all the causes were away.

Then in a soil hast planted me,  
Where breathe the basest of thy fools ;  
Where envious arts professed be,  
And pride and ignorance the schools :

Where nothing is examined, weighed,  
But as 'tis rumoured, so believed ;  
Where every freedom is betrayed,  
And every goodness taxed or grieved.

But what we're born for, we must bear :  
Our frail condition it is such,  
That what to all may happen here,  
If 't chance to me, I must not grutch.

Else I my state should much mistake,  
'To harbour a divided thought  
From all my kind ; that for my sake,  
There should a miracle be wrought.

No, I do know that I was born  
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief :  
But I will bear these with that scorn  
As shall not need thy false relief.

Nor for my peace will I go far,  
As wanderers do that still do roam ;  
But make my strengths, such as they are,  
Here in my bosom, and at home.

## V.

## SONG.

## TO CELIA.

Come, my CELIA, let us prove,<sup>1</sup>  
While we may, the sports of love ;  
Time will not be ours for ever :  
He at length our good will sever.  
Spend not then his gifts in vain.  
Suns that set may rise again ;  
But if once we lose this light,  
'Tis with us perpetual night.  
Why should we defer our joys ?  
Fame and rumour are but toys.  
Cannot we delude the eyes  
Of a few poor household spies ;  
Or his easier ears beguile,  
So removed by our wile ?  
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,  
But the sweet theft to reveal :

<sup>1</sup> *Come, my Celia, &c.*] This beautiful song is to be found in the *For.* See vol. i. p. 370 *b.* Whalley says, "This and the following are translations from Catullus." Translations they certainly are not, but very elegant and happy imitations of particular passages in that poet.

To be taken, to be seen,  
These have crimes accounted been.

## VI.

## TO THE SAME.

Kiss me, sweet : the wary lover  
Can your favours keep, and cover,  
When the common courting jay  
All your bounties will betray.  
Kiss again : no creature comes.  
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums  
On my lips thus hardly sundred,  
While you breathe. First give a hundred.  
Then a thousand, then another  
Hundred, then unto the other  
Add a thousand, and so more :  
Till you equal with the store,  
All the grass that Rumney yields,  
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,  
Or the drops in silver Thames,  
Or the stars that gild his streams,  
In the silent Summer-nights,  
When youths ply their stolen delights ;  
That the curious may not know  
How to tell 'em as they flow,  
And the envious, when they find  
What their number is, be pined.

## VII.

## SONG.

THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S  
SHADOWS.<sup>1</sup>

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,  
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :  
So court a mistress, she denies you ;  
Let her alone, she will court you.  
Say are not women truly, then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men ?  
At morn and even shades are longest ;  
At noon they are or short or none :  
So men at weakest, they are strongest,  
But grant us perfect, they're not known.  
Say are not women truly then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

<sup>1</sup> ["Pembroke and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, The women were men's shadowes, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Johnson, he affirmed it true ; for which my Lady gave a pennance to approve it in verse : hence his epigram."—B. J., *Conversations with Drummond*.]

This seems circumstantial enough ; but a writer in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S., viii. 187, gives some Latin lines, which if really written by Barthol. Anulus (who died *circa* 1565) would tend to impugn the truth of the story :

*Umbra suum corpus radianti in lumine solis  
Cum sequitur refugit : cum fugit insequitur.*

## VIII.

## SONG.

## TO SICKNESS.

Why, DISEASE, dost thou molest  
Ladies, and of them the best ?  
Do not men enow of rites  
To thy altars, by their nights  
Spent in surfeits ; and their days,  
And nights too, in worse ways ?  
Take heed, Sickness, what you do,  
I shall fear you'll surfeit too.  
Live not we, as all thy stalls,  
Spittles, pest-house, hospitalls,  
Scarce will take our present store ?  
And this age will build no more.  
'Pray thee, feed contented then,  
Sickness, only on us men ;  
Or if it needs thy lust will taste  
Woman-kind ; devour the waste  
Livers, round about the town.  
But, forgive me,—with thy crown  
They maintain the truest trade,  
And have more diseases made.  
What should yet thy palate please ?  
Daintiness, and softer ease,  
Sleeked limbs, and finest blood ?  
If thy leanness love such food,  
There are those, that for thy sake,  
Do enough ; and who would take  
Any pains ; yea, think it price,  
To become thy sacrifice.  
That distill their husband's land  
In decoctions ; and are manned  
With ten empires, in their chamber,  
Lying for the spirit of amber.  
That for the oil of talc dare spend  
More than citizens dare lend<sup>2</sup>  
Them, and all their officers.  
That to make all pleasure theirs,  
Will by coach, and water go,  
Every stew in town to know ;  
Dare entail their loves on any,  
Bald or blind, or ne'er so many :

*Tales nature quoque sint muliebres amores :  
Opset amans, nolunt : non velit, ultro volunt.  
Phæbum virgo fugit Daphne inviolata sequen-  
tem*

*Echo, Narcissum, dum fugit, insequitur.  
Ergo voluntati plerumque adversa repugnans  
Fœmina, jure sui dicitur umbra viri.*

F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> *That for the oil of talc dare spend  
More than citizens dare lend.* See vol. ii.  
p. 38 a. Whalley has strangely confounded this  
cosmetic with a nauseous unction for the tick in  
sheep.

And for thee at common game,  
Play away health, wealth, and fame.  
These, Disease, will thee deserve ;  
And will long, ere thou shouldst starve,  
On their beds, most prostitute,  
Move it, as their humblest suit,  
In thy justice to molest  
None but them, and leave the rest.

## IX.

## SONG.

TO CELIA.<sup>1</sup>

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine ;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine :  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.  
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,

<sup>1</sup> No part of Jonson has been so frequently quoted as this song, which, pleasing as it is, is not superior to many others scattered through his works.

"I was surprised (Cumberland says), the other day to find our learned poet Ben Jonson had been poaching in an obscure collection of love letters, written by the sophist Philostratus in a very rhapsodical stile, merely for the purpose of stringing together a parcel of unnatural far-fetched conceits, more calculated to disgust a man of Jonson's classical taste, than to put him upon the humble task of copying them, and then fathering the translation. The little poem he has taken from this despicable sophist is now become a very popular song."—*Observer*, No. lxxiv.

Cumberland, who reasoned very loosely, was hardly aware, I think, of the extraordinary compliment he was paying Jonson in this passage. But why should he be surprised? Did we not know that he was directed to Philostratus by a more skilful and excursive finger than his own, we might perhaps be surprised at finding the critic there ; but they must have a very imperfect acquaintance with Jonson who are unprepared to meet with him in any volume which antiquity has bequeathed to us. It need not follow that our poet admired every writer that he read : he might not, perhaps, have judged more favourably of Philostratus than Mr. Cumberland, or rather Dr. Bentley ; yet he had the address to turn him to some account. But to the quotations : which, it must be added, are translated without much apparent knowledge of the original :

Ἐμοὶ δὲ μοῖρος προπῖνε τοῖς ὀμμασιν. Ἐὶ δὲ βούλει, τοὺς χεῖλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλῆρου φίλη-

As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not withered be,  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me :  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

## X.

PRÆLUDIUM.<sup>2</sup>

And must I sing? what subject shall I  
chuse?  
Or whose great name in Poets' heaven use,  
For the more countenance to my active  
Muse?

Hercules? alas, his bones are yet sore  
With his old earthly labours : 't' exact  
more  
Of his dull godhead, were sin. I'll implore  
Phœbus. No, tend thy cart still. Envious  
day  
Shall not give out that I have made thee  
stay,  
And founded thy hot team, to tune my lay.

ματῶν το ἐκπῶμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου. "Drink to me with thine eyes only—Or, if thou wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill it with kisses, and so bestow it upon me."—*Lett.* xxiv.

Ἐγὼ, ἐπειδὴν ἰδῶ σε, δίψῳ, καὶ το ἐκπῶμα κατέχω, καὶ το μὲν οὐ προσάγω τοῖς χεῖλεσι, σὺν δὲ οὐδα πῖνον. "I, as soon as I behold thee, thirst, and taking hold of the cup, do not indeed apply that to my lips for drink, but thee."—*Lett.* xxv. This is by no means the sense. It was not thus that Jonson read Philostratus.

Πεπομφα σοὶ στεφανὸν ῥόδων, οὐ σε τιμῶν (καὶ τοῦτο μὲν γὰρ), ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς τι χαρίζομενος τοῖς ῥόδοις, ἵνα μὴ μαρτυρῇ. "I sent thee a rosy wreath, not so much honouring thee (though this also is in my thoughts) as bestowing favour upon the roses, that so they might not be withered."—*Lett.* xxx.

Εἰ δὲ βούλει τι φίλην χαρίζεσθαι, τὰ λείψανα αὐτῶν ἀντιπέμψον, μήκετι πνεύοντα ῥόδον μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ σὺν. "If thou wouldst do a kindness to thy lover, send back the reliques of the roses (I gave thee) no longer smelling of themselves only, but of thee."—*Lett.* xxxi.

Mr. Cumberland is quite scandalized at the omission of the poet's acknowledgments to Philostratus : this is very natural in so scrupulous a borrower as himself ; but he ought to have known that this was not the practice of Jonson's times.

It is a little singular that the artful arrangement of this song (which is peculiar to our poet) should have escaped the critics. Cumberland divides it into four stanzas ; so do the ingenious authors of the *Anthology*, who, from the incorrect manner in which they have given it, evidently overlooked the construction.

<sup>2</sup> This Prælude (which is merely sportive)

Nor will I beg of thee, Lord of the Vine,  
To raise my spirits with thy conjuring wine,  
In the green circle of thy Ivy twine.

Pallas, nor thee I call on, mankind maid,  
That at thy birth mad'st the poor Smith  
afraid,

Who with his axe thy father's midwife  
played.

Go, cramp dull Mars, light Venus when  
he snorts,

Or with thy Tribade trine, invent new sports;  
Thou nor thy looseness with my making  
sorts.

Let the Old Boy, your son, ply his old task,  
Turn the stale prologue to some painted  
mask;

His absence in my verse, is all I ask.

Hermes, thecheater, shall not mix withus,  
Though he would steal his sisters' Pegasus,  
And rifle him: or pawn his Petasus.

Nor all the ladies of the Thespian lake,  
Though they were crushed into one form,  
could make

A beauty of that merit, that should take

together with the admirable Epode to which it forms an introduction, must have been among the earliest of Jonson's works, since both are prefixed to a volume of rare occurrence (obligingly communicated to me by T. Hill, Esq.), called "Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant fate of the Phoenix and Turtle—now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caliano, by Robert Chester, to which are added some new compositions of several writers, 1601." The Epode is immediately followed by "the Phoenix Analysed," and the "Ode" given below (8) both, as it would seem, by our author, though his name does not appear to them.

Till the discovery of this volume, of which Whalley apparently knew nothing, these poems could scarcely be considered as intelligible Shakspeare, Marston, and Chapman united with Jonson in this commendation of the Phoenix, and "consecrated their verses (the preface says) to the love and merit of the true noble knight, Sir John Salisburie."

#### THE PHOENIX ANALYSED. (8.)

Now after all, let no man  
Receive it for a fable,  
If a bird so amiable  
Do turn into a woman.

Or, by our Turtle's augure,  
That Nature's fairest creature  
Prove of his mistress' feature  
But a bare type and figure.

My Muse up by commission; no, I bring  
My own true fire: now my thought takes  
wing,  
And now an EPODE to deep ears I sing.

#### XI.

#### EPODE.

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,  
Is virtue and not Fate:

Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,  
And her black spite expel.

Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,  
Or safe, but she'll procure

Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard  
Of thoughts to watch and ward

At the eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,  
That no strange or unkind

Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,  
Give knowledge instantly,

To wakeful reason, our affections' king:  
Who, in th' examining,

Will quickly taste the treason, and commit  
Close, the close cause of it.

'Tis the securest policy we have,  
To make our sense our slave.

#### ODE εὐθουσιαστική.

Splendor! O more than mortal  
For other forms come short all,  
Of her illustrious brightness  
As far as sin's from lightness.

Her wit as quick and sprightly  
As fire, and more delightful  
Than the stolen sports of lovers,  
When night their meeting covers.

Judgment, adorned with learning  
Doth shine in her discerning,  
Clear as a naked vestal  
Closed in an orb of crystal.

Her breath for sweet exceeding  
The Phoenix' place of breeding,  
But mixed with sound, transcending  
All nature of commending.

Alas, then! whither wade I  
In thought to praise this lady,  
When seeking her renowning  
Myself am so near drowning?

Retire, and say her graces  
Are deeper than their faces,  
Yet she's not nice to show them,  
Nor takes she pride to know them.

[The T. Hill, Esq., who brought this volume to light, was better known as *Tom Hill*, and better still as the *Paul Pry* of Liston, the *Hull* of Gilbert Gurney, and the *Tom Eaves* of "Vanity Fair."—F. C.]

But this true course is not embraced by many :

By many ! scarce by any.  
For either our affections do rebel,  
Or else the sentinel,  
That should ring larum to the heart, doth sleep ;

Or some great thought doth keep  
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears  
They are base and idle fears  
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.

Thus, by these subtle trains,  
Do several passions invade the mind,  
And strike our reason blind,  
Of which usurping rank, some have thought love

The first ; as prone to move  
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests

In our enflamed breasts :  
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,  
Which thus we over-blow.

The thing they here call Love, is blind Desire,

Armed with bow, shafts, and fire ;  
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,  
Rough, swelling, like a storm :

With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,

And boils, as if he were  
In a continual tempest. Now, true Love

No such effects doth prove ;  
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,

Pure, perfect, nay divine ;  
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,

Whose links are bright and even,  
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines

The soft, and sweetest minds  
In equal knots : this bears no brands nor darts,

To murder different hearts,  
But in a calm and god-like unity

Preserves community.  
O, who is he that in this peace enjoys

The Elixir of all joys ?  
A form more fresh than are the Eden

bowers,  
And lasting as her flowers :

Richer than Time, and as Time's virtue rare :<sup>1</sup>

Sober, as saddest care ;

<sup>1</sup> And as Time's virtue rare.] *Truth*, which is said proverbially to be the daughter of *Time*. — *WHAL.*

<sup>2</sup> *Peace, Luxury*.] i.e., *lust*. It is simply the *Fr. luxure*, then in general use. On this trite word Stevens (under the name of Collins) has

A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance :

Who, blest with such high chance,  
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,  
Cast himself from the spire

Of all his happiness ? But soft, I hear  
Some vicious fool draw near,

That cries we dream, and swears there's no such thing

As this chaste love we sing.  
Peace, Luxury,<sup>2</sup> thou art like one of those

Who, being at sea, suppose,  
Because they move, the continent doth so.

No, Vice, we let thee know,  
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings do fly.

Turtles can chastly die ;  
And yet (in this t' express ourselves more clear)

We do not number here  
Such spirits as are only continent,

Because lust's means are spent :  
Or those who doubt the common mouth

of fame,  
And for their place and name,

Cannot so safely sin : their chastity  
Is more necessity.

Nor mean we those whom vows and conscience

Have filled with abstinence :  
Though we acknowledge, who can so abstain,

Makes a most blessed gain.  
He that for love of goodness hateth ill,

Is more crown-worthy still,  
Than he which for sin's penalty forbears ;

His heart sins, though he fears.  
But we propose a person like our Dove,

Graced with a Phoenix' love ;  
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light,

Would make a day of night,  
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys ;

Whose odorous breath destroys  
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air

As sweet as she is fair.  
A body so harmoniously composed,

As if Nature disclosed  
All her best symmetry in that one feature !

O, so divine a creature,  
Who could be false to ? chiefly when he knows

How only she bestows

How only she bestows

How only she bestows

How only she bestows

How only she bestows

How only she bestows

How only she bestows

How only she bestows

How only she bestows

How only she bestows

poured out, for the benefit of the youthful readers of Shakspeare, pages of the grossest indecency :

" *Verbis, nudum olido stans  
Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet !*"

The wealthy treasure of her love on him ;  
 Making his fortunes swim  
 In the full flood of her admired perfection?  
 What savage, brute affection,  
 Would not be fearful to offend a dame  
 Of this excellèd frame?  
 Much more a noble and right generous  
 mind,  
 To virtuous moods inclined,  
 That knows the weight of guilt;<sup>1</sup> he will  
 refrain  
 From thoughts of such a strain,  
 And to his sense object this sentence ever,  
 "Man may securely sin, but safely  
 never."

## XII.

## EPISTLE

TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF  
 RUTLAND.<sup>2</sup>

MADAM,  
 Whilst that for which all virtue now is  
 sold,  
 And almost every vice, almighty gold,  
 That which, to boot with hell, is thought  
 worth heaven,  
 And for it life, conscience, yea souls are  
 given,  
 Toils, by grave custom, up and down the  
 court,  
 To every squire or groom that will report  
 Well or ill, only all the following year,  
 Just to the weight their this day's presents  
 bear;  
 While it makes huishers serviceable men,  
 And some one apteth to be trusted then,  
 Though never after; whiles it gains the  
 voice  
 Of some grand peer, whose air doth make  
 rejoice  
 The fool that gave it: who will want and  
 weep,  
 When his proud patron's favours are  
 asleep;  
 While thus it buys great grace, and hunts  
 poor fame;  
 Runs between man and man; 'tween dame  
 and dame;

<sup>1</sup> That knows the weight of guilt, &c.] This is from Seneca, the tragedian:

*Quid parva presens conscie mentis pavor,  
 Animusque culpa plenus, et semet timens:  
 Scelus aliqua tutam, nulla securum tulit.*

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.] The lady to whom the 79th epigram is addressed, daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, and wife of Roger Manners, fifth Earl of Rutland. She died before

Solders cracked friendship; makes love last  
 a day;  
 Or perhaps less: whilst gold bears all this  
 sway,  
 I, that have none to send you, send you  
 verse.  
 A present which, if elder writs rehearse  
 The truth of times, was once of more  
 esteem  
 Than this our guilt, not golden age can  
 deem,  
 When gold was made no weapon to cut  
 throats,  
 Or put to flight Astrea, when her ingòts  
 Were yet unfound, and better placed in  
 earth,<sup>3</sup>  
 Than here to give pride fame and pea-  
 sants birth.  
 But let this dross carry what price it will  
 With noble ignorants, and let them still  
 Turn upon scorned verse their quarter-  
 face:  
 With you, I know, my offering will find  
 grace.  
 For what a sin 'gainst your great father's  
 spirit,  
 Were it to think that you should not in-  
 herit  
 His love unto the Muses, when his skill  
 Almost you have, or may have when you  
 will?  
 Wherein wise nature you a dowry gave  
 Worth an estate treble to that you have.  
 Beauty I know is good, and blood is more;  
 Riches thought most; but, madam, think  
 what store  
 The world hath seen, which all these had  
 in trust,  
 And now lie lost in their forgotten dust.  
 It is the Muse alone can raise to heaven,  
 And, at her strong arm's end, hold up, and  
 even,  
 The souls she loves. Those other glorious  
 notes,  
 Inscribed in touch or marble; or the coats  
 Painted or carved upon our great men's  
 tombs,  
 Or in their windows, do but prove the  
 wombs

the appearance of this volume, as did her husband.

<sup>3</sup> When her ingòts  
 Were yet unfound, and better placed in  
 earth, &c.]

*"Aurum irreperitum et sic melius situm  
 Cum terra cecit, spernere fortior  
 Quàm cogere humanos in usus  
 Omne sacrum rapiente dextra."*

HOR



That bred them, graves : when they were  
born they died,

That had no Muse to make their fame  
abide.

How many equal with the Argive queen,  
Have beauty known, yet none so famous  
seen ?

Achilles was not first that valiant was,  
Or, in an army's head, that, locked in brass,  
Gave killing strokes. There were brave  
men before

Ajax, or Idomen,<sup>1</sup> or all the store  
That Homer brought to Troy ; yet none so  
live,

Because they lacked the sacred pen could  
give

Like life unto them. Who heaved Hercules  
Unto the stars, or the Tyndarides ?

<sup>1</sup> *There were brave men before*

*Ajax or Idomen.*] The sentiment is from  
Horace, lib. iv. 9 :

*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi ; sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *You, and that other star, that purest light  
Of all Lucina's train, Lucy the bright*]  
This, I presume, was *Lucy*, Countess of Bedford, to whom our author hath addressed some epigrams, and who was particularly celebrated by Dr. Donne. If what follows in the succeeding lines must be applied to him, one would imagine some little misunderstanding was then subsisting between him and the poet ; though from the verses which Donne and Jonson have mutually wrote to each other, it appears there was always a very friendly correspondence between them.—WHAL.

No doubt of it : but Whalley is mistaken in the person here meant, who is not Donne but Daniel. There is no necessity for wantonly stirring up new enmities, since Jonson is already charged with more than he ever felt ; and it is certain that he was at this time, and continued to the end of his life, the affectionate friend and admirer of Donne.

That there was no cordiality between our poet and Daniel seems probable, and he here gives the reason of it. Daniel "envied" him. A little retrospect into his history may shew, perhaps, that the assertion (setting aside the undoubted veracity of Jonson) has nothing improbable in it. Daniel was born in 1562. At the age of seventeen he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he continued three years. In 1582 he came to London, and was recommended to the Court through the interest of his brother-in-law, "the resolute John Florio." On the death of Spenser, in 1599, he succeeded to the Laureatship ; in other words, he became the Court poet, and as such was called on to furnish the complimentary poems, pageants, masques, &c., incidental to the situation. He seems therefore, not unnaturally, to

Who placed Jason's Argo in the sky,  
Or set bright Ariadne's crown so high  
Who made a lamp of Berenice's hair,  
Or lifted Cassiopeia in her chair,  
But only Poets, rapt with rage divine ?  
And such, or my hopes fail, shall make  
you shine.

You, and that other star, that purest light,  
Of all Lucina's train, Lucy the bright ;<sup>2</sup>  
Than which a nobler heaven itself knows not ;  
Who, though she have a better verser got,  
(Or Poet, in the court-account,) than I,  
And who doth me, though I not him envy,  
Yet for the timely favours she hath done,  
To my less sanguine Muse, wherein she  
hath won

My grateful soul, the subject of her powers,  
I have already used some happy hours,

have experienced some uneasiness when, soon after the accession of James I., Jonson was called upon to prepare the Masques of that gay period. This appears to be the *very head and front* of our poet's offending, unless it be added that though he always thought and called Daniel "a good and honest man," he entertained no very lofty opinion of his style of poetry.

Daniel, however, numbered among his friends and patrons the most distinguished characters of both sexes ; and it appears that he was not wanting in remonstrating against the attempt to supersede him, nor in using the interest which his talents and virtues had procured, to be permitted to resume what he probably considered as the duties of his office. In the dedication of *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, 1604, to the Countess of Bedford, he expresses his thankfulness "for her preferring him to the Queen for this employment." The dedication is in itself sufficiently captious and querulous, and seems pointed in some measure at our poet. He was also called on to assist in the solemnity of creating Henry, Prince of Wales, when he wrote the masque or rather pageant of *Tethys' Festival* (a).

But Daniel's spirits were wounded, and he could not apparently brook the rising favour of his younger competitor. About a year after the publication of his first Masque he printed his

(a) I take the earliest opportunity of correcting a mistake respecting this "Solennitie." It is stated, *ante*, p. 63, that *The Masque of Oberon* was performed before the prince on the 5th of June, 1610. I have since been enabled to ascertain, by the kindness of Mr. Cohen, that the masque performed on that day was the *Tethys* of Daniel, to which therefore the description of the Master of the Ceremonies must be referred. *The Masque of Oberon* was probably presented, as it is printed, after *The Barriers*, on the sixth day, or Thursday. The machinery of *Tethys* was furnished by Inigo Jones, and the accompaniments must have been very splendid. The poet's part was the least important, and consisted of little more than some pretty songs.

To her remembrance ; which when time  
shall bring

To curious light, to notes I then shall sing,  
Will prove old Orpheus' act no tale to be :  
For I shall move stocks, stones, no less  
than he.

Then all that have but done my Muse least  
grace,<sup>1</sup>

Shall thronging come, and boast the happy  
place

They hold in my strange poems, which, as  
yet,

Had not their form touched by an English  
wit.

There, like a rich and golden pyramede,  
Borne up by statues, shall I rear your head  
Above your under-carved ornaments,  
And shew how to the life my soul presents  
Your form imprint there : not with tickling  
rhymes,

Or common-places filched, that take these  
times,

But high and noble matter, such as flies  
From brains entranced, and filled with ex-  
tacies ;

Moods which the godlike Sidney oft did  
prove,

And your brave friend and mine so well did  
love.

Who, wheresoe'er he be——

*The rest is lost.*

*Philotas*, with a dedication in verse to Prince Henry, of which it is scarcely possible to read without emotion the simple and affecting conclusion :

And I, although among the latter train  
And least of those that sung unto this land,  
Have borne my part, though in an humble strain,  
And pleased the gentler that did understand.

And never had my harmless pen at all

Distained with any loose immodesty,

Nor ever noted to be touched with gall,

To aggravate the worst man's infamy.

But still have done the fairest offices

To virtue and the time : yet nought prevails,

And all our labours are without success,

For either favour or our virtue fails.

And therefore since I have outlived the date

Of former grace, acceptance, and delight,

I would my lines late born beyond the fate

Of her spent line,<sup>(a)</sup> had never come to light !

So had I not been taxed for wishing well,

Nor now mistaken by the censuring stage,

Nor in my fame and reputation fell,

Which I esteem more than what all the age

Or th' earth can give : But years hath done this

wrong,

To make me write too much, and live too long.

(a) *Of her spent line.* i.e., of Queen Elizabeth's.

VOL. III.

## XIII.

## EPISTLE.

TO KATHARINE, LADY AUBIGNY.<sup>2</sup>

'Tis grown almost a danger to speak true  
Of any good mind now ; there are so few.  
The bad, by number are so fortified,  
As what they have lost t' expect, they dare  
deride.

So both the praised and praisers suffer ; yet,  
For others ill ought none their good forget.

I therefore, who profess myself in love

With every virtue, wheresoe'er it move,

And howsoever ; as I am at feud

With sin and vice, though with a throne  
endued ;

And, in this name, am given out dangerous  
By arts and practice of the vicious,

Such as suspect themselves, and think it fit,

For their own capital crimes, to indict my  
wit ;

I that have suffered this ; and though forsook  
Of Fortune, have not altered yet my look,

Or so my self abandoned, as because

Men are not just, or keep no holy laws

Of nature and society, I should faint ;

Or fear to draw true lines, 'cause others  
paint :

I, madam, am become your praiser ; where,  
If it may stand with your soft blush to hear

He could not be beyond five-and-forty at this period of despondency : he remained, however, about the court for some time longer, probably till about 1615, in which year Jonson, who was still rising in reputation, obtained a fixed salary for his services, when this amiable man retired to Somersetshire, commenced farmer, and passed the remainder of his days in privacy, piety, and peace.

Daniel was highly esteemed by Queen Anne, and to this Jonson alludes in the text, while his great patron was James. Still, however, there seems no adequate cause for any hostility against Jonson, if he only made a fair advantage of his superior talents for the drama ; for which, it must be confessed, his rival wanted both energy and fancy, and which indeed he laments, just above, that he ever attempted.

<sup>1</sup> *Then all that have but done my Muse least grace,*

*Shall thronging come.* This intimates a design the poet had of celebrating the ladies of his native country.—*WHAL.* See *ante*, p. 59 b.

<sup>2</sup> *Lady Aubigny.* [This lady has been already noticed. She was the daughter and sole heir of Sir Gervase Clifton, and was married to Lord Aubigny in 1607. The connexion with a family so deservedly dear to James I. as the Stewarts procured a peerage for her father, who was created in the following year Baron Clifton, of Leighton Bromswold, in Nottinghamshire.

Your self but told unto your self, and see  
In my character what your features be,  
You will not from the paper slightly pass :  
No lady but at some time loves her glass.  
And this shall be no false one, but as much  
Removed as you from need to have it such.  
Look then, and see your self—I will not say  
Your beauty, for you see that every day ;  
And so do many more : all which can call  
It perfect, proper, pure and natural,  
Not taken up o' the doctors, but as well  
As I, can say and see it doth excel ;  
That asks but to be censured by the eyes :  
And in those outward forms all fools are  
wise.

Nor that your beauty wanted not a dower,  
Do I reflect. Some alderman has power,  
Or cozening farmer of the customs, so  
To advance his doubtful issue, and o'erflow  
A prince's fortune : these are gifts of chance,  
And raise not virtue ; they may vice enhance.  
My mirror is more subtle, clear, refined,  
And takes and gives the beauties of the mind ;  
Though it reject not those of Fortune : such  
As blood, and match. Wherein, how more  
than much

Are you engaged to your happy fate,  
For such a lot ! that mixt you with a state  
Of so great title, birth, but virtue most,  
Without which all the rest were sounds, or  
lost.

'Tis only that can time and chance defeat :  
For he that once is good, is ever great.  
Wherewith then, madam, can you better pay  
This blessing of your stars, than by that way  
Of virtue which you tread ? What if alone,  
Without companions ? 'tis safe to have none.  
In single paths dangers with ease are  
watched ;

Contagion in the press is soonest caught.  
This makes, that wisely you decline your life  
Far from the maze of custom, error, strife,  
And keep an even, and unaltered gait ;  
Not looking by or back, like those that wait  
Times and occasions, to start forth, and  
seem,

Which, though the turning world may dis-  
esteem,  
Because that studies spectacles and shows,  
And after varied, as fresh objects, goes,

Giddy with change, and therefore cannot see  
Right, the right way ; yet must your com-  
fort be

Your conscience, and not wonder if none asks  
For truth's complexion, where they all wear  
masks.

Let who will follow fashions and attires,  
Maintain their leigers forth for foreign wires,  
Melt down their husbands' land, to pour  
away

On the close groom and page, on new-  
year's day,

And almost all days after, while they live ;  
They find it both so witty and safe to give.  
Let them on powders, oils, and paintings  
spend,

Till that no usurer, nor his bawds dare lend  
Them or their officers ; and no man know,  
Whether it be a face they wear or no.

Let them waste body and state ; and after all,  
When their own parasites laugh at their fall,  
May they have nothing left whereof they can  
Boast, but how oft they have gone wrong  
to man,

And call it their brave sin : for such there be  
That do sin only for the infamy ;

And never think how vice doth every hour  
Eat on her clients, and some one devour.  
You, madam, young have learned to shun  
these shelves,

Whereon the most of mankind wreck them-  
selves,

And keeping a just course, have early put  
Into your harbour, and all passage shut  
'Gainst storms or pirates, that might charge  
your peace ;

For which you worthy are the glad increase  
Of your blest womb,<sup>1</sup> made fruitful from  
above

To pay your lord the pledges of chaste love ;  
And raise a noble stem, to give the fame  
To Clifton's blood, that is denied their name.  
Grow, grow, fair tree ! and as thy branches  
shoot,

Hear what the Muses sing about thy root,  
By me, their priest, if they can aught divine :  
Before the moons have filled their triple  
trine,

To crown the burden which you go withal,  
It shall a ripe and timely issue fall,

<sup>1</sup> *The glad increase*  
*Of your blest womb, &c.]* If this was the first  
child (as seems probable), the "Epistle" was  
written in 1608. Lady Aubigny brought her  
husband four sons and three daughters. Of the  
sons, three fell nobly in the field in the cause of  
their sovereign ; the fourth, the eldest, lived to  
perform the last duties to his mangled remains,  
and died in 1655.

To this nobleman Herrick has a poem in which  
he alludes to the disastrous fate of his family,  
*Hesperides*, p. 197 :

"Of all those three brave brothers, slain in war  
(Not without glory), noble sir, you are,  
Despite of all concussions, left the stem  
To shoot forth generations like to them."

**Expect the honours of great AUBIGNY ;**  
 And greater rites, yet writ in mystery,  
 But which the Fates forbid me to reveal.  
 Only thus much out of a ravished zeal  
 Unto your name, and goodness of your life,  
 They speak ; since you are truly that rare  
 wife

Other great wives may blush at, when they  
 see

What your tried manners are, what theirs  
 should be ;

How you love one, and him you should,  
 how still

You are depending on his word and will ;  
 Not fashioned for the court, or strangers'  
 eyes ;

But to please him, who is the dearer prize  
 Unto himself, by being so dear to you.

This makes, that your affections still be new,  
 And that your souls conspire, as they were  
 gone

Each into other, and had now made one.  
 Live that one still ! and as long years do  
 pass,

Madam, be bold to use this truest glass ;  
 Wherein your form you still the same shall  
 find ;

Because nor it can change, nor such a mind.

## XIV.

## O D E.

TO SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY, ON HIS  
BIRTHDAY.<sup>1</sup>

Now that the hearth is crowned with smiling  
 fire,

And some do drink, and some do dance,

Some ring,

Some sing,

And all do strive to advance

The gladness higher ;

Wherefore should I,

Stand silent by,

Who not the least,

Both love the cause and authors of the feast ?

<sup>1</sup> To Sir William Sidney, on his birthday.] He was the eldest son of Sir Robert Sidney, created Earl of Leicester by King James, and a nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. He died unmarried, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.—WHAL.

Sir William Sidney appears to have died about the same time with Prince Henry ; so that this Ode must be placed among our author's earlier pieces. G. Wither (the Satyromastix) drew up some "Mournful Elegies" on the death of the latter, and addressed them to Sir William's father, in which he tells the noble lord that

"His hapless loss had more apparent been,  
 But darkened by the Other, 'twas unseen !"

Give me my cup, but from the Thesplan well,  
 That I may tell to SIDNEY what

This day

Doth say,

And he may think on that

Which I do tell ;

When all the noise

Of these forced joys,

Are fled and gone,

And he with his best Genius left alone.

This day says then, the number of glad  
 years

Are justly summed that make you man ;

Your vow

Must now

Strive all right ways it can

T' outstrip your peers :

Since he doth lack

Of going back

Little, whose will

Doth urge him to run wrong, or to stand  
 still.

Nor can a little of the common store

Of nobles' virtue shew in you ;

Your blood

So good

And great, must seek for new,

And study more :

Nor weary, rest

On what's deceas't.

For they that swell

With dust of ancestors, in graves but dwell.

'Twill be exacted of your name, whose son,  
 Whose nephew, whose grandchild you  
 are ;

And men

Will then

Say you have followed far,

When well begun :

Which must be now,

They teach you how.

And he that stays

To live until to-morrow, hath lost two days.

Furthermore to comfort him he presents him with an anagram on his son's name, which is about the worst that ever appeared :

"GULIELMUS SIDNEUS.

En vilis gelidus sum.

But

Ei' nil luge, sidus sum."

And which, lest the consolatory part of it should escape him, is thus explained at large :

"Nor do I think it can be rightly said,

You are unhappy in this One that's dead :

For notwithstanding his first anagram,

Frights, with Behold, how cold and vile I am ;

Yet in his last he seems more cheerful far,

And joyes with Soft, mourn not, I am a star."

So may you live in honour as in name,  
If with this truth you be inspired ;

So may  
This day

Be more, and long desired ;  
And with the flame

Of love be bright,  
As with the light

Of bonfires ! then

The birthday shines, when logs not burn,  
but men.

### XV.

#### TO HEAVEN.

Good and great GOD ! can I not think of  
Thee,

But it must straight my melancholy be ?

Is it interpreted in me disease,

That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease ?

O be Thou witness, that the reins dost know

And hearts of all, if I be sad for show ;

And judge me after : if I dare pretend

To aught but grace, or aim at other end.

As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,

First, midst, and last, converted One, and  
Three !

<sup>1</sup> *And there scarce is ground*

*Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.*] Opposite to this passage Whalley has written, in the margin of the old folio, "Des Barreaux' Sonnet." What resemblance he found between this lowly expression of a broken spirit and the daring familiarity of Des Barreaux' defiance, it is not easy to discover. I have nothing to object to the poetry of the sonnet : its language too is good, but its sentiments are dreadful.

If Jonson had anything in view besides the

My faith, my hope, my love ; and in this  
state,

My judge, my witness, and my advocate.

Where have I been this while exiled from  
Thee,

And whither rapt, now Thou but stoop'st  
to me ?

Dwell, dwell here still ! O, being every-  
where,

How can I doubt to find Thee ever here ?

I know my state, both full of shame and  
scorn,

Conceived in sin, and unto labour born,  
Standing with fear, and must with horror  
fall,

And destined unto judgment, after all.

I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is  
ground

Upon my flesh t' inflict another wound :<sup>1</sup>

Yet dare I not complain or wish for  
death,

With holy PAUL, lest it be thought the  
breath

Of discontent ; or that these prayers be  
For weariness of life, not love of Thee.<sup>2</sup>

Scriptures in this place, it might be the following verse of Euripides, which is quoted by Longinus, and praised for its nervous consciousness :

Γεμω κακῶν δὴ κ' αὖκετ' ἐσθ' ὀππὲρ τεθῆ.

<sup>2</sup> This is an admirable prayer : solemn, pious, and scriptural. Jonson's religious impressions were deep and awful. He had, like all of us, his moments of forgetfulness ; but whenever he returned to himself he was humble, contrite, and believing.



# Underwoods :

CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.

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*Cineri, gloria sera venit.*—MART.

---

UNDERWOODS.] From the second folio, 1641. The poems collected under this head (with the exception of a small number taken from published volumes) were found amongst Jonson's papers. Whether he designed them all for the press cannot now be known : it is reasonable to suppose, from the imperfect state in which many of them appear, that he did not. No selection, however, was made, though there appears some rude attempt to arrange them with a reference to dates ; but the disposition of them, in general, is very incomplete, and marks of carelessness and ignorance are visible in every page. Much is misplaced or mutilated, and more, perhaps, is lost. It is singular that no notice or memorandum of any kind should hand down to us the name or condition of the editor or printer of this unfortunate volume, unless, as there is some reason to suspect, the whole was put to the press surreptitiously.

---

## TO THE READER.

With the same leave the ancients called that kind of body *Sylva*, or ὕλη, in which there were works of divers nature and matter congested ; as the multitude call timber-trees promiscuously growing, a Wood or Forest ; so am I bold to entitle these lesser poems of later growth, by this of UNDERWOOD, out of the analogy they hold to the Forest in my former book, and no otherwise.

BEN JONSON.

## POEMS OF DEVOTION.

### The Sinner's Sacrifice.

#### I.

##### TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

#### I.

O holy, blessed, glorious Trinity  
Of persons, still one God in Unity.  
The faithful man's beloved mystery,  
Help, help to lift  
Myself up to Thee, harrowed, torn, and  
bruised,  
By sin and Satan; and my flesh misused,  
As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,  
O take my gift.

#### II.

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,  
A broken heart Thou wert not wont despise;  
But 'bove the fat of rams or bulls to prize,  
An offering meet,  
For Thy acceptance: O, behold me right,  
And take compassion on my grievous plight!  
What odour can be, than a heart contrite,  
To Thee more sweet?

#### III.

Eternal Father, God, who didst create  
This all of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,  
And breath'st into it life and light, with state  
To worship Thee.  
Eternal God the Son, who not deniedst  
To take our nature; becam'st man, and diedst,  
To pay our debts, upon Thy cross, and criedst,  
ALL'S DONE IN ME.<sup>1</sup>

#### IV.

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,  
Father and Son; the Comforter, in breeding  
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeal them  
feeding

For acts of grace.

<sup>1</sup> *All's done in me.*] Alluding to the last words of our blessed Saviour upon the Cross—  
"It is finished."

Increase those acts, O glorious Trinity  
Of persons, still one God in Unity;  
Till I attain the longed-for mystery  
Of seeing your face,

#### V.

Beholding one in three, and three in one,  
A Trinity, to shine in Union;  
The gladdest light dark man can think  
upon;

O grant it me!  
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three,  
All co-eternal in your majesty,  
Distinct in persons, yet in unity  
One God to see.

#### VI.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier!  
To hear, to mediate, sweeten my desire  
With grace, with love, with cherishing  
entire:

O, then how blest!  
Among Thy saints elected to abide,  
And with Thy angels placed, side by side,  
But in Thy presence, truly glorified  
Shall I there rest!

#### II.

##### A HYMN

##### TO GOD THE FATHER.

Hear me, O God!  
A broken heart  
Is my best part:  
Use still Thy rod,  
That I may prove  
Therein, Thy love.

If Thou hadst not  
Been stern to me,  
But left me free,  
I had forgot  
Myself and Thee.

For, sin's so sweet,  
As minds ill bent  
Rarely repent,  
Until they meet  
Their punishment.

Who more can crave  
Than Thou hast done?  
That gav'st a Son  
To free a slave:  
First made of nought;  
With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell  
His glorious name  
Quite overcame;  
Yet I rebel,  
And slight the same.

But, I'll come in,  
Before my loss  
Me farther toss,  
As sure to win  
Under His cross.

### III.

#### A HYMN

#### ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

I sing the birth was born to-night,  
The author both of life and light;

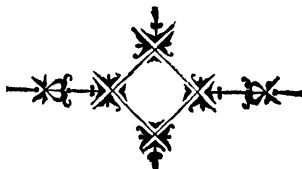
The angels so did sound it.  
And like the ravished shepherds said,  
Who saw the light, and were afraid,  
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, the Eternal King,  
That did us all salvation bring,  
And freed the soul from danger;  
He whom the whole world could not take,<sup>1</sup>  
The Word, which heaven and earth did  
make,  
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,  
The Son's obedience knew no No,  
Both wills were in one stature;  
And as that wisdom had decreed,  
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,  
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,  
Who made Himself the price of sin,  
To make us heirs of glory!  
To see this Babe, all innocence  
A martyr born in our defence;  
Can man forget this story?

<sup>1</sup> *He whom the whole world could not take.*  
i.e., contain, a Latinism, *Quem non capit.*





# A Celebration of Charis :

## IN TEN LYRIC PIECES.

### I.

#### HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING.

Let it not your wonder move,  
Less your laughter, that I love.  
Though I now write fifty years,<sup>1</sup>  
I have had, and have my peers ;  
Poets, though divine, are men :  
Some have loved as old again.  
And it is not always face,  
Clothes or fortune, gives the grace ;  
Or the feature, or the youth :  
But the language, and the truth,  
With the ardour and the passion,  
Gives the lover weight and fashion.  
If you then will read the story,  
First prepare you to be sorry,  
That you never knew till now,  
Either whom to love, or how :  
But be glad as soon with me,  
When you know that this is she,  
Of whose beauty it was sung,  
She shall make the old man young,  
Keep the middle age at stay,  
And let nothing high decay ;  
Till she be the reason why,  
All the world for love may die.

### II.

#### HOW HE SAW HER.

I beheld her on a day,  
When her look outflourished May :  
And her dressing did outbrave  
All the pride the fields then have :  
Far I was from being stupid,  
For I ran and called on Cupid ;—

<sup>1</sup> *Though I now write fifty years.*] This fixes the date of this little collection to 1624, the last year of health, perhaps, which the poet ever enjoyed.

There is a considerable degree of ease and elegance in these effusions ; and indeed it may be observed in general of our poet's lyrics, that a vein of sprightliness and fancy runs through them which a reader of his epistles, &c., is scarcely prepared to expect. In the latter,

Love, if thou wilt ever see  
Mark of glory, come with me ;  
Where's thy quiver? bend thy bow ;  
Here's a shaft,—thou art too slow !  
And, withal, I did untie  
Every cloud about his eye ;  
But he had not gained his sight  
Sooner than he lost his might,  
Or his courage ; for away  
Straight he ran, and durst not stay,  
Letting bow and arrow fall :  
Not for any threat or call,  
Could be brought once back to look.  
I foolhardy, there up took  
Both the arrow he had quit,  
And the bow, with thought to hit  
This my object ; but she threw  
Such a lightning, as I drew,  
At my face, that took my sight,  
And my motion from me quite ;  
So that there I stood a stone,  
Mocked of all, and called of one,  
(Which with grief and wrath I heard),  
Cupid's statue with a beard ;  
Or else one that played his ape,  
In a Hercules his shape.

### III.

#### WHAT HE SUFFERED.

After many scorns like these,  
Which the prouder beauties please ;  
She content was to restore  
Eyes and limbs, to hurt me more,  
And would, on conditions, be  
Reconciled to Love and me.  
First, that I must kneeling yield  
Both the bow and shaft I held

Jonson, like several other poets of his age, or rather of his school, who also succeeded in lyrics, sedulously reins in the imagination, and contents himself with strength of sentiment and thought, in simple but vigorous language and unambitious rhyme. His CHARIS has all the vivid colouring of the best ages of antiquity ; and it is truly delightful to mark the grace and ease with which this great poet plays with the boundless mass of his literary acquisitions.

Unto her ; which Love might take  
At her hand, with oath to make  
Me the scope of his next draft,  
Aimed with that self-same shaft.  
He no sooner heard the law,  
But the arrow home did draw,  
And to gain her by his art,  
Left it sticking in my heart :  
Which when she beheld to bleed,  
She repented of the deed,  
And would fain have changed the fate,  
But the pity comes too late.  
Loser-like, now all my wreak  
Is, that I have leave to speak ;  
And in either prose or song,  
To revenge me with my tongue ;  
Which how dexterously I do,  
Hear and make example too.

## IV.

## HER TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,  
Wherein my Lady rideth !  
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,  
And well the car Love guideth.  
As she goes, all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty ;  
And enamoured do wish, so they might  
But enjoy such a sight,  
That they still were to run by her side,  
Through swords, through seas, whither she  
would ride.  
Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that Love's world compriseth !  
Do but look on her hair, it is bright  
As Love's star when it riseth !  
Do but mark, her forehead's smother  
Than words that soothe her :  
And from her arched brows, such a grace  
Sheds itself through the face,  
As alone there triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good of the elements'  
strife.  
Have you seen but a bright lily grow,  
Before rude hands have touched it ?  
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow  
Before the soil hath smutched it ?  
Have you felt the wool of bever ?  
Or swan's down ever ?  
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier ?  
Or the nard in the fire ?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?  
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !<sup>1</sup>

## V.

## HIS DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest CHARIS, you that are  
Both my fortune and my star,  
And do govern more my blood,  
Than the various Moon the flood,  
Hear, what late discourse of you,  
LOVE and I have had ; and true.  
'Mongst my Muses finding me,  
Where he chanced your name to see  
Set, and to this softer strain ;  
Sure, said he, if I have brain,  
This, here sung, can be no other,  
By description, but my Mother !  
So hath Homer praised her hair ;  
So Anacreon drawn the air  
Of her face, and made to rise  
Just about her sparkling eyes,  
Both her brows bent like my bow.  
By her looks I do her know,  
Which you call my shafts. And see !  
Such my Mother's blushes be,  
As the bath your verse discloses  
In her cheeks, of milk and roses ;  
Such as oft I wanton in :  
And, above her even chin,  
Have you placed the bank of kisses,  
Where, you say, men gather blisses,  
Ripened with a breath more sweet,  
Than when flowers and west winds meet.  
Nay, her white and polished neck,  
With the lace that doth it deck,  
Is my Mother's : hearts of slain  
Lovers, made into a chain !  
And between each rising breast,  
Lies the valley called my nest,  
Where I sit and proyne my wings  
After flight ; and put new stings  
To my shafts : her very name  
With my Mother's is the same.  
I confess all, I replied,  
And the glass hangs by her side,  
And the girdle 'bout her waist,  
All is Venus, save unchaste.  
But alas, thou seest the least  
Of her good, who is the best  
Of her sex ; but couldst thou, Love,  
Call to mind the forms that strove  
For the apple, and those three  
Make in one, the same were she.  
For this beauty yet doth hide  
Something more than thou hast spied.  
Outward grace weak love beguiles ;  
She is Venus when she smiles ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The two last stanzas of the "Triumph" are given in *The Devil's an Ass*, so that the opening line alone can bear the stamp of "fifty years."

<sup>2</sup> She is Venus when she smiles, &c.] From Angerianus :

*Tres quondam nudas vidit Priameus heros*

But she's Juno when she walks,  
And Minerva when she talks.

# VI.

## CLAIMING A SECOND KISS BY DESERT.

CHARIS, guess, and do not miss,  
Since I drew a morning kiss  
From your lips, and sucked an air  
Thence, as sweet as you are fair,  
What my Muse and I have done :

Whether we have lost or won,  
If by us the odds were laid,  
That the bride, allowed a maid,  
Looked not half so fresh and fair,  
With the advantage of her hair,<sup>1</sup>  
And her jewels to the view  
Of the assembly, as did you !

Or that did you sit or walk,  
You were more the eye and talk  
Of the court, to-day, than all  
Else that glistened in Whitehall ;  
So, as those that had your sight,  
Wished the bride were changed to-  
night,

And did think such rites were due  
To no other Grace but you !

Or, if you did move to-night  
In the dances, with what spite  
Of your peers you were beheld,  
That at every motion swelled  
So to see a lady tread,  
As might all the Graces lead,  
And was worthy, being so seen,  
To be envied of the queen.

Or if you would yet have stayed,  
Whether any would upbraid  
To himself his loss of time ;  
Or have charged his sight of crime,  
To have left all sight for you.  
Guess of these which is the true ;  
And if such a verse as this  
May not claim another kiss.

*Luce deas ; video tres quoque luce deas :  
Hec majus, tres uno in corpore ; Cælia ridens  
Est Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.*

This quotation (says Dr. Farmer) recalls to my memory a very extraordinary fact. A few years ago, at a great court on the continent, a countryman of ours (Sir Charles Hanbury Williams) exhibited with many other candidates his complimentary epigram on the birthday, and carried the prize in triumph

*O Regina orbis prima et pulcherrima : ridens  
Est Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.*

The compliment has since passed through other hands, and was not long ago applied to one who

# VII.

## BEGGING ANOTHER,

### ON COLOUR OF MENDING THE FORMER.\*

For Love's sake, kiss me once again,  
I long, and should not beg in vain.

Here's none to spy or see ;

Why do you doubt or stay ?

I'll taste as lightly as the bee,  
That doth but touch his flower, and flies  
away.

Once more, and, faith, I will be gone,  
Can he that loves ask less than one ?

Nay, you may err in this,

And all your bounty wrong :

This could be called but half a kiss ;

What we're but once to do, we should do  
long.

I will but mend the last, and tell

Where, how, it would have relished well ;

Join lip to lip, and try :

Each suck the other's breath,

And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,  
Let who will think us dead, or wish our  
death.

# VIII.

## URGING HER OF A PROMISE.

CHARIS one day in discourse  
Had of Love, and of his force,  
Lightly promised she would tell  
What a man she could love well :  
And that promise set on fire  
All that heard her with desire.

With the rest, I long expected  
When the work would be effected ;  
But we find that cold delay,  
And excuse spun every day,  
As, until she tell her one,  
We all fear she loveth none.

Therefore, Charis, you must do't,  
For I will so urge you to't,

had as little of Venus and Juno in her as her panegyrist had of originality. Minerva had nothing to do with either.

<sup>1</sup> *With the advantage of her hair.*] Brides in Jonson's days were always led to the altar with their hair hanging down. To this he alludes in several of his masques ; and H. Peacham, in describing the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave, says that "the bride came into the chapel with a coronet of pearls on her head, and her haire disheveled, and hanging down over her shoulders."

<sup>2</sup> [Drummond mentions that these lines were amongst "the most commonplace of his repetition ;" i.e., special favourites of the author, and frequently on his tongue. — F. C.]

You shall neither eat nor sleep,  
 No, nor forth your window peep,  
 With your emissary eye,<sup>1</sup>  
 To fetch in the forms go by,  
 And pronounce, which band or lace  
 Better fits him than his face :  
 Nay, I will not let you sit  
 'Fore your idol glass a whit,  
 To say over every purl<sup>2</sup>  
 There ; or to reform a curl ;  
 Or with Secretary Sis  
 To consult, if fucus this  
 Be as good 'as was the last :—  
 All your sweet of life is past,  
 Make account, unless you can,  
 And that quickly, speak your Man.

## IX.

HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN  
DICTAMEN.

Of your trouble, BEN, to ease me,  
 I will tell what Man would please me.  
 I would have him, if I could,  
 Noble ; or of greater blood ;  
 Titles, I confess, do take me,  
 And a woman God did make me ;  
 French to boot, at least in fashion,  
 And his manners of that nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,  
 Yet a man ; with crisped hair,  
 Cast in thousand snares and rings,  
 For Love's fingers, and his wings :  
 Chestnut colour, or more slack,  
 Gold, upon a ground of black.  
 Venus and Minerva's eyes,  
 For he must look wanton-wise.

Eyebrows bent like Cupid's bow,  
 Front, an ample field of snow ;  
 Even nose, and cheek withal,  
 Smooth as is the billiard-ball :  
 Chin as woolly as the peach ;  
 And his lip should kissing teach,  
 Till he cherished too much beard,  
 And made Love or me afraid.

<sup>1</sup> With your emissary eye.] *Oculis emissittis*. Plautus.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> To say over every purl.] i.e., to try. *Purl*, I believe, is wire whipt with cotton or silk, for puffing out fringe, lace, hair, &c. In some places it seems to mean the fringe itself : the old word is *purrel*.

<sup>3</sup> Or were set up in a brake.] The inclosure used by blacksmiths and farriers, in which they put vicious and untractable horses, which they

He should have a hand as soft  
 As the down, and shew it oft ;  
 Skin as smooth as any rush,  
 And so thin to see a blush  
 Rising through it ere it came ;  
 All his blood should be a flame,  
 Quickly fired, as in beginners  
 In Love's school, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all :  
 What we harmony do call  
 In a body should be there.  
 Well he should his clothes, too, wear,  
 Yet no tailor help to make him ;  
 Drest, you still for man should take him,  
 And not think h' had eat a stake,  
 Or were set up in a brake.<sup>3</sup>

Valiant he should be as fire,  
 Shewing danger more than ire.  
 Bounteous as the clouds to earth,  
 And as honest as his birth ;  
 All his actions to be such,  
 As to do no thing too much :  
 Nor o'er-praise, nor yet condemn,  
 Nor out-value, nor condemn ;  
 Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive,  
 Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave ;  
 And from baseness to be free,  
 As he durst love Truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,  
 I could give my very heart ;  
 But of one if short he came,  
 I can rest me where I am.<sup>4</sup>

## X.

ANOTHER LADY'S EXCEPTION, PRESENT  
AT THE HEARING.

For his mind I do not care,  
 That's a toy that I could spare :  
 Let his title be but great,  
 His clothes rich, and band sit neat,  
 Himself young, and face be good,  
 All I wish is understood.  
 What you please, you parts may call,  
 'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

cannot dress or shoe without that assistance, is commonly called a smith's *brake*.—WHAL. But see vol. i. p. 449 a.

<sup>4</sup> This lively, gallant, and graceful description is above all praise. Anacreon is not more gay, nor Catullus more elegant, nor Horace more courtly than this poet, who is taken on the faith of the Shakspeare commentators, for a mere compound of dulness and spleen.

## Miscellaneous Poems.<sup>1</sup>

### I.

#### THE MUSICAL STRIFE.

##### A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

*She.* Come, with our voices let us war,  
And challenge all the spheres,  
Till each of us be made a star,  
And all the world turn ears.

*He.* At such a call, what beast or fowl  
Of reason empty is?  
What tree or stone doth want a soul,  
What man but must lose his?

*She.* Mix then your notes, that we may  
prove  
To stay the running floods;  
To make the mountain quarries move,  
And call the walking woods.

*He.* What need of me? do you but sing,  
Sleep, and the grave will wake:  
No tunes are sweet nor words have sting,  
But what those lips do make.

*She.* They say the angels mark each deed  
And exercise below;  
And out of inward pleasure feed  
On what they viewing know.

*He.* O sing not you then, lest the best  
Of angels should be driven  
To fall again at such a feast,  
Mistaking earth for heaven.

*She.* Nay, rather both our souls be strained  
To meet their high desire;  
So they in state of grace retained,  
May wish us of their quire.

### II.

#### A SONG.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,  
Lest I be sick with seeing;  
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,  
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh be not angry with those fires,  
For then their threats will kill me;  
Nor look too kind on my desires,  
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh do not steep them in thy tears,  
For so will sorrow slay me;  
Nor spread them as distract with fears;  
Mine own enough betray me.<sup>2</sup>

### III.

#### IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND. A SONG APOLOGETIC.

Men, if you love us, play no more  
The fools or tyrants with your friends,  
To make us still sing o'er and o'er,  
Our own false praises, for your ends:  
We have both wits and fancies too,  
And if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt but that we can,  
If we would search with care and pain,  
Find some one good in some one man;  
So going thorough all your strain,  
We shall at last, of parcels make  
One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes  
In any curious piece you see,

<sup>1</sup> I have little to add to what is already said (p. 277), except that many allowances must be made for what follows. Few of these poems are dated, and fewer still bear titles explanatory of their subject. I have availed myself of such collateral helps as I could anywhere find; but much is necessarily left to the reader's own sagacity. The original text, which is grossly incorrect, has however been revised with great care.

<sup>2</sup> *Mine own enough betray me.* How is it that this song is never mentioned by the critics? Simply, I believe, because they never read it.

Two or three of Jonson's lyrics are noticed by the earlier compilers of our Anthologies, and these have been copied and recopied a thousand times. Hence the Aikins *et id genus omne* form their opinion of the poet, and groan over his "tedious effusions." With respect to the present, if it be not the most beautiful song in the language, I freely confess, for my own part, that I know not where it is to be found.

[Mr. Bell, in his edition of Jonson's Poems, has made a strange muddle by assigning this note of Gifford's to the Song No. III.—F. C.]

More pleasure while the thing he makes,  
Than when 'tis made ; why, so will we.  
And having pleased our art, we'll try  
To make a new, and hang that by.

## IV.

## ANOTHER,

## IN DEFENCE OF THEIR INCONSTANCY.

Hang up those dull and envious fools  
That talk abroad of woman's change.  
We were not bred to sit on stools,  
Our proper virtue is to range :  
Take that away, you take our lives,  
We are no women then, but wives.  
Such as in valour would excel,  
Do change, though man, and often fight,  
Which we in love must do as well,  
If ever we will love aright :  
The frequent varying of the deed,  
Is that which doth perfection breed.  
Nor is't inconstancy to change  
For what is better, or to make,  
By searching, what before was strange,  
Familiar, for the uses sake :  
The good from bad is not descried,  
But as 'tis often vexed and tried.  
And this profession of a store  
In love doth not alone help forth  
Our pleasure ; but preserves us more  
From being forsaken, than doth worth :  
For were the worthiest woman curst  
To love one man, he'd leave her first.

## V.

## A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I love, and he loves me again,  
Yet dare I not tell who ;  
For if the nymphs should know my swain,  
I fear they'd love him too ;  
Yet if it be not known,  
The pleasure is as good as none,  
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

<sup>1</sup> *The Hour-glass.*] In two small editions containing part of our author's poem, printed in 1640, the title of this epigram is, *On a Gentlewoman working by an Hour-glass.* The verses are likewise of a different measure, and I think more agreeable to the ear. I shall give the whole as it stands in those copies, and afterwards subjoin the original, of which the English is only a translation :—

## "ON A GENTLEWOMAN WORKING BY AN HOUR-GLASS.

"Do but consider this small dust,  
Here running in the glass,  
By atoms moved ;

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,  
They yet may envy me ;  
But then if I grow jealous mad,  
And of them pitied be,  
It were a plague 'bove scorn,  
And yet it cannot be forborne,  
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be  
torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,  
And fresh and fragrant too,  
As summer's sky, or purged air,  
And looks as lilies do  
That are this morning blown ;  
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,  
And fear much more, that more of him be  
shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,  
As make away my doubt,  
Where Love may all his torches light  
Though hate had put them out ;  
But then, 't' increase my fears,  
What nymph so'er his voice but  
hears,  
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,  
And he loves me ; yet no  
One unbecoming thought doth move  
From either heart, I know ;  
But so exempt from blame,  
As it would be to each a fame,  
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

## VI.

THE HOUR-GLASS.<sup>1</sup>

Consider this small dust, here in the glass,  
By atoms moved :  
Could you believe that this the body was  
Of one that loved ;  
And in his mistress' flame playing like a fly,  
Was turned to cinders by her eye :  
Yes ; and in death, as life unblest,  
To have 't exprest,  
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

Would you believe that it the body was  
Of one that loved ?

And in his mistress' flames playing like a fly,  
Was turned into cinders by her eye ?  
Yes ; as in life, so in their deaths unblest,  
A lover's ashes never can find rest."

## WHAL.

It matters little which we take : the version in Drummond's folio is the worst, but all are imperfect. I have made a trifling change or two in the arrangement : for as the lines stood before, some of them had no correspondent rhymes. The whole, as Whalley observes, is from the Latin of Jerom Amaltheus, one of the most

## VII.

## MY PICTURE, LEFT IN SCOTLAND.

I now think, Love is rather deaf than blind,  
For else it could not be,  
That she

Whom I adore so much, should so slight  
me,  
And cast my suit behind:  
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,  
And every close did meet  
In sentence of as subtle feet,  
As hath the youngest he  
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

Oh! but my conscious fears,  
That fly my thoughts between,  
Tell me that she hath seen  
My hundreds of gray hairs  
Told six and forty years,  
Read so much waste as she cannot embrace  
My mountain belly and my rocky face,  
And all these, through her eyes, have stopt  
her ears.

## VIII.

## AGAINST JEALOUSY.

Wretched and foolish jealousy,  
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?  
I ne'er was of thy kind:  
Nor have I yet the narrow mind

ingenious and elegant of the modern Italian poets.

## HOROLOGIUM PULVEREUM, TUMULUS ALCIPII.

*Peripicuo in vitro pulvis qui dividit horas,  
Dum vagus angustum sæpe recurrit iter,  
Olim erat Alcippus, qui Gallia ut vidit ocellos,  
Arsit, et est cæco factus ab igne cinis.  
Irrequiete cinis, miseros testabere amantes  
More tuo nulla posse quiete frui.*

## IOLÆ TUMULUS.

*Horarum in vitro pulvis nunc mensor, Iolæ  
Sunt cineres, urnam condidit acer amor;  
Ut, si quæ extincto remanent in amore favilla,  
Nec jam tutus eat, nec requietus amet.*

It appears that this little translation was made by Jonson, at the request of his "friend" Drummond, on his auspicious visit to that mirror of sincerity and hospitality. In Drummond's folio it is prefaced with an address so respectful, so cordial and affectionate, as to raise a doubt whether the perversity was in the head or the heart of the man, who could withdraw, upon receiving it, to his closet, and deliberately commit to his note-book a series of base and

To vent that poor desire,  
That others should not warm them at my fire:

I wish the sun should shine  
On all men's fruit and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love,  
Thou say'st, thou only cam'st to prove  
What my affections were.

Think'st thou that love is helped by fear?

Go, get thee quickly forth,  
Love's sickness, and his noted want of worth.

Seek doubting men to please,  
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

## IX.

## THE DREAM.

Or scorn, or pity on me take,  
I must the true relation make,  
I am undone to-night:  
Love in a subtle dream disguised,  
Hath both my heart and me surprised,  
Whom never yet he durst attempt awake;  
Nor will he tell me for whose sake

He did me the delight,  
Or spight;  
But leaves me to inquire,  
In all my wild desire,  
Of Sleep again, who was his aid,  
And Sleep so guilty and afraid,  
As since he dares not come within my sight.

venomous accusations against the moral and religious character of his unsuspecting guest.

"To the Honouring Respect  
Born

To the Friendship contracted with  
The Right Virtuous and Learned  
MASTER WILLIAM DRUMMOND,  
And the Perpetuating the same by all Offices of  
Love Hereafter,  
I Benjamin Jonson,  
Whom he hath honoured with the leave to be  
called his,  
Have with my own hand, to satisfy his Request,  
Written this imperfect Song,  
On a Lover's Dust, made sand for an  
Hour-glass."

The verses then follow, miserably printed, it must be confessed; after which Jonson, with the same warmth of heart subjoins: "Yet that love, when it is at full, may admit heaping, receive another: and this a Picture of myself." It would seem from the above, that Drummond kept a kind of Album, in which he had desired our author to insert something in his own writing. The second piece is No. VII.

[The Drummond Versions will be found in the *Conversations*, post.—F. C.]

X.

AN EPITAPH

ON MASTER VINCENT CORBET.<sup>1</sup>

I have my piety too, which, could  
It vent itself but as it would,  
Would say as much as both have done  
Before me here, the friend and son :  
For I both lost a friend and father,  
Of him whose bones this grave doth  
gather,

Dear VINCENT CORBET, who so long  
Had wrestled with diseases strong,<sup>2</sup>  
That though they did possess each limb,  
Yet he broke them, ere they could him,  
With the just canon of his life,  
A life that knew nor noise nor strife ;  
But was, by sweetening so his will,  
All order and disposure still.

His mind as pure and neatly kept,  
As were his nurseries, and swept  
So of uncleanness or offence,  
That never came ill odour thence !  
And add his actions unto these,  
They were as specious as his trees.  
'Tis true, he could not reprehend—  
His very manners taught t' amend,  
They were so even, grave and holy ;  
No stubbornness so stiff, nor folly  
To license ever was so light,  
As twice to trespass in his sight :  
His looks would so correct it, when  
It chid the vice yet not the men.  
Much from him I profess I won,  
And more and more I should have done,

<sup>1</sup> *An epitaph on Master Vincent Corbet.]* He was the father of Bishop Corbet, and lived at Twickenham, where he followed the business of a gardener, and was famous for his nurseries and plantations of trees. We find an allusion both to the genius of his son, and his own eminence in his trade, in the following verses.—  
WHAL.

This beautiful epitaph, as it is justly termed by Mr. Gilchrist, in his late edition of the Bishop's poems, was written in 1619, the year in which this good old man died. It seems intended as a kind of sequel to his son's elegy, which is simple and affecting, though occasionally tinged with the peculiar humour of the writer, while Ben's poem is solemn, affectionate, and pathetic throughout. Who the "friend" was that preceded our poet in his tribute of regard to the worth of Vincent Corbet, I know not; so excellent a character found many, perhaps, to weep upon his grave.

<sup>2</sup> *Who so long  
Had wrestled, &c.]* Thus his son :

"Years he lived well nigh fourscore,  
But count his virtues, he lived more :

But that I understood him scant.  
Now I conceive him by my want ;  
And pray who shall my sorrows read,  
That they for me their tears will shed ;  
For truly, since he left to be,  
I feel I'm rather dead than he !

Reader, whose life and name did e'er be-  
come

An Epitaph, deserved a Tomb :  
Nor wants it here through penury or sloth,  
Who makes the one, so it be first, makes  
both.

XI.<sup>3</sup>

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

TO THE READER.

This figure that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle SHAKSPEARE cut,  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With nature, to out-do the life :  
O could he but have drawn his wit  
As well in brass, as he hath hit  
His face ; the print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass :  
But since he cannot, Reader, look  
Not on his picture, but his book.<sup>4</sup>

XII.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED  
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,  
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, SHAKSPEARE, on thy  
name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;

And number him by doing good,  
He lived their age beyond the flood."

<sup>3</sup> I have thought it best to interrupt the arrangement of the old folio in this place, for the sake of inserting such scattered pieces of Jonson as have not hitherto found a place in his works, together with such as Whalley had improperly subjoined to his Epigrams, which being published under the author's own care, should naturally terminate where he chose to stop short himself.

<sup>4</sup> These verses are printed with Jonson's name under the portrait of Shakspeare prefixed as a frontispiece to the first edition of his works in folio, 1623.

"This print (engraved by Martin Droeshout) gives us a truer representation of Shakspeare than several more pompous memorials of him ; if the testimony of Ben Jonson may be credited, to whom he was personally known. Unless we suppose that poet to have sacrificed his veracity to the turn of thought in his epigram, which is very improbable, as he might have been easily contradicted by several that must have remembered so celebrated a person."—*Granger's Biog. Hist. of Eng.* 8vo. 1775, vol. ii. p. 6.



While I confess thy writings to be such,  
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too  
much.

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But  
these ways

Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;  
For swiftest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes  
right;

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er ad-  
vance

The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by  
chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.  
These are, as some infamous bawd or  
whore

Should praise a matron; what could hurt  
her more?

But thou art proof against them, and, in-  
deed,

Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.

<sup>1</sup> *My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room*

These verses allude to an Elegy on Shakspeare,  
written by W. Basse, which is here subjoined:

"Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
To learned Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie  
A little nearer Spenser, to make room.  
For Shakspeare in your threefold, fourfold  
tomb.

To lodge all four in one bed make a shift,  
For, until doomsday hardly will a fifth,  
Betwixt this day and that, by fates be slain,  
For whom your curtains need be drawn  
again.

But if precedence in death doth bar  
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,  
Under this sable marble of thine own,  
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakspeare, sleep  
alone:

Thy unmolested peace, in an unshared cave,  
Possess as lord, not tenant of thy grave.  
That unto us and others, it may be  
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee."

WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *And tell how far thou didst our Lyly  
outshine,*

*Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.*  
These were in possession of the theatre when  
Shakspeare first appeared, and enjoyed a high  
degree of popularity. Of Kyd little is known,  
except that he was the author of the *Spanish  
Tragedy*; though he must undoubtedly have  
had many other pieces on the stage. Lyly was  
a pedantic and affected writer, with considerable  
talents, not indeed for the drama, but for the  
rude, verbose romance of those days, and which  
had a striking influence not only on our co-  
loquial, but written language.

*Marlowe's mighty line* is not introduced at  
random. Marlowe has many lines which have

I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!  
The applause! delight! the wonder of our  
stage!

My SHAKSPEARE rise! I will not lodge  
thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room!

Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still while thy book doth live  
And we have wits to read, and praise to  
give.

That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,  
I mean with great, but disproportioned

Muses:

For if I thought my judgment were of  
years,

I should commit thee surely with thy  
peers,

And tell how far thou didst our Lyly out-  
shine,<sup>2</sup>

Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty  
line.

not hitherto been surpassed. His two parts of  
*Tamburlaine*, though simple in plot and naked  
in artifice, have yet some rude attempts at con-  
sistency of character, and many passages of  
masculine vigour and lofty poetry. Even the  
bombast lines which Shakspeare has put into  
the mouth of Pistol, are followed by others, in  
the same scene, and even in the same speech,  
which the great poet himself might have  
fathered without disgrace to his superior powers.

Marlowe had the sublimity of Milton, without  
the taste and inspiration. It is not just to con-  
sign him to ridicule. He and his contemporary  
Peele were produced just as the chaos of  
ignorance was breaking up: they were among  
the earliest to perceive the glimmering of sense  
and nature, and struggled to reach the light.

Marlowe's end, like his career, was miserable.  
He fell (see vol. i. p. 39) in a brothel squabble;  
and the doating Aubrey, who implicitly swal-  
lows every idle story, and confounds every  
true one, tells us that he was killed by Ben  
Jonson!

Our author's attachment to Marlowe was not  
unknown, nor were his praises of him singular.  
He, (Cris Marlowe,) says a writer of the last  
century, wrote besides plays, a poem called  
*Hero and Leander*, of whose "mighty lines"  
Master Jonson, a man sensible enough of his  
own abilities, was often heard to say, that they  
were examples fitter for admiration than pa-  
rallel." What! the "envious" Ben? Impos-  
sible!

Drayton thus characterizes him:—

"Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian  
springs,

Had in him those brave translunary things  
That the first poets had: his raptures were  
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;  
For that fine madness he did still retain,  
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

And though thou hadst small Latin and  
less Greek,  
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek  
For names: but call forth thund'ring  
Æschylus,

Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread  
And shake a stage: or when thy socks  
were on,

Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty  
Rome

Sent forth, or since did from their ashes  
come.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to  
show,

To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time!

And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!

Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!

Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.

The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, nor not please;

But antiquated and desorted lie,  
As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,  
My gentle Shakspeare,<sup>1</sup> must enjoy a part.

<sup>1</sup> *My gentle Shakspeare.*] The uncommon fondness of Jonson for Shakspeare is visible upon every mention of his name. This is the second time that he has applied the epithet of *gentle* to him, which is now become a part of his name. Just below, he calls him the *Sweet Swan of Avon*. It would have killed Mr. Malone's heart to acknowledge that the two most endearing appellations by which this great poet has been known and characterised for nearly two centuries, were first bestowed upon him by "old Ben, who persecuted his memory with clumsy sarcasm and restless malignity."

<sup>2</sup> *And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.*] The two greatest poets of our nation have been divided in their sentiments of the testimony which Jonson gives in these verses to the merits and the genius of Shakspeare. Jonson, it must be owned, was not formed to that facility of praise, which flows indiscriminately where prejudice or humour point the way. His suffrage was never given but matured by judgment and authorized by science. Mr. Dryden calls it an invidious and sparing, but I incline to Mr. Pope's opinion in thinking it an ample and honourable panegyric to the memory of his friend.—WHAL.

I should conceive that every unprejudiced reader must be of Whalley's mind. But is it possible to be silent and hear the warmest en-

For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion: and, that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,  
(Such as thine are) and strike the second  
heat

Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,  
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;  
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;  
For a good poet's made, as well as born.  
And such wert thou! Look how the father's  
face

Lives in his issue, even so the race  
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly  
shines

In his well torned and true filed lines:  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandisht at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear,

And make those flights upon the banks of  
Thames,

That so did take Eliza, and our James!  
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere

Advanced, and made a constellation there!  
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with  
rage,

Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping  
stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath  
mourned like night,

And despairs day but for thy volume's  
light.<sup>2</sup>

comium, the most affectionate tribute of praise, that was ever offered to the memory of departed worth and genius, taxed with envy by every scribbler who is profligate enough to belie his understanding for the sake of indulging his malice? Jonson not only sets Shakspeare above his contemporaries, but above the ancients, whose works himself idolized, and of whose genuine merits he was, perhaps, a more competent judge than any scholar of his age: yet for this glowing effusion, which does more credit to the talents and genius of Shakspeare than all that has since appeared on those subjects, Mr. Malone sneers at him, and Mr. Steevens adds to the insult. "Now let us compare the present eulogium of old Ben with such of his other sentiments as have reached posterity:" and he deliberately proceeds to re-copy the vile forgery of Macklin, which had been just detected and exposed in the preceding volume.

With respect to the critical notions of Dryden, I utterly disclaim them. He saw clearly, and decided justly, where his interest or his passions did not interpose; but this was so frequently the case, that no reliance can be securely placed on any one opinion which he ever advanced. He hated, and what must astonish a reader of the present day, feared Shadwell; and because Shadwell spoke with respect of  
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## XIII.

ON THE HONOURED POEMS OF HIS  
HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN BEAUMONT,  
BARONET.<sup>1</sup>

This book will live; it hath a Genius; this  
Above his reader or his praiser is.

Hence then, profane! here needs no words  
expense

In bulwarks, rav'lins, ramparts for defence;  
Such as the creeping common pionsers use,  
When they do sweat to fortify a Muse.

Though I confess it BEAUMONT'S book  
to be

The bound and frontier of our poetry;  
And doth deserve all monuments of praise  
That art or ingine on the strength can  
raise;

Yet who dares offer a redoubt to rear,  
To cut a dike or stick a stake up, here  
Before this work? where envy hath not cast  
A trench against it, nor a batt'ry place?  
Stay till she make her vain approaches;  
then,

If maimed she come off, 'tis not of men,  
This fort of so impregnable access;  
But higher power, as spight could not make  
less,

Jonson, and preferred him to all the dramatic  
writers of his own times, Dryden laboured to  
decry and injure him. This is the true secret  
of his criticism.

It must mightily console the admirers of  
Shakspeare to find one so tremblingly alive to  
his reputation as to discover a spirit of detrac-  
tion in the panegyric of Jonson, thus atoning  
for the injustice in his own name. "Shakspeare  
writes (Dryden says) in many places below the  
dullest writers of our or any precedent age. He  
is the very Janus of poets; he wears almost  
everywhere two faces; and you have scarce  
begun to admire the one ere you despise the  
other. His plots are lame, and made up, many  
of them, of some ridiculous and incoherent  
story, which in one play many times took up  
the business of an age. Many of his plays, as  
the *Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and  
*Measure for Measure*, are either grounded on  
impossibilities, or, at least, so meanly written,  
that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor  
the serious part your concernment."

I have yet a word to say of Dryden. Of all  
the dramatic writers of Charles's days who  
traded in obscenity and profaneness, he is by  
far the most inexcusable. Nothing can be so  
stupid, nothing so loathsome as his perpetual  
struggle to be impious and immoral. It is  
evident that Nature built up this great poet for  
the defence of wisdom and virtue; and it is  
truly shocking to see him laboriously lashing  
and spurring his reluctant and jaded powers  
forward in the cause of vice. He is wicked by  
mere effort; but, happily, not dangerous:—and it

Nor flattery; but, secured by the author's  
name,

Defies what's cross to piety or good fame:  
And like a hallowed temple, free from taint  
Of ethnicisme, makes his Muse a saint.

## XIV.

TO MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS  
"FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS."

The wise, and many-headed bench, that sits  
Upon the life and death of plays and wits,  
(Composed of gamester, captain, knight,  
knight's man,

Lady or pusill, that wears mask or fan,  
Velvet, or taffata cap, ranked in the dark  
With the shop's foreman, or some such  
brave spark

That may judge for his sixpence) had,  
before

They saw it half, damned thy whole play,  
and more:

Their motives were, since it had not to do  
With vices, which they looked for and  
came to.

I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,  
And wish that all the Muses' blood were  
spilt

is hard to decide whether his reader or himself  
is most obliged to the dullness which renders  
his mischievous propensities so innocuous.

<sup>1</sup> On the honoured poems of his honoured  
friend, Sir John Beaumont. I have taken the  
following copy from the complimentary verses,  
prefixed to the poems which it celebrates. Sir  
John Beaumont was the elder brother of Francis  
Beaumont, the dramatic writer, and a man of  
genius and virtue. His poems were published  
after his decease, and dedicated to King  
Charles, by Sir John Beaumont, his son. The  
most esteemed amongst them is the poem of  
*Bosworth Field*. But the reader will be able  
to form some idea of his merit from the fol-  
lowing verses:—

"UPON MY DEAR BROTHER, FRANCIS  
BEAUMONT.

"On Death thy murd'rer this revenge I take;  
I slight his terror, and just question make,  
Which of us two the best precedence have,  
Mine to this wretched world, thine to the grave.  
Thou shouldst have followed me, but Death,  
to blame,

Miscounted years, and measured age by fame.  
So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines,  
Their praise grew swiftly, so thy life declines:  
Thy Muse, the hearer's queen, the reader's love,  
All ears, all hearts but Death's, could please  
and move."—WHAL.

[I am fortunate enough to possess Charles  
Lamb's copy of the folio Beaumont and Fletcher,  
with Coleridge's MS. notes. Lamb has  
copied the above lines into it.—F. C.]

In such a martyrdom to vex their eyes,  
Do crown thy murdered poem: which shall  
rise  
A glorified work to time, when fire,  
Or moths shall eat what all these fools ad-  
mire.<sup>1</sup>

## XV.

## EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.<sup>2</sup>

Underneath this sable herse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
SIDNEY'S sister, PEMBROKE'S mother;  
Death! ere thou hast slain another,  
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

## XVI.

A VISION ON THE MUSES OF HIS  
FRIEND, MICHAEL DRAYTON.

It hath been questioned, MICHAEL,<sup>3</sup> if I be  
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:  
Because, who make the question, have not  
seen

<sup>1</sup> This poem, which was taken by Whalley from Seward's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, must have been written at an early period of Jonson's life, as the *Faithful Shepherdess* was brought out about 1610. See vol. II p. 510. Jonson has no reason to be ashamed of his predilection.

<sup>2</sup> *Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.* &c.] This delicate epitaph is universally assigned to our author, though it hath never yet been printed with his works: it is therefore with some pleasure that I have given it a place here. This lady, for whose entertainment Sir Philip Sidney wrote the *Arcadia*, lived to a good old age, and died in 1621. She was buried in the cathedral of Salisbury, in the burial-place of the Pembroke family.—WHAL.

The exquisite beauty of this little piece (the most perfect of its kind) has drawn a word of approbation from the stern and cynical Osborne. "Lest I should seem (he says) to trespass upon truth in the praise of this lady, I shall leave the world her epitaph, in which the author doth manifest himself a poet in all things but untruth."

To the lines in the text, Osborne subjoins the following:

Marble piles let no man raise  
To her name, for after days.  
Some kind woman, born as she,  
Reading this, like Niobe,  
Shall turn statue, and become  
Both her mourner and her tomb.

On this paltry addition, the editors of the *Secret History of the Court of James I.*, who manifest on all occasions a strange hostility to our author, observe—"It is possible that Jonson cancelled these lines on account of the outra-

Those ambling visits pass in verse, between  
Thy Muse and mine, as they expect: 'tis true,  
You have not writ to me, nor I to you.  
And though I now begin, 'tis not to rub  
Hanch against hanch, or raise a rhyming  
club

About the town; this reckoning I will pay,  
Without conferring symbols; this' my day.

It was no dream! I was awake, and saw.  
Lend me thy voice, O Fame, that I may draw  
Wonder to truth, and have my vision hurled  
Hot from thy trumpet round about the  
world.

I saw a beauty, from the sea to rise,  
That all earth looked on, and that earth all  
eyes!

It cast a beam, as when the cheerful sun  
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun;  
And filled an orb as circular as heaven:  
The orb was cut forth into regions seven,  
And those so sweet and well proportioned  
parts,

As it had been the circle of the arts:  
When, by thy bright IDEA standing by,<sup>4</sup>  
I found it pure and perfect poesy.

geous wit with which they disgrace the commencement," vol. i. p. 225. It is also possible that Jonson never saw them. Setting aside the absurdity of supposing the poet to say in one line, that such another character would never appear, and to admit in the next that nothing was so likely, the critics ought to have known (for the fact was very accessible), that the verses in question were copied from the poems of the Earl of Pembroke, a humble votary of the Muses, to whose pen they are assigned by the prefix of his usual initials. There can in fact be no doubt that they proceeded from his lordship, whose singular affection for his venerable parent furnishes a ready apology for their defects.

Whalley has said nothing of the literary merits of the Countess of Pembroke, which were of a very distinguished nature. She wrote verse with grace and facility, and she translated the *Tragedie of Antonie* from the French: her chief works, however, were works of piety, and her virtues still went before her talents.

<sup>3</sup> *It hath been questioned, &c.*] These lines are prefixed to the second volume of Drayton's works, which came out in folio in 1627. They contain, as Whalley observes, "an enumeration of his poems, with our author's testimony to their merits." Jonson always thought favourably of Drayton, and appears, from several incidental expressions, to have been very familiar with his works.

<sup>4</sup> *When by thy bright IDEA, &c.*] This is one of Drayton's earliest pieces. "*Idea*, or the Shepherds' Garland, fashioned in nine eglogs, 1593." The *Legends* are, I believe, those of "Cromwell," "Mortimer," and "Matilda;" the *Songs* are "England's Heroical Epistles," published in 1597.

There read I, straight, thy learned LE-  
GENDS three,

Heard the soft airs, between our swains  
and thee,

Which made me think the old Theocritus,  
Or rural Virgil come to pipe to us.

But then thy Epistolar HEROIC SONGS,  
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies, and  
wrongs,

Did all so strike me, as I cried who can  
With us be called the Naso but this man?

And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl  
Perched over head, the wise Athenian OWL.<sup>1</sup>

I thought thee then our Orpheus, that  
wouldst try,

Like him, to make the air one volary.

And I had styled thee Orpheus, but before  
My lips could form the voice, I heard that  
roar,

And rouse, the marching of a mighty force,  
Drums against drums, the neighing of the  
horse,

The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the  
jars,

I saw and read it was the BARONS WARS.  
O how in those dost thou instruct these  
times,

That rebels' actions are but valiant crimes;  
And carried though with shout and noise,  
confess

A wild and an unauthorized wickedness!  
Sayst thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st  
to stay

Under one title: thou hast made thy way  
And flight about the isle, well near, by  
this

In thy admired Periegesis,  
Or universal circumduction

Of all that read thy POLY-OLBION.<sup>2</sup>

That read it! that are ravished; such was I,  
With every song, I swear, and so would die;

But that I hear again thy drum to beat  
A better cause, and strike the bravest heat

That ever yet did fire the English blood,  
Our right in France, if rightly understood.

There thou art Homer; pray thee use the  
style

Thou hast deserved, and let me read the  
while

Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,  
Thy list of aids and force, for so it is

The poet's act; and for his country's sake,  
Brave are the musters that the Muse will  
make.

And when he ships them, where to use their  
arms,

How do his trumpets breathe! what loud  
alarms!

Look how we read the Spartans were in-  
flamed

With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art  
named,

So shall our English youth urge on, and cry  
An AGINCOURT! an AGINCOURT! or die.

This book, it is a catechism to fight,  
And will be bought of every lord and knight

That can but read; who cannot, may in  
prose

Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.  
The miseries of MARGARET the Queen,

Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen.  
I feel it by mine own, that overflow

And stop my sight in every line I go.

But then, refreshed by thy FAIRY COURT,

I look on CYNTHIA, and SYRENA's sport,

As on two flow'ry carpets, that did rise,  
And with their grassy green restored mine  
eyes,

<sup>1</sup> *The Owl*. Published in 4to, 1604. *The Barons Wars*, 1596.

<sup>2</sup> *Thy Poly-Olbion*.] This is Drayton's principal work, and was once exceedingly popular. It is possessed of considerable merit, and those who may be inclined to smile at its fantastic chorography may yet be pleased to discover many detached passages of high poetic beauty. Drayton was encouraged to proceed with this poem by Prince Henry; and Daniel, who also found in this lamented youth a generous patron, seems to advert to the circumstance with no great complacency.

The poems to which Jonson alludes in the subsequent lines are *The Battle of Agincourt*, *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, the *Quest of Cynthia*, *The Shepherd's Syrene*, *The Moon Calf*, and the well-known *Nymphidia*, or the *Court of Fayrie*: all published in [one vol.] 1627.

The following remarks on Drayton by Granger (bating a little extravagance in the opening sentence) are not ill drawn up, and may fitly

conclude the notes on the subject of this once-celebrated poet.

"The reputation of Drayton in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. stood on much the same level with that of Cowley in the reigns of Charles I. and II., but it has declined considerably since that period. He frequently wants that elevation of thought which is essential to poetry; though in some of the stanzas of his 'Barons Wars' he is scarce inferior to Spenser. In his 'England's Heroical Epistles,' written in the manner of Ovid, he has been in general happier in the choice than the execution of his subjects; yet some of his imitations are more in the spirit of that poet than several of the English translations of him. His 'Nymphidia, or Court of Fayrie,' seems to have been the greatest effort of his imagination, and is the most generally admired of his works. His character among his friends was that of a modest and amiable man. *Ob.* 1631."—*Biog. Hist.* v. i. pp. 10, 11.

Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth  
Of thy strange MOON-CALF, both thy strain  
of mirth,

And gossip-got acquaintance, as to us  
Thou hadst brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,  
Empusa, Lamia, or some monster more  
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store.  
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,  
To all thy virtuous and well-chosen friends;  
Only my loss is, that I am not there,  
And till I worthy am to wish I were,  
I call the world that envies me, to see  
‘f I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

## XVII.

## EPITAPH

ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.<sup>1</sup>

Oo, pious marble, let thy readers know  
What they, and what their children owe  
To Drayton's name; whose sacred dust  
We recommend unto thy trust.

Protect his memory, and preserve his story,  
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.—  
And when thy ruins shall disclaim  
To be the treasurer of his name;  
His name, that cannot die, shall be  
An everlasting monument to thee.<sup>2</sup>

## XVIII.

TO MY TRULY BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER  
BROWNE: ON HIS PASTORALS.<sup>3</sup>

Some men, of books or friends not speaking  
right,

<sup>1</sup> On Michael Drayton.] Tradition hath generally fixed on Jonson as the author of this epitaph; nor is it unworthy of his genius or the friendship between him and Drayton, or unlike the style and spirit of his smaller poems.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> In a MS. in Ashmole's Museum (38), this Epitaph is attributed to Randolph; Aubrey ascribes it to Quarles; it has also been given to others, and with as little judgment. I see no reason to dispute the common opinion.

<sup>3</sup> His name, that cannot die, shall be, An everlasting monument to thee.] This too might surprise Mr. Cumberland; for Jonson seems to have been *poaching* for it among the Greek fragments. See the epigram of 16n on the tomb of Euripides:

Ου σον μνημα τοδ' εστ', Ευριπιδη, αλλα συ τουδε,  
Τη ση γαρ δοξη μνημα τοδ' αμπεχεται.

<sup>3</sup> These lines are prefixed to "Britannia's Pastorals, the second Book," by William Browne, fol. 1616, and 8vo, 1625. They are now added, for the first time, to these volumes.

Browne was but a young man when he published his pastorals; they exhibit, among many pretty passages, some of the characteristics of youth, a gaudy taste, and an undisciplined

May hurt them more with praise than foes  
with spight.

But I have seen thy work, and I know thee:  
And, if thou list thyself, what thou canst be.  
For, though but early in these paths thou tread,

I find thee write most worthy to be read.

It must be thine own judgment yet, that sends

This thy work forth; that judgment mine commends.

And, where the most read books, on authors' fames,

Or, like our money-brokers, take up names  
On credit, and are cozened; see that thou  
By offering not more sureties than enow,  
Hold thine own worth unbroke; which is  
so good

Upon the Exchange of Letters, as I would  
More of our writers would, like thee, not swell

With the how much they set forth, but t  
how well.

## XIX.

TO HIS MUCH AND WORTHILY ES-  
TEEMED FRIEND, THE AUTHOR.

Who takes thy volume to his virtuous hand,<sup>4</sup>  
Must be intended still to understand:  
Who bluntly doth but look upon the same,  
May ask what author would conceal his name?

Who reads may rove, and call the passage  
dark,

judgment. There was more than enough, however, to justify the expectations of Jonson, and had he found leisure or inclination to cultivate his natural talents for poetry, his success could scarcely have been matter of doubt.

His literary acquirements were considerable, and these, together with his amiable qualities, powerfully recommended him to our author's great friend and patron, the Earl of Pembroke, under whom he is said to have acquired considerable property. The "envious" Ben appears to have felt no jealousy at this, which I notice as a phenomenon that calls for grave inquiry.

<sup>4</sup> Who takes thy volume, &c.] This little piece stands with Jonson's name before "Cynthia's Revenge, or Menander's Extasie," 4to, 1613. This tragedy was written by John Stephens, of whom I only know that he was a learned man and a member of the honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Langbaine, who mentions him, merely tells us that he lived in the reign of James I. "His play (he says) is one of the longest that ever was written, and withal the most tedious." Whether Langbaine, when he made this remark, "read or roved," as I never saw the tragedy, I cannot determine.

Yet may as blind men sometimes hit the mark.

Who reads, who roves, who hopes to understand,

May take thy volume to his virtuous hand :  
Who cannot read, but only doth desire  
To understand, he may at length admire.

XX.

TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND,  
MASTER GEORGE CHAPMAN.<sup>1</sup>

Whose work could this be, CHAPMAN, to refine

Old Hesiod's ore, and give it thus ! but thine,  
Who hadst before wrought in rich Homer's mine.

What treasure hast thou brought us ! and what store

Still, still, dost thou arrive with at our shore,  
To make thy honour and our wealth the more !

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day  
Were asked of thy discoveries ; they must say,

To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

<sup>1</sup> These lines are prefixed to the " Translation of Hesiod's Works and Days, 4to, 1618." There had always been an extraordinary degree of friendship between Chapman and our author. They united their talents in *Eastward Ho*, and when the former was thrown into prison for the political reflections in that piece, Jonson voluntarily accompanied him. He told Drummond in 1619 that " he loved Chapman ;" and we have just seen how he had complimented him in the preceding year. All this signifies nothing, and the old calumny of " envy," " jealousy," and I know not what, is again served up to the nauseated reader. " Jonson," says the editor of the *Theatrum Poetarum* of Phillips, 8vo, 1800, " being delivered from Shakspeare (in 1616), began unexpectedly to be disturbed at the rising reputation of a new theatrical rival," p. 252. Chapman was born in 1557 (about twenty years before our author), he was therefore threescore at the death of Shakspeare, and the *new* theatrical rival at whose rising reputation Jonson began unexpectedly to be disturbed, was one with whom he had lived all his life in strict intimacy, as appears by their mutual correspondence, and who had composed almost the whole of his dramatic works many years before the period in question.

Can the reader discover any trace of " jealousy" in the heartfelt and elegant compliment which Jonson here pays his " worthy and honoured friend ?" Shame on it ! The common decencies of character are overlooked where this great poet is concerned. To belie him is all that is thought necessary ; and when ignorance or

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,

As now of all men it is called thy trade,  
And who make thither else, rob or invade.

XXI.

TO MY CHOSEN FRIEND, THE LEARNED  
TRANSLATOR OF LUCAN, THOMAS  
MAY, ESQUIRE.

When, Rome, I read thee in thy mighty pair,

And see both climbing up the slippery stair  
Of Fortune's wheel, by Lucan driv'n about,  
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,  
At every line some pin thereof should slack  
At least, if not the general engine crack.  
But when again I view the parts so payed,  
And those in numbers so, and measure raised,

As neither Pompey's popularity,  
Cæsar's ambition, Cato's liberty,  
Calm Brutus' tenor start, but all along  
Keep due proportion in the ample song,  
It makes me, ravished with just wonder, cry  
What Muse, or rather God of harmony,  
Taught Lucan these true modes ! replies  
my sense,

What gods but those of arts and eloquence,

impudence, or both together, have put forth a clumsy falsehood against him, the slander is greedily hailed by the public as an additional triumph on the side of Shakspeare.

I have yet a word to say to the anonymous editor of this volume (the *Theatrum Poetarum*). That he is actuated by a spirit of hostility towards Jonson is manifest ; but even this will scarcely be admitted as a sufficient apology for quoting a scurrilous attack upon him from a work where it is *not* to be found. Drummond of Hawthornden, he says, has represented the character of Jonson in " no very unjust light." We are then regaled with the ribaldry of that splenetic hypocrite in a tissue of malicious charges, concluding with this sentence : " In short, Jonson was in his personal character the very reverse of Shakspeare, as surly, ill-natured, proud and disagreeable, as Shakspeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable."—P. 249.

How has the editor the boldness to father this rancorous language upon Drummond, who has not a syllable of it ! " See Drummond's Works," he coolly says, at the bottom of page 244 : but has *he* seen them ? The fact is, that the passage in question is a wicked fabrication, put into Drummond's mouth by Shiels, the Scotchman, the author of the *Lives of the Poets* which pass under the name of Theophilus Cibber.

" Now this is worshipful authority !"—but it does very well in Jonson's case, and is indeed quite as worthy of notice, and quite as authentic as most of the matter brought against him.

Phœbus, and Hermes? they whose tongue,  
or pen,  
Are still th' interpreters twixt gods and men!  
But who hath them interpreted, and brought  
Lucan's whole frame unto us, and so  
wrought,  
As not the smallest joint, or gentlest word  
In the great mass, or machine there is  
stirred?  
The self-same Genius! so the work will say:  
The Sun translated, or the son of MAY.<sup>1</sup>

XXII.

TO MY DEAR SON, AND RIGHT LEARNED  
FRIEND, MASTER JOSEPH RUTTER.

You look, my JOSEPH, I should something  
say

Unto the world, in praise of your first play:  
And truly, so I would, could I be heard.

You know I never was of truth afraid,  
And less ashamed; not when I told the  
crowd

How well I loved truth: I was scarce  
allowed

By those deep-grounded, understanding  
men,

That sit to censure Plays, yet know not  
when,

Or why to like; they found it all was new,  
And newer than could please them, because  
true.

Such men I met withal, and so have you.  
Now, for mine own part, and it is but due,  
(You have deserved it from me) I have read,

<sup>1</sup> I.e., Hermes.] This complimentary poem, which is signed "Your true friend in judgment and choice, Ben Jonson," is prefixed to May's *Translation of Lucan*, 1627. May, with whom our author appears to have always lived on terms of the strictest friendship, is selected by Macklin, with his usual good fortune, to father one of his scurrilous attacks upon Jonson; much to the satisfaction of Mr. Steevens, who exults in the clumsy forgery as a decisive proof of "old Ben's malignity to Shakspeare."

May published a continuation of Lucan in 1630, which was reprinted in Holland 1640, with this title, *Supplementum Lucani auctore Tho. May, Anglo*. The first edition has never fallen in my way; the second is prefaced by the following lines, written as I conjecture by our author, though the foreign press has copied his name incorrectly:

*Dignissimo*

*Viro*

*Thoma Mayo*

*Amico suo summe honorando.*

*Terge parentales oculos, post funera mundi*

*Roma tui, nondum tota sepulta jaces.*

*Gloria vivit adhuc radiis evincta coruscis*

And weighed your play: untwisted ev'ry  
thread,

And know the woof and warp thereof; can  
tell

Where it runs round, and even; where so  
well,

So soft, and smooth it handles, the whole  
piece,

As it were spun by nature off the fleece:

This is my censure. Now there is a new

Office of wit, a mint, and (this is true)

Cried up of late; whereto there must be first

A master-worker called, th' old standard  
burst

Of wit, and a new made; a warden then,

And a comptroller, two most rigid men

For order, and for governing the pix,

A say-master, hath studied all the tricks

Of fineness and alloy: follow his hint,

You have all the mysteries of wit's new mint,

The valuations, mixtures, and the same

Concluded from a caract to a dram.<sup>2</sup>

XXIII.

EPIGRAM.

IN AUTHOREM.<sup>3</sup>

Thou that wouldst find the habit of true  
passion,

And see a mind attired in perfect strains;

Not wearing moods, as gallants do a fashion,

In these pickt times, only to show their  
trains,

Look here on BRETON's work, the master  
print,

*Quam tibi perpetuat nobile Vatis opus:*

*Cujus in historia moriens, pariterque trium-*  
*phas:*

*Evornantque tuas vulnera sæva genas.*

*Ingenio, Lucane, tuo tua Romæ ruinis*

*Auctor, et damnis stat veneranda magis*

*Quam tot terrarum dumscæptra superba teneret*

*Atque triumphati spargeret orbis opes.*

*Sed Romæ quodcumque tua Lucane dedisti,*

*Hoc dedit et Mait subsidialis amor,*

*Qui tibi succurrit vindex, et divite vena*

*Supplevit latices, te moriente, tuos.*

<sup>2</sup> These lines are placed before the *Shepherd's Holiday*, a Pastoral Drama, published in 1635. May joined with Jonson in commendation of this piece, which is favourably noticed by Langbaine. Rutter, who was probably a man of learning, was tutor to the son of the Earl of Dorset, lord chamberlain, and therefore much about the court. He is said to have translated *The Cid* of Corneille, at the command of Charles I.

<sup>3</sup> In *Authorem*.] This Epigram is printed before a poem of that indefatigable writer, Nicholas Breton, called "*Melancholicke Humours*, in verses of diverse natures." 1600. 4to.



Where such perfections to the life do rise ;  
If they seem wry to such as look askint,  
The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.

For, as one coming with a lateral view,  
Unto a cunning piece wrought perspective,

Wants faculty to make a censure true ;  
So with this author's readers will it thrive ;  
Which being eyed directly, I divine,  
His proof their praise 'll incite, as in this line.

## XXIV.

TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR, ON THE HUSBAND.<sup>1</sup>

It fits not only him that makes a book  
To see his work be good ; but that he look  
Who are his test, and what their judgment is,

Lest a false praise do make their dotage his.

I do not feel that ever yet I had  
The art of uttering wares, if they were bad ;  
Or skill of making matches in my life :

And therefore I commend unto the *Wife*,  
That went before—a *Husband*. She, I'll swear,

Was worthy of a good one, and this, here,  
I know for such, as (if my word will weigh)  
She need not blush upon the marriage day.

<sup>1</sup> The poem to which these lines are prefixed is one of the numerous effusions to which that popular production, *The Wife of Sir Thomas Overbury*, gave rise. The name of the writer is unknown: the poem itself is extremely rare: indeed, I am not aware of the existence of any other copy than that from which the above transcript was made, in the collection of Mr. Hill. The title of the work is "The Husband: a poem expressed in a complete man." 1614, 8vo.

<sup>2</sup> This sonnet stands before a work by Thomas Wright, called *The Passions of the Mind in general* [1601, 1604, and 1620,] 4to.

<sup>3</sup> Taken from the complimentary verses prefixed to *The Touchstone of Truth*, 12mo, Lond. 1630, by T. Warre.

The last nine little pieces are now for the first time added to Jonson's works: I have collected them as I could, and placed them together, without regard to the respective dates of their first appearance, which indeed it was not always easy to ascertain. They are not given out of respect to any intrinsic merit which they may be thought to possess, though they are not without their value on another account. Jonson has been held forth to the world as the very soul of envy, jealous of all merit in others, unwilling and indeed unable to bear a rival candidate for fame. But what is the fact? That in the long list of English poets he is decidedly among the most candid and generous: the most free of his

## XXV.

TO THE AUTHOR.<sup>2</sup>

In picture, they which truly understand,  
Require (besides the likeness of the thing)  
Light, posture, heightening, shadow,  
colouring,

All which are parts commend the cunning hand ;

And all your book, when it is thoroughly scanned,

Will well confess ; presenting, limiting  
Each subtlest passion, with her source  
and spring,

So bold, as shews your art you can command.

But now your work is done, if they that view

The several figures, languish in suspense,  
To judge which passion's false, and which  
is true,

Between the doubtful sway of reason and sense ;

'Tis not your fault if they shall sense prefer,  
Being told there Reason cannot, Sense may err.

## XXVI.

TO THE AUTHOR.<sup>3</sup>

Truth is the trial of itself,  
And needs no other touch ;  
And purer than the purest gold,  
Refine it ne'er so much.

advice and assistance, the most liberal of his praise. This part of Jonson's character was so well established among his contemporaries, that almost every one who meditated the publication of a book applied to him for a favourable judgment of it. Whence it has happened that there are far more commendatory verses to be met with by our author than by any other writer of those times. This could not escape Dr. Farmer; and to the utter confusion of Steevens and Malone he has had the honesty to acknowledge it. He calls the verses on Shakspeare, "sparing and invidious" as they appear to those critics, "the warmest panegyrick that ever was penned; and in truth," adds he, "the received opinion of the pride and malignity of Jonson, at least in the earlier part of his life, is absolutely groundless; at this time scarce a play or a poem appeared without Ben's encomium, from the original Shakspeare to the translator of *Du Bartas*," *Essay, &c.*, p. 12. This passage stands at the opening of the second volume of the *Variarum Shakspeare*, which notwithstanding is filled with abusive ribaldry on the "early malignity" of our author. Such is the consistency of the wretched confederacy against his reputation!

But even Dr. Farmer might have spared his "earlier part at least;" for it is altogether certain that Jonson's *encomiums* were as liberally bestowed in the decline of his life as at any other period, and that the last productions of his

It is the life and light of love,  
The sun that ever shineth,  
And spirit of that special grace  
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word  
That yields a scent so sweet,  
As gives a power to faith to tread  
All falsehood under feet.

It is the sword that doth divide  
The marrow from the bone,  
And in effect of heavenly love  
Doth shew the Holy One.

This, blessed Warre, thy blessed book  
Unto the world doth prove;  
A worthy work, and worthy well  
Of the most worthy love.

## XXVII

TO EDWARD FILMER,<sup>1</sup> ON HIS MUSICAL  
WORK, DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN.

What charming peals are these,  
That, while they bind the senses, do so  
please?

They are the marriage-rites  
Of two, the choicest pair of man's delights,  
Music and Poesy;  
French air and English verse here wedded  
lie.

pen were panegyrics on the writings of his contemporaries. In truth, the failings of this poet lay on the side of proneness to commendation, and he was very sensible of it. As early as 1614 he tells the learned Selden that he had hitherto been too liberal of his applause; but that he would turn a sharper eye upon himself in future, and consider what he wrote:

"And vex it many days,  
Before men got a verse; much less a praise."

Such, however, was the kindly warmth of his disposition that this resolution was broken as soon as made, and he continued to the close of his life to speak with favour of almost every literary work that appeared. His reward for this is a universal outcry on the peculiar malevolence of his nature!

<sup>1</sup> *To Edward Filmer, on his musical work, &c.*] This epigram first appeared in the folio of 1640, after the death of our poet. Possibly it might have been prefixed to the work it celebrates, and from thence transcribed into the edition above mentioned. Though no date is set to any of the epigrams, this excepted, yet circumstances will assist us to guess at the time of those addressed to the greatest persons then living. In general they were written before 1616, as most of them are contained in the edition of Jonson's works, which was published in that year.—WHAL.

Here is much ado about nothing. What

Who did this knot compose,  
Again hath brought the lily to the rose;  
And, with their chained dance,  
Re-celebrates the joyful match with France  
They are a school to win  
The fair French daughter to learn English  
in;  
And, graced with her song,  
To make the language sweet upon her  
tongue.<sup>2</sup>

## XXVIII.

TO RICHARD BROME, ON HIS COMEDY  
OF THE NORTHERN LASS.<sup>3</sup>

I had you for a servant once, Dick Brome,  
And you performed a servant's faithful  
parts;

Now you are got into a nearer room  
Of fellowship, professing my old arts.  
And you do do them well, with good ap-  
plause,  
Which you have justly gained from the  
stage.

By observation of those comic laws  
Which I, your master, first did teach the  
age.

You learnt it well, and for it served your  
time,

A prenticeship, which few do now a days:

Whalley means by *most of them*, and *in general*, I know not, since, blunders excepted, the second edition of the old folio is a mere transcript of the first, with the reserve of the present lines, which, notwithstanding their date (1629), are absurdly inserted among the Epigrams printed in 1616.

<sup>2</sup> *To make the language sweet, &c.*] From Chaucer. It is a pretty compliment to Henrietta, who had probably encouraged the work, from an attachment to her native tunes.

<sup>3</sup> *The Northern Lass.*] These lines are addressed "To my faithful servant, and (by his continued virtue) my loving friend, the author of this work, Master Richard Brome. 1632." I have already noticed the attempts of Randolph and others to create a feeling of hostility in our poet towards Brome. That they met with no success is evident; for Jonson always remained warmly attached to his old and meritorious servant, and Brome continued no less grateful and affectionate towards his generous master. Even after Jonson's death the kindness of the latter breaks out in a little poem to the memory of Fletcher:

"I knew him (Fletcher)—  
I knew him in his strength; even then, when  
He,  
That was the master of his art, and me,  
Most knowing Jonson, proud to call him son,  
In friendly envy swore he had outdone  
His very self," &c.

Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhyme,  
Both learned and unlearned, all write plays.<sup>1</sup>

It was not so of old : men took up trades  
That knew the crafts they had been bred in right ;

An honest bilboe-smith would make good blades,

And the physician teach men spew and—

The cobbler kept him to his awl ; but now,  
He'll be a poet scarce can guide a plough.

## XXIX.

A SPEECH<sup>2</sup>

*At a Tilting.*

Two noble knights, whom true desire and zeal,

Hath armed at all points, charge me humbly kneel

To thee, O king of men, their noblest parts  
To tender thus, their lives, their loves, their hearts.

The elder of these two<sup>3</sup> rich hopes increase,  
Presents a royal altar of fair peace ;

<sup>1</sup> *Both learned and unlearned do write plays, &c.]* "Through this," says the watchful Lambaine, "be an imitation of Horace, yet I doubt not but the reader will pardon Ben for his ingenious application :

*Nævem agere ignarus navis timet : abrotonum agro*

*Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare. Quod medicorum est*

*Promittunt medici : tractant fabrilis fabri.*

*Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.*

<sup>2</sup> This SPEECH, which was copied from Ashmole's MSS. and kindly transmitted to me by Mr. Bliss, is said to have been "presented to King James at a tilting, in the behalf of the two noble brothers, Sir Robert and Sir Henry Rich."

The lines have no date, but were probably produced on one of those festive occasions to which the attachment of Prince Henry to martial exercises gave birth. It was the first appearance, perhaps, of the brothers in arms ; and this address of the knight, who presented them to the sovereign, formed a part of the entertainment : for these little tournaments were usually prefaced with some kind of poetical fable.

<sup>3</sup> *The elder of these two.]* These youths were the sons of Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick, by the too celebrated sister of the Earl of Essex. Robert, the elder, succeeded his father as Earl of Warwick in 1618. He *protests much* (like Hamlet's player-queen) in his speech, and he *kept his word* somewhat in the same manner. James was scarcely dead when he deserted his successor, threw himself into the arms of the Parliament, took the command of the fleet, and

And, as an everlasting sacrifice,  
His life, his love, his honour which ne'er dies,

He freely brings, and on this altar lays  
As true oblations. His brother's emblem says,

Except your gracious eye, as through a glass,

Made perspective, behold him, he must pass  
Still that same little point he was ; but when

Your royal eye, which still creates new men,  
Shall look, and on him, so,—then art's a liar,

If, from a little spark, he rise not fire.

## XXX.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR EDWARD SACKVILE,

*Now Earl of Dorset.*<sup>4</sup>

If, Sackville, all that have the power to do  
Great and good turns, as well could time them too,

And knew their how and where ; we should have then

Less list of proud, hard, or ingrateful men.  
For benefits are owed with the same mind

carried on a thriving trade, as Lord Clarendon says, "in the desperate commodity of rebellion." *His brother*, Henry Rich, notwithstanding his emblem, or impress, trod in Sir Robert's steps. James loaded him with favours, and not long before his death created him Earl of Holland. Fresh honours were conferred upon him by Charles, in return for which he deserted and betrayed him. He was not long in receiving his reward from his new masters, who, less scrupulous than his indulgent sovereign, deprived him of his head for some alleged tergiversation, in 1649.

<sup>4</sup> *An Epistle to Sir Edward Sackville.]* At that time lord chamberlain ; he succeeded his father, Thomas Sackville, in the title of Earl of Dorset, who died suddenly at the council-table in 1608.—WHAL.

We have here a cluster of mistakes. The father of Sir Edward Sackville was not Thomas, but Robert, second Earl of Dorset, his son ; nor did Edward succeed his father, but his elder brother Richard, third Earl of Dorset, who died in 1624. What Whalley means by *at that time lord chamberlain*, it is difficult to say. There is no allusion to any such office in the poem, nor could there be, for the Earl of Dorset was not made chamberlain till 1642, five years after the poet's death.

This Sir Edward Sackville is the person who engaged in that ferocious and fatal duel with the Lord Bruce, of which the interesting account given by himself was copied into the *Guardian*, from the MS. in the library of Queen's College, Oxford.

This affair took place in 1613, when he was

As they are done, and such returns they find :

You then, whose will not only, but desire  
To succour my necessities, took fire,  
Not at my prayers, but your sense ; which  
laid

The way to meet what others would up-  
braid,

And in the act did so my blush prevent,  
As I did feel it done as soon as meant ;  
You cannot doubt but I who freely know  
This good from you, as freely will it owe ;  
And though my fortune humble me to take  
The smallest courtesies with thanks, I make  
Yet choice from whom I take them ; and  
would shame

To have such do me good I durst not  
name.

They are the noblest benefits, and sink  
Deepest in man, of which when he doth  
think,

The memory delights him more, from whom  
Than what, he hath received. Gifts stunk  
from some,

They are so long a coming, and so hard ;  
Where any deed is forced, the grace is  
marred.

Can I owe thanks for courtesies received  
Against his will that does them ? that hath  
weaved

Excuses or delays ? or done them scant,  
That they have more oppressed me than  
my want ?

Or if he did it not to succour me,  
But by mere chance ? for interest ? or to  
free

Himself of farther trouble, or the weight  
Of pressure, like one taken in a strait ?

All this corrupts the thanks ; less hath he  
won,

That puts it in his debt-book ere't be done ;  
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth  
call

His grooms to witness : or else lets it fall  
In that proud manner, as a good so gained,  
Must make me sad for what I have ob-  
tained.

No ! gifts and thanks should have one  
cheerful face,

So each that's done, and ta'en, becomes a  
brace.

He neither gives or does, that doth delay  
A benefit, or that doth throw't away ;  
No more than he doth thank, that will re-  
ceive

Nought but in corners, and is loth to leave  
Least air or print, but flies it : such men  
would

Run from the conscience of it if they could.

As I have seen some infants of the sword  
Well known, and practised borrowers on  
their word,

Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in  
the ear,

For what they straight would to the world  
forswear ;

And speaking worst of those from whom  
they went

But then fist-filled, to put me off the scent.  
Now, dam'mee, sir, if you shall not com-  
mand

My sword, ('tis but a poor sword, under-  
stand,)

As far as any poor sword in the land ;  
Then turning unto him is next at hand,  
Damm's whom he damned too, is the veriest  
gull,

Has feathers, and will serve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answered so,  
That to such natures let their full hands  
flow,

And seek not wants to succour ; but enquire,  
Like money-brokers, after names, and hire  
Their bounties forth, to him that last was  
made,

Or stands to be 'n commission o' the blade ?  
Still, still the hunters of false fame apply

Their thoughts and means to making loud  
the cry,

But one is bitten by the dog he fed,  
And hurt, seeks cure ; the surgeon bids take  
bread,

And sponge-like with it dry up the blood  
quite,

only three and-twenty. Afterwards, however, he nobly redeemed his extravagancies, and became one of the brightest characters of his day. Lord Clarendon says that "his person was beautiful, graceful, and vigorous ; his wit pleasant, sparkling, and sublime, and his other parts of learning and language of that lustre that he could not miscarry in the world."

This "Epistle" was the favourite poem of Horne Tooke. He had it by heart, and delighted to quote it on all occasions. Its date may be pretty nearly ascertained by the expres-

sion "*now* Earl of Dorset," which seems to imply that Sir Edward had not long enjoyed the title. He returned to England from Italy on hearing of the death of his brother, which took place the 28th of March, 1624 : and the poet probably addressed him soon after 1625, when sickness and want first assailed him.

There is great vigour of thought and strength of expression in this rough epistle. The prediction of Horne Tooke for it throws no discredit on his judgment.

Then give it to the hound that did him bite :  
Pardon, says he, that were a way to see  
All the town curs take each their snatch at  
me.<sup>1</sup>

O, is it so? knows he so much, and will  
Feed those at whom the table points at still?  
I not deny it, but to help the need  
Of any is a great and generous deed;  
Yea, of the ungrateful : and he forth must  
tell

Many a pound, and piece, will place one  
well.

But these men ever want : their very trade  
Is borrowing ; that but stopt, they do invade  
All as their prize, turn pirates here at land,  
Have their Bermudas, and their Streights  
i' the Strand :

Man out their boats to the Temple, and  
not shift

Now, but command ; make tribute what  
was gift ;

And it is paid them with a trembling zeal,  
And superstition, I dare scarce reveal,  
If it were clear ; but being so in cloud  
Carried and wrapt, I only am allowed  
My wonder, why the taking a clown's purse,  
Or robbing the poor market-folks, should  
nurse

Such a religious horror in the breasts  
Of our town-gallantry ! or why there rests  
Such worship due to kicking of a punk,  
Or swaggering with the watch, or drawer  
drunk ;

Or feats of darkness acted in mid-sun,  
And told of with more licence than th' were  
done !

Sure there is mystery in it, I not know,  
That men such reverence to such actions  
show,

And almost deify the authors ! make  
Loud sacrifice of drink for their health's  
sake :

Rear suppers in their names, and spend  
whole nights

Unto their praise in certain swearing rites !  
Cannot a man be reckoned in the state  
Of valour, but at this idolatrous rate ?

I thought that fortitude had been a mean,<sup>2</sup>  
'Twixt fear and rashness ; not a lust ob-  
scene,

<sup>1</sup> *Pardon, says he, that were a way to see  
All the town-curs take each their snatch at  
me.* The allusion is to a fable of *Phædrus*,  
who makes *Æsop* the author of it.—*WHAL*.

For the *Bermudas*, &c., see vol. ii. p. x69,  
and vol. ii. p. 245 a.

<sup>2</sup> *I thought that fortitude had been a mean,*  
&c.] This subject the poet subsequently dilated  
upon in *The New Inn*. The name of this un-

Or appetite of offending, but a skill  
Or science of discerning good and ill.

And you, sir, know it well, to whom I write,  
That with these mixtures we put out her  
light ;

Her ends are honesty and public good :  
And where they want, she is not under-  
stood.

No more are these of us ; let them then go,  
I have the list of mine own faults to know,  
Look to, and cure : he's not a man hath  
none,

But like to be, that every day mends one,  
And feels it ; else he tarries by the beast.  
Can I discern how shadows are decreast,  
Or grown, by height or lowness of the sun,  
And can I less of substance ? when I run,  
Ride, sail, am coached, know I how far I  
have gone ;

And my mind's motion not ? or have I  
none ?

No ! he must feel and know, that will ad-  
vance.

Men have been great, but never good by  
chance

Or on the sudden. It were strange that he  
Who was this morning such a one, should  
be

Sidney ere night ! or that did go to bed  
Coryat, should rise the most sufficient head  
Of Christendom ; and neither of these  
know,

Were the rack offered them, how they  
came so !

'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad  
Profit in aught ; each day some little add,  
In time 'twill be a heap : this is not true  
Alone in money, but in manners too.

Yet we must more than move still, or go on,  
We must accomplish : 'tis the last key-stone  
That makes the arch ; the rest that there  
were put

Are nothing till that comes to bind and  
shut.

Then stands it a triumphal mark ! then men  
Observe the strength, the height, the why  
and when

It was erected : and still walking under,  
Meet some new matter to look up and  
wonder !

fortunate piece is never mentioned now without  
a scornful sneer at the dotage which produced it.  
As a whole, indeed, much cannot be said in its  
favour, but it may safely be pronounced that  
the observations of Lovel on *true valour* (vol. ii.  
p. 373—74), to which the line just quoted has been  
referred, will not be easily paralleled for justness  
of thought, vigour of sentiment, and beauty of  
expression, in this or any other language.

Such notes are virtuous men ! they live as fast

As they are high ; are rooted, and will last. They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,

As if they would belie their stature ; those Are dwarfs of honour, and have neither weight

Nor fashion ; if they chance aspire to height,

'Tis like light canes, that first rise big and brave,

Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces ; have

But few and fair divisions : but being got Aloft, grow less and straightened ; full of knot,

And last, go out in nothing ! you that see Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.

You know (without my flattering you) too much

For me to be your indice. Keep you such, That I may love your person, as I do, Without your gift, though I can rate that too,

By thanking thus the courtesy to life Which you will bury ; but therein the strife

May grow so great to be example, when, As their true rule or lesson, either men, Donors or donees, to their practice shall Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

## XXXI.

AN EPISTLE TO MASTER JOHN SELDEN.<sup>1</sup>

I know to whom I write ; here I am sure : Though I am short, I cannot be obscure,<sup>2</sup> Less shall I for the art or dressing care, Truth and the Graces best when naked are.<sup>3</sup> Your book, my SELDEN, I have read ; and much

<sup>1</sup> This Epistle, as the folio calls it, is prefixed to the first edition of Selden's *Titles of Honour*, 1614, with this address : " Ben Jonson to his honored friend, Mr. John Selden, *Health*."

There was an extraordinary degree of kindness between these two most learned men, which continued to the end of Jonson's life. They communicated their works and mutually assisted each other. Selden, who was above flattery, affectionately addresses our author in the work here mentioned, as one that was

*Omnia carmina doctus,  
Et cælit mythæ plasmata, et historiam.*

And he, who was superior to envy, speaks with conscious pride of the aid which he derived from

Was trusted, that you thought my judgment such

To ask it : though in most of works, it be A penance where a man may not be free, Rather than office ; when it doth, or may Chance, that the friend's affection proves ally

Unto the censure. Yours all need doth fly Of this so vicious humanity ;

Than which, there is not unto study a more Pernicious enemy. We see before A many' of books, even good judgments wound

Themselves, through favouring what is there not found ;

But I to yours far otherwise shall do,<sup>4</sup> Not fly the crime, but the suspicion too :

Though I confess (as every Muse hath erred,

And mine not least) I have too oft preferred Men past their terms, and praised some names too much ;

But 'twas with purpose to have made them such.

Since, being deceived, I turn a sharper eye Upon myself, and ask to whom ? and why ?

And what I write ? and vex it many days Before men get a verse, much less a praise ;

So that my reader is assured, I now Mean what I speak, and still will keep that vow.

Stand forth my object, then. You that have been

Ever at home, yet have all countries seen ; And like a compass, keeping one foot still Upon your centre, do your circle fill

Of general knowledge ; watched men, manners too,

Heard what times past have said, seen what ours do !

Which grace shall I make love to first ? your skill,

Or faith in things ? or is't your wealth and will

Selden's unbounded acquaintance with literary subjects.

Selden's life was useful, and his death instructive. He was drawn in by the crooked politics of the times in which he lived ; but he escaped from them to his studies at every convenient opportunity ; and though he might be sometimes dissatisfied, he was never factious.

<sup>2</sup> *Though I be short, &c.]*

*Brevis esse laboro,  
Obscurus fio.*

<sup>3</sup> Since, naked, best Truth, and the Graces are. 1614.—F. C.]

<sup>4</sup> But I to yours, farre from this fault, shall doo. 1614.—F. C.]

T' inform and teach? or your unwearied pain  
Of gathing? bounty in pouring out again?  
What fables have you vexed, what truth  
redeemed,

Antiquities searched, opinions disesteemed,  
Impostures branded, and authorities urged!  
What blots and errors have you watched  
and purged

Records and authors of! how rectified  
Times, manners, customs! innovations  
spied!

Sought out the fountains, sources, creeks,  
paths, ways,

And noted the beginnings and decays!  
Where is that nominal mark, or real rite,  
Form, act, or ensign, that hath scaped your  
sight?

How are traditions there examined! how  
Conjectures retrieved! and a story now  
And then of times (besides the bare conduct  
Of what it tells us) weaved in to instruct!  
I wondered at the richness, but am lost  
To see the workmanship so' exceed the  
cost!

To mark the excellent seasoning of your  
style,<sup>1</sup>

And manly elocution! not one while  
With horror rough, then rioting with wit;  
But to the subject still the colours fit,  
In sharpness of all search, wisdom of choice,  
Newness of sense, antiquity of voice!

I yield, I yield. The matter of your praise  
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise  
A bank against it: nothing but the round  
Large clasp of Nature such a wit can bound.  
Monarch in letters! 'mongst the Titles  
shown

Of others' honours, thus enjoy thy own.  
I first salute thee so; and gratulate  
With that thy style, thy keeping of thy  
state;

In offering this thy work to no great name,  
That would, perhaps, have praised and  
thanked the same,  
But nought beyond. He thou hast given  
it to,<sup>2</sup>

Thy learned chamber-fellow, knows to do  
It true respects: he will not only love,  
Embrace, and cherish; but he can approve  
And estimate thy pains, as having wrought  
In the same mines of knowledge; and  
thence brought

Humanity enough to be a friend,  
And strength to be a champion, and defend

Thy gift 'gainst envy. O how I do count  
Among my comings in, and see it mount,  
The gain of two such friendships! Heyward  
and

Selden! two names that so much under-  
stand!

On whom I could take up, and ne'er abuse  
The credit, what would furnish a tenth muse!  
But here's no time nor place my wealth to  
tell,

You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

## XXXII.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,  
(MASTER COLBY),

## TO PERSUADE HIM TO THE WARS.

Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy! the  
drum

Bears brave and loud in Europe, and bids  
come

All that dare rouse: or are not loth to quit  
Their vicious ease, and be o'erwhelmed  
with it.

It is a call to keep the spirits alive  
That gasp for action, and would yet revive  
Man's buried honour in his sleepy life:  
Quickening dead nature to her noblest  
strife.

All other acts of worldlings are but toil  
In dreams, begun in hope, and end in spoil.  
Look on the ambitious man, and see him  
nurse

His unjust hopes with praises begged, or,  
worse,

Bought flatteries, the issue of his purse,  
Till he become both their and his own curse!  
Look on the false and cunning man, that  
loves

No person, nor is loved: what ways he  
proves

To gain upon his belly; and at last  
Crushed in the snaky brakes that he had  
past!

See the grave, sour, and supercilious sir,  
In outward face, but inward light as fur,  
Or feathers, lay his fortune out to show,  
Till envy wound or maim it at a blow!  
See him that's called, and thought the hap-  
piest man,

Honoured at once, and envied (if it can  
Be honour is so mixed) by such as would,  
For all their spite, be like him if they could:

[<sup>1</sup> To mark the excellent seasonings of your  
style

And masculine elocution. 1614.—F. C.]  
<sup>2</sup> He, thou hast given it to,

Thy learned chamber-fellow, &c.] The  
volume is dedicated by Selden to "my most  
beloved friend and chamber-fellow, Edward  
Heyward, of Cardeston, in Norfolk, Esq."

No part or corner man can look upon,  
But there are objects bid him to be gone  
As far as he can fly, or follow day,  
Rather than here so bogged in vices stay.  
The whole world here leavened with mad-  
ness swells ;

And being a thing blown out of nought,  
rebels

Against his Maker, high alone with weeds,  
And impious rankness of all sects and seeds:  
Not to be checked or frighted now with  
fate,

But more licentious made and desperate !  
Our delicacies are grown capital,  
And even our sports are dangers ! what we  
call

Friendship, is now masked hatred ! justice  
fled,

And shamefastness together ! all laws dead  
That kept man living ! pleasures only  
sought !

Honour and honesty, as poor things thought  
As they are made ! pride and stiff clown-  
age mixed

To make up greatness ! and man's whole  
good fixed

In bravery, or gluttony, or coin,  
All which he makes the servants of the groin !  
Thither it flows : how much did Stallion  
spend

To have his court-bred filly there commend  
His lace and starch ; and fall upon her back  
In admiration, stretched upon the rack  
Of lust, to his rich suit, and title Lord ?

Ay, that's a charm and half ! she must  
afford

That all respect, she must lie down ; nay  
more,

'Tis there civility to be a whore :  
He's one of blood and fashion ! and with  
these

The bravery makes she can no honour leese:  
To do't with cloth, or stuffs, lust's name  
might merit,

With velvet, plush, and tissues, it is spirit.  
O these so ignorant monsters, light as  
proud !

Who can behold their manners, and not  
cloud-

Like, on them lighten ? If that nature  
could

Not make a verse, anger or laughter would,<sup>1</sup>  
To see them aye discoursing with their glass,  
How they may make some one that day an  
ass,

Planting their purls and curls, spread forth  
like net,

And every dressing for a pit-fall set  
To catch the flesh in, and to pound a ——  
Be at their visits, see them squeamish, sick,  
Ready to cast at one whose band sits ill,  
And then leap mad on a neat pickardill,  
As if a brize were gotten in their tail ;

And fir, and jerk, and for the coachman  
rail,

And jealous each of other, yet think long  
To be abroad chanting some bawdy song,  
And laugh, and measure thighs, then squeak,  
spring, itch,

Do all the tricks of a salt lady bitch !  
For t'other pound of sweetmeats, he shall  
feel

That pays, or what he will : the dame is  
steel.

For these with her young company she'll  
enter,

Where Pittes, or Wright, or Modet would  
not venture ;

And comes by these degrees the style t'in-  
herit

Of woman of fashion, and a lady of spirit.  
Nor is the title questioned with our proud,  
Great, brave, and fashioned folk, these are  
allowed ;

Adulteries now are not so hid or strange,  
They're grown commodity upon Exchange:  
He that will follow but another's wife,  
Is loved, though he let out his own for life ;  
The husband now's called churlish, or a  
poor

Nature, that will not let his wife be a whore ;  
Or use all arts, or haunt all companies  
That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.

The brother trades a sister, and the friend  
Lives to the lord, but to the lady's end.

Less must not be thought on than mistress ;  
or

If it be thought, killed like her embrions ;  
for

Whom no great mistress hath as yet in-  
famed

A fellow of coarse lechery, is named

<sup>1</sup> *If Nature could*  
*Not make a verse, &c.*] This epistle, which  
possesses no ordinary degree of merit, partakes  
of the nature of satire. The author had his  
favourite, Horace, in view when he drew it up,  
though the particular allusion in the quotation is  
to Juvenal :

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.*

The couplet just above,  
*To do't with cloth, &c.*, is also from this  
author, but in a higher tone :

*Alea turpis*  
*Turpe et adulterium mediocribus, hæc eadem*  
*illi*  
*Omnia cum faciant vituli hilarisque vocantur*  
*Sat. xi.*



The servant of the serving-woman, in scorn,  
Ne'er came to taste the plenteous marriage-horn.

Thus they do talk. And are these objects fit

For man to spend his money on ? his wit ?  
His time ? health ? soul ? Will he for these go throw

Those thousands on his back, shall after blow

His body to the Counters, or the Fleet ?  
Is it for these that Fine-man meets the street

Coached, or on foot-cloth, thrice changed every day,

To teach each suit he has the ready way  
From Hyde Park to the Stage, where at the last

His dear and borrowed bravery he must cast ?

When not his oombs, his curling-irons, his glass,

Sweet bags, sweet powders, nor sweet words will pass

For less security. O [heavens !] for these  
Is it that man pulls on himself disease,  
Surfeit, and quarrel ? drinks the t'other health ?

Or by damnation voids it, or by stealth ?  
What fury of late is crept into our feasts ?

What honour given to the drunkenest guests ?

What reputation to bear one glass more,  
When oft the bearer is borne out of door ?

This hath our ill-used freedom, and soft peace

Brought on us, and will every hour increase.  
Our vices do not tarry in a place,

But being in motion still, or rather in race,  
Tilt one upon another, and now bear

This way, now that, as if their number were

More than themselves, or than our lives could take,

But both fell prest under the load they make.  
I'll bid thee look no more, but flee, flee, friend,

This precipice, and rocks that have no end,  
Or side, but threatens ruin. The whole day

Is not enough now, but the nights to play :  
And whilst our states, strength, body, and

mind we waste,

Go make ourselves the usurers at a cast.  
He that no more for age, cramps, palsies

can

Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man  
To take the box up for him ; and pursues

The dice with glassen eyes, to the glad

views

Of what he throws : like letchers grown content

To be beholders, when their powers are spent.

Can we not leave this worm ? or will we not ?

Is that the truer excuse ? or have we got  
In this, and like, an itch of vanity,

That scratching now's our best felicity ?  
Well, let it go. Yet this is better, than

To lose the forms and dignities of man,  
To flatter my good lord, and cry his bowl

Runs sweetly, as it had his lordship's soul :  
Although perhaps it has, what's that to me,

That may stand by and hold my peace ?  
will he,

When I am hoarse with praising his each cast,

Give me but that again that I must waste  
In sugar candied or in buttered beer,

For the recovery of my voice ? No, there  
Pardon his lordship ; flatt'ry's grown so

cheap

With him, for he is followed with that heap,

That watch and catch at what they may applaud,

As a poor single flatterer, without bawd  
Is nothing, such scarce meat and drink he'll

give,  
But he that's both, and slave to both, shall

live  
And be beloved while the whores last. O times !

Friend, fly from hence, and let these kindled rhymes

Light thee from hell on earth ; where flatterers, spies,

Informers, Masters both of Arts and lies ;  
Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers, that let

blood

The life and fame-veins, yet not understood

Of the poor sufferers ; where the envious, proud,

Ambitious, factious, superstitious, loud  
Boasters, and perjured, with the infinite

more  
Prevaricators swarm : of which the store

(Because they're everywhere amongst mankind

Spread through the world) is easier far to find,

Than once to number, or bring forth to hand,

Though thou wert Muster-master of the Land.

Go, quit them all ! And take along with thee,

Thy true friend's wishes, COLBY,<sup>1</sup> which shall be  
That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds  
Not wound thy conscience when thy body  
bleeds;  
That thou dost all things more for truth  
than glory,  
And never but for doing wrong be sorry;  
That by commanding first thyself, thou  
mak'st  
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st:  
That fortune never make thee to complain,  
But what she gives, thou dar'st give her  
again;  
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,  
Thou shrink or start not; but be always  
one;  
That thou think nothing great but what is  
good;  
And from that thought strive to be under-  
stood.  
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame  
Still precious with the odour of thy name.  
And last, blaspheme not; we did never  
hear  
Man thought the valianter, 'cause he durst  
swear;  
No more than we should think a lord had  
had  
More honour in him, 'cause we've known  
him mad:  
These take, and now go seek thy peace in  
war,  
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.

XXXIII.

AN EPITAPH

ON MASTER PHILIP GRAY.

Reader, stay,  
And if I had no more to say,  
But here doth lie, till the last day,  
All that is left of PHILIP GRAY,  
It might thy patience richly pay:  
For if such men as he could die,<sup>2</sup>  
What surety' of life have thou and I?

<sup>1</sup> *And take along with thee*  
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby.] The name  
of the person to whom this epistle is addressed;  
he appears to have been in the military service,  
and from the preceding line was probably muster-  
master of the forces.—WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *For if such men, &c.*] The force of this  
Epitaph is not felt, for want of knowing the  
character whose fate led to these reflections.

Chetwood has an Epitaph on Prince Henry  
which he ascribes to Jonson, and which the  
reader may perhaps expect to find in a collection  
of his works. I have little confidence in this

XXXIV.

EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND.

They are not, sir, worst owers that do pay  
Debts when they can: good men may break  
their day,  
And yet the noble nature never grudge;  
'Tis then a crime, when the usurer is judge,  
And he is not in friendship: nothing there  
Is done for gain; if't be, 'tis not sincere  
Nor should I at this time protested be,  
But that some greater names have broke  
with me,  
And their words too, where I but break my  
band;<sup>3</sup>  
I add that BUT, because I understand  
That as the lesser breach: for he that takes  
Simply my band, his trust in me forsakes,  
And looks unto the forfeit. If you be  
Now so much friend, as you would trust in  
me,  
Venture a longer time, and willingly:  
All is not barren land doth fallow lie;  
Some grounds are made the richer for the  
rest;  
And I will bring a crop, if not the best.

XXXV.

AN ELEGY.

Can beauty, that did prompt me first to  
write,  
Now threaten with those means she did  
invite?  
Did her perfections call me on to gaze,  
Then like, then love; and now would they  
amaze!  
Or was she gracious afar off, but near  
A terror? or is all this but my fear?  
That as the water makes things, put in't  
straight,  
Crooked appear; so that doth my conceit:  
I can help that with boldness; and Love  
sware,<sup>4</sup>

writer, who seldom mentions his authorities;  
and, to say the truth, can discover nothing of  
our author's manner in the composition itself,  
which appears to be patched up from different  
poems, and is therefore omitted; though I have  
thought it right to mention the circumstance.

<sup>3</sup> *Where I but break my band.*] i.e., *whereas*,  
in the old sense of the word. Jonson pleads his  
cause well, and probably kept his word (if it was  
taken) better than his bond.

<sup>4</sup> *And Love sware.*] He alludes to the two  
proverbs, *Faint heart, &c.*, and *Fortis Fortuna*  
*juvat.*

And Fortune once, t'assist the spirits that dare.

But which shall lead me on? both these are blind.

Such guides men use not, who their way would find,

Except the way be error to those ends;

And then the best are still the blindest friends.

Oh how a lover may mistake! to think  
Or Love, or Fortune blind, when they but wink

To see men fear; or else for truth and state,  
Because they would free justice imitate,  
Vail their own eyes, and would impartially  
Be brought by us to meet our destiny.

If it be thus, come Love, and Fortune go,  
I'll lead you on; or if my fate will so,  
That I must send one first, my choice assigns  
Love to my heart and Fortune to my lines.

## XXXVI.

## AN ELEGY.

By those bright eyes, at whose immortal fires

Love lights his torches to inflame desires;  
By that fair stand, your forehead, whence  
he bends

His double bow, and round his arrowssends;  
By that tall grove, your hair, whose globy  
rings

He flying curls, and crispeth with his wings;  
By those pure baths your either cheek dis-  
closes,

Where he doth steep himself in milk and  
roses;<sup>1</sup>

And lastly, by your lips, the bank of kisses,  
Where men at once may plant and gather  
blisses:

Tell me, my loved friend, do you love or no?  
So well as I may tell in verse 'tis so?

You blush, but do not: friends are either  
none,

Though they may number bodies, or but  
one.

I'll therefore ask no more, but bid you love,  
And so that either may example prove

<sup>1</sup> By those pure baths your either cheek dis-  
closes,

Where he doth steep himself in milk and roses.]  
Though no date is prefixed to this Elegy, it was  
written before the celebration of *Charis*, for in  
the fifth ode there is an allusion to these and the  
following verses:

"And see!  
Such my mother's blushes be  
As the bath your verse discloses  
In her cheeks of milk and roses, &c."

WHAL.

Unto the other; and live patterns, how  
Others, in time, may love as we do now.  
Slip no occasion: as time stands not still,  
I know no beauty nor no youth that will.  
To use the present, then, is not abuse,  
You have a husband is the just excuse  
Of all that can be done him; such a one  
As would make shift to make himself alone  
That which we can; who both in you, his  
wife,

His issue, and all circumstance of life,  
As in his place, because he would not vary,  
Is constant to be extraordinary.

## XXXVII.

A SATIRICAL SHRUB.<sup>2</sup>

A woman's friendship! God, whom I trust in,  
Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin,  
Amongst my many other, that I may  
No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say!  
At fifty years almost, to value it,

That ne'er was known to last above a fit!  
Or have the least of good, but what it must  
Put on for fashion, and take up on trust.

Knew I all this afore? had I perceived  
That their whole life was wickedness,  
though weaved

Of many colours; outward, fresh from spots,  
But their whole inside full of ends and  
knots?

Knew I that all their dialogues and dis-  
course

Were such as I will now relate, or worse?

|   |   |   |   |    |
|---|---|---|---|----|
| * | * | * | * | *3 |
| * | * | * | * | *  |
| * | * | * | * | *  |

Knew I this woman? yes, and you do see,  
How penitent I am, or I should be.

Do not you ask to know her, she is worse  
Than all ingredients made into one curse,  
And that poured out upon mankind, can be:  
Think but the sin of all her sex, 'tis she!  
I could forgive her being proud! a whore!  
Perjured! and painted! if she were no more—  
But she is such as she might yet forestall  
The devil, and be the damning of us all.

This is a curious mode of settling precedence;  
but it shall be as Whalley pleases. This little  
piece begins much better than it ends.

<sup>2</sup> This is more in the style and manner of  
Donne than of our author. It may, however,  
be his; though I suspect that the loose scraps  
found after his death among his papers were  
committed to the press without much examina-  
tion. There was undoubtedly an intercommu-  
nity of verse between the two friends; but I do  
not wish to carry the argument any further.

<sup>3</sup> Here (the folio says) something is wanting.

## XXXVIII.

## A LITTLE SHRUB GROWING BY.

Ask not to know this Man.<sup>1</sup> If fame should speak

His name in any metal, it would break.

Two letters were enough the plague to tear

Out of his grave, and poison every ear.

A parcel of Court-dirt, a heap and mass

Of all vice hurled together, there he was,

Proud, false, and treacherous, vindictive, all

That thought can add, unthankful, the lay-stall

Of putrid flesh alive ! of blood the sink !

And so I leave to stir him, lest he stink.

## XXXIX.

AN ELEGY.<sup>2</sup>

Though beauty be the mark of praise,

And yours of whom I sing, be such,

As not the world can praise too much,

Yet is't your virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like allay, so gone

Throughout your form ; as though that move,

And draw, and conquer all men's love,

This subjects you to love of one,

Wherein you triumph yet ; because

'Tis of yourself, and that you use

The noblest freedom, not to choose

Against or faith, or honour's laws.

But who should less expect from you,

In whom alone Love lives agen ?

By whom he is restored to men ;

And kept, and bred, and brought up true ?

His falling temples you have reared,

The withered garlands ta'en away ;

His altars kept from the decay

That envy wished, and nature feared :

And on them burn so chaste a flame,

With so much loyalty's expense,

As Love t' acquit such excellence,

Is gone himself into your name.

And you are he ; the deity

To whom all lovers are designed,

That would their better objects find ;

Among which faithful troop am I.

Who, as an offering at your shrine,<sup>3</sup>

Have sung this hymn, and here entreat

<sup>1</sup> Ask not to know this Man, &c.] This too is in the style of Donne. It was evidently designed to be a *pendant* of the former ; whoever wrote that wrote this.

<sup>2</sup> [Mr. Tennyson must have been familiar with this *Elegy* before he commenced his *In Memoriam*.—F. C.]

One spark of your diviner heat  
To light upon a love of mine.

Which, if it kindle not, but scant  
Appear, and that to shortest view,

Yet give me leave t' adore in you

What I, in her am grieved to want.

## XL.

AN ELEGY.<sup>4</sup>

Fair friend, 'tis true your beauties move

My heart to a respect,

Too little to be paid with love,

Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,

For though the flame I find

Be not intense in the degree,

'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but pain ;

Your beauty takes my sense,

And lest you should that price disdain,

My thoughts too feel the influence.

'Tis not a passion's first access

Ready to multiply ;

But like love's calmest state it is

Possess with victory.

It is like love to truth reduced,

All the false values gone,

Which were created and induced

By fond imagination.

'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate,

To love you more than I :

I love you at your beauty's rate,

Less were an injury.

Like unstampt gold, I weigh each grace,

So that you may collect

Th' intrinsic value of your face,

Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,

Were not so fair a sight

Payment enough ; for who dare move

Reward for his delight ?

## XLI.

## AN ODE.

## TO HIMSELF.

Where dost Thou careless lie

Buried in ease and sloth ?

<sup>3</sup> Who, as an offering, &c.] The folio reads *offspring*. Corrected by Whalley.

<sup>4</sup> This little piece, which is not without merit, is carelessly thrown in towards the conclusion of the old folio, where it is united to "A New year's Gift to King Charles !"

Knowledge that sleeps, doth die ;  
And this security,  
It is the common moth  
That eats on wits and arts, and [so] de-  
stroyers them both :<sup>1</sup>

Are all the Aonian springs  
Dried up ? lies Thespia waste ?  
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,  
That not a nymph now sings ;  
Or droop they as disgraced,  
To see their seats and bowers by chat-  
tering pies defaced ?

If hence thy silence be,  
As 'tis too just a cause ;  
Let this thought quicken thee :  
Minds that are great and free  
Should not on fortune pause,  
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her  
own applause.

What though the greedy fry  
Be taken with false baits  
Of worded balladry,  
And think it poesy ?  
They die with their conceits,  
And only piteous scorn upon their folly  
waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,  
Strike in thy proper strain,  
With Japhet's line aspire  
Sol's chariot for new fire,<sup>2</sup>  
To give the world again :  
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of  
Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age  
Cannot indure reproof,

<sup>1</sup> *That eats on wits and arts, and destroys them both.* A syllable is evidently lost, necessary to complete the measure : I have inserted a monosyllable that helps it out :

*Versus futura cadentis.*—WHAL.

Whalley's choice fell on *quite* ; I prefer so : the reader, perhaps, may stumble upon a better substitute than either.

<sup>2</sup> *With Japhet's line aspire Sol's chariot for new fire.* He means *Prometheus*, the son of *Japhetus*, who, as the poets say, was assisted by *Minerva* in the formation of his man, whom he animated with fire taken from the chariot of the Sun.—WHAL.

This spirited Ode was probably among our author's early performances. A part of the concluding stanza we have already had in the "Apologetical Dialogue" at the conclusion of *The Poetaster* ; and the whole might be written

Make not thyself a page  
To that strumpet the stage,  
But sing high and aloof,  
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and  
the dull ass's hoof.

## XLII.

### THE MIND OF THE FRONTPIECE TO A BOOK.<sup>3</sup>

From death and dark oblivion (near the  
same)

The mistress of man's life, grave Histor  
Raising the world to good and evil fame,  
Doth vindicate it to eternity.

Wise Providence would so : that nor th  
good

Might be defrauded, nor the great se  
cured,

But both might know their ways were under  
stood,

When vice alike in time with virtue  
dured :

Which makes that, lighted by the beamy  
hand

Of Truth, that searcheth the most hidden  
springs,

And guided by Experience, whose straight  
wand

Doth mete, whose line doth sound the  
depth of things ;

She cheerfully supporteth what she rears,  
Assisted by no strengths but are her  
own,

Some note of which each varied pillar  
bears,

By which, as proper titles, she is known  
Time's witness, herald of Antiquity,  
The light of Truth, and life of Memory.

about the period of the appearance of that drama. Jonson's dislike to the stage here breaks out ; but, in truth, this is not the only passage from which we are authorized to collect that necessity alone led him to write for the theatres.

<sup>3</sup> These lines are prefixed to Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, fol. 1614 : they are descriptive of the ornamental figures in the serious frontispiece to that volume, and can scarcely be understood without a reference to the plate itself. Jonson assisted Raleigh in this great work ; and indeed there were not many literary undertakings of importance in his days to which "the envious Ben" did not liberally afford his aid.

The folio has been corrected from Raleigh's copy. It seems that Whalley was not acquainted with the purport of this little piece, or with its appearance in any volume previously to that of 1614.

XLIV.<sup>1</sup>

## AN ODE

TO JAMES, EARL OF DESMOND.<sup>2</sup>

Where art thou, Genius? I should use  
Thy present aid: arise Invention,  
Wake, and put on the wings of Pindar's  
Muse,

To tower with my intention  
High as his mind, that doth advance  
Her upright head above the reach of  
chance,

Or the times envy.  
Cynthia, I apply  
Thy bolder numbers to thy golden lyre:  
O then inspire

Thy priest in this strange rapture! heat my  
brain

With Delphic fire,  
That I may sing my thoughts in some un-  
vulgar strain.

Rich beam of honour, shed your light  
On these dark rhymes, that my affection  
May shine through every chink, to every  
sight,

Graced by your reflection!

Then shall my verses, like strong  
charms,

Break the knit circle of her stony arms,  
That holds your spirit,  
And keeps your merit

Locked in her cold embraces, from the view  
Of eyes more true,

Who would with judgment search, search-  
ing conclude,

As proved in you,  
True noblesse. Palm grows straight,  
though handled ne'er so rude.

Nor think yourself unfortunate;

If subject to the jealous errors

Of politic pretext that wries a state,

Sink not beneath these terrors:  
But whisper, O glad innocence,  
Where only a man's birth is his offence;  
Or the disfavour  
Of such as savour  
Nothing but practise upon honour's thrall.  
O virtue's fall!  
When her dead essence, like the anatomy  
In Surgeons' hall,  
Is but a statists's theme to read phle-  
botomy.

Let Brontes, and black Steropes,  
Sweat at the forge, their hammers  
beating;  
Pyracmon's hour will come to give them  
ease,

Though but while the metal's  
heating:  
And, after all the Ætnean ire,  
Gold that is perfect, will outlive the fire.  
For fury wasteth,  
As patience lasteth.

No armour to the mind! he is shot-free  
From injury,

That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;  
So fools, we see,

Oft scape an imputation, more through  
luck than wit.

But to yourself, most loyal lord,  
(Whose heart in that bright sphere  
flames clearest,

Though many gems be in your bosom  
stored,

Unknown which is the dearest.)

If I auspiciously divine,  
As my hope tells, that our fair Phœbe's  
shine,<sup>3</sup>

Shall light those places

With lustrous graces,

Where darkness, with her gloomy sceptred  
hand,

Doth now command;

continue in his loyalty, and wait the reward of  
his virtue, the poem must have been written  
before that period. There is something prophe-  
tic in the last stanza:

"If I auspiciously divine,  
As my hope tells—then our fair Phœbe's shine  
Shall light those places  
With lustrous graces  
Where darkness, with her gloomy-sceptred hand,  
Doth now command."

<sup>3</sup> *Our fair Phœbe's shine.* Whalley cor-  
rupted this into *fair Phœbus' shine*. *Fair* is not  
the best epithet for the god; but he did not see  
the author's meaning, nor that the allusion was  
to "the beautified" Elizabeth, who loved to be  
flattered with the appellation of *Phœbe* or *Diana*.

<sup>1</sup> [There is no XLIII. in Gifford's edition, and it has been thought convenient to adhere to his numbering.—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> One of our author's earliest pieces. "It was written," (the folio says,) "in Queen Elizabeth's time, since lost, and recovered."

This earl was, I believe, the son of Gerald, sixteenth Earl of Desmond, a most powerful nobleman, and a formidable rebel, who gave Elizabeth a world of uneasiness. He was, however, mastered at length, and his vast possessions, which extended over several counties, were in 1582 forfeited to the crown. His son James, the person, I presume, to whom this ode was addressed, was restored in blood and honour, in 1600. From the allusions to his state of *disfavour*, and the call upon him to

O then, my best-best loved, let me importune,  
That you will stand  
As far from all revolt, as you are now from  
fortune.

## XLV.

## AN ODE.

High-spirited friend,  
I send nor balms nor corsives to your  
wound ;

Your faith hath found  
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend  
The cure of that which is but corporal,  
And doubtful days, which were named  
critical,

Have made their fairest flight,  
And now are out of sight.  
Yet doth some wholesome physic for the  
mind,

Wrapt in this paper lie,  
Which in the taking if you misapply,  
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,  
Happy in that fair honour it hath gained,  
Must now be reined.

True valour doth her own renown com-  
mand

In one full action ; nor have you now more  
To do, than be a husband of that store.

Think but how dear you bought  
This same which you have caught,  
Such thoughts will make you more in love  
with truth :

'Tis wisdom, and that high,  
For men to use their fortune reverently,  
Even in youth.

<sup>1</sup> As yet it is not mute, &c.] From Horace:

*Spirat adhuc amor,  
Vivuntque commissi calores  
Æolæ fidibus puellæ.  
Nec si quid olim iussit Anacreon,  
Delevit ætas, &c.*

<sup>2</sup> Or Constable's ambrosiac muse

Made Dian not his notes refuse ?] This author, though honoured with so ample a testimony from Jonson, is almost unknown in this age. "Henry Constable," in the words of Antony Wood, "was a great master of the English tongue ; and there was no gentleman of our nation who had a more pure, quick, and higher delivery of conceit than he : witness, among all others, that sonnet of his before the poetical translation called the *Furies*, made by King James the First of England, while he was King of the Scots. He hath also several sonnets extant, written to Sir Philip Sidney ; some of which are set before the *Apology for Poetry*, written by the said knight." This author flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—WHAL.

## XLVI.

## AN ODE.

Helen, did Homer never see  
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee ?  
Did Sappho, on her seven-tongued lute,  
So speak, as yet it is not mute,<sup>1</sup>  
Of Phaon's form ? or doth the boy,  
In whom Anacreon once did joy,  
Lie drawn to life in his soft verse,  
As he whom Maro did rehearse ?  
Was Lesbia sung by learn'd Catullus,  
Or Delia's graces by Tibullus ?  
Doth Cynthia, in Propertius' song,  
Shine more than she the stars among ?  
Is Horace his each love so high  
Rapt from the earth as not to die ;  
With bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice,  
Whose fame hath an eternal voice ?  
Or hath Corinna, by the name  
Her Ovid gave her, dimmed the fame  
Of Cæsar's daughter, and the line  
Which all the world then styled divine ?  
Hath Petrarch since his Laura raised  
Equal with her ? or Ronsart praised  
His new Cassandra 'bove the old,  
Which all the fate of Troy foretold ?  
Hath our great Sidney, Stella set  
Where never star shone brighter yet ?  
Or Constable's ambrosiac muse  
Made Dian not his notes refuse ?<sup>2</sup>  
Have all these done and yet I miss  
The swan so relished Pancharis—<sup>3</sup>  
And shall not I my Celia bring,  
Where men may see whom I do sing ?  
Though I, in working of my song,  
Come short of all this learned throng,

Antony's taste in poetry was not very refined, and he did not therefore discover that his author (Edmund Bolton) had unluckily fixed upon one of Constable's worst sonnets. The *Diana* of which Jonson speaks, was published in 1594. Constable seems to have been the most voluminous sonnet-writer of those sonnet-teering times ; and to have acquired a reputation rather more than equal to his merits : since, besides Jonson, he is mentioned with praise by others of his contemporaries, and placed immediately after Spenser by Judicio, in the *Return from Parnassus* :

"Sweet Constable doth take the wondering ear,  
And lays it up in willing prisonment."

<sup>3</sup> And yet I miss

The swan so relished Pancharis.] This was the French poet *Bonfons*, or *Bonifonius* ; who, in imitation of Secundus, wrote *Basia*, in the praise of his mistress Pancharis. He has a character for tenderness and delicacy.—WHAL.

Yet sure my tunes will be the best,  
So much my subject drowns the rest.

XLVII.

A SONNET

TO THE NOBLE LADY, THE LADY  
MARY WROTH.

I that have been a lover, and could shew it,  
Though not in these, in rhymes not  
wholly dumb,  
Since I exscribe your sonnets, I am become  
A better lover and much better poet.  
Nor is my Muse or I ashamed to owe it  
To those true numerous graces, whereof  
some  
But charm the senses, others overcome  
Both brains and hearts; and mine now best  
do know it:  
For in your verse all Cupid's armory,  
His flames, his shafts, his quiver, and  
his bow,  
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.  
But then his mother's sweets you so apply,  
Her joys, her smiles, her loves, as readers  
take  
For Venus' cestion every line you make.

XLVIII.

A FIT OF RHYME AGAINST RHYME.

Rhyme, the rack of finest wits,  
That expresseth but by fits

<sup>1</sup> Since I exscribe your sonnets, &c.] The allusion is probably to Lady Wroth's *Urania*, a pastoral romance published in 1621. This, in imitation of her uncle's (Sir Philip Sidney's) *Arcadia*, is interspersed with songs, sonnets, and other little pieces of poetry, which our author, who seems to have been favoured with the MS., was permitted to copy. The *Urania* has long been forgotten, and no revolution in taste or manners can ever revive its memory; yet it was once in considerable vogue; it did not, perhaps, like Tetrachordon, number good intellects, yet it certainly counted many bright eyes, among its admirers. The poetical part of *Urania* is rather above than below the usual standard of ladies rhymes, and though the *chariest maid* of these times may read it without the smallest peril (except of her patience), it was looked upon as inflammatory by the combustible damsels of James's days:

"The Lady Wroth's *Urania* is complete  
With elegancies; but too full of heat,"

Sir Aston Cokayne says; and he was not singular in his opinion. The following sonnet may serve as a specimen of the poetry which our author exscribed: it is neither the best nor the worst of the collection:

True conceit,  
Spoiling senses of their treasure,  
Cozening judgment with a measure,  
But false weight;  
Wresting words from their true calling;  
Propping verse for fear of falling  
To the ground;  
Jointing syllables, drowning letters,  
Fastening vowels, as with fetters  
They were bound!  
Soon as lazy thou wert known,  
All good poetry hence was flown,  
And art banished:  
For a thousand years together,  
All Parnassus' green did wither,  
And wit vanished!  
Pegasus did fly away,  
At the wells no Muse did stay,  
But bewailed,  
So to see the fountain dry,  
And Apollo's music die,  
All light failed!  
Starveling rhymes did fill the stage,  
Not a poet in an age  
Worthy crowning.  
Not a work deserving bays,  
Nor a line deserving praise,  
Pallas frowning:  
Greek was free from rhyme's infection,  
Happy Greek, by this protection,  
Was not spoiled.  
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,  
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,  
But rests foiled.

"SONNET.

"Late in the forest I did Cupid see,  
Cold, wet, and crying, he had lost his way;  
And being blind was farther like to stray:  
Which sight a kind compassion bred in me,  
I gently took and dried him, while that he,  
Poor child, complained he starved was with  
stay,  
And pined for want of his accustomed prey;  
For none in that wild place his host would be.  
I glad was of his finding, thinking sure  
This service should my freedom still procure;  
And to my breast I took him then unarmed,  
Carring him safe unto a myrtle bower:  
But in the way he made me feel his power,  
Burning my heart, who had him kindly  
warmed."

Sir Robert Wroth, the husband of this celebrated lady, was also a poet: fortunately his genius was turned to wit, as hers to love; so that the respective pursuits of this tuneful pair did not clash, and the domestic harmony continued unbroken to the end:

*Felices ter et amplius  
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis  
Divulsus querimonibus  
Suprema citius solvet amor dies!*



Scarce the hill again doth flourish,  
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,  
To restore

Phœbus to his crown again;  
And the Muses to their brain;  
As before.

Vulgar languages that want  
Words, and sweetness, and be scant  
Of true measure,  
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,  
That they long since have refused  
Other censure.

He that first invented thee,  
May his joints tormented be,  
Cramped for ever;

Still may syllables<sup>1</sup> jar with time,  
Still may reason war with rhyme,  
Resting never!

May his sense when it would meet  
The cold tumour in his feet,  
Grow unsunder;  
And his title be long fool,  
That in rearing such a school  
Was the founder!

## XLIX.

## AN EPIGRAM

ON WILLIAM, LORD BURLEIGH, LORD  
HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.<sup>2</sup>

If thou wouldst know the virtues of man-  
kind,

Read here in one what thou in all canst  
find,

And go no further: let this circle be  
Thy universe, though his epitome.

CECIL, the grave, the wise, the great, the  
good,

What is there more that can ennoble blood?  
The orphan's pillar, the true subject's  
shield,

The poor's full store-house, and just ser-  
vant's field.

The only faithful watchman for the realm,  
That in all tempests never quit the helm,

<sup>1</sup> Still may syllables.] Whalley reads syl-  
lables here and in the preceding page, but  
injuriously in both places. Jonson uses *syllable*  
almost invariably; for which he is commended  
by Horne Tooke.

<sup>2</sup> An epigram, &c.] "Presented (the fol-  
says) upon a plate of gold to his son Robert,  
Earl of Salisbury, when he was also Treasurer."  
Lord Burleigh died in August, 1598. There are  
no means of ascertaining the date of this  
epigram: if it was written on the same occasion  
as that noble one, p. 237 a, it was produced in  
1608. But whatever might be the period of its  
appearance, it was equally worthy of the poet

But stood unshaken in his deeds and name,  
And laboured in the work; not with the  
fame:

That still was good for goodness' sake,  
nor thought

Upon reward, till the reward him sought.  
Whose offices and honours did surprise,  
Rather than meet him: and before his eyes  
Closed to their peace, he saw his branches  
shoot,

And in the noblest families took root,  
Of all the land. Who now at such a rate  
Of divine blessing, would not serve a state?

## L.

## AN EPIGRAM

TO THOMAS, LORD ELSMERE,<sup>3</sup> THE  
LAST TERM HE SAT CHANCELLOR.

So, justest lord, may all your judgments be  
Laws; and no change e'er come to one de-  
cree:

So may the king proclaim your conscience is  
Law to his law: and think your enemies his:  
So from all sickness may you rise to health,  
The care and wish still of the public wealth:  
So may the gentler Muses and good fame  
Still fly about the odour of your name;  
As, with the safety and honour of the laws,  
You favour truth, and me, in this man's  
cause!

## LI.

ANOTHER, TO THE SAME.<sup>4</sup>

The judge his favour timely then extends,  
When a good cause is destitute of friends,  
Without the pomp of counsel; or more aid  
Than to make falsehood blush and fraud  
afraid:

When those good few that her defenders  
be,

Are there for charity and not for fee.  
Such shall you hear to-day, and find great  
foes

Both armed with wealth and slander to  
oppose,

and the patron, who must have been highly  
gratified with the judicious and characteristic  
applause bestowed on the great statesman to  
whose honours he succeeded.

<sup>3</sup> For this excellent person see p. 239. He  
held the seals, in compliance with the reite-  
rated intreaties of James, till the 3rd of March,  
1617, when, as Camden tells us, the king re-  
ceived them from him with tears of gratitude.

This Epigram (Jonson says) was written for a  
poor man, who had a suit depending before  
Lord Elsmere. Its date may be referred to  
Michaelmas Term, 1616.

<sup>4</sup> For the same poor man.

Who thus long safe, would gain upon the times

A right by the prosperity of their crimes ;  
Who, though their guilt and perjury they know,

Think, yea, and boast, that they have done it so,

As, though the Court pursues them on the scent,

They will come off, and 'scape the punishment.

When this appears, just lord, to your sharp sight,

He does you wrong that craves you to do right.

## LII.

## AN EPIGRAM

TO THE COUNSELLOR THAT PLEADED,  
AND CARRIED THE CAUSE.

That I hereafter do not think the bar,  
The seat made of a more than civil war,<sup>1</sup>  
Or the great hall at Westminster, the field  
Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side yield,

That henceforth I believe nor books nor men,

Who 'gainst the law weave calumnies, my BENN ;<sup>2</sup>

But when I read or hear the names so rife,  
Of hirelings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,

Hook-handed harpies, gowned vultures, put

Upon the reverend pleaders ; do now shut  
All mouths that dare entitle them, from hence,

To the wolves' study, or dogs' eloquence ;  
Thou art my Cause : whose manners since I knew,

Have made me to conceive a lawyer new.  
So dost thou study matter, men, and times,  
Mak'st it religion to grow rich by crimes ;  
Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom in the laws,  
Or skill to carry out an evil cause :

But first dost vex and search it ! if not sound,

Thou prov'st the gentler ways to cleanse the wound,

And make the scar fair ; if that will not be,

<sup>1</sup> *A more than civil war.*]

*Plusquam civilia bella.*—LUCAN.

<sup>2</sup> *Who 'gainst the law weave calumnies, my —.*] This blank, I imagine, was to have been filled with the name of the counsellor who pleaded in the cause ; it must be a word of one syllable, and answer in rhyme to *men*, the close

Thou hast the brave scorn to put back the fee !

But in a business that will bide the touch,  
What use, what strength of reason, and how much

Of books, of precedents hast thou at hand !  
As if the general store thou didst command  
Of argument, still drawing forth the best,  
And not being borrowed by thee, but pos-  
sest.

So com'st thou like a chief into the court  
Armed at all pieces, as to keep a fort  
Against a multitude ; and, with thy style  
So brightly brandished, wound'st, defend'st !  
the while

Thy adversaries fall, as not a word  
They had, but were a reed unto thy sword.  
Then com'st thou off with victory and palm,  
Thy hearers' nectar and thy clients' balm,  
The court's just honour and thy judge's love.

And (which doth all achievements get above)  
Thy sincere practice breeds not thee a fame  
Alone, but all thy rank a reverend name.

## LIII.

## AN EPIGRAM

TO THE SMALL-POX.

Envious and foul disease, could there not be  
One beauty in an age, and free from thee ?  
What did she worth thy spite ? were there  
not store

Of those that set by their false faces more  
Than this did by her true ? she never sought  
Quarrel with nature, or in balance brought  
Art her false servant ; nor, for Sir Hugh  
Plat,<sup>3</sup>

Was drawn to practise other hue than that  
Her own blood gave her : she ne'er had,  
nor hath

Any belief in Madam Bawdbee's bath,  
Or Turner's oil of tale : nor ever got  
Spanish receipt to make her teeth to rot.  
What was the cause then ? thought'st thou,  
in disgrace

Of beauty, so to nullify a face,  
That heaven should make no more ; or  
should amiss

Make all hereafter, hadst thou ruined this ?

of the preceding verse. From these particulars, it is probable the person here meant was *Anthony Benn*, who succeeded the solicitor Coventry in the recordership of London.—WHAL.

<sup>3</sup> *Sir Hugh Plat.*] He was a compiler of recipes for making cosmetics, oils, ointments, &c. &c. ; one of his books is entitled, "Delights for ladies to adorn their persons, &c. 1628."

Ay, that thy aim was ; but her fate prevailed :  
And, scorned, thou'st shown thy malice,  
but hast failed !

## LIV.

## AN EPITAPH.

What beauty would have lovely styled,  
What manners pretty, nature mild,  
What wonder perfect, all were filed  
Upon record, in this blest child.

And till the coming of the soul  
To fetch the flesh, we keep the roll.

## LV.

## A SONG.

## LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,  
For love in shadow best is made.  
Though Envy oft his shadow be,  
None brooks the sun-light worse than he.

## MISTRESS.

Where love doth shine, there needs no sun,  
All lights into his one do run ;  
Without which all the world were dark ;  
Yet he himself is but a spark.

## ARBITER.

A spark to set whole world a-fire,  
Who, more they burn, they more desire,  
And have their being their waste to see ;  
And waste still that they still might be.

## CHORUS.

Such are his powers, whom time hath  
styled,  
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild ;  
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild ;  
The eldest god, yet still a child.

## LVI.

## AN EPISTLE

## TO A FRIEND.

Sir, I am thankful, first to heaven for  
you ;  
Next to yourself, for making your love  
true :  
Then to your love and gift. And all's but  
due.

You have unto my store added a book,  
On which with profit I shall never look,  
But must confess from whom that gift I  
took.

Not like your country neighbours that  
commit

Their vice of loving for a Christmas-fit ;  
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit :

But, as a friend, which name yourself  
receive,  
And which you (being the worthier) gave  
me leave

In letters, that mix spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keep,  
So may the fruitful vine my temples steep.  
And fame wake for me when I yield to  
sleep !

Though you sometimes proclaim me too  
severe,  
Rigid, and harsh, which is a drug austere  
In friendship, I confess : but, dear friend,  
hear.

Little know they, that profess amity,  
And seek to scant her comely liberty,  
How much they lame her in her property.

And less they know, who being free to  
use  
That friendship which no chance but love  
did choose,  
Will unto licence that fair leave abuse.

It is an act of tyranny, not love,  
In practised friendship wholly to reprove,  
As flattery, with friends' humours still to  
move.

From each of which I labour to be free,  
Yet if with either's vice I tainted be,  
Forgive it, as my frailty, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passion's sway  
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey  
Her fury, yet no friendship to betray.

## LVII.

## AN ELEGY.

'Tis true I'm broke ! vows, oaths, and all  
I had !

Of credit lost. And I am now run mad ;  
Or do upon myself some desperate ill :  
This sadness makes no approaches but to  
kill.

It is a darkness hath blocked up my sense,  
And drives it in to eat on my offence,

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis true, I'm broke, &c.] This, and the next three Elegies, are all addressed to the same person. The lady, whoever she was, appears to have had a love affair with the poet, who, in a moment of intoxication, had betrayed her confidence, and disclosed the secret of their connection.

Or there to starve it. Help, O you that may

Alone lend succours, and this fury stay.  
Offended mistress, you are yet so fair,  
As light breaks from you that affrights despair,

And fills my powers with persuading joy,  
That you should be too noble to destroy.  
There may some face or menace of a storm  
Look forth, but cannot last in such a form.  
If there be nothing worthy you can see  
Of graces, or your mercy here in me,  
Spare your own goodness yet ; and be not great

In will and power, only to defeat.  
God and the good know to forgive and save ;

The ignorant and fools no pity have.  
I will not stand to justify my fault,  
Or lay th' excuse upon the vintner's vault ;  
Or in confessing of the crime be nice,  
Or go about to countenance the vice,  
By naming in what company 'twas in,  
As I would urge authority for sin ;  
No, I will stand arraigned and cast, to be  
The subject of your grace in pardoning me,  
And (styled your mercy's creature) will live more

Your honour now than your disgrace before.

Think it was frailty, mistress, think me man,

Think that yourself, like heaven, forgive me can :

Where weakness doth offend, and virtue grieve,

There greatness takes a glory to relieve.

Think that I once was yours, or may be now ;

Nothing is vile that is a part of you.  
Error and folly in me may have crost

Your just commands ; yet those, not I, be lost.

I am regenerate now, become the child  
Of your compassion ; parents should be mild ;

There is no father that for one demerit,  
Or two, or three, a son will disinherit ;  
That as the last of punishments is meant ;  
No man inflicts that pain till hope be spent :

An ill-affected limb, whate'er it ail,  
We cut not off till all cures else do fail ;  
And then with pause ; for severed once, that's gone,

Would live his glory that could keep it on.  
Do not despair my mending ; to distrust  
Before you prove a medicine, is unjust :  
You may so place me, and in such an air,

As not alone the cure, but scar be fair.  
That is, if still your favours you apply,  
And not the bounties you have done deny.  
Could you demand the gifts you gave again !

Why was't ? did e'er the clouds ask back their rain ?

The sun his heat and light ? the air his dew ?

Or winds the spirit by which the flower so grew ?

That were to wither all, and make a grave  
Of that wise nature would a cradle have.  
Her order is to cherish and preserve ;  
Consumption's, nature to destroy and sterve.

But to exact again what once is given,  
Is nature's mere obliquity ; as heaven  
Should ask the blood and spirits he hath infused

In man, because man hath the flesh abused.

O may your wisdom take example hence,  
God lightens not at man's each frail offence :  
He pardons slips, goes by a world of ills,  
And then his thunder frights more than it kills.

He cannot angry be but all must quake ;  
It shakes e'en him that all things else doth shake,

And how more fair and lovely looks the world

In a calm sky, than when the heaven is hurled

About in clouds and wrapt in raging weather,

As all with storm and tempest ran together !  
O imitate that sweet serenity

That makes us live, not that which calls to die.

In dark and sullen morns do we not say,  
This looketh like an execution-day ?

And with the vulgar doth it not obtain  
The name of cruel weather, storm and rain ?

Be not affected with these marks too much  
Of cruelty, lest they do make you such ;  
But view the mildness of your Maker's state,

As I the penitent's here emulate.

He, when he sees a sorrow such as this,  
Straight puts off all his anger, and doth kiss

The contrite soul who hath no thought to win

Upon the hope to have another sin  
Forgiven him : and in that line stand I,

Rather than once displease you more, to die,

To suffer tortures, scorn, and infamy,

What fools, and all their parasites can  
apply ;

The wit of ale, and genius of the malt  
Can pump for, or a libel without salt  
Produce ; though threat'ning with a coal  
or chalk,

On every wall, and sung where-e'er I walk.  
I number these, as being of the chore  
Of contumely, and urge a good man more  
Than sword, or fire, or what is of the race  
To carry noble danger in the face :  
There is not any punishment or pain  
A man should fly from, as he would dis-  
dain.

Then, mistress, here, here let your rigour end,  
And let your mercy make me ashamed t'  
offend ;

I will no more abuse my vows to you,  
Than I will study falsehood to be true.

O that you could but by dissection see  
How much you are the better part of me ;  
How all my fibres by your spirit do move,  
And that there is no life in me but love !  
You would be then most confident, that  
though

Public affairs command me now to go  
Out of your eyes, and be awhile away,  
Absence or distance shall not breed decay.  
Your form shines here, here fixed in my  
heart :

I may dilate myself, but not depart.

Others by common stars their courses run,  
When I see you then I do see my Sun :  
Till then 'tis all but darkness that I have ;  
Rather than want your light, I wish a grave.

### LVIII.

#### AN ELEGY.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's  
true,

Was it my fate to prove it full in you?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *To make the doubt clear, that, &c.* There is a collection of Dr. Donne's poems in 8vo, 1669, amongst which is this elegy : how it came there I know not, for there is no doubt but it is Jonson's.—WHAL.

Whalley appears not to have known that the elegy was printed in a 4to edition of Donne's Poems, which came out in 1633. I have already observed that there was a mutual communication of MSS. between the two poets, and the verses before us might be found among the doctor's papers (for he was now dead), and published by his son, or by those who collected them, as his own.

The preceding poem, in which the poet so ingenuously confessed his fault, and so earnestly sued for pardon, appears to have had its effect, and reconciled the lovers. They were still, however, imprudent : the lady in her turn

Thought I but one had breathed the purer  
air,

And must she needs be false because she's  
fair?

Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,  
Or your perfection, not to study truth?  
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no  
eyes,

Or those it hath wink at your perjuries?

Are vows so cheap with women? or the  
matter

Whereof they are made, that they are writ  
in water,

And blown away with wind? or doth their  
breath,

Both hot and cold at once, threat life and  
death?

Who could have thought so many accents  
sweet

Tuned to our words, so many sighs should  
meet

Blown from our hearts, so many oaths and  
tears

Sprinkled among, all sweeter by our fears,  
And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,  
That sealed the rest, could now prove empty  
blisses?

Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to  
break?

Or must we read you quite from what you  
speak,

And find the truth out the wrong way? or  
must

He first desire you false, would wish you  
just?

O, I profane! though most of women be  
The common monster, Love shall except  
thee,<sup>2</sup>

My dearest love, though froward jealousy  
With circumstance might urge the contrary.  
Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to  
cheer

trusted a false friend, who abused her confidence, and traduced the parties to each other, till he had stirred up a mutual jealousy, and finally separated them. On the discovery of this treachery, Jonson writes the second elegy, which, like the first, led to a reconciliation.

I have no knowledge of the person to whom these Elegies were addressed. I once thought them to be scholastic exercises like the desperate love verses of Donne and Cowley ; but they now strike me as too earnest for anything but a real intrigue.

The text of the folio (the blunders of which I am weary of noticing) has been much improved by a collation with the copy in Donne's works.

<sup>2</sup> [In Donne's Works this line stands,

*This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except  
thee.—F. C.]*

The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;  
Sooner that rivers would run back, or  
Thames

With ribs of ice in June would bind his  
streams;

Or Nature, by whose strength the world  
endures,

Would change her course before you alter  
yours.

But O, that treacherous breast ! to whom  
weak you

Did trust our counsels, and we both may  
rue,

Having his falsehood found too late ! 'twas  
he

That made me cast you guilty, and you me;  
Whilst he, black wretch, betrayed each  
simple word

We spake, unto the sunning of a third !  
Curst may he be that so our love hath  
slain,

And wander wretched on the earth as  
Cain ;

Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity !  
In plaguing him let misery be witty.

Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each  
eye,

Till he be noisome as his infamy ;  
May he without remorse deny God thrice,  
And not be trusted more on his soul's price ;  
And after all self-torment, when he dies,  
May vultures tear out his heart, vultures his  
eyes,

Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,  
That uttered all, be to some raven flung ;  
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast  
To the King's dogs than any other beast !

Now I have curst, let us our love revive ;  
In me the flame was never more alive.

I could begin again to court and praise,  
And in that pleasure lengthen the short  
days

Of my life's lease ; like painters that do  
take

Delight, not in made works, but whilst they  
make.

I could renew those times when first I saw  
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue  
the law

To like what you liked, and at masques or  
plays

Commend the self-same actors the same  
ways ;

Ask how you did, and often with intent  
Of being officious, grow impertinent ;  
All which were such soft pastimes, as in  
these

Love was as subtly caught as a disease.  
But being got, it is a treasure sweet,  
Which to defend is harder than to get ;  
And ought not be profaned on either part,  
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by  
art.

## LIX.

## AN ELEGY.

That love's a bitter sweet I ne'er conceive,  
Till the sour minute comes of taking leave,  
And then I taste it : but as men drink up  
In haste the bottom of a med'cined cup,  
And take some sirup after ; so do I,  
To put all relish from my memory  
Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet  
Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.  
This makes me, mistress, that sometime by  
stealth,

Under another name, I take your health,  
And turn the ceremonies of those Nights  
I give, or owe my friends, into your Rites :  
But ever without blazon, or least shade  
Of vows so sacred, and in silence made :  
For though Love thrive and may grow up  
with cheer,

And free society, he's born elsewhere,  
And must be bred so to conceal his birth,  
As neither wine do rack it out, or mirth.  
Yet should the lover still be airy and light  
In all his actions, rarified to spright :  
Not like a Midas, shut up in himself,  
And turning all he toucheth into pelf,  
Keep in reserved in his dark-lantern face,  
As if that excellent dulness were love's grace.

No, mistress, no, the open, merry man  
Moves like a sprightly river, and yet can  
Keep secret in his channels what he breeds,  
'Bove all your standing waters choked  
with weeds.

They look at best like cream-bowls, and  
you soon

Shall find their depth ; they are sounded  
with a spoon.

They may say grace, and for Love's chap-  
lains pass,

But the grave lover ever was an ass ;  
Is fixed upon one leg,<sup>1</sup> and dares not come  
Out with the other, for he's still at home :

<sup>1</sup> *Is fixed upon one leg, &c.*] Jonson, like  
Donne, seems fond of drawing illustrations from  
this familiar implement. In his verses to  
Selden, p. 301 a, he has done it very gracefully :

' You that have been

Ever at home, yet have all countries seen ;  
And, like a compass, keeping one foot still  
Upon your center, do your circle fill  
Of general knowledge."

Donne is yet more fanciful and ingenious. He

Like the dull wearied crane that, come on land,  
Doth while he keeps his watch, betray his stand ;

Where he that knows will like a lapwing fly  
Far from the nest, and so himself belie  
To others, as he will deserve the trust  
Due to that one that doth believe him just.  
And such your servant is, who vows to keep  
The jewel of your name as close as sleep  
Can lock the sense up, or the heart a thought,

And never be by time or folly brought,  
Weakness of brain, or any charm of wine,  
The sin of boast, or other countermine,  
Made to blow up love's secrets, to discover  
That article may not become your lover :  
Which in assurance to your breast I tell,  
If I had writ no word but, Dear, farewell !

### LX.

#### AN ELEGY.

Since you must go, and I must bid farewell,  
Hear, mistress, your departing servant tell  
What it is like : and do not think they can  
Be idle words, though of a parting man.  
It is as if a night should shade noon-day,  
Or that the sun was here, but forced away ;  
And we were left under that hemisphere  
Where we must feel it dark for half a year.  
What fate is this, to change men's days and hours,

To shift their seasons and destroy their powers !

Alas ! I have lost my heat, my blood, my prime,

Winter is come a quarter ere his time.

My health will leave me : and when you depart,

How shall I do, sweet mistress, for my heart ?

You would restore it ! no ; that's worth a fear,

As if it were not worthy to be there :

O keep it still ; for it had rather be

Your sacrifice, than here remain with me.

And so I spare it : come what can become

Of me, I'll softly tread unto my tomb ;

Or, like a ghost, walk silent amongst men,

Till I may see both it and you again.

says to a wife who remains at home while her husband is abroad ;

"Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show  
To move, but doth it th' other do :

And though it in the center sit,

Yet, when the other far doth roam,

### LXI.

#### AN ELEGY.

Let me be what I am : as Virgil cold,  
As Horace fat, or as Anacreon old ;  
No poet's verses yet did ever move,  
Whose readers did not think he was in love.  
Who shall forbid me then in rhyme to be  
As light and active as the youngest he  
That from the Muses' fountains doth endorse

His lines, and hourly sits the poet's horse ?  
Put on my ivy garland, let me see  
Who frowns, who jealous is, who taxeth me.

Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right  
In all that is called lovely ; take my sight,  
Sooner than my affection from the fair.

No face, no hand, proportion, line or air  
Of beauty, but the muse hath interest in :  
There is not worn that lace, purl, knot, or pin,

But is the poet's matter ; and he must,  
When he is furious, love, although not lust.  
Be then content, your daughters and your wives,

If they be fair and worth it, have their lives  
Made longer by our praises ; or, if not,  
Wish you had foul ones and deformed got,  
Curs'd in their cradles, or there changed by elves,

So to be sure you do enjoy, yourselves.  
Yet keep those up in sackcloth too, or leather,

For silk will draw some sneaking songster thither.

It is a rhyming age, and verses swarm  
At every stall ; the City cap's a charm.

But I who live, and have lived twenty year,

Where I may handle silk as free, and near,  
As any mercer, or the whalebone man,  
That quilts those bodies I have leave to span ;

Have eaten with the beauties, and the wits,  
And braveries of Court, and felt their fits  
Of love and hate ; and came so nigh to know  
Whether their faces were their own or no :  
It is not likely I should now look down  
Upon a velvet petticoat, or a gown,  
Whose like I have known the tailor's wife put on,<sup>1</sup>

It leans, and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect as that comes home."

<sup>1</sup> Whose like I have known the tailor's wife put on, &c.] Whether this be the original sketch of the Countess Pinnacia Stuffle in the *New Inn*, or be itself taken from that unfor-

To do her husband's rites in, ere 'twere gone

Home to the customer: his lechery  
Being the best clothes still to preoccupy.  
Put a coach-mare in tissue, must I horse  
Her presently? or leap thy wife, of force,  
When by thy sordid bounty she hath on  
A gown of that was the caparison?  
So I might doat upon thy chairs and stools,  
That are like clothed: must I be of those  
fools

Of race accounted, that no passion have,  
But when thy wife, as thou conceiv'st, is  
brave?

Then ope thy wardrobe, think me that poor  
groom

That, from the footman, when he was be-  
come

An officer there, did make most solemn love  
To every petticoat he brushed, and glove  
He did lay up; and would adore the shoe  
Or slipper was left off, and kiss it too;  
Court every hanging gown, and after that  
Lift up some one, and do—I tell not what.  
Thou didst tell me, and wert o'erjoyed to  
peep

In at a hole, and see these actions creep  
From the poor wretch, which though he  
played in prose,

He would have done in verse, with any of  
those

Wrung on the withers by Lord Love's de-  
spite,

Had he the faculty to read and write!  
Such songsters there are store of; witness  
he

That chanced the lace laid on a smock to  
see,

And straightway spent a sonnet; with that  
other

That, in pure madrigal, unto his mother  
Commended the French hood and scarlet  
gown

tunate play, as the lines are not dated, cannot  
be told; the resemblance, however, is perfect:

"Master Stuffle,  
When he makes any fine garment that will suit  
me,

Or any rich thing that he thinks of price,  
Then must I put it on," &c.,

<sup>1</sup> *Unto the Spittle sermon.*] The Spittle  
sermons were preached at that time, in a pulpit  
erected for the purpose, in what is now called  
Spittle Square. They lasted through the Easter  
week.

<sup>2</sup> *In smiling l'envoy.*] i.e., in a kind of  
supercilious close. For l'envoy, see vol. i.  
p. 455.

<sup>3</sup> *And why to me, &c.*] This poem has no

The lady may<sup>ress</sup> passed in through the  
town,

Unto the Spittle sermon.<sup>1</sup> O what strange  
Variety of silks were on the Exchange!  
Or in Moor-fields, this other night, sings  
one!

Another answers, 'las! those silks are none,  
In smiling l'envoy,<sup>2</sup> as he would deride  
Any comparison had with his Cheapside;  
And vouches both the pageant and the day,  
When not the shops but windows do display  
The stuffs, the velvets, plushes, fringes, lace,  
And all the original riots of the place.

Let the poor fools enjoy their follies, love  
A goat in velvet; or some block could move  
Under that cover, an old midwife's hat!  
Or a close-stool so cased; or any fat  
Bawd in a velvet scabbard! I envy

None of their pleasures! nor will ask thee  
why

Thou art jealous of thy wife's or daughter's  
case;

More than of either's manners, wit, or face!

## LXII.

### AN EXECRATION UPON VULCAN.

And why to me this? thou lame Lord of  
Fire!<sup>3</sup>

What had I done that might call on thine  
ire?

Or urge thy greedy flame thus to devour  
So many my years' labours in an hour?  
I ne'er attempted Vulcan 'gainst thy life;  
Nor made least line of love to thy loose  
wife;

Or in remembrance of thy affront and scorn,  
With clowns and tradesmen kept thee  
closed in horn.<sup>4</sup>

'Twas Jupiter that hurled thee headlong  
down,

And Mars that gave thee a lanthorn for a  
crown.

date affixed to it: it was printed in 4to, and  
12mo, 1640, and again in the folio of that year;  
the present text has been formed from a careful  
collation of all the copies.

There is a degree of wit and vivacity in these  
verses which does no little credit to the equani-  
mity of the poet, who speaks of a loss so irre-  
parable to him, not only with forbearance, but  
with pleasantry and good humour. The lame  
lord is from Catullus:

*Scripta tardipedi deo daturum  
Infelicibus ustulanda flammiis.*

<sup>4</sup> *With clowns and tradesmen kept thee  
closed in horn.*] This is a joke of very ancient  
standing: *Heus tu, qui Vulcanum conclusum  
in cornu geris!* Plaut. *Amphytr.*—WHAL.



Was it because thou wert of old denied,  
By Jove, to have Minerva for thy bride;  
That since, thou tak'st all envious care and pain

To ruin every issue of the brain?

Had I wrote treason there, or heresy,  
Imposture, witchcraft, charms, or blasphemy;

I had deserved then thy consuming looks,  
Perhaps to have been burned with my books.  
But, on thy malice, tell me didst thou spy  
Any least loose or scurril paper lie  
Concealed or kept there, that was fit to be,  
By thy own vote, a sacrifice to thee?  
Did I there wound the honours of the crown,  
Or tax the glories of the church and gown?  
Itch to defame the state, or brand the times,  
And myself most, in lewd self-boasting rhymes?

If none of these, then why this fire? Or find  
A cause before, or leave me one behind.

Had I compiled from Amadis de Gaul,  
The Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all

The learned library of Don Quixôte,  
And so some goodlier monster had begot;  
Or spun out riddles, or weaved fifty tomes  
Of Logographes, or curious Palindromes,  
Or pumped for those hard trifles, Anagrams,  
Or Eteostics, or those finer flames  
Of eggs and halberds, cradles, and a herse,  
A pair of scissars, and a comb in verse;  
Acrostichs, and telestichs on jump names,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,

On such my serious follies: but thou'lt say  
There were some pieces of as base allay,  
And as false stamp there; parcels of a play,  
Fitter to see the fire-light than the day;  
Adulterate monies, such as would not go:—  
Thou shouldst have stayed till public Fame  
said so;

She is the judge, thou executioner:

Or, if thou needs wouldst trench upon her power,

Thou might'st have yet enjoyed thy cruelty  
With some more thrift, and more variety:  
Thou might'st have had me perish piece by piece,

To light tobacco, or save roasted geese,  
Sing capons, or crisp pigs, dropping their eyes;

Condemned me to the ovens with the pies;<sup>2</sup>  
And so have kept me dying a whole age,  
Not ravished all hence in a minute's rage.—  
But that's a mark whereof thy rites do boast,  
To make consumption ever where thou go'st.

Had I foreknown of this thy least desire  
To have held a triumph, or a feast, of fire,  
Especially in paper; that that steam  
Had tickled thy large nostrils; many a ream,  
To redeem mine, I had sent in: ENOUGH!  
Thou shouldst have cried, and all been proper stuff.

The Talmud and the Alcoran had come,  
With pieces of the Legend;<sup>3</sup> the whole sum  
Of errant knighthood, with the dames and dwarfs;

The charmed boats, and the enchanted wharfs,

The Tristrams, Lancelots, Turpins, and the Peers,

All the mad Rolands and sweet Olivers;  
To Merlin's marvels, and his Cabal's loss,  
With the chimera of the Kosie-cross,  
Their seals, their characters, hermetic rings,  
Their gem of riches, and bright stone that brings

Invisibility, and strength, and tongues;  
The art<sup>4</sup> of kindling the true coal by Lungs;

With Nicolas' Pasquils, Meddle with your match,

And the strong lines that do the times so catch;

"Clothe spices, or guard sweetmeats from the flies."

[The condemnation to the "ovens with the pies," seems prophetic of the doings of Mr. Warburton and his cook.—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> With pieces of the Legend.] The Lives of the Saints: these are well coupled with the Jewish and Mahomedan dreams.

<sup>3</sup> The art of kindling the true coal by Lungs, &c.] Lungs (see vol. ii. p. 19 a) were the unhappy drudges kept by the alchemists to blow their true (i. e., their beechen) coal: for bellows were not used by them.

<sup>4</sup> Nicolas is probably Nic Breton, a voluminous publisher, who has many little pieces under the name of *Pasquil*: such as *Pasquil's Passion*,

<sup>1</sup> *Acrostichs, and telestichs, &c.*] All these fooleries in verse were practised ages ago, by writers who atoned for want of genius by the labour of their compositions. This is Whalley's remark, and it was undoubtedly so; but the folly was again become epidemic, in consequence of the publication of Puttenham's *Arte of English Poetrie*, in which "these prettie conceits, eggs, altars, wings, lozenges, rondels, and piramids" are recommended to the poet's imitation. "At the beginning (he says) they will seeme nothing pleasant to the English eare; but time and usage will make them acceptable inough." (The word *jump* is here used as in Hamlet, "jump at this dead hour."—F. C.)

<sup>2</sup> The MS. of this piece in the British Museum reads, with more variety,

Or Captain Pamphlet's horse and foot, that  
sally

Upon the Exchange still, out of Pope's-  
head alley ;

The weekly Courants, with Pauls seal ;<sup>1</sup> and  
all

The admired discourses of the prophet Ball.  
These, hadst thou pleased either to dine  
or sup,

Had made a meal for Vulcan to lick up.<sup>2</sup>

But in my desk what was there to accite  
So ravenous and vast an appetite ?

I dare not say a body, but some parts  
There were of search, and mastery in the  
arts.

All the old Venusine, in poetry,  
And lighted by the Stagerite, could spy,  
Was there made English ; with a grammar  
too,

To teach some that their nurses could not  
do.<sup>3</sup>

The purity of Language ; and, among  
The rest, my journey into Scotland sung,  
With all the adventures : three books, not  
afraid

To speak the fate of the Sicilian maid,  
To our own ladies ; and in story there  
Of our fifth Henry, eight of his nine year ;  
Wherein was oil, beside the succours spent,  
Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent :  
And twice twelve years stored up humanity,  
With humble gleanings in divinity ;  
After the fathers, and those wiser guides  
Whom faction had not drawn to study  
sides.

How in these ruins, Vulcan, thou dost  
lurk,

All soot and embers ! odious as thy work !

I now begin to doubt if ever Grace,  
Or goddess, could be patient of thy face.

Thou woo Minerva ! or to wit aspire !  
'Cause thou canst halt with us in arts and  
fire !

Son of the Wind ! for so thy mother, gone  
With lust, conceived thee ; father thou  
hadst none.

When thou wert born, and that thou look'd'st  
at best,

She durst not kiss, but flung thee from her  
breast ;

And so did Jove, who ne'er meant thee his  
cup,

No mar'le the clowns of Lemnos took thee  
up !

For none but smiths would have made thee  
a god.

Some alchemist there may be yet, or odd  
'Squire of the squibs, against the pageant-  
day,

May to thy name a VULCANALE say ;  
And for it lose his eyes with gunpowder,  
As th' other may his brains with quick-  
silver.—

Well fare the wise men yet, on the Bank-  
side,

My friends the watermen ! they could pro-  
vide

Against thy fury, when to serve their needs,  
They made a Vulcan of a sheaf of reeds,  
Whom they durst handle in their holiday  
coats,

And safely trust to dress, not burn their  
boats,

But O those reeds ! thy mere disdain of  
them

Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,

Pasquil's Mad-cap, &c. In the pointing this  
line, the MS. in the British Museum has been  
followed. 'The strong lines, &c., are the political  
satires which were not dispersed in great  
numbers, and caught the times but too suc-  
cessfully.

<sup>1</sup> The weekly courants, with Pauls seal, &c.] A  
sarcastical allusion to the stories fabricated  
by the idle walkers in St. Paul's, and weekly  
detailed by Butter and others as authentic in-  
telligence. For the prophet Ball, see vol. ii.  
p. 307 a.

<sup>2</sup> A meal for Vulcan to lick up.] Thus  
Pope :

"From shelf to shelf see greedy Vulcan roll,  
And lick up all the physic of the soul."

<sup>3</sup> All the old Venusine, &c.] He alludes to  
his translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, illus-  
trated with notes from Aristotle's *Poetics*. The  
translation is preserved : and much of what  
seemed to have been intended for the notes is

VOL. III.

likewise to be met with in the *Discoveries* : the  
*Grammar* is also preserved, and printed.—  
WHAT.

Literature sustained no little loss by the de-  
struction of the *Art of Poetry*, illustrated, as it  
appears to have been, by a perpetual commen-  
tary from Aristotle. If any part of the *Dis-  
coveries* were appended as notes to the translation,  
it could not be very considerable. What we  
have now forms, I believe, but a small part of  
the original matter ; consisting of occasional re-  
collections only, set down as they occurred, and  
several of them evidently of a late date. The  
translation itself, perhaps, is not what it was at  
first ; for the two copies of it which have reached  
us, and which may be only transcripts of tran-  
scripts, differ from each other in numberless  
instances. Whalley is evidently wrong also in  
what he says of the *Grammar*. The perfect  
copy was destroyed ; and all that is come down  
to us are mere fragments ; parts, indeed, of the  
original materials, but dislocated and imperfect.

W

Which some are pleased to style but thy  
mad prank,

Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank !  
Which, though it were the fort of the whole  
parish,

Flanked with a ditch, and forced out of a  
marish,

I saw with two poor chambers taken in,<sup>2</sup>

And razed ; ere thought could urge this  
might have been !

See the World's ruins ! nothing but the  
piles

Left, and wit since to cover it with tiles.

The Brethren they straight nosed it out for  
news,

'Twas verily some reliet of the Stews ;

And this a sparkle of that fire let loose,

<sup>1</sup> *Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank.]*  
The *Globe playhouse*, situated on the *Bank-side*,  
burnt down about this time.—WHAL.

About what time ? The only notice which we  
have of this poem is found in a letter by Howell  
"to his father, Master Ben Jonson," dated 27th  
June, 1629. "Desiring you to look better here-  
after to your charcoal fire and chimney, which I  
am glad to be one that preserved from burning,  
this being the *second time* that Vulcan hath  
threatened you ;—it may be because you have  
spoken ill of his wife, and been too busy with  
his horns ; I rest your son, &c." Here the allu-  
sion is evidently to the first ten lines of the  
"Execration ;" but this decides nothing with  
respect to the period of its first appearance.

The date of the fire at the *Globe* can be dis-  
tinctly ascertained from a letter of Mr. Cham-  
berlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood, among the *State*  
*papers*.

"The burning of the *Globe*, or *Playhouse* on  
the *Bankside*, on St. Peter's day, cannot escape  
you ; which fell out by a peale of chambers, that  
I know not upon what occasion were to be used  
in the play :—the tompin or stopple of one of  
them lighting in the thatch that covered the  
house, burned it down to the ground in less than  
two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining ;  
and it was a great marvaile and fair grace of  
God that the people had so little harm, having  
but two narrow doors to get out." July 8th, 1613.

It is useless to inquire why Jonson, whose  
memory, though less retentive than formerly,  
was yet perhaps sufficiently strong, remained  
inactive ; but with the exception of the two  
fragments just mentioned, he apparently made  
no effort to repair his loss.

The *Journey into Scotland* was the ever  
memorable visit to Drummond, "that false  
friend," as Chetwood calls him, "who treats the  
memory of Ben as if he were an idle madman."  
Drummond could not appear more base than he  
now does—but, such was the honest warmth and  
affection of Jonson—had this poem survived, his  
admirers would not have dared to insult the  
common sense and feeling of mankind by terming  
the splenetic hypocrite the *friend* of Jonson.

The *Rape of Proserpine* may not perhaps be

That was raked up in the *Winchestrian*  
goose,

Bred on the Bank in time of Popery,  
When Venus there maintained the mystery.<sup>3</sup>

But others fell, with that conceit, by the ears,  
And cried it was a threatening to the bears,  
And that accursed ground, the *Paris-gar-*  
den :

Nay, sighed a sister, Venus' nun, Kate  
Arden,<sup>4</sup>

Kindled the fire!—but then, did one return,  
No fool would his own harvest spoil or  
burn !—

If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance  
The place that was thy wife's inheritance.  
O no, cried all, Fortune, for being a whore,  
Scaped not his justice any jot the more :<sup>5</sup>

much regretted ; but the destruction of the  
*History of Henry V.*, which was so nearly com-  
pleted, must ever be considered as a serious  
misfortune. The vigour and masculine elegance  
of Jonson's style, the clearness of his judgment,  
the precision of his intelligence, aided by the  
intimate knowledge of domestic and general  
history possessed by Carew (George, Lord  
Carew), Cotton, and Selden, three of the most  
learned men of that or any other age, could not  
have been exerted without producing a work  
of which, if spared to us, we might be justly  
proud.

Of the value of the *philological collections of*  
*twenty-four years*, some idea may be formed  
from what remains of the *Discoveries* or notes  
on the *Poetics* of Aristotle and Horace ; and the  
*gleanings* in Divinity, if they had not answered  
a nobler and better purpose, would at least serve  
to bring additional shame on those who, in de-  
fiance of so many proofs to the contrary, spite-  
fully persist in accusing the poet of a marked  
indifference to religion, or, yet worse, of a rest-  
less tendency to ridicule and profane it.

<sup>2</sup> *I saw with two poor chambers taken in.] i.e.*  
destroyed with two small pieces of ordnance.

<sup>3</sup> *And this a sparkle of that fire let loose,*  
*That was raked up in the Winchestrian goose,*  
*Bred on the Bank in time of Popery,*  
*When Venus there maintained the mystery.]*  
Anciently the *Bank-side* was a continued row of  
brothels, which were put down by proclamation  
in the time of Henry VIII. As this place was  
within the limits of the Bishop of Winchester's  
jurisdiction, a person who had suffered in vene-  
real combats, was opprobriously called a *Win-*  
*chester goose*.—WHAL.

<sup>4</sup> *[Venus' nun, Kate Arden. This is taken*  
from Marlowe—

"So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,  
As Nature wept, thinking she was outdone."

Kate Arden is mentioned before, in the *Epi-*  
*gram cxxxiii. p. 261 a.*—F. C.]

<sup>5</sup> Fortune, for being a whore,  
*'Scaped not his justice any jot the more.]* There  
was in the city a theatre called the *Fortune*

He burnt that idol of the Revels too.  
Nay, let Whitehall with revels have to do,  
Though but in dances, it shall know his  
power ;

There was a judgment shewn too in an hour.  
He is right Vulcan still ! he did not spare  
Troy, though it were so much his Venus'  
care.

Fool, wilt thou let that in example come ?  
Did not she save from thence to build a  
Rome ?

And what hast thou done in these petty  
spites,

More than advanced the houses and their  
rites ?

I will not argue thee, from those, of guilt,  
For they were burnt but to be better built :  
'Tis true that in thy wish they were de-  
stroyed,

Which thou hast only vented, not enjoyed.  
So wouldst thou've run upon the Rolls by  
stealth,<sup>1</sup>

And didst invade part of the common-  
wealth,

In those records, which, were all chronicles  
gone,

Would be remembered by Six Clerks to one.  
But say, all six good men, what answer ye ?  
Lies there no writ out of the Chancery  
Against this Vulcan ? no injunction ?

No order ? no decree ?—though we be gone  
At Common-Law ; methinks, in his despite,  
A Court of Equity should do us right.

But to confine him to the brewhouses,  
The glass-house, dye-fats, and their fur-  
naces ;

To live in sea-coal, and go forth in smoke ;  
Or, lest that vapour might the city choke,  
Condemn him to the brick-kills, or some  
hill.

Foot (out in Sussex), to an iron mill ;  
Or in small faggots have him blaze about  
Vile taverns, and the drunkards piss him  
out ;

Or in the Bellman's lanthorn, like a spy,  
Burn to a snuff, and then stink out and die ;  
I could invent a sentence yet were worse ;  
But I'll conclude all in a civil curse.

Pox on your flameship, Vulcan ! if it be  
To all as fatal as't hath been to me,  
And to Pauls steeple ; which was unto us  
'Bove all your fireworks had at Ephesus,  
Or Alexandria ;<sup>2</sup> and, though a divine  
Loss, remains yet as unrepaired as mine.

Would you had kept your forge at *Ætna*  
still !

And there made swords, bills, glaves, and  
arms your fill :

Maintained the trade at Bilboa, or else-  
where,

Strook in at Milan with the cutlers there ;  
Or stayed but where the friar and you first  
met,

Who from the devil's arse did guns beget ;  
Or fixt in the Low Countries, where you  
might

On both sides do your mischiefs with delight :  
Blow up and ruin, mine and countermine,  
Make your petards and granades, all your  
fine

Engines of murder, and enjoy the praise  
Of massacring mankind so many ways !

*play-house*, which likewise suffered by fire about  
this time.—*WHAL*.

Again ! *about this time*. This is a very con-  
venient mode of fixing events. But the *Fortune*  
was not burnt down till more than eight years  
after the *Globe*, that is, not till 1621.

It appears from Heywood's *English Tra-  
vellers*, that this theatre took its name from a  
figure of Fortune :

"*Old Lia*. Sirrah, come down.

*Reig*. Not till my pardon's sealed : I'll rather  
stand here,

Like a statue, in the full front of your house  
For ever ; like the picture of Dame Fortune,  
Before the Fortune play-house."

In the preface to this comedy, Heywood says,  
"that modesty prevents him from exposing his  
plays to the public view in numerous sheets,  
and a large volume, under the title of works, as  
others." Here, says the *Biographia Drama-  
tica*, a stroke was probably aimed at Ben Jon-  
son, who gave his plays the pompous title of  
"Works." This stupid falsehood has been  
repeated a thousand times. Jonson no more

gave his plays the title of Works, than Shak-  
speare, Fletcher, Shirley, or any other writer ;  
nor is there a single instance of such a fact in  
existence. The whole matter is, that, when he  
collected his various pieces, consisting of Comedies,  
Tragedies, Masques, Entertainments, Epi-  
grams, and a selection of Poetry, under the  
name of *Forest*, with equal taste and judgment,  
and with a classical contempt of the mountebank  
titles of his time, he called the multifarious  
assemblage simply "The works of Ben Jonson."  
For this proof of his good sense, he was slan-  
dered even in his own time ; and the charge of  
arrogance and vanity is, in ours, still repeated  
from fool to fool.

<sup>1</sup> *So wouldst thou've run upon the rolls, &c.*  
This alludes to a fire which took place in the Six  
Clerks' Office ; but I cannot specify the date of  
it : nor of that at Whitehall (Jan. 12, 1619—*see*  
*ante*, p. 212 a), mentioned in the preceding page.

<sup>2</sup> "Bove all your fireworks had at Ephesus  
And Alexandria." The burning of the temple  
of Diana at Ephesus, and the library at Alex-  
andria.—*WHAL*.

We ask your absence here, we all love peace,  
And pray the fruits thereof and the en-  
crease ;

So doth the King, and most of the King's  
men

That have good places : therefore once  
agen,

Pox on thee, Vulcan ! thy Pandora's pox,  
And all the ills that flew out of her box

Light on thee ! or if those plagues will not  
do,

Thy wife's pox on thee, and Bess Brough-  
ton's too !

### LXIII.

#### A SPEECH, ACCORDING TO HORACE.

Why yet, my noble hearts, they cannot say  
But we have powder still for the King's Day,  
And ordnance too : so much as from the  
Tower,

T<sup>h</sup> have waked, if sleeping, Spain's ambas-  
sador,

Old Æsop Gundomar :<sup>1</sup> the French can tell,  
For they did see it the last tilting well,

That we have trumpets, armour, and great  
horse,

Lances and men, and some a breaking force.  
They saw too store of feathers, and more  
may,

If they stay here but till St. George's day.  
All ensigns of a war are not yet dead.

Nor marks of wealth so from our nation fled,  
But they may see gold chains and pearl  
worn then,

Lent by the London dames to the Lords'  
men :

With all the dirty pains those citizens take,  
To see the pride at Court, their wives do  
make ;

And the return those thankful courtiers  
yield,

To have their husbands drawn forth to the  
field,

And coming home to tell what acts were  
done

Under the auspice of young Swinnerton.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Old Æsop Gundomar.*] Gundomar appears not to have owed many obligations to nature : he was however a shrewd politician, and a bold and able negotiator. He was dreaded by the court, and disliked by the people, of which we have sufficient proof in the repeated attacks made upon him by the dramatic poets, the true mirrors of their times.

[My friend Senor Pascual de Gayangos informs me that some few years ago he had an opportunity of examining the library of Count Gondomar. There were several English books, and among them a tall and well-preserved copy

What a strong fort old Pimbleoc had been !  
How it held out ! how, last, 'twas taken  
in !—

Well, I say, thrive, thrive, brave Artillery-  
yard,

Thou seed-plot of the war ! that hast not  
spared

Powder or paper to bring up the youth  
Of London, in the military truth,

These ten years day ; as all may swear that  
look

But on thy practice and the posture book.  
He that but saw thy curious captain's  
drill,

Would think no more of Flushing or the  
Brill,

But give them over to the common ear,  
For that unnecessary charge they were.

Well did thy crafty clerk and knight, Sir  
Hugh

Supplant bold Panton, and brought there  
to view

Translated Ælian's tactics to be read,  
And the Greek discipline, with the modern,  
shed

So in that ground, as soon it grew to be  
The city-question, whether Tilly or he

Were now the greater captain ? for they saw  
The Berghen siege, and taking in Bredau,

So acted to the life, as Maurice might,  
And Spinola have blushed at the sight.

O happy art ! and wise epitome  
Of bearing arms ! most civil soldiery !

Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and  
fight dry

The battles of thy Aldermanity ;  
Without the hazard of a drop of blood ;

More than the surfeits in thee that day  
stood.

Go on, increased in virtue and in fame,  
And keep the glory of the English name

Up among nations. In the stead of bold  
Beauchamps and Nevills, Cliffords, Aud-  
leys old,

Insert thy Hodges, and those newer men,  
As Stiles, Dike, Ditchfield, Millar, Crips,

and Fen :

of the First Folio of Shakspeare, full of MS. corrections in a contemporary English hand. In some instances, passages of many lines were scored out, and others substituted. This library has since been scattered to the winds, and this unique First Folio in all probability sold for waste paper.—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> *Young Swinnerton.*] Sir John Swinnerton was mayor of London in 1612. This aspiring and heroic youth was probably his son. The father had endeared himself to the citizens by many benefactions.

That keep the war, though now 't be  
grown more tame,  
Alive yet in the noise, and still the same,  
And could, if our great men would let their  
sons

Come to their schools, shew them the use  
of guns;

And there instruct the noble English heirs  
In politique and militar affairs.

But he that should persuade to have this  
done

For education of our lordlings, soon  
Should he [not] hear of billow, wind, and  
storm

From the tempestuous grandlings, who'll  
inform

Us, in our beaung, that are thus and thus,  
Born, bred, allied? what's he dare tutor us?  
Are we by book-worms to be awed? must we  
Live by their scale, that dare do nothing  
free?

Why are we rich or great, except to show  
All hence in our lives? what need we know  
More than to praise a dog, or horse? or  
speak

The hawking language? or our day to  
break

With citizens? let clowns and tradesmen  
breed

Their sons to study arts, the laws, the  
creed:

We will believe like men of our own rank,  
In so much laud a year, or such a bank,  
That turns us so much monies, at which  
rate

Our ancestors imposed on prince and state.  
Let poor nobility be virtuous: we,  
Descended in a rope of titles, be

From Guy, or Bevis, Arthur, or from whom  
The herald will: our blood is now become  
Past any need of virtue. Let them care,  
That in the cradle of their gentrie are,

To serve the state by councils and by arms:  
We neither love the troubles nor the harms.  
What love you then? your whore; what  
study? gait,

Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late  
The Academy, where the gallants meet—  
What! to make legs? yes, and to smell  
most sweet:

All that they do at Plays. O but first here  
They learn and study; and then practise  
there.

But why are all these irons in the fire,  
Of several makings? Helps, helps, to attire

His lordship; that is for his band, his hair  
This, and that box his beauty to repair;

This other for his eye-brows: hence, away,  
I may no longer on these pictures stay,

These carcases of honour; tailors' blocks  
Covered with tissue, whose prosperity  
mocks

The fate of things; whilst tottered virtue  
holds

Her broken arms up to their empty moulds!

#### XLIV.

#### AN EPISTLE TO MASTER ARTHUR SQUIB.

What I am not, and what I fain would be,  
Whilst I inform myself I would teach thee,  
My gentle Arthur, that it might be said  
One lesson we have both learned, and well  
read.

I neither am, nor art thou one of those  
That hearkens to a jack's pulse, when it  
goes;

Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet,  
Was issue of the tavern or the spit:

Much less a name would we bring up or  
nurse,

That could but claim a kindred from the  
purse,

Those are poor ties depend on those false  
ends,

'Tis virtue alone, or nothing, that knits  
friends,

And as within your office<sup>1</sup> you do take  
No piece of money, but you know, or make  
Inquiry of the worth; so must we do,  
First weigh a friend, then touch and try  
him too:

For there are many slips and counterfeits.<sup>2</sup>  
Deceit is fruitful. Men have masks and  
nets;

But these with wearing will themselves  
unfold,

They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.  
Turn him, and see his threads; look if  
he be

Friend to himself that would be friend to  
thee.

For that is first required, a man be his  
own:

But he that's too much that, is friend of  
none.

Then rest, and a friend's value understand,  
It is a richer purchase than of land.

<sup>1</sup> And as within your office, &c.] It appears that this gentleman was one of the principal clerks in the Exchequer. I find several of his

name, in succession, in the books of that office.

<sup>2</sup> For there are many slips and counterfeits.] For these terms, see vol. ii. p. 420 *n.*

## LXV.

AN EPIGRAM ON SIR EDWARD COKE,<sup>1</sup>  
WHEN HE WAS LORD CHIEF JUSTICE  
OF ENGLAND.

He that should search all Glories of the  
Gown,  
And steps of all raised servants of the  
crown,  
He could not find than thee, of all that  
store,

Whom Fortune aided less or virtue more.  
Such, Coke, were thy beginnings, when  
thy good

In others evil best was understood :  
When, being the stranger's help, the poor  
man's aid,

Thy just defences made th' oppressor  
afraid.

Such was thy process, when integrity,  
And skill in thee now grew authority,  
That clients strove in question of the laws,  
More for thy patronage than for their  
cause,

<sup>1</sup> *An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke* ] Addressed to him probably when he was created Lord Chief Justice, in the year 1606.—WHAL.

Whalley assigns too early a date to this Epigram : Coke was, as he says, created Lord Chief Justice in 1606 ; but it was of the Common Pleas : he did not take the style of *Lord Chief Justice of England*, till he was advanced to the King's Bench in 1613, when he was in his sixty fifth year. Jonson follows the style of Sir Edward in giving him this title, which he appears to have affected, and which James objected to his assuming—"He calls himself in his books," the king says, "Lord Chief Justice of England, whereas he can challenge no more but Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench."

This great lawyer did not bear his faculties meekly. His proud and overbearing spirit involved him in various prosecutions ; his office was taken from him in 1616, and the residue of his life was spent in a strange and rapid alternation of favour and disgrace, of turbulence and submission. He died in 1634 at the age of eighty-six : had it been his good fortune to follow his royal mistress to the grave, he would have come down to us not only as one of the most eminent lawyers this country ever produced, but as one of the most dignified and respectable characters of his age.

As a composition, this Epigram boasts considerable merit. It is vigorous and manly ; has truth for its basis, and characterizes both the author and his works with discrimination and judgment. I suppose it to be written in 1613.

<sup>2</sup> *Like Solon's self*, explat'st the knotty laws  
With endless labour, &c.] I never yet met with the word *explat'st*, but do not take upon me to pronounce it a corruption. When I consider the licence which Jonson sometimes al-

And that thy strong and manly eloquence  
Stood up thy nation's fame, her crown's  
defence ;

And now such is thy stand, while thou  
dost deal

Desired justice to the public weal,  
Like Solon's self, explat'st the knotty laws  
With endless labours,<sup>2</sup> whilst thy learning  
draws

No less of praise, than readers, in all kinds  
Of worthiest knowledge that can take  
men's minds,

Such is thy All, that, as I sung before,  
None Fortune aided less, or virtue more.  
Or if chance must to each man that doth  
rise,

Needs lend an aid, to thine she had her  
eyes.

## LXVI.

AN EPISTLE, ANSWERING TO ONE THAT  
ASKED TO BE SEALED OF THE TRIBE  
OF BEN.<sup>3</sup>

Men that are safe and sure in all they do,  
Care not what trials they are put unto :

lowed himself of coining an expressive word, I am tempted to think this proceeded from the same poetic munt.—WHAL.

Whalley is wrong. Jonson sometimes uses a Latin word, but then he prints it in a different character : his latinisms are those of his contemporaries. All our old writers use *pleat*, *plight*, for *wreath*, *curl*, *fold*, &c. from *plio* : *explat* is as correctly formed from *explio*, to open, smooth, display, &c. *Explantation*, a kindred word, is in Cole, and *displeat* and *unpleat* are sufficiently common in our old poets. *Explica frontem* is rendered by Jo. Davies, in his eclogue, 1620, "Unpleat thy brow."

[The adjective *explete* is in the *Manipulus Vocabulorum* of Peter Levinus, a curious old Rhyming Dictionary of 1570, which has been reprinted and most carefully edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley.—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> *An Epistle*, &c.] This appears from internal evidence to have been written not long before the death of James. It was the practice of the older poets, upon request, to adopt young men of talents in whose reputation, or success in life, by a species of patronage or filiation, they became warmly interested. Jonson had many sons of this kind, and to an aspirant for the honour of becoming such (probably to Randolph or Cleveland) he addresses the above Epistle. The number of his adopted progeny is alluded to in the foolish expression of one "that asked," &c.

There is a spirit and vigour in this Epistle which do the poet great credit. The sentiments are manly, and some of them drawn from the higher philosophy. It wants the smoothness and the artificial rhythm of these times ; but what poem of equal length, of these times, possesses such depth of thought and force of expression ?

They meet the fire, the test, as martyrs  
would,  
And though opinion stamp them not, are  
gold.

I could say more of such, but that I fly  
To speak myself out too ambitiously,  
And shewing so weak an act to vulgar eyes,  
Put conscience and my right to compromise.  
Let those that merely talk, and never think,  
That live in the wild Anarchy of Drink,  
Subject to quarrel only; or else such  
As make it their proficiency how much  
They've glutted in and letched out that  
week,

That never yet did friend or friendship seek,  
But for a Sealing<sup>1</sup> let these men protest.  
Or th' other on their borders, that will jest  
On all souls that are absent; even the dead,  
Like flies or worms which man's corrupt  
parts fed :

That to speak well, think it above all sin,  
Of any company but that they are in,  
Called every night to supper in these fits,  
And are received for the Covey of Wits ;  
That censure all the town and all the  
affairs,

And know whose ignorance is more than  
theirs :

Let these men have their ways, and take  
their times

To vent their libels and to issue rhymes,  
I have no portion in them, nor their deal  
Of news they get, to strew out the long  
meal ;<sup>2</sup>

I study other friendships, and more one  
Than these can ever be, or else wish none.

What is't to me whether the French de-  
sign

Be, or be not, to get the Valteline?  
Or the States' ships sent forth be like to  
meet

Some hopes of Spain in their West Indian  
fleet?

Whether the dispensation yet be sent,  
Or that the match from Spain was ever  
meant?

I wish all well, and pray high heaven con-  
spire ;

My Prince's safety, and my King's desire ;  
But if for honour we must draw the sword,  
And force back that which will not be re-  
stored,

I have a body yet that spirit draws,  
To live, or fall a carcase, in the cause.

So far without enquiry what the States,  
Brunsfeld, and Mansfield, do this year, my  
fates

Shall carry me at call; and I'll be well,  
Though I do neither hear these news, nor  
tell

Of Spain or France ; or were not pricked  
down one

Of the late mystery of reception ;  
Although my fame to his not under-hears,  
That guides the motions, and directs the  
bears.

But that's a blow by which in time I may  
Lose all my credit with my Christmas  
clay,

And animated porcelaine of the court ;  
Ay, and for this neglect, the coarser sort  
Of earthen jars there, may molest me too :  
Well, with mine own frail pitcher, what  
to do

I have decreed ; keep it from waves and  
press,

Lest it be justled, cracked, made nought  
or less.

Live to that point I will, for which I am  
man,

And dwell as in my centre, as I can,  
Still looking to, and ever loving heaven ;  
With reverence using all the gifts thence  
given :

'Mongst which, if I have any friendships  
sent,

Such as are square, well-tagged, and per-  
manent,

Not built with canvas, paper, and false  
lights,

As are the glorious scenes at the great  
sights :

And that there be no fevery heats nor colds,  
Oily expansions, or shrunk dirty folds,

But all so clear, and led by Reason's flame,  
As but to stumble in her sight were shame;

These I will honour, love, embrace, and  
serve,

And free it from all question to preserve.  
So short you read my character, and theirs

I would call mine, to which not many  
stairs

Are asked to climb. First give me faith,  
who know

Myself a little ; I will take you so,  
As you have writ yourself: now stand, and  
then,

Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of BEN.

<sup>1</sup> But for a sealing.] i.e. becoming sureties  
for them, joining them in their bonds.

<sup>2</sup> Nor their deal  
Of news they get, to strew out the long meal.]

This is the town's honest man, described with  
such scorn and indignation in a former page.  
See Epig. cxv. p. 252 a.



## LXVII.

THE DEDICATION OF THE KING'S NEW  
CELLAR TO BACCHUS.*Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque  
lucernis.*

Since, BACCHUS, thou art father  
Of wines, to thee the rather  
We dedicate this Cellar,  
Where now thou art made dweller,  
And seal thee thy commission :  
But 'tis with a condition,  
That thou remain here taster  
Of all to the great master ;  
And look unto their faces,  
Their qualities and races,  
That both their odour take him,  
And relish merry make him.

For, Bacchus, thou art freer  
Of cares, and over-see  
Of feast and merry meeting,  
And still begin'st the greeting :  
See then thou dost attend him,  
Ilyæus, and defend him,  
By all the arts of gladness,  
From any thought like sadness.  
So mayst thou still be younger  
Than Phœbus, and much stronger,  
To give mankind their eases,  
And cure the world's diseases !

So may the Muses follow  
Thee still, and leave Apollo,  
And think thy stream more quicker  
Than Hippocrene's liquor :  
And thou make many a poet,  
Before his brain do know it !  
So may there never quarrel  
Have issue from the barrel,  
But Venus and the Graces  
Pursue thee in all places,  
And not a song be other  
Than Cupid and his Mother !

That when King James above here  
Shall feast it, thou mayst love there  
The causes and the guests too,  
And have thy tales and jests too,  
Thy circuits and thy rounds free,  
As shall the feast's fair grounds be.  
Be it he hold communion  
In great St. George's union ;  
Or gratulates the passage  
Of some well wrought embassy,

Whereby he may knit sure up  
The wished peace of Europe :  
Or else a health advances,  
To put his court in dances,  
And set us all on skipping,  
When with his royal shipping,  
The narrow seas are shady,  
And Charles brings home the Lady.<sup>1</sup>

## LXVIII.

## AN EPIGRAM

## ON THE COURT PUCCELL.

Does the Court Pucell then so censure me,  
And thinks I dare not her ? let the world see.  
What though her chamber be the very pit,  
Where fight the prime cocks of the game  
for wit ;  
And that as any are strook, her breath  
creates  
New in their stead, out of the candidates !  
What though with tribade lust she force a  
muse,  
And in an epicœne fury can write news  
Equal with that which for the best news goes,  
As acry, light, and as like wit as those !  
What though she talk, and can at once  
with them  
Make state, religion, bawdry, all a theme ;  
And as lip-thursty, in each word's expense,  
Doth labour with the phrase more than the  
sense !  
What though she ride two mile on holy-  
days  
To church, as others do to feasts and plays,  
To shew their tires, to view and to be  
viewed !  
What though she be with velvet gowns  
endued,  
And spangled petticoats brought forth to  
th' eye,  
As new rewards of her old secrecy !  
What though she hath won on trust, as  
many do,  
And that her truster fears her ! must I too ?  
I never stood for any place : my wit  
Thinks itself nought, though she should  
value it.  
I am no Statesman, and much less Divine ;  
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not  
mine.  
Farthest I am from the idolatry  
To stuffs and laces ; those my man can buy.

<sup>1</sup> And Charles brings home the lady.] This was written when the match with the Infanta of Spain was in agitation, and the prince was at the Spanish court.—WHAL.

This cellar was built by Inigo Jones. The

circumstance is worth mentioning, as it serves to corroborate what has been more than once asserted, that till the period of the appearance of *Chloridia*, no breach of friendship had taken place between him and our author.

And trust her I would least, that hath for-  
sware  
In contract twice; what can she perjure  
more?  
Indeed her dressing some man might de-  
light,  
Her face there's none can like by candle-  
light:  
Not he that should the body have, for ease  
To his poor instrument, now out of grace.  
Shall I advise thee, Pucell? steal away  
From Court, while yet thy fame hath some  
small day;  
The wits will leave you if they once per-  
ceive  
You cling to lords; and lords, if them you  
leave  
For sermonceers: of which now one, now  
other,  
They say you weekly invite with fits o' th'  
mother,  
And practise for a miracle; take heed,  
This age will lend no faith to Darrel's  
deed;<sup>1</sup>  
Or if it would, the Court is the worst place.  
Both for the mothers and the babes of  
grace;  
For there the wicked in the chain of scorn,  
Will call't a bastard, when a prophet's  
born.<sup>2</sup>

LXIX.

AN EPIGRAM,

TO THE HONOURED COUNTESS OF \*\*\*.

The wisdom, madam, of your private life,  
Wherewith this while you live a widowed  
wife,  
And the right ways you take unto the right,  
To conquer rumour, and triumph on spite;  
Not only shunning by your act to do  
Aught that is ill, but the suspicion too,

Is of so brave example, as he were  
No friend to virtue, could be silent here;  
The rather when the vices of the time  
Are grown so fruitful, and false pleasures  
climb,  
By all oblique degrees, that killing height  
From whence they fall, cast down with  
their own weight.  
And though all praise bring nothing to  
your name,  
Who (herein studying conscience, and not  
tame)  
Are in yourself rewarded; yet 'twill be  
A cheerful work to all good eyes, to see  
Among the daily ruins that fall foul  
Of state, of fame, of body, and of soul,  
So great a virtue stand upright to view,  
As makes Penelope's old fable true,  
Whilst your Ulysses hath ta'en leave to go,  
Countries and climes, manners and men to  
know.  
Only your time you better entertain,  
Than the great Homer's wit for her could  
feign;  
For you admit no company but good,  
And when you want those friends, or near  
in blood,  
Or your allies, you make your books your  
friends,  
And study them unto the noblest ends,  
Searching for knowledge, and to keep your  
mind  
The same it was inspired, rich, and refined.  
These graces, when the rest of ladies  
view,  
Not boasted in your life, but practised true,  
As they are hard for them to make their  
own,  
So are they profitable to be known:  
For when they find so many meet in one,  
It will be shame for them if they have  
none.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *This age will lend no faith to Darrel's deed.* Many impostures of possession by evil spirits were practised about this time by Roman Catholics to delude and make converts of the vulgar. The boy of *Bilston* is a famous instance. Several others, amongst whom is this of *Darrel*, are mentioned in the *Devil is an Ass*. *Darrel* was the author of a book printed in 4to, 1600, intitled, *A true narration of the strange and grievous vexation by the devil, of seven persons in Lancashire, and William Sommers of Nottingham*: as perhaps he was equally concerned in carrying on the imposture. This book was answered by Dr. Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, in a piece intitled, *A discovery of the fraudulent practices of John Darrel minister*.—*What*.

See the *Devil is an Ass* for a fuller account of

these impostures [vol. ii. p. 263 *ℓ*]. The last couplet of this poem has a singular bearing on the juggle of Joanna Southcote.

<sup>2</sup> [Drummond reports, in the *Conversations*, "That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drouisie, and given Mrs. Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure." Donne, in his *Elegy* on the death of this lady, speaks of her as young, beautiful, and witty, and proof against the sins of youth.—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> This is an excellent little poem. There seems to have been no occasion for suppressing the lady's name. It would not be difficult to suggest a person whom the lines would fit; but the safer way, perhaps, is to follow the poet's executors. [Most probably the Countess of Rutland.—F. C.]

## LXX.

## ON LORD BACON'S BIRTH-DAY.

[22nd January, 1621.]

Hail, happy GENIUS of this ancient pile !  
How comes it all things so about thee  
smile ?<sup>1</sup>

The fire, the wine, the men ! and in the  
midst

Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou  
didst !

Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day  
For whose returns, and many, all these  
pray ;

And so do I. This is the sixtieth year,  
Since BACON, and thy Lord was born, and  
here ;

Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,  
Fame and foundation of the English weal.  
What then his father was, that since is he,  
Now with a title more to the degree ;

<sup>1</sup> *Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile !*

*How comes it all things so about thee smile ?*

When Lord Bacon was High Chancellor of England, he procured from the King York House for the place of his residence, for which he seems to have had an affection, as being the place of his birth, and where his father had lived all the time he possessed the high office of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. Here, in the beginning of the year 1620-21, he kept his birthday with great splendour and magnificence, which gave occasion to the compliment expressed in the short poem above. The verse indeed, like most of Jonson's, is somewhat harsh, but there is much good sense, and a vein of poetry to recommend it to our notice. The reader will observe the poem implies a very beautiful fiction: the poet starting, as it were, on his entering York House, at the sight of the *Genius* of the place performing some mystery, which he discovers from the gaiety of his look, and takes occasion from thence to form the congratulatory compliment.—WHAL.

Nothing is more remarkable in Jonson's character than the steadiness of his friendship. It is for this reason (for I can discover no other) that Steevens and Malone insist particularly on the *fickleness* of his attachments ! When Jonson wrote this poem, Lord Bacon was in the full tide of prosperity ; the year after, misfortune overtook him ; and he continued in poverty, neglect, and disgrace till his death, which took place in 1627. Yet the poet did not change his language ; nor allow himself to be checked by the unpopularity of the ex-Chancellor's name, or the dread of displeasing his sovereign and patron, from bearing that generous testimony to his talents and virtues which is inserted in his *Discoveries*, and which concludes with these words :—" My conceit of Lord Verulam's person was never increased by his place or honour : but I have, and do reverence him for the greatness

England's high Chancellor : the destined  
heir,

In his soft cradle, to his father's chair :  
Whose even thread the Fates spin round  
and full,

Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.  
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,  
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine  
own.

Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may  
sing,

In raising him, the wisdom of my King.

## LXXI.

THE POET TO THE PAINTER.<sup>2</sup>

## AN ANSWER.

Why, though I seem of a prodigious waist,  
I am not so voluminous and vast,  
But there are lines, wherewith I might be  
embraced.

that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for *greatness* he could not want. Neither could I condole, in a word or syllable for him ; as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest." This, with the commentators' leave, is a very pretty specimen of " old Ben's flattery of kings," and " hatred of all merit but his own !" [Gifford omits to state when this eulogium was published.—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> *The Poet to the Painter.* This is an " answer," as Jonson calls it, to the following miserable attempt at verse, by Sir William Burlase :

## THE PAINTER TO THE POET.

To paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,  
And were but painter half like thee, a poet :  
BEN, I would shew it.

But in this skill my unskilful pen will tire,  
Thou, and thy worth will still be found far  
higher ; And I a liar.

Then, what a painter's here ! or what an eater  
Of great attempts ! when as his skill's no greater,  
And he a cheater ?

Then, what a poet's here ! whom, by confession  
Of all with me, to paint without digression,  
There's no expression.

I cannot be confident that I understand this. It would seem as if Sir W. Burlase had made a drawing or a painting of the poet, to which this doggerel served as an accompaniment.

There is an Edmund Burlase who has a copy of verses on the death of Sir Horace Vere (1642), but whether related to this Sir William, I cannot tell. If he was his son, the family vein of poetry had much improved, for he writes well.

'Tis true, as my womb swells, so my back  
stoops,  
And the whole lump grows round, de-  
formed, and droops ;  
But yet the Tun at Heidelberg had hoops.

You were not tied by any painter's law  
To square my circle, I confess, but draw  
My superficies : that was all you saw.

Which if in compass of no art it came  
To be described by a monogram,  
With one great blot you had formed me as  
I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be  
An archetype, for all the world to see,  
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, mastery, might,  
Your power of handling, shadow, air, and  
spright,  
How I would draw, and take hold and de-  
light !

But you are he can paint, I can but write :  
A poet hath no more but black and white,  
Ne knows he flattering colours, or false  
light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the  
face,  
A lettered mind, and a large heart would  
place  
To all posterity ; I will write BURLAGE.

<sup>1</sup> Of this distinguished nobleman, the pride and ornament of the British Peerage, a most interesting account is given by Lord Clarendon, with whom he stood deservedly high. "No-body but Lord Orford (says Sir E. Brydges), who could decry Sir Philip Sidney" (and Lord Falkland), "would have traduced a man possessed of so many qualities to engage the esteem of mankind as the Duke of Newcastle : but Lord Orford had a tendency to depreciate the loyalists." He had a tendency to depreciate whatever was great and good. Dead to every generous feeling, selfish, greedy, and sneakingly ostentatious, Walpole, in the midst of a baby-house, surrounded with a collection of childish trumpery, had the audacity to speak in this manner of a man, who, after strenuously fulfilling every duty of life, as a patriot, a soldier, and a statish, retired to his paternal seat, where he lived in the practice of a magnificent hospitality, the friend of genius, the liberal patron of worth, employing the close of an active and honourable life in innocent and elegant pursuits which might benefit many and could injure none.

"What a picture of foolish nobility was this stately poetic couple (the duke and duchess), retired to their own little domain" (it was at least as extensive as Strawberry Hill) "and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flat-

LXXII.

AN EPIGRAM,

TO WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE.<sup>1</sup>

When first, my lord, I saw you back your  
horse,  
Provoke his mettle, and command his  
force  
To all the uses of the field and race,  
Methought I read the ancient art of  
Thrace,  
And saw a centaur,<sup>2</sup> past those tales of  
Greece,  
So seemed your horse and you both of a  
piece !  
You shewed like Perseus upon Pegasus,  
Or Castor mounted on his Cyllarus ;  
Or what we hear our home-born legend  
tell,  
Of bold Sir Bevis and his Arundel ;  
Nay, so your seat his beauties did endorse,  
As I began to wish myself a horse.<sup>3</sup>  
And surely, had I but your stable seen  
Before, I think my wish absolved had  
been.  
For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,  
Nor any of their household half so well.  
So well ! as when I saw the floor and  
room,  
I looked for Hercules to be the groom ;  
And cried, Away with the Cæsarian bread !  
At these immortal mangers Virgil fed.<sup>4</sup>

tery on what was of consequence to no mortal but themselves." Surely the demon of Vengeance must have been at Walpole's elbow, when he penned this sentence.—*Royal and Noble Authors.*

<sup>2</sup> *Methought I read the ancient art of Thrace, And saw a centaur, &c.* The Earl of Newcastle was the most accomplished horseman of his time : his celebrated work on the method of managing horses, of which a magnificent edition in folio appeared some years ago, was not published during the poet's life.

<sup>3</sup> *As I began to wish myself a horse.* This is probably an allusion to the very pretty incident with which Sir Philip Sidney so aptly opens his *Defence of Poetry*. Pietro Pugliana, he says, discoursed with such fertility and spirit on the various merits of the animal, "that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse."

<sup>4</sup> *Away with the Cæsarian bread ! At these immortal mangers Virgil fed.* Alluding to that circumstance in the life of Virgil, of his being employed in the stables of Augustus, and having his customary allowance of bread doubled, for the judgment he gave of a colt the emperor had just bought.—*WHAL.*

## LXXIII.

## EPISTLE

## TO MASTER ARTHUR SQUIB.

I am to dine, friend, where I must be weighed

For a just wager, and that wager paid

If I do lose it; and, without a tale,

A merchant's wife is regent of the scale.

Who when she heard the match, concluded straight,

An ill commodity! it must make good weight.<sup>1</sup>

So that, upon the point, my corporal fear

Is, she will play Dame Justice too severe;

And hold me to it close; to stand upright

Within the balance, and not want a mite;

But rather with advantage to be found

Full twenty stone, of which I lack two pound;

That's six in silver:<sup>2</sup> now within the socket

Stinketh my credit, if, into the pocket

It do not come: one piece I have in store,

Lend me, dear ARTHUR, for a week, five more,

And you shall make me good in weight and fashion,

And then to be returned; or protestation

To go out after:—till when take this letter

For your security. I can no better.

<sup>1</sup> *An ill commodity, &c.*] The lady alludes, I presume, to the *deceptive depression* of the scale, exacted in the weighing of *coarse* merchandise.

<sup>2</sup> *But, rather with advantage to be found Full twenty stone; of which I lack two pound: That's six in silver*] The wager, it seems, was that the poet weighed full twenty stone, but he found that he wanted two pounds of that weight. This he artfully turns to a reason for borrowing five pounds in money of his friend Mr. Squib, which added to the pound he had of his own, would make up the deficiency in his weight. Six pounds in silver, he says, will weigh two pounds in weight: it may be so; we will take his word—*WHAL*.

I doubt whether we understand the nature of this wager, which was probably a mere jest. If the sense be as Whalley states it, there is as little of *art* as of honesty in it.

<sup>3</sup> *To Master John Burges*] Burges was probably the deputy paymaster of the household. He had made Jonson a present of some ink, and this little production, which wants neither spirit nor a proper self-confidence, inclosed, perhaps, the return for it. Master Burges might have sent the wine at the same time.

## LXXIV.

TO MASTER JOHN BURGES.<sup>3</sup>

Would God, my BURGES, I could think

Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this ink,

Then would I promise here to give

Verse that should thee and me outlive.

But since the wine hath steeped my brain,

I only can the paper stain;

Yet with a dye that fears no moth,

But scarlet-like, outlasts the cloth.

## LXXV.

## EPISTLE

## TO MY LADY COVELL.

You won not verses, madam, you won me,

When you would play so nobly and so free.

A book to a few lines! but it was fit

You won them too, your odds did merit it.

So have you gained a Servant and a Muse:

The first of which I fear you will refuse,

And you may justly; being a tardy, cold,

Unprofitable chattel, fat and old,

Laden with belly, and doth hardly approach

His friends but to break chairs, or crack a coach.

His weight is twenty stone within two pound;

And that's made up as doth the purse about.<sup>4</sup>

Marry, the Muse is one can tread the air,

And stroke the water, nimble, chaste, and fair;

Jonson, who lived much about the court while his health permitted him to come abroad, seems to have made friends of most of those who held official situations there, and to have been supplied with stationery, and, perhaps, many other petty articles. The following is transcribed from the blank leaf of a volume of miscellaneous poetry, formerly in the possession of Dr. John Hoadly, son of the Bishop of Winchester. He has written over it, "A Relique of Ben Jonson."

To my worthy and deserving Brother

Mr. Alexander Glover,

as the Token of my Love,

And the perpetuating of our Friendship,

I send this small, but hearty Testimony:

And with Charge, that it remayne with Him,

Till I, at much expense of time and taper,

With 'Chequer-Ink, upon his gift, my paper,

Shall pour forth many a line, drop many a letter

To make these good, and what comes after, better.

BEN JONSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And that's made up, &c.*] Is this too a hint?—If so, it must have sorely puzzled the lady, unless she had previously seen the Epistle to Master Squib.

Sleep in a virgin's bosom without fear,  
Run all the rounds in a soft lady's ear,  
Widow or wife, without the jealousy  
Of either suitor or a servant by.  
Such, if her manners like you, I do send :  
And can for other graces her commend,  
To make you merry on the dressing-stool  
A mornings, and at afternoons to fool  
Away ill company, and help in rhyme  
Your Joan to pass her melancholy time.  
By this, although you fancy not the man,  
Accept his muse ; and tell, I know you can,  
How many verses, madam, are your due !  
I can lose none in tendering these to you.  
I gain in having leave to keep my day,  
And should grow rich had I much more to  
pay.

## LXXVI.

## TO MASTER JOHN BURGES.

Father JOHN BURGES,  
Necessity urges  
My woeful cry  
To Sir Robert Pie :<sup>1</sup>  
And that he will venture  
To send my debenture.  
Tell him his Ben  
Knew the time when  
He loved the Muses ;  
Though now he refuses,  
To take apprehension  
Of a year's pension,  
And more is behind :  
Put him in mind  
Christmas is near ;  
And neither good cheer,  
Mirth, fooling, nor wit,  
Nor any least fit  
Of gambol or sport  
Will come at the Court ;  
If there be no money,  
No plover or coney  
Will come to the table,  
Or wine to enable  
The muse or the poet,  
The parish will know it.

<sup>1</sup> *My woeful cry*

*To Sir Robert Pie.*] Sir Robert Pie was appointed to the Exchequer about 1618, upon the resignation of Sir John Bingley, who was implicated in a charge of peculation with the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Suffolk. Sir Robert was a retainer of Buckingham's, to whose interest he owed his promotion. He was the ancestor of the late laureate, under whose hands the family estate vanished. Mr. Pye had probably raised his *woeful cry* to the treasurer of the day as loudly as Jonson, for he was equally clamorous and necessitous. Such are the mutations of time !

Nor any quick warming-pan help him to bed  
If the Chequer be empty, so will be his head.

## LXXVII.

## EPIGRAM

## TO MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou, friend, wilt hear all censures ; unto  
thee  
All mouths are open and all stomachs free :  
Be thou my book's intelligencer, note  
What each man says of it, and of what coat  
His judgment is ; if he be wise, and praise,  
Thank him ; if other, he can give no bays.  
If his wit reach no higher but to spring  
Thy wife a fit of laughter ; a cramp-ring  
Will be reward enough ; to wear like those  
That hang their richest jewels in their nose :  
Like a rung bear or swine ; grunting out wit  
As if that part lay for a [ ]<sup>2</sup> most fit !  
If they go on, and that thou lov'st a-life  
Their perfumed judgments, let them kiss  
thy wife.

## LXXVIII.

## AN EPITAPH

ON HENRY, LORD LA-WARE.<sup>3</sup>

If, Passenger, thou canst but read,  
Stay, drop a tear for him that's dead :  
HENRY, the brave young LORD LA-WARE,  
Minerva's and the Muses' care !  
What could their care do 'gainst the spite  
Of a disease, that loved no light  
Of honour, nor no air of good :  
But crept like darkness through his blood,  
Offended with the dazzling flame  
Of virtue, got above his name ?  
No noble furniture of parts,  
No love of action and high arts ;  
No aim at glory, or in war,  
Ambition to become a star,  
Could stop the malice of this ill,  
That spread his body o'er to kill :  
And only his great soul envied,  
Because it durst have noblier died.

<sup>2</sup> A word has been dropt in the folio, and I cannot reinstate it. [A word has not been "dropt," the blank being left between hooks, precisely as it is now represented in the text.—F. C.]

<sup>3</sup> The son of Thomas, Lord De-la-ware, the first settler of the colony of Virginia, of which he was appointed captain-general by James I. in 1609. Henry succeeded him as fourth Lord De-la-ware, in 1618, and died 1628, the date of this Epitaph, at the early age of 25. He was a young man of great promise.

## LXXIX

AN EPIGRAM,<sup>1</sup>

## TO THE LORD-KEEPER.

That you have seen the pride, beheld the sport,  
 And all the games of fortune, played at Court,  
 Viewed there the market, read the wretched rate,  
 At which there are would sell the Prince and State :  
 That scarce you hear a public voice alive,  
 But whispered counsels, and those only thrive ;  
 Yet are got off thence, with clear mind and hands  
 To lift to heaven, who is't not understands  
 Your happiness, and doth not speak you blest,  
 To see you set apart thus from the rest,  
 To obtain of God what all the land should ask ?  
 A nation's sin got pardoned ! 'twere a task  
 Fit for a bishop's knees ! O how them oft,  
 My lord, till felt grief make our stone hearts soft,  
 And we do weep to water for our sin.—  
 He that in such a flood as we are in,

<sup>1</sup> This is not inscribed to any one in the folio, but was evidently addressed to the Lord-Keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln. It was probably written in 1625, when the chancellorship was transferred from him to Sir Thomas Coventry.

<sup>2</sup> Jonson has given the date of this Epigram, 1629. In that wretched tissue of ignorance and malice, called in Cibber's Collection "the Life of Ben Jonson," it is stated that "in the year 1629, Ben fell sick, and was then poor, and lodged in an obscure alley ; his Majesty was supplicated in his favour, who sent him ten guineas. When the messenger delivered the sum, Ben took it in his hand, and said, 'His Majesty has sent me ten guineas because I am poor and live in an alley,' go and tell him that his soul lives in an alley," vol. i. p. 238. Here is a fair specimen of the injustice with which the character of Jonson is universally treated. The writer of his "Life" had before him not only the poet's own acknowledgment that the sum sent to him by the king was one hundred pounds, but three poems in succession full of gratitude, thankfulness, and respectful duty, all written at the very period selected by his enemies for charging him with a rude and ungrateful message to his benefactor.

This fabrication was too valuable to be neglected ; it has therefore been disseminated in a variety of forms by most of the Shakspeare commentators. Mr. Malone indeed rejects the false-

Of riot and consumption, knows the way  
 To teach the people how to fast and pray,  
 And do their penance to avert God's rod,  
 He is the Man, and favourite, of God.

## LXXX.

## AN EPIGRAM,

TO KING CHARLES, FOR AN HUNDRED  
 POUNDS HE SENT ME IN MY SICKNESS,  
 MDCXXIX.<sup>2</sup>

Great CHARLES, among the holy gifts of grace,  
 Annexed to thy person and thy place,  
 'Tis not enough (thy piety is such)  
 To cure the called *king's-evil* with thy touch ;  
 But thou wilt yet a kingly mastery try,  
 To cure the *poet's-evil*, poverty :  
 And in these cures dost so thyself enlarge,  
 As thou dost cure our evil at thy charge.  
 Nay, and in this thou show'st to value more  
 One poet, than of other folk ten score.<sup>3</sup>  
 O piety, so to weigh the poors' estates !  
 O bounty, so to difference the rates !  
 What can the Poet wish his King may do,  
 But that he cure the people's evil too ?

hood, as well he might : he goes farther, and "wonders," why Smollett should insert this contemptible lie in his "History of England," and above all, "where he found it." Mr. Malone's surprise is gratuitous. He could not be ignorant of Cibber's publication, for he has borrowed from it ; and he must have been equally aware that it was the polluted source from which Smollett, who was probably acquainted with the writer (Shiels, a Scotchman), derived his ridiculous anecdote. Smollett knew less of Jonson than even Mr. Malone : he knew enough, however, of the public to be convinced that in calumniating him he was on the right side.

Is it too much to hope that this palpable perversion of a recorded fact will be less current hereafter ? Or is the calumination of Jonson so indispensable to the interests of sound literature, that a falsehood once charged upon him must immediately assume a sacred character, and in despite of shame, be promulgated, as a duty, from book to book, and from age to age ?

<sup>3</sup> To value more

[One poet, than of other folks tenscore.] This alludes to the *angel*, or ten shilling-piece which was given to all who presented themselves to be touched for the king's-evil, and which undoubtedly presents the true key both of the numerous applications, and the cures. Ten score angels make an hundred pounds.

## LXXXI.

TO KING CHARLES AND QUEEN MARY,  
FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR FIRST-  
BORN. AN EPIGRAM CONSOLATORY.  
MDCXXIX.

Who dares deny, that all first-fruits are due  
To God, denies the Godhead to be true :  
Who doubts those fruits God can with gain  
restore,

Doth by his doubt distrust His promise  
more.

He can, He will, and with large interest, pay  
What, at His liking, He will take away.  
Then, royal Charles and Mary, do not  
grutch

That the Almighty's will to you is such :  
But thank His greatness and His goodness  
too ;

And think all still the best that He will do.  
That thought shall make He will this loss  
supply

With a long, large, and blest posterity :  
For God, whose essence is so infinite,  
Cannot but heap that grace He will requite.

## LXXXII.

## AN EPIGRAM,

TO OUR GREAT AND GOOD KING  
CHARLES,<sup>1</sup> ON HIS ANNIVERSARY  
DAY, MDCXXIX.

How happy were the subject if he knew,  
Most pious king, but his own good in you !  
How many times, Live long CHARLES !  
would he say,

If he but weighed the blessings of this day,  
And as it turns our joyful year about,  
For safety of such majesty cry out ?

<sup>1</sup> To our great and good King Charles ] In taking leave of the Epigrams of this year, let me pluck one solitary sprig to adorn the head of this "good king" (who has been stripped of all his honours by the insatiable rancour of the heirs of the ancient puritanism), from the garland woven for him by Dr. Burney.

"This prince (Charles I.), however his judgment, or that of his councillors, may have misled him in the more momentous concerns of government, appears to have been possessed of an invariable good taste in all the fine arts ; a quality which, in less morose and fanatical times, would have endeared him to the most enlightened part of the nation : but now his patronage of poetry, painting, architecture, and music, was ranked among the deadly sins, and his passion for the works of the best artists in the nation, profane, pagan, popish, idolatrous, dark, and damnable.

Indeed, when had Great Britain greater  
cause

Than now, to love the sovereign and the  
laws ;

When you that reign are her example  
grown,

And what are bounds to her, you make  
your own ?

When your assiduous practice doth secure  
That faith which she professeth to be pure ?

When all your life's a precedent of days,  
And murmur cannot quarrel at your ways ?

How is she barren grown of love, or broke,  
That nothing can her gratitude provoke !

O times ! O manners ! surfeit bred of ease,  
The truly epidemical disease !

'Tis not alone the merchant, but the clown,  
Is bankrupt turned ; the cassock, cloke,  
and gown,

Are lost upon account, and none will know  
How much to heaven for thee, great  
Charles, they owe !

## LXXXIII.

## AN EPIGRAM

ON THE PRINCE'S BIRTH, MDCXXX.

And art thou born, brave babe ? blest be  
thy birth,

That so hath crowned our hopes, our spring,  
and eath,

The bed of the chaste Lily and the Rose !  
What month than May was fitter to dis-  
close

This prince of flow'rs ? Soon shoot thou  
up, and grow

The same that thou art promised, but be  
slow,

And long in changing. Let our nephews see  
Thine quickly come the garden's eye to be,

As to the expenses of his government, for the levying which he was driven to illegal and violent expedients, if compared with what has been since peaceably and cheerfully granted to his successors, his extravagance in supporting the public splendour and amusements of his court, will be found more moderate, and perhaps more innocent, than that of secret service in later times ; and however gloomy state-reformers may execrate this prince, it would be ungrateful, professors of any of the fine arts, to lose all reverence for the patron of Ben Jonson, Vandyke, Inigo Jones, and Dr. Child."—*History of Music*, vol. iii.

This Epigram is addressed, in the Newcastle MS., "To the great and good King Charles, by his Majesty's most humble and thankful servant, Ben Jonson." Another proof of the poet's "insolence and ingratitude !"



And still to stand so. Haste now, envious moon,  
And interpose thyself,<sup>1</sup> (care not how soon)  
And threaten the great eclipse; two hours but  
run,  
Sol will re-shine: if not, CHARLES hath a  
Son.

*Non displicuisse meretur  
Festinat Cæsar qui placuisse tibi.*<sup>2</sup>

## LXXXIV.

## AN EPIGRAM,

TO THE QUEEN, THEN LYING-IN, MDCXXX.

Hail, Mary, full of grace! it once was said,  
And by an angel, to the blessed'st maid,  
The Mother of our Lord: why may not I,  
Without profaneness, as a poet, cry,  
Hail, MARY, full of honours! to my Queen,  
The mother of our Prince? when was there  
seen,

Except the joy that the first Mary brought,  
Whereby the safety of mankind was wrought,  
So general a gladness to an isle,  
To make the hearts of a whole nation smile,  
As in this prince? let it be lawful, so  
To compare small with great, as still we owe  
Glory to God. Then, hail to Mary! spring  
Of so much safety to the Realm and King!

<sup>1</sup> *Haste now, envious moon,  
And interpose thyself, &c.* The prince  
(Charles II.) was born this year, on the 29th of  
May, on which day there was an eclipse of the  
moon. This day was also memorable for the  
appearance of a star. "On the 29th of May  
(Sir Richard Baker says) the queen was brought  
to bed of a son, which was baptized at St.  
James's on the 27th of June, and named  
Charles. It is observed that at his nativity,  
at London, was seen a star about noon-time:  
what it portended, good or ill, we leave to the  
astrologers."

Bishop Corbet has a congratulatory poem—  
"To the new-borne Prince, upon the birth  
of a star and the following eclipse:" it abounds  
in all that extravagance of conceit which  
characterizes the poetry of his school. Of the moon  
he says,

"And was't this news that made pale Cynthia run  
In so great haste to intercept the sun!"

And he questions the infant very significantly  
on the appearance of the star:

"Was heaven afraid to be outdone on earth  
When thou wert born, great prince, that it  
brought forth  
Another light to help the aged sun,  
Lest by thy lustre he might be out-shone?  
Or, were the obsequious stars so joyed, to view

## LXXXV.

## AN ODE OR SONG,

BY ALL THE MUSES, IN CELEBRATION OF  
HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY, MDCXXX.

1. *Cho.* Up, public joy, remember  
This sixteenth of November,  
Some brave uncommon way:  
And though the parish steeple  
Be silent to the people,  
Ring thou it holy-day.

2. *Mel.* What though the thrifty Tower,  
And guns there spare to pour  
Their noises forth in Thunder:  
As fearful to awake  
This city, or to shake  
Their guarded gates asunder?

3. *Thal.* Yet let our trumpets sound,  
And cleave both air and ground,  
With beating of our drums:  
Let every lyre be strung,  
Harp, lute, theorbo sprung,  
With touch of learned thumbs.

4. *Eut.* That when the quire is full,  
The harmony may pull  
The angels from their spheres:  
And each intelligence  
May wish itself a sense,  
Whilst it the ditty hears.

Thee, that they thought their countless eyes  
too few  
For such an object?" &c.

<sup>2</sup> After this Epigram the 12mo edition, 1640,  
inverts two others on the same subject. The  
first, on the *Birth of the Prince*, bears, perhaps,  
some remote resemblance of Jonson's style, at  
least as much of it as is here subjoined; but the  
concluding part is of a different character, and  
could only have proceeded from some wretched  
imitator of Donne. The second piece, called a  
*Parallel of the Prince to the King*, is utterly  
unworthy of notice. I cannot descend to vin-  
dicate the poet from either of them.

## ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

Another Phoenix, though the first is dead,  
A second's flown from his immortal bed,  
To make this our Arabia to be  
The nest of an eternal progeny.  
Choice nature framed the former, but to find,  
What error might be mended in mankind:  
Like some industrious workmen, which affect  
Their first endeavours only to correct:  
So this the building, that the model was,  
The type of all that now is come to pass;  
That but the shadow, this the substance is,  
All that was but the prophecy of this:  
And when it did this after birth forerun,  
'Twas but the morning star unto this sun;  
The dawning of this day, &c.

5. *Terp.* Behold the royal Mary,  
The daughter of great Harry!  
And sister to just Lewis!  
Comes in the pomp and glory  
Of all her brother's story,

And of her father's prowess!<sup>1</sup>

6. *Erat.* She shows so far above  
The feigned queen of love,  
This sea girt isle upon:  
As here no Venus were;  
But that she reigning here,  
Had put the ceston on!

7. *Call.* See, see our active king,  
Hath taken twice the ring,<sup>2</sup>  
Upon his pointed lance:  
Whilst all the ravished rout  
Do mingle in a shout,  
Hey for the flower of France!

8. *Ura.* This day the court doth measure  
Her joy in state and pleasure;  
And with a reverend fear,  
The revels and the play,  
Sum up this crowned day,  
Her two and twentieth year.

9. *Poly.* Sweet, happy Mary, all  
The people her do call,  
And this the womb divine!  
So fruitful and so fair,  
Hath brought the land an heir,  
And Charles a Caroline!

<sup>1</sup> Comes in the pomp and glory  
Of all her brother's story,  
And of her father's prowess.] So the folio  
in the 4to and 2mo 1640, the words *brother* and  
*father* stand in each other's places. I think the  
present reading is most consonant to the truth  
of history.—WHAL.

As I have carefully collated all the editions,  
and formed the text according to the best of my  
judgment, I do not think it necessary to encum-  
ber the page with a list of minute variations,  
most of which, probably, originated at the press.  
[After all Gifford has departed from the folio  
in only two instances, and in both, I think, he  
had better not have meddled with it. In the  
last line of the third stanza the folio reads  
"touch of *dainty* thumbs," instead of *learned*;  
and in the last line of the sixth stanza, "had  
*got* the ceston on," instead of *put*, thereby con-  
veying the more poetical idea of an *unconscious*  
assumption of the magic girdle. I may add, on  
the other hand, that in my opinion both Whalley  
and Gifford have erred in following the folio in  
the substitution of *father* for *brother*, and of  
*brother* for *father* in the fifth stanza.—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> See, see our active king,  
Hath taken twice the ring.] This amusement  
generally made a part of the court entertain-  
ments in those active days. A ring of small  
diameter was suspended by a riband from a kind  
of traverse beam of which the horizontal beam

## LXXXVI.

## AN EPIGRAM

TO THE HOUSEHOLD, MDCXXX.<sup>3</sup>

What can the cause be, when the king  
hath given  
His poet sack, the Household will not  
pay?  
Are they so scantied in their store? or  
driven  
For want of knowing the poet, to say  
him nay?

Well, they should know him, would the  
king but grant  
His poet leave to sing his Household  
tune;  
He'd frame such ditties of their store and  
want,  
Would make the very Green-cloth to look  
blue.

And rather wish in their expense of  
sack,

So the allowance from the king to use,  
As the old bard should no canary lack;

\*Twere better spare a butt than spill his  
Muse.

For in the genius of a poet's verse,  
The king's fame lives. Go now, deny his  
tierce!<sup>4</sup>

moved on a swivel. At this the competitors  
rode, with their spear couched, at full speed.  
The object was to carry off the ring on the point  
of the spear, which was a matter of some nicety:  
the usual reward of the victor was an ornamented  
wreath from the lady of the day.

<sup>3</sup> It is said by the anonymous author of a little  
collection of "Poems, by Nobody must know  
whom" (and who nevertheless everybody may  
know to be John Eliot), that this Epigram was  
thought too severe by the board of green-cloth,  
and that Ben therefore wrote a second, in a  
smoother style, and with better success.

"You swore, dear Ben, you'd turn 'the green-  
cloth blue'

If your dry Muse might not be bathed in sack;  
This with those fearless lords nothing prevailing,  
The scene you altered," &c.—p. 26.

This poor man, who seems to be a kind of  
counterpart of Fennor (vol. iii. p. 163), affects  
to be familiar with Jonson, and styles himself his  
*friend*, a title to which he proves his claim some-  
what after the manner of Jonson's other "friend,"  
Drummond of Hawthornden, by yelping at him.

<sup>4</sup> Go now, deny his tierce.] Of wine; part of  
his salary as poet laureate.—WHAL.

This was the second to which the poet was  
intitled. The Household quickly fell into  
arrears in those days.

## LXXXVII.

## AN EPIGRAM

## TO A FRIEND AND SON.

Son, and my friend, I had not called you so  
To me; or been the same to you, if show,  
Profit, or chance had made us: but I know,  
What, by that name, we each to other owe,  
Freedom and truth; with love from those  
begot:

Wise-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures  
not.

His is more safe commodity or none:

Nor dares he come in the comparison.

But as the wretched painter, who so ill

Painted a dog, that now his subtler skill

Was t' have a boy stand with a club, and  
fright

All live dogs from the lane, and his shop's  
sight,

Till he had sold his piece, drawn so un-  
like:

So doth the flatterer with fair cunning  
strike

At a friend's freedom, proves all circling  
means

To keep him off; and howsoe'er he  
gleans

Some of his forms, he lets him not come  
near

Where he would fix, for the distinction's  
fear;

For as at distance few have faculty

To judge; so all men coming near, can  
spy;

Though now of flattery, as of picture, are

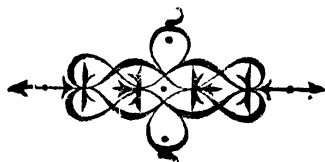
More subtle works, and finer pieces far,

Than knew the former ages; yet to life

All is but web and painting; be the strife

Never so great to get them: and the ends,

Rather to boast rich hangings than rare  
friends.



# A Pindaric Ode

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP OF THAT  
NOBLE PAIR,

SIR LUCIUS CARY AND SIR H. MORISON.

A PINDARIC ODE, &c.] In that MS. volume, which I have supposed to be compiled by order of the Earl of Newcastle, there is a letter to him from Jonson, inclosing a few poems on himself. "My noblest lord, (he says,) and my patron by excellence, I have here obeyed your commands, and sent you a packet of mine own praises, which I should not have done, if I had any stock of modesty in store:—but obedience is better than sacrifice;" and you command it."

Two of the inclosures are from (Lord Falkland) Sir Lucius Cary. The first he calls "An Anniversary Epistle on Sir Henry Morison, with an Apostrophe to my father Jonson."

"Noble Father,

"I must imitate Master Gamaliel Du: both in troubling you with ill verses, and the intention of professing my service to you by them. It is an Anniversary to Sir Henry Morison, in which, because there is something concerns some way an antagonist of yours,<sup>1</sup> I have applied it to you. Though he may be angry at it, I am yet certain that *tale temperamentum sequar ut de vis queri non poterit si de se bene sentiat*. What is ill in them (which I fear is all) belongs only to myself: if there be any thing tolerable, it is somewhat you dropt negligently one day at The Dog,<sup>2</sup> and I took up.

*Tu tantum accipies ego te legisse putabo  
Et tumidus Gallæ credulitate fruor.*

Sir, I am

Your son and servant."

It appears that this was the third "Anniversary" which Sir Lucius had written; and as Jonson's letter is fortunately dated, (Feb. 4th, 1631,) we are authorized to place the death of young Morison in 1629, which must also be the date of the Ode.

Nothing can exceed the affectionate warmth with which Sir Lucius speaks of his friend, who appears, indeed, to have deserved all his kindness.

"He had an infant's innocence and truth,  
The judgment of grey hairs, the wit of youth,  
Not a young rashness, nor an aged despair,  
The courage of the one, the other's care;  
And both of them might wonder, to discern  
His ableness to teach, his skill to learn," &c.

Among other topics of praise, his friendship and respect for our author are noticed:

"And next his admiration fixed on thee,  
Our Metropolitan in poetry," &c.

The second inclosure of Sir Lucius is a poetical "Epistle to his noble father Ben." In

<sup>1</sup> This antagonist is Quarles. It does not appear why he was hostile to Jonson. Sir Henry says little more than that the subdued and careless tone of his divine poetry is suitable to the expression of sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> [The Dog was apparently one of Jonson's favourite haunts. Herrick speaks of "the lyric feasts made at The Sun, The Dog, The Triple Tun." (See vol. i. p. cxi.a). There was a famous tavern of this name in Holywell-street.—F. C.]

this he gives the commencement of their acquaintance in an elegant application to himself of the fable of the fox, who first feared the lion, then grew familiar with him, &c.

"I thought you proud, for I did surely know,  
Had I Ben Jonson been, I had been so :  
Now I recant, and doubt whether your store  
Of ingenuity,<sup>1</sup> or ingine be more."

And he adds a wish, which was probably accompanied with some token of his kindness :

"I wish your wealth were equal to them both ;  
You have deserved it : and I should be loth  
That want should a quotidian trouble be,  
To such a Zeno in philosophy."

At what period the acquaintance of this "noble pair" begun I know not. They seem to have travelled together. Not long after the return of Sir Lucius Cary to England, their intimacy was still more closely cemented by his growing attachment to Letitia, the sister of Sir Henry Morison, and the daughter of Sir Richard Morison, of Tooley Park, in Leicestershire, whom, to the displeasure of his father (for the lady had no fortune) he subsequently married. The amiable youth did not live to witness this event, which took place in 1630, when Lucius was in his twentieth year. "She was a lady" (Lord Clarendon says) "of a most extraordinary wit (sense) and judgment, and of the most signal virtue, and exemplary life, that the age produced, and who brought him many hopeful children in which he took great delight."

The life and death of this most distinguished nobleman are familiar to every reader of English history. Lord Clarendon, who knew him well, having lived, as he says, "on terms of the most unreserved friendship with him from the age of twenty to the hour of his death," has given in the *History of the Rebellion*, a delineation of his character replete with grace, elegance, strength, and beauty, warm with truth, and glowing with genuine admiration ; which yet does not go beyond what was said and thought of him by his contemporaries : and it is quite amusing to find Horace Walpole indulging a hope to counteract the effect of Lord Clarendon's description, with a few miserable inuendos and captious quibbles, and persuade us that his friend was little better than a driveller. It is the frog of the fable, waddling after the lordly bull, with a view to efface the print of his footsteps.

Warburton says well in his letters to Hurd that "Walpole (whom he terms a most insufferable coxcomb) after reading Clarendon, would blush, if he had any sense of shame, for his abuse of Lord Falkland." But Walpole had no *sense of shame*. He persecuted Lord Falkland, as he did the gallant and high-spirited Duke of Newcastle, because he was loyal to his prince.

Walpole is particularly severe upon Lord Falkland's poetry. Much need not be said of it :—but when it is considered that this illustrious nobleman always speaks of it himself with the greatest modesty, and that his little pieces are nothing more than occasional tributes of love and duty, the sneer of such an Aristarchus will not appear particularly well directed. It is true that Walpole was only acquainted with the lines in the *Jonsonus Virbius* :—but had he known of those, which are now mentioned, for the first time, he would not have abated of his virulence ; for he had adopted the opinion of his "clawback," Pinkerton, respecting Jonson, and any additional praise of him would therefore only call forth additional abuse of the writer.

There is another part of Lord Falkland's character particularly obnoxious to the critic. "He (Lord Falkland) had naturally," (Lord Clarendon says, in the *History of his own Life*), "such a generosity and bounty in him, that he seemed to have his estate in trust for all worthy persons who stood in want of supplies and encouragement, as BEN JONSON and others of that time, whose fortunes required, and whose spirits made them superior to ordinary obligations." Walpole, who never bestowed a sixpence on any worthy object or person, and who continued to extreme old age, to fumble with his gold, till his fingers, like those of Midas, grew encrusted with it, must have been

<sup>1</sup> Of ingenuity. i.e. of ingenuousness, candour, frankness : ingine (wit) is used in the large sense of genius and talents ; the common acceptation of the word in that age.

greatly scandalized at this, and probably drew from it his shrewd conclusion that Lord Falkland "had much debility of mind." To have done with this calumniator of true patriotism, loyalty, and virtue—though gorged to the throat with sinecures, he was always railing at corruption, and indulging, with the low scribblers whose flattery he purchased with praise, (for he gave nothing else, except the hope of a legacy, which he never intended to realize,<sup>1</sup>) in splenetic sneers at kings and courtiers : he called himself a republican, and uttered many grievous complaints of the loss of liberty, &c., and yet went crying out of the world because the French were putting his hopeful maxims of reform into practice.

[See *ante*, note to Epigram xliii. p. 232, for another tirade against Walpole.—F.C.]

*A Pindaric Ode, &c.*] In the edition of 1640, in 12mo, this poem is called *A Pindaric Ode*; a title left out in all subsequent editions, and which I have now restored. For this ode is a true and regular Pindaric, and the first in our language that hath a just claim to that title. Jonson was perfectly acquainted with the manner of Pindar, and hath followed it with great exactness in the structure of this poem. The terms of art, denoted by the *turn*, the *counter-turn*, and the *stand*, are a translation of the *strophè*, the *antistrophè*, and *epode*, which divided the Greek odes. The English reader may possibly be desirous to have them more particularly explained; what I have to say therefore on this point, I shall take the liberty to borrow from the learned Mr. West's preface to his elegant translation of the *Odes of Pindar*. It is chiefly built upon a passage in the *Scholia on Hephæstion*. "The ancients, says the scholiast, in their odes framed two large stanzas, and one less : the first of the large stanzas they called *strophè*, singing it on their festivals at the altars of their gods, and dancing at the same time. The second they called *antistrophè*, in which they inverted the dance : the lesser stanza was named the *epode*, which they sung standing still. From this passage, (continues Mr. West,) it appears evident, that these odes were accompanied with dancing, and that they danced one way while the *strophè* was singing, and then danced back again while the *antistrophè* was sung : which shews why these two parts consisted of the same length and measure : then when the dancers were returned to the place whence they set out, before they renewed the dance, they stood still while the *epode* was sung. Such was the structure of the Greek ode, in which the *strophè* and *antistrophè*, i.e. the first and second stanzas, contained always the same number, and the same kind of verses; the *epode* was of a different length and measure : and if the ode ran out into any length, it was always divided into triplets of stanzas; the two first being constantly of the same length and measure; and all the *epodes* in like manner corresponding exactly with each other : from all which the regularity of this kind of compositions is sufficiently evident." Thus far this ingenious gentleman. There is one remark, however, to be made upon the scholiast of Hephæstion; who supposeth the *epode* to be always the lesser stanza, or to contain fewer verses than either the *strophè* or *antistrophè* : but this is not true in fact : the *epodes* of Pindar are various; some of them fall short of the *strophè*, some have an equal number of verses, and others again exceed it : and Jonson hath made his *stand* to be longer than the *turn*, or *counter-turn*, by the addition of a couplet. The reader will, I hope, excuse the prolixity of this note; I have been the more exact in explaining the true nature of the Pindaric ode, as the poem before us does honour to Jonson's learning and knowledge in ancient criticism, and as the idea we have formed from compositions of this kind, by many modern poets, gives us but a very distorted likeness of the great original : a much better copy was taken by our author, than what appears in those collections of lines of all lengths and sizes, which have been passed upon the world as translations or imitations of Pindar.—WHAL.

I agree with Whalley. Nothing but ignorance of the existence of this noble Ode can excuse the critics, from Dryden downwards, for attributing the introduction of the Pindaric Ode into our language to Cowley. Cowley mistook the very nature of Pindar's poetry, at least of such as is come down to us, and while he professed to "imitate the style and manner of his Odes," was led away by the ancient allusions to

<sup>1</sup> On this point Mr. Pinkerton is peculiarly affecting, in the Preface to his *Walpoliana*.

those wild and wonderful strains of which not a line has reached us. The metre of Pindar is regular, that of Cowley is utterly lawless; and his perpetual straining after points of wit seems to shew that he had formed no correcter notion of his *manner* than of his *style*. It is far worse when he leaves his author, and sets up for a Pindaric writer on his own account. But I am not about to criticise Cowley.

In Jonson's Ode we have the very soul of Pindar. His artful but unlaboured plan, his regular returns of metre, his interesting pathos, his lofty morality, his sacred tone of feeling, occasionally enlivened by apt digression or splendid illustration. To be short, there have been Odes more sublime, Odes far more poetical than this before us, but none that, in Cowley's words, so successfully "copy the style and manner of the Odes of Pindar." As Jonson was his first, so is he his best, imitator.

## LXXXVIII.

## A PINDARIC ODE

## ON THE DEATH OF SIR H. MORISON.

## I.

## THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear  
Thy coming forth in that great year,<sup>1</sup>  
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown  
His rage, with razing your immortal town.  
Thou looking then about,  
Ere thou wert half got out,  
Wise child, didst hastily return,  
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.  
How summed a circle didst thou leave  
mankind  
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find!

## THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

Did wiser nature draw thee back,  
From out the horror of that sack;  
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard  
of right,  
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and  
night,  
Urged, hurried forth, and hurled  
Upon th' affrighted world;

<sup>1</sup> *Brave infant of Saguntum, clear Thy coming forth, &c.* Saguntum was a city of Spain, memorable for its fidelity to the Romans, and the miseries it underwent when besieged by Hannibal. It was at last taken by storm; but the inhabitants, who before had suffered all extremities, committed themselves and their effects to the flames, rather than fall into the hands of their enemy. The story to which Jonson here refers, is thus told by Pliny: *Est inter exempla, in uterum protinus reversus infans Sagunti, quo anno ab Annibale delrtus est*, l. 7, c. 3.—WHAL.

It ought to be observed that the word Pindaric was not prefixed by Jonson: in the Museum

Sword, fire, and famine with fell fury met,  
And all on utmost ruin set:  
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,  
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

## THE EPODE, OR STAND.

For what is life, if measured by the space,  
Not by the act?  
Or masked man, if valued by his face,  
Above his fact?  
Here's one outlived his peers,  
And told forth fourscore years:<sup>2</sup>  
He vexed time, and busied the whole  
state;  
Troubled both foes and friends;  
But ever to no ends:  
What did this stirrer but die late?  
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!  
For three of his fourscore he did no good.

## II.

## THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

He entered well by virtuous parts,  
Got up, and thrived with honest arts;  
He purchased friends, and fame, and  
honours then,  
And had his noble name advanced with  
men:  
But weary of that flight,  
He stooped in all men's sight

MS. the poem is simply called "An Ode on the Death of Sir H. Morison."

<sup>2</sup> *Here's one outlived his peers, And told forth fourscore years.* Perhaps this, and what follows in the next stanza, was intended as a character of Carr, who, taken into favour by James I., was at length advanced to the Earldom of Somerset. The particulars of his history are well known.—WHAL.

This does not apply to Carr, who could not have told forth much above forty years when the Ode was written. It seems to refer rather to the old Earl of Northampton; but, perhaps, no particular person was meant, though the poetical character might be strengthened and illustrated by traits incidentally drawn from real life.

To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,  
And sunk in that dead sea of life,  
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,  
But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

Alas ! but MORISON fell young :<sup>1</sup>  
He never fell,—thou fall'st, my tongue.  
He stood a soldier to the last right end,  
A perfect patriot, and a noble friend ;  
But most a virtuous son.  
All offices were done  
By him, so ample, full, and round,  
In weight, in measure, number, sound,  
As, though his age imperfect might appear,  
His life was of humanity the sphere.

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

Go now, and tell our days summed up with  
fears,  
And make them years ;  
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,  
To swell thine age :  
Repeat of things a throng,  
To shew thou hast been long,  
Not lived ; for life doth her great actions  
spell,  
By what was done and wrought  
In season, and so brought  
To light : her measures are, how well  
Each syllabe answered, and was formed,  
how fair ;  
'These make the lines of life, and that's her  
air !

III.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be ;<sup>2</sup>  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred  
year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :  
A lily of a day,  
Is fairer far, in May,

<sup>1</sup> *Alas ! but Morison fell young.* ] There was then another conformity between the destinies of the noble pair, which, however, Jonson did not live to witness : for Lucius himself had scarcely attained his thirty-third year, when he also fell, gloriously fell, in the field of honour, and in the cause of his sovereign and his country at the battle of Newbury.

<sup>2</sup> *It is not growing like a tree, &c.* ] "The qualities of vivid perception and happy expression" (it is said in the *Life of John Dryden*) "unite in many passages of Shakspeare ; but such Jonson"—poor Ben's *unarmed head is made a quain* upon all occasions—"but such Jon-

son was unequal to produce, and he substituted strange, forced, and most unnatural analogies." —p. xi. For the proof of this we are referred to the present Ode, which, with the rest of Jonson's "Pindarics" (where are they to be found?) is treated with the most sovereign contempt. "In reading Jonson (it is added) we have often to marvel how his conceptions could have occurred to any human being. Shakspeare is like an ancient statue, the beauty of which, &c. Jonson is the representation of a monster, which is at first only surprising, and ludicrous and disgusting ever after." —p. xii.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

Call, noble LUCIUS, then for wine,  
And let thy looks with gladness shine :  
Accept this Garland, plant it on thy head,  
And think, may know, thy MORISON's not  
dead.  
He leaped the present age,  
Possess with holy rage,  
To see that bright eternal day ;  
Of which we priests and poets say  
Such truths as we expect for happy men :  
And there he lives with memory, and BEN

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

JONSON, who sung this of him, ere he went,  
Himself, to rest,  
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant  
To have exprest,  
In this bright asterism !—  
Where it were friendship's schism,  
Were not his Lucius long with us to  
tarry,  
To separate these twi-  
Lights, the Dioscuri ;  
And keep the one half from his Harry.  
But fate doth so alternate the design,  
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth  
must shine,—

IV.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

And shine as you exalted are ;  
Two names of friendship, but one star :  
Of hearts the union, and those not by  
chance  
Made, or indenture, or leased out t' ad-  
vance  
The profits for a time.  
No pleasures vain did chime,

son was unequal to produce, and he substituted strange, forced, and most unnatural analogies." —p. xi. For the proof of this we are referred to the present Ode, which, with the rest of Jonson's "Pindarics" (where are they to be found?) is treated with the most sovereign contempt. "In reading Jonson (it is added) we have often to marvel how his conceptions could have occurred to any human being. Shakspeare is like an ancient statue, the beauty of which, &c. Jonson is the representation of a monster, which is at first only surprising, and ludicrous and disgusting ever after." —p. xii.

[Gifford often sneers in this way at Sir Walter Scott, but never mentions his name.—F. C.]



Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,  
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests:  
But simple love of greatness and of good,  
That knits brave minds and manners more  
than blood.

#### THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

This made you first to know the why  
You liked, then after, to apply  
That liking; and approach so one the  
t'other,  
Till either grew a portion of the other:  
Each styled by his end,  
The copy of his friend  
You lived to be the great sir-names,  
And titles, by which all made claims  
Unto the Virtue: nothing perfect done,  
But as a CARY, or a MORISON.

#### THE EPODE, OR STAND.

And such a force the fair example had,  
As they that saw  
The good, and durst not practise it were  
glad  
That such a law  
Was left yet to mankind;  
Where they might read and find  
Friendship, indeed, was written not in  
words;  
And with the heart, not pen,  
Of two so early men  
Whose lines her rolls were, and records:  
Who, ere the first down bloomed on the  
chin,  
Had sowed these fruits, and got the har-  
vest in.

#### LXXXIX.

#### AN EPIGRAM

TO WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE,<sup>1</sup>  
ON HIS FENCING.

They talk of Fencing, and the use of arms,  
The art of urging and avoiding harms,  
The noble science, and the mastering skill  
Of making just approaches how to kill;

To hit in angles, and to clash with time:  
As all defence, or offence were a chime!  
I hate such measured—give me mettled—  
fire,

That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts  
higher!

A quick and dazzling motion; when a pair  
Of bodies meet like rarified air!  
Their weapons darted with that flame and  
force,

As they out-did the lightning in the course;  
This were a spectacle, a sight to draw  
Wonder to valour! No, it is the law  
Of daring not to do a wrong; 'tis true  
Valour to slight it, being done to you.  
To know the heads of danger, where 'tis fit  
To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it;  
All this, my lord, is valour: this is yours;<sup>2</sup>  
And was your father's, all your ancestors'!  
Who durst live great 'mongst all the colds  
and heats

Of human life; as all the frosts and sweats  
Of fortune, when or death appeared, or  
bands;  
And valiant were, with or without their  
hands.

#### XC.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD  
HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND,<sup>3</sup> AN  
EPISTLE MENDICANT, MDCXXXI.

#### MY LORD,

Poor wretched states, prest by extremities,  
Are fain to seek for succours and supplies  
Of princes aids, or good men's charities.

Disease the enemy, and his ingineers,  
Want, with the rest of his concealed com-  
peers,

Have cast a trench about me, now five years,

And made those strong approaches by  
faussebrayes,

Redouts, half-moons, horn-works, and  
such close ways,

The Muse not peeps out, one of hundred  
days;

<sup>1</sup> Jonson's connexion with the family of this distinguished nobleman was close and of long continuance. He has monumental verses on several of its members. [Here Gifford inserted, in a note extending over ten pages, a variety of compositions by Jonson, which it has been thought better to remove to the end of the volume.—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> *All this, my lord, is valour; this is yours.* This was written many years before the Earl of Newcastle (or as the MS. terms him, of Mans-

field) took up arms in the defence of his king and country. Jonson knew his patrons; and it may be added, to the credit of his discernment, that few of them belied his praises.

<sup>3</sup> Richard, Lord Weston. He was appointed to this office in 1628, and was succeeded at his death, in 1634, by a commission, at the head of which was Laud. This Epistle enables us to ascertain the commencement of that illness which, after a tedious and painful conflict of eleven years, terminated the poet's life in 1637.

But lies blocked up and straitened, narrowed in,  
Fixed to the bed and boards, unlike to win  
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never  
been;

Unless some saving honour of the crown,  
Dare think it, to relieve, no less renown,  
A bed-ridden wit, than a besieged town.

## XCI.

TO THE KING ON HIS BIRTHDAY,  
NOV. 19, MDCXXXII.

AN EPIGRAM ANNIVERSARY.

This is King Charles his day. Speak it,  
thou Tower,  
Unto the ships, and they from tier to  
tier,  
Discharge it 'bout the island in an hour,  
As loud as thunder and as swift as fire.  
Let Ireland meet it out at sea, half-way,  
Repeating all Great Britain's joy and  
more,  
Adding her own glad accents to this day,  
Like Echo playing from the other shore.  
What drums or trumpets, or great ordnance  
can,  
The poetry of steeples, with the bells,  
Three kingdoms' mirth, in light and airy  
man,  
Made lighter with the wine. All noises  
else,  
At bonfires, rockets, fireworks, with the  
shouts  
That cry that gladness which their hearts  
would pray,  
Had they but grace of thinking, at these  
routes,  
On the often coming of this holy-day:  
And ever close the burden of the  
song,  
Still to have such a Charles, but this  
Charles long.  
The wish is great; but where the prince is  
such,  
What prayers, people, can you think too  
much!

## XCII.

ON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND VIR-  
TUEOUS LORD WESTON, LORD HIGH  
TREASURER OF ENGLAND, UPON THE  
DAY HE WAS MADE EARL OF PORT-  
LAND, FEB. 17, MDCXXXII. [1633.]

TO THE ENVIOUS.<sup>1</sup>

Look up, thou seed of envy, and still bring  
Thy faint and narrow eyes to read the king  
In his great actions: view whom his large  
hand  
Hath raised to be the PORT unto his  
LAND!  
Weston! that waking man, that eye of  
state!  
Who seldom sleeps! whom bad men only  
hate!  
Why do I irritate or stir up thee,  
Thou sluggish spawn, that canst, but wilt  
not see!  
Feed on thyself for spight, and shew thy  
kind:  
To virtue and true worth be ever blind.  
Dream thou couldst hurt it, but before thou  
wake  
To effect it, feel thou'st made thine own  
heart ache.

## XCIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HIEROME,  
LORD WESTON,<sup>2</sup> AN ODE GRATU-  
LATORY FOR HIS RETURN FROM HIS  
EMBASSY, MDCXXXII.

Such pleasure as the teeming earth  
Doth take in easy nature's birth,  
When she puts forth the life of everything;  
And in a dew of sweetest rain,  
She lies delivered without pain,  
Of the prime beauty of the year, the Spring.

The rivers in their shores do run,  
The clouds rack clear before the sun,  
The rudest winds obey the calmest air;  
Rare plants from every bank do rise,  
And every plant the sense surprise,  
Because the order of the whole is fair!

<sup>1</sup> *To the Envious.*] Weston had many enemies, and his sudden rise was not seen without jealousy. Charles appears to have entertained an extraordinary regard for him, probably on account of his being warmly recommended by the Duke of Buckingham, whose favour, however, he is said to have outlived. The treasurer seems to have been an imprudent, improvident man; with considerable talents for business, but

fickle and irresolute. He died, Lord Clarendon says, without being lamented, "bitterly mentioned by those who never pretended to love him, and severely censured by those who expected most from him and deserved best of him."

<sup>2</sup> The eldest son of the Earl of Portland; a young man of amiable manners, and of talents and worth.

The very verdure of her nest,  
Wherein she sits so richly drest,  
As all the wealth of season there was spread,  
Doth shew the Graces and the Hours<sup>1</sup>  
Have multiplied their arts and powers,  
In making soft her aromatic bed.

Such joys, such sweets, doth your return  
Bring all your friends, fair lord, that burn,  
With love, to hear your modesty relate,

<sup>1</sup> *Doth shew the Graces and the Hours* ] The *Hours* are the poetical goddesses, which in common language mean only the seasons; but our poet has the authority of his Greek and Roman predecessors.—W<sup>H</sup>AL.

The business of your blooming wit,  
With all the fruit shall follow it,  
Both to the honour of the king and state.

O how will then our court be pleased,  
To see great Charles of travail eased,  
When he beholds a graft of his own hand,  
Shoot up an olive, fruitful, fair,  
To be a shadow to his heir,  
And both a strength and beauty to his land!

I do not quite understand what was meant to be said in this note; but I will venture to add to it, that there is a great deal of grace and beauty in this little compliment.



## Epithalamion, or a Song,

Celebrating the Nuptials of that noble Gentleman, Mr. **HIEROME WESTON**, son and heir of the Lord **WESTON**, Lord High Treasurer of England, with the Lady **FRANCES STEWART**, daughter of **ESME**, Duke of **Lenox**, deceased, and sister of the surviving Duke of the same name.

[**EPITHALAMION**, &c.] Jerome returned from his embassy in 1632, and became Earl of Portland in 1634, so that this poem was probably written in the intermediate year. This marriage was much forwarded by Charles, in compliment (Lord Clarendon says) to the Treasurer; the bride, who was distantly related to the king, was the youngest daughter of **ESME**, third Duke of **Lenox**, the friend and patron of Jonson; she is celebrated for her beauty and amiable qualities, and was happy in a husband altogether worthy of her. In her issue she was less fortunate; her only son, whom Lord Clarendon mentions (in his "Life") as a young man of excellent parts, being killed in the action with the Dutch fleet under **Opdam** in 1665. "He died fighting very bravely." The title fell to his uncle, who died without issue, when it became extinct: and thus was verified the pious and prophetic hope of that rancorous puritan **Sir Antony Weldon**, that "God would reward **Weston**, and that he and his posterity, which, like a **Jonas's** gourd, sprang up suddenly from a beggarly estate to much honour and great fortunes, would shortly wither!"—*Court of King Charles*, p. 43.

### XCIV.

#### EPITHALAMION.

Though thou hast past thy summer-standing, stay

Awhile with us, bright sun, and help our light;

Thou canst not meet more glory on the way,  
Between thy tropics, to arrest thy sight,  
Than thou shalt see to-day:

We woo thee stay;

And see what can be seen,

The bounty of a king, and beauty of his queen.

See the procession! what a holy day,

Bearing the promise of some better fate,  
Hath filled with caroches all the way,

From **Greenwich** hither to **Rowhampton** gate!

When looked the year, at best,

So like a feast;

Or were affairs in tune,

By all the spheres' consent, so in the heart  
of June?

What beauty of beauties, and bright youths  
at charge

Of summer's liveries, and gladdening  
green,

Do boast their loves and braveries so at  
large,

As they came all to see and to be  
seen!

When looked the earth so fine,

Or so did shine,

In all her bloom and flower,

To welcome home a pair, and deck the  
nuptial bower?

It is the kindly season of the time,

The month of youth, which calls all  
creatures forth

To do their offices in nature's chime,

And celebrate, perfection at the worth,

Marriage, the end of life,

That holy strife,

And the allowed war,

Through which not only we, but all our  
species are.

Hark how the bells upon the waters play  
Their sister-tunes from Thames his either  
side,

As they had learned new changes for the  
day,

And all did ring the approaches of the  
bride ;

The Lady FRANCES drest

Above the rest

Of all the maidens fair ;

In graceful ornament of garland, gems,  
and hair.

See how she paceth forth in virgin-white,  
Like what she is, the daughter of a duke,  
And sister ; darting forth a dazzling light  
On all that come her simplest to rebuke !

Her tresses trim her back,

As she did lack

Nought of a maiden queen,

With modesty so crowned, and adoration  
seen.

Stay, thou wilt sec what rites the virgins  
do,

The choicest virgin-troop of all the land !

Porting the ensigns of united two,

Both crowns and kingdoms in their either  
hand :

Whose majesties appear,

To make more clear

This feast, than can the day,

Although that thou, O sun, at our entreaty  
stay !

See how with roses, and with lilies shine,

Lilies and roses, flowers of either sex,

The bright bride's paths, embellished more  
than thine,

With light of love this pair doth intertext !

Stay, see the virgins sow,

Where she shall go,

The emblems of their way. —

O, now thou smil'st, fair sun, and shin'st,  
as thou wouldst stay !

With what full hands, and in how plen-  
teous showers

Have they bedewed the earth, where she  
doth tread,

As if her airy steps did spring the flowers,  
And all the ground were garden where  
she led !

See, at another door

On the same floor,

The bridegroom meets the bride

With all the pomp of youth, and all our  
court beside !

Our court, and all the grantees ! now, sun,  
look,

And looking with thy best inquiry, tell,

In all thy age of journals thou hast took,

Saw'st thou that pair became these rites  
so well,

Save the preceding two ?<sup>1</sup>

Who, in all they do,

Search, sun, and thou wilt find

They are the exampled pair, and mirror of  
their kind.

Force from the Phœnix, then, no rarity

Of sex, to rob the creature ; but from  
man,

The king of creatures, take his parity

With angels, Muse, to speak these : no-  
thing can

Illustrate these, but they

Themselves to-day,

Who the whole act express ;

All else we see beside, are shadows and  
go less.

It is their grace and favour that makes seen,  
And wondered at the bounties of this  
day ;

All is a story of the king and queen :

And what of dignity and honour may

Be duly done to those

Whom they have chose,

And set their mark upon,

To give a greater name and title to ! their  
own !

WESTON, their treasure, as their treasurer,

That mine of wisdom and of counsels  
deep,

Great say-master of state, who cannot err,  
But doth his caract and just standard

keep,

In all the proved assays,

And legal ways

Of trials, to work down

Men's loves unto the laws, and laws to love  
the crown.

<sup>1</sup> *Save the preceding two, &c.* The king and queen. In *Love's Welcome at Bolsover*, Jonson compliments this illustrious pair on the strictness and purity of their union ; if that can be called compliment which is merely truth. In all his domestic relations, Charles I. stood unparalleled ; he was an indulgent master, a faithful

and affectionate husband, and a tender parent.

This must have been a very splendid ceremony. Both the king and the favourite were to be gratified by assisting at it, and it is probable that few of the young nobility were absent. Charles himself acted as father to the bride, and gave her away.

And this well moved the judgment of the king

To pay with honours to his noble son  
To-day, the father's service; who could bring

Him up, to do the same himself had done:  
That far all-seeing eye  
Could soon espy

What kind of waking man  
He had so highly set; and in what Barbican.<sup>1</sup>

Stand there; for when a noble nature's raised,

It brings friends joy, foes grief, posterity fame;

In him the times, no less than prince, are praised,

And by his rise, in active men his name  
Doth emulation stir;  
To the dull a spur

It is, to the envious meant

A mere upbraiding grief and torturing punishment.

See now the chapel opens, where the king  
And bishop stay to consummate the rites;

The holy prelate prays, then takes the ring,  
Asks first, who gives her?—I, CHARLES

—then he plights

One in the other's hand,

Whilst they both stand

Hearing their charge, and then

The solemn quire cries Joy! and they return *Amen!*

O happy bands! and thou more happy place,

Which to this use wert built and consecrate!

To have thy God to bless, thy king to grace,  
And this their chosen bishop celebrate,

And knit the nuptial knot,

Which time shall not,

Or cankered jealousy,

With all corroding arts, be able to untie!

The chapel empties, and thou mayst be gone

Now, sun, and post away the rest of day:

These two, now holy church hath made them one,

<sup>1</sup> *He had so highly set, and in what Barbican.*]  
An old word for a beacon, fortress, or watch-tower:

"Within the *Barbican* a porter sate,  
Day and night, duly keeping watch and ward."  
*Fairy Queen*, b. 2, cant. 9.—WHAL.

One of the streets of London takes its name from an edifice of that kind, anciently standing

Do long to **make** themselves so' another way:

There is a **feast behind,**

To them of kind,

Which their glad parents taught

One to the other, long ere these to light were brought.

Haste, haste, officious sun, and send them night

Some hours before it should, that these may know

All that their fathers and their mothers might  
Of nuptial sweets, at such a season, owe,

To propagate their names,

And keep their fames

Alive, which else would die;

For fame keeps virtue up, and it posterity.

The ignoble never lived, they were awhile  
Like swine, or other cattle here on earth:

Their names are not recorded on the file  
Of life, that fall so; Christians know  
their birth

Alone, and such a race,

We pray may grace

Your fruitful spreading vine,

But dare not ask our wish in language Fescennine.

Yet as we may, we will,—with chaste desires,

The holy perfumes of the marriage-bed,  
Be kept alive, those sweet and sacred fires

Of love between you and your lovely-head!

That when you both are old,

You find no cold

There; but renewed, say,

After the last child born, This is our wedding-day.

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,

A Richard, and a Hierome, by their names

Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call;

A Kate, a Frank, to honour their grand-dames,

And 'tween their grandsires' thighs,

Like pretty spies,

Peep forth a gem; to see

How each one plays his part, of the large pedigree!

there. Stow thus describes it: "On the north-west side of this city, near unto Red-cross Street, there was a tower, commonly called *Barbican*, or *Burkfenning*, for that the same being placed on a high ground, and also being builded of some good height, was in old time used as a watch-tower for the city."—Ed. 4to, 1603, p. 70.

And never may there want one of the stem  
To be a watchful servant for this state;  
But like an arm of eminence 'mongst them,  
Extend a reaching virtue early and late!  
Whilst the main tree still found  
Upright and sound,  
By this sun's noonsteds made  
So great; his body now alone projects the  
shade.

They both are slipped to bed; shut fast  
the door,  
And let him freely gather love's first-  
fruits.

He's master of the office; yet no more  
Exacts than she is pleased to pay: no  
suits,

Strifes, murmurs, or delay,

Will last till day;

Night and the sheets will show  
The longing couple all that elder lovers  
know.

## XCV.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF POOR BEN;  
TO TH' BEST OF MONARCHS, MASTERS,  
MEN,

KING CHARLES.

— Doth most humbly show it,  
To your majesty, your poet:

That whereas your royal father,  
JAMES the blessed, pleased the rather,  
Of his special grace to letters,  
To make all the Muses debtors  
To his bounty; by extension  
Of a free poetic pension,

<sup>1</sup> *Those your father's marks, your pounds.*] The petition succeeded; the reader has, annexed to our poet's life, a copy of the warrant creating him poet laureate, with a salary of 100*l.* per annum.—WHAL.

The warrant is dated March, 1630, the Petition must therefore be referred to the beginning of that year.

<sup>2</sup> *If to my mind, great lord, I had a state.*] The learned reader may compare this with the 8th ode of the fourth book of Horace, as it seems to be copied from it. Our poet, as we find by some verses wrote by no well-wisher to him, received forty pounds for this Epigram. Let the reader judge which was greatest, the generosity of the treasurer, or the genius and address of Jonson.—WHAL.

Whalley has strange notions of copying. Jonson has taken a hint from the opening of the Ode to Censorinus, and that is all.

The verses to which Whalley alludes are in the 4to and 12mo editions, 1640, in which this Epigram also appears; in Eliot's Poems they are thus prefixed:

A large hundred marks annuity,  
To be given me in gratuity  
For done service, and to come:

And that this so accepted sum,  
Or dispensed in books or bread,  
(For with both the Muse was fed)  
Hath drawn on me from the times,  
All the envy of the rhymes,  
And the rattling pit-pat noise  
Of the less poetic boys,  
When their pot-guns aim to hit,  
With their pellets of small wit,  
Parts of me they judged decayed;  
But we last out still unlayed.

Please your Majesty to make  
Of your grace, for goodness sake,  
Those your Father's marks, your pounds:<sup>1</sup>  
Let their spite, which now abounds,  
Then go on and do its worst;  
This would all their envy burst:  
And so warm the poet's tongue,  
You'd read a snake in his next song.

## XCVI.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD  
TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

## AN EPIGRAM.

If to my mind, great lord, I had a state,<sup>2</sup>  
I would present you now with curious plate  
Of Noremberg or Turkey; hang your rooms,  
Not with the Arras, but the Persian looms:  
I would, if price or prayer could them get,  
Send in what or Romano, Tintoret,  
Titan, or Raphael, Michael Angelo,  
Have left in fame to equal or out-go

"TO BEN JONSON, UPON HIS VERSES TO THE  
EARL OF PORTLAND, LORD TREASURER.

"Your verses are commended, and 'tis true,  
That they were very good, I mean to you:  
For they returned you, Ben, as I was told,  
A certain sum of forty pound in gold;  
The verses, then being rightly understood,  
His lordship, not Ben Jonson, made them  
good."—p. 27.

This poor simpleton, who appears to have earned a wretched subsistence by harassing the charitable with doggerel petitions for meat and clothes, was answered (according to his folly) by some one in Jonson's name; for the lines, though published in the small edition so often quoted, were not written by him.

## "TO MY DETRACTOR.

<sup>1</sup> *My verses were commended, thou dost say,  
And they were very good, yet thou thinkst nay.  
For thou objectest, as thou hast been told,  
Th' envied return of forty pound in gold.*

The old Greek hands in picture or in stone.

This I would do, could I think WESTON  
one

Catched with these arts, wherein the judge  
is wise

As far as sense, and only by the eyes.

But you I know, my lord, and know you  
can

Discern between a statue and a man ;  
Can do the things that statues do deserve,  
And act the business which they paint or  
carve.

What you have studied, are the arts of life;  
To compose men and manners ; stint the  
strife

Of murmuring subjects ; make the nations  
know

What worlds of blessings to good kings  
they owe :

And mightiest monarchs feel what large  
increase

Of sweets and safeties they possess by  
peace.

These I look up at with a reverent eye,  
And strike religion in the standers-by ;  
Which though I cannot, as an architect,  
In glorious piles or pyramids erect  
Unto your honour ; I can tune in song  
Aloud : and, haply, it may last as long.

Fool, do not rate my rhymes ; I have found  
thy vice

Is to make cheap the lord, the lines, the price.  
But bark thou on ; I pity thee poor cur,  
That thou shouldst lose thy noise, thy foam,  
thy stir,

To be known what thou art, thou blatant beast :  
But writing against me, thou thinkst at least  
I now would write on thee ; no, wretch, thy  
name

Cannot work out unto it such a fame :  
No man will tarry by thee as he goes,  
To ask thy name, if he have half a nose,  
But flee thee like the pest. Walk not the street  
Out in the dog-days, lest the killer meet  
Thy noddle with his club, and dashing forth  
Thy dirty brains, men see thy want of worth."

p. 119.

The question proposed by Whalley for the exercise of the reader's judgment seems very unnecessary. Forty pounds was a very considerable present in those days, and whether bestowed on want or worth, or both, argues a liberal and a noble spirit. The "Epigram" was probably written in 1632.

<sup>1</sup> *Witness his action done at Scanderoon, Upon his birthday, the eleventh of June.* [This refers to an action in the bay of Scanderoon, in 1628, wherein he beat certain vessels belonging to the states of Venice. "This onset was made," says Antony Wood, "as 'tis reported, on the eleventh of June (his birthday, as Ben

XCVII.

AN EPIGRAM

TO MY MUSE, THE LADY DIGBY, ON HER  
HUSBAND, SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Though, happy Muse, thou know my  
DIGBY well,

Yet read him in these lines. He doth excel  
In honour, courtesy, and all the parts  
Court can call hers, or man could call his  
arts.

He's prudent, valiant, just and temperate :  
In him all virtue is beheld in state ;

And he is built like some imperial room  
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.

His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,  
Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet :

Where nature such a large survey hath  
ta'en,

As other souls, to his, dwelt in a lane :  
Witness his action done at Scanderoon,

Upon his birth-day, the eleventh of June ;<sup>1</sup>  
When the apostle Barnaby the bright

Unto our year doth give the longest light,  
In sign the subject, and the song will live,

Which I have vowed posterity to give.  
Go, Muse, in, and salute him. Say he be

Busy, or frown at first, when he sees thee,

Jonson will have it), yet a pamphlet that was published the same year, giving an account of all the transactions of that fight, tells us it was on the 16th of the same month ; which if true, then the fortune of that day is again marred." To all which we must answer, that this same pamphlet or letter, which gives the relation of this action, was dated indeed on the 16th of June, but it expressly says that the action happened on the 11th of the same month ; and this is confirmed likewise by Mr. Ferrar's *Epitaph on the Death of Sir Kenelm Digby*, which makes the 11th of June memorable for his birthday, the day of his victory, and the day of his death. The epitaph is as follows :

"Under this stone the matchless Digby lies,  
Digby the great, the valiant, and the wise :  
This age's wonder for his noble parts,  
Skilled in six tongues, and learned in all the  
arts :

Born on the day he died, the eleventh of June,  
On which he bravely fought at Scanderoon ;  
'Tis rare that one and self-same day should be  
His day of birth, of death, and victory."

It is remarkable that Antony Wood refers us to this epitaph, and quotes two verses from it, and yet disputes the authority of our poet for the time of his birth.—WHAL.

Wood was probably influenced by Aubrey, who observes on the couplet quoted by Whalley, "Mr. Elias Ashmole assures me from two or three nativities by Dr. Napier, that Ben Jonson



He will clear up his forehead ; think thou bring'st

Good omen to him in the note thou sing'st :  
For he doth love my verses, and will look  
Upon them, next to Spenser's noble book,<sup>1</sup>  
And praise them too. O what a fame  
'twill be,

What reputation to my lines and me,  
When he shall read them at the Treasurer's  
board,

The knowing Weston, and that learned  
lord

Allows them ! then, what copies shall he  
had,

What transcripts begged ! how cried up,  
and how glad

Wilt thou be, Muse, when this shall them  
befall !

Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

### XCVIII.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, SUNG TO KING  
CHARLES, MDCXXXV.

#### *Prelude.*

New years expect new gifts : sister, your  
harp,

Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are called to-day ;  
Your change of notes, the flat, the mean,  
the sharp,

To shew the rites, and usher forth the way  
Of the new year, in a new silken warp,

To fit the softness of our year's-gift ;  
when

We sing the best of monarchs, masters,  
men ;

For had we here said less, we had sung  
nothing then.

#### *Chorus of NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS.*

*Rector Cho.* To-day old Janus opens the  
new year,

And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all  
loyal swains,

That know the times and seasons when t'  
appear,

And offer your just service on these plains ;  
Best kings expect first fruits of your glad  
gains.

1 *Shep.* Pan is the great preserver of our  
bounds.

2 *Shep.* To him we owe all profits of our  
grounds.

3 *Shep.* Our milk,

4 *Shep.* Our fells,

5 *Shep.* Our fleeces,

6 *Shep.* And first lambs,

7 *Shep.* Our teeming ewes,

8 *Shep.* And lusty mounting rams.

9 *Shep.* See where he walks, with Mira  
by his side.

*Cho.* Sound, sound his praises loud, and  
with his hers divide.

Of PAN we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,  
That drives the hart to seek unused ways,

*Shep.* And in the chase more than Syl-  
vanus can ;

*Cho.* Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, re-  
sound his praise.

Of brightest MIRA do we raise our song,

Sister of Pan, and glory of the spring ;

*Nym.* Who walks on earth, as May still  
went along.

*Cho.* Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

Of Pan we sing, the chief of leaders, Pan,

*Cho. of Shep.* That leads our flocks and  
us, and calls both forth

To better pastures than great Pales can :

Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound  
his worth.

Of brightest Mira is our song ; the grace

*Cho. of Nym.* Of all that nature yet to  
life did bring ;

And were she lost, could best supply her  
place :

Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

was mistaken, and did it for the rhyme sake." We have here a couple of dreamers—but they are not worth an argument : it is more to the purpose to observe from the latter, that "Sir Kenelm Digby was held to be the most accomplished cavalier of his time, the *Mirandola* of his age, that he understood ten or twelve languages, and was well versed in all kinds of learning, very generous and liberal to deserving persons, and a great patron to Ben Jonson, who has some excellent verses on him," &c.—*Letters by Eminent Persons*, vol. ii. p. 326.

Sir Kenelm Digby was one of our poet's adopted sons : he is now more remembered for

his chemical reveries, his sympathetic powder, &c., than for his talents and accomplishments. He was, however, an eminent man, and a benefactor to the literature of his country. He died in 1665.

<sup>1</sup> *For he doth love my verses, and will look, Upon them, next to Spenser's noble book.* Sir Kenelm had a great affection for the *Fairy Queen*, and wrote a commentary on a single stanza of that poem. It is called, *Observations on the 22nd stanza in the 9th canto of the 2nd book of Spenser's Fairy Queen*, Lond. 1644. Octavo.—*WHALE*.

1 *Shep.* Where'er they tread the enamoured ground,  
The fairest flowers are always found :  
2 *Shep.* As if the beauties of the year  
Still waited on them where they were.

1 *Shep.* He is the father of our peace ;

2 *Shep.* She to the crown hath brought increase.

1 *Shep.* We know no other power than his ;  
Pan only our great shepherd is,

*Cho.* Our great, our good. Where one's so drest

In truth of colours, both are best.

*Rect. Cho.* Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler swains,

That have a flock or herd upon these plains :  
This is the great preserver of our bounds,  
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds ;  
Your milks, your fells, your fleeces, and first lambs,

Your teeming ewes, as well as mounting rams.  
Whose praises let's report unto the woods,  
That they may take it echoed by the floods.

*Cho.* 'Tis he, 'tis he ; in singing he,  
And hunting, Pan, exceedeth thee :  
He gives all plenty and increase,  
He is the author of our peace.

*Rect. Cho.* Where'er he goes upon the ground

The better grass and flowers are found.

To sweeter pastures lead he can,  
Than ever Pales could, or Pan :  
He drives diseases from our folds,  
The thief from spoil his presence holds :  
Pan knows no other power than his,  
This only the great shepherd is.

*Cho.* 'Tis he, 'tis he ; &c.<sup>1</sup>

### XCIX.

#### ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.\*

Rouse up thyself, my gentle Muse,

Though now our green conceits be gray,  
And yet once more do not refuse

To take thy Phrygian harp, and play

In honour of this cheerful day :

Long may they both contend to prove

That best of crowns is such a love.

<sup>1</sup> In the old copy several love verses are ridiculously tacked to this chorus : they have already appeared, and the circumstance is only noted here to mark the carelessness or ignorance of those who had the ransacking of the poet's study after his death. [See *ante*, Underwoods, No. xl. p. 307 a. — F. C.]

\* This is probably Ben's last tribute of duty to his royal master : it is not his worst ; it was perhaps better as it came from the poet, for a

Make first a song of joy and love,  
Which chastely flames in royal eyes,  
Then tune it to the spheres above,  
When the benignant stars do rise,  
And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.  
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,  
Whilst diadems invest his head ;  
Long may he live, whose life doth bound  
More than his laws, and better led  
By high example, than by dread.  
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see  
His roses and his lilies blown :  
Long may his only dear and he  
Joy in ideas of their own  
And kingdom's hopes, so timely sown.  
Long may they both contend to prove  
That best of crowns is such a love.

### C.

#### TO MY LORD THE KING, ON THE CHRISTENING HIS SECOND SON, JAMES.<sup>3</sup>

That thou art loved of God, this work is done,

Great king, thy having of a second son :  
And by thy blessing may thy people see  
How much they are beloved of God in thee.

Would they would understand it ! princes are

Great aids to empire, as they are great care  
To pious parents, who would have their blood

Should take first seisin of the public good,  
As hath thy James ; cleansed from original dross,

This day, by baptism, and his Saviour's cross.

Grow up, sweet babe, as blessed in thy name,  
As in renewing thy good grandsire's fame :  
Methought Great Britain in her sea before  
Sate safe enough, but now secured more.  
At land she triumphs in the triple shade,  
Her rose and lily intertwined, have made.

*Oceano securo meo, securior umbris.*

stanza has apparently been lost, or confounded with the opening one.

<sup>3</sup> James II. was born October 15th, 1633, and the ceremony here mentioned took place in the succeeding month. In the *Diary of Laud's Life* (fol. 1695, p. 49), is the following memorandum by the Archbishop :—" November 24, 1633.—Sunday in the afternoon, I christened King Charles his second son, James Duke of York, at St. James's."

C1.

## AN ELEGY.

ON THE LADY JANE PAWLET, MARCHIONNESS OF WINTON.<sup>1</sup>

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,  
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew,<sup>2</sup>  
And beckoning woos me, from the fatal tree  
To pluck a garland for herself or me?  
I do obey you, Beauty! for in death  
You seem a fair one. O that you had breath  
To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I  
feel

A horror in me, all my blood is steel;  
Stiff! stark! my joints 'gainst one another  
knock!

Whose daughter?—Ha! great Savage of  
the Rock.<sup>3</sup>

He's good as great. I am almost a stone!  
And ere I can ask more of her, she's gone!—  
Alas, I am all marble! write the rest  
Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon  
my breast:

It is a large fair table, and a true,  
And the disposure will be something new,  
When I, who would the poet have become,  
At least may bear the inscription to her  
tomb.

She was the Lady JANE, and Marchionness  
of Winchester; the heralds can tell this.  
Earl Rivers' grandchild—'serve not forms,  
good Fame,

Sound thou her virtues, give her soul a  
name.

Had I a thousand mouths, as many tongues,  
And voice to raise them from my brazen  
lungs,

I durst not aim at that; the dotes were such  
Thereof, no notion can express how much

Their caract was: I or my trump must  
break,

But rather I, should I of that part speak;  
It is too near of kin to heaven, the soul,  
To be described! Fame's fingers are too  
foul

To touch these mysteries: we may admire  
The heat and splendour, but not handle fire.  
What she did here, by great example, well,  
I'll inlive posterity, her Fame may tell;  
And calling Truth to witness, make that  
good

From the inherent graces in her blood!  
Else who doth praise a person by a new  
But a feigned way, doth rob it of the true.  
Her Sweetness, Softness, her fair Courtesy,  
Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,  
Were like a ring of Virtues 'bout her set,  
And Piety the centre where all met.

A reverend state she had, an awful eye,  
A dazzling, yet inviting, majesty:  
What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact  
Could sum to a perfection, was her Act!  
How did she leave the world, with what  
contempt!

Just as she in it lived, and so exempt  
From all affection! when they urged the cure  
Of her disease, how did her soul assure  
Her sufferings, as the body had been away!  
And to the torturers, her doctors, say,  
Stick on your cupping-glasses, fear not, put  
Your hottest caustics to, burn, lance, or cut:  
'Tis but a body which you can torment,  
And I into the world all Soul was sent:  
Then comforted her lord, and blest her son,<sup>4</sup>  
Cheered her fair sisters in her race to run,  
With gladness tempered her sad parents  
tears,

Made her friends joys to get above their  
fears,

<sup>1</sup> *An Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet, &c.*] The folio reads *Lady Anne*, though Jane, the true name, occurs, as Whalley observes, just below. This wretched copy is so full of errors, that the reader's attention would be too severely proved if called to notice the title of them; in general they have been corrected in silence.

This Lady Jane was the first wife of that brave and loyal nobleman, John, fifth Marquis of Winchester. He was one of the greatest sufferers by the Usurpation; but he lived to see the restoration of the royal family, and died full of years and honour in 1674. The Marchioness died in 1631, which is therefore the date of the Elegy.

<sup>2</sup> *What gentle ghost besprent with April dew, Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew!* Pope seems to have imitated the first lines of this elegy, in his poem to the *Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*:

"What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight  
shade,  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade!"  
—WHAL.

Pope's imitation, however, falls far short of the picturesque and awful solemnity of the original.

<sup>3</sup> *Great Savage of the Rock.*] The seat of that family in Cheshire, from which the lady was descended. Camden gives us the following account of it: "The Wever flows between Frodsham, a castle of ancient note, and Clifton, at present called *Rock Savage*, a new house of the Savages, who by marriage have got a great estate here." *Brit. p. 563.*—WHAL.

<sup>4</sup> *Then comforted her lord and blest her son, &c.*] Warton calls this a "pathetic Elegy," and indeed this passage has both pathos and beauty. It is a little singular that Jonson makes no allusion to her dying in childbed, which it would appear from Milton's Epitaph, she actually did. He

And in her last act taught the standers-by  
With admiration and applause to die!

Let Angels sing her glories, who did call  
Her spirit home to her original;  
Who saw the way was made it, and were  
sent

To carry and conduct the complement  
"Twixt death and life, where her mortality  
Became her birth-day to eternity!  
And now through circumfused light she  
looks,

On Nature's secret there, as her own books:  
Speaks heaven's language, and discourseth  
free

To every order, every hierarchy!  
Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see  
What the beginnings of all beauties be;  
And all beatitudes that thence do flow:  
Which they that have the crown are sure to  
know!

Go now, her happy parents, and be sad,  
If you not understand what child you had!  
If you dare grudge at heaven, and repent  
I' have paid again a blessing was but lent,

speaks of a disease: she was delivered of a  
dead child; and some surgical operation appears  
to have been performed, or attempted, without  
success. There can be no doubt of Jonson's  
accuracy, for he was living on terms of respect-  
ful friendship with the Marquis of Winchester.

Jonson principally dwells on the piety of this  
lady: she seems also to have been a person of  
rare endowments and accomplishments. Howell  
(p. 182) puts her in mind that he taught her  
Spanish, and sends her a sonnet which he had  
translated into that language from one in Eng-  
lish by her ladyship, with the music, &c., and  
Cartwright returns her thanks, in warm lan-  
guage, "for two most beautiful pieces, wrought  
by herself in needlework, and presented to the  
University of Oxford, the one being the story of  
the Nativity, the other of the Passion of our  
Saviour."

"Blest mother of the church, he, in the list,  
Reckon'd from hence the she-Evangelist;  
Nor can the style be profanation, when  
The needle may convert more than the pen:  
When faith may come by seeing, and each leaf,  
Rightly perused, prove gospel to the deaf," &c.  
*Poems*, p. 196.

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Beaumont has also an elegy on the  
death of this lady, beginning with these lines:

"Can my poor lines no better office have,  
But he like scritch-owls still about the grave?  
When shall I take some pleasure for my pain,  
Commending them that can commend again?"  
—WHAL.

It may also be added that Eliot has an  
"Elegy on the Lady Jane Paulet, Marchioness  
of Winchester," &c., in which he follows Milton

And trusted so, as it deposited lay  
At pleasure, to be called for every day!

If you can envy your own daughter's  
bliss,

And wish her state less happy than it is;  
If you can cast about your either eye,  
And see all dead here, or about to die!

The stars, that are the jewels of the  
night,

And day, deceasing, with the prince of  
light,

The sun, great kings, and mightiest king-  
doms fail;

Whole nations, nay, mankind! the world,  
with all

That ever had beginning there, t' have  
end!

With what injustice should one soul pre-  
tend

T' escape this common known necessity?  
When we were all born, we began to die;

And, but for that contention, and brave  
strife

The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,!

as to the immediate cause of her death. Though  
the poem, which is very long, is in John's best  
manner, I should not have mentioned it, had it  
not afforded me an opportunity of explaining a  
passage in Shakspeare which has sorely puzzled  
the commentators:

"Either" (says the gallant Henry V.)

"Either our history shall, with full mouth,  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless  
mouth.

Not worshipped with a waxen epitaph."

Act i. sc. 2.

Stevens says that the allusion is "to the  
ancient custom of writing on waxen tablets,"  
and Malone proves, at the expense of two pages,  
that his friend has mistaken the poet's meaning,  
and that he himself is—just as wide of it.

In many parts of the Continent it is customary,  
upon the decease of an eminent person, for his  
friends to compose short laudatory poems, epi-  
taphs, &c., and affix them to the herse or grave,  
with pins, wax, paste, &c. Of this practice,  
which was once prevalent here also, I had col-  
lected many notices, which, when the circum-  
stance was recalled to my mind by Eliot's  
verses, I tried in vain to recover: the fact, how-  
ever, is certain.

In the Bishop of Chichester's verses to the  
memory of Dr. Donne is this couplet:

"Each quill can drop his tributary verse,  
And pin it, like a hatchment, to his herse."

Eliot's lines are these:

"Let others, then, sad Epitaphs invent,  
And paste them up about thy monument:

He were the wretched'st of the race of  
men:  
But as he soars at that, he bruises then

The serpent's head ; gets above death and  
sin,  
And, sure of heaven, rides triumphing in.

While my poor muse contents itself, that she  
Vents sighs, not words, unto thy memory."

*Poems*, p. 39.

It is very probable that the beautiful epitaph  
on the Countess of Pembroke was attached,  
with many others, to her herse. We know that  
she had no monument ; and the verses seem to  
intimate that they were so applied :

"Underneath this *sable herse*  
Lies the subject of all *verse*,  
*Sidney's sister*," &c.

To this practice Shakspeare alludes. He had  
at first written *paper* epitaph, which he judi-  
ciously changed to *waxen*, as less ambiguous,  
and altogether as familiar to his audience.  
Henry's meaning therefore is : "I will either  
have my full history recorded with glory, or lie  
in an undistinguished grave :"—not merely  
without an inscription sculptured in stone, but  
unworshipped (unhonoured) even by a waxen  
epitaph—i.e., by the short-lived compliment of  
a paper fastened on it.



# Eupheme.

OR THE FAIR FAME LEFT TO POSTERITY OF THAT TRULY NOBLE LADY

THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY,

LATE WIFE OF SIR KENELME DIGBY, KNT., A GENTLEMAN  
ABSOLUTE IN ALL NUMBERS.

Consisting of these Ten Pieces :

The dedication of her CRADLE,  
The Song of her DESCENT,  
The Picture of her BODY,  
Her MIND,  
Her being chosen a MUSE,  
Her fair OFFICES,

Her happy MATCH,  
Her hopeful ISSUE,  
Her ΑΙΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, or, Relation to the  
SAINTS,  
Her inscription, or CROWNING.

*Vitam amare Voluptas, defunctam Religio.*—STAT.

CII.

EUPHEME.

OR THE FAIR FAME LEFT TO POSTERITY OF  
THAT TRULY NOBLE LADY,

THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY, &c.<sup>1</sup>

I.

THE DEDICATION OF HER CRADLE.

Fair Fame, who art ordained to crown  
With evergreen and great renown,  
Their heads that Envy would hold down  
With her, in shade

Of death and darkness ; and deprive  
Their names of being kept alive,  
By Thee and Conscience, both who thrive  
By the just trade

Of goodness still : vouchsafe to take  
This cradle, and for goodness sake,  
A dedicated ensign make  
Thereof to Time ;

That all posterity, as we,  
Who read what the Crepundia be,  
May something by that twilight see  
'Bove rattling rhyme.

<sup>1</sup> *The Lady Venetia Digby, &c.* ] This celebrated lady, Venetia Anastasia Stanley, was the daughter of Sir Edward Stanley of Tong Castle, Shropshire. Her story, which is somewhat remarkable, is given at length by Aubrey and Antony Wood, from whom I have taken what follows : "She was a most beautiful, desirable creature ; and being *matura viro*, was left by her father, to live with a tenant and servants at Enston Abbey ; but as private as that place was, it seems her beauty could not lie hid : the young eagles had espied her, and she was sanguine and tractable, and of much suavity, (which to abuse was great pity.)

"In those days Richard, Earl of Dorset, lived in the greatest splendour of any nobleman of England. Among other pleasures that he enjoyed, Venus was not the least. This pretty

creature's fame quickly came to his ears, who made no delay to catch at such an opportunity. I have forgot who first brought her to town :—but the Earl of Dorset aforesaid was her greatest gallant ; he was extremely enamoured of her, and had one, if not more children by her. He settled on her an annuity of 500*l.* per annum. Among other young sparks of that time, Sir Kenelm Digby grew acquainted with her, and fell so much in love with her that he married her. "She had a most lovely sweet-turned face, delicate dark-brown hair : she had a perfectly healthy constitution, good skin ; well-proportioned ; inclining to a bona-roba. (a) Her face a

(a) Poor Aubrey appears to think *bona-roba* synonymous with *embonpoint*.

For though that rattles, timbrels, toys,  
Take little infants with their noise,  
As properest gifts to girls and boys,  
Of light expense ;  
Their corals, whistles, and prime coats,  
Their painted masks, their paper boats,  
With sails of silk, as the first notes  
Surprise their sense.

Yet here are no such trifles brought,  
No cobweb caul, no surcoats wrought  
With gold, or clasps, which might be  
bought

On every stall :  
But here's a song of her descent ;  
And call to the high parliament  
Of Heaven ; where Seraphim take tent  
Of ordering all :

This uttered by an ancient bard,  
Who claims, of reverence, to be heard,  
As coming with his harp prepared  
To chant her 'gree,  
Is sung : as als' her getting up,  
By Jacob's ladder, to the top  
Of that eternal port, kept ope  
For such as she.

## II.

## THE SONG OF HER DESCENT.

I sing the just and uncontrolled descent  
Of Dame VENETIA DIGBY, styled the fair :

short oval, dark browne eye-brow, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eye-lids. The colour of her cheeks was just that of the damask rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale. See Ben Jonson's 2nd volume, where he hath made her live in poetry, in his drawing of her both body and mind."—*Letters*, &c., vol. ii. p. 332.

What truth there may be in these aspersions, I know not ; that they had some foundation can scarcely be doubted. But whatever was the conduct of this "beautiful creature" before her marriage with Sir Kenelm, it was most exemplary afterwards ; and she died universally beloved and lamented.

The amiable and virtuous Habington has a poem on her death addressed to Castara :

"Weep not, Castara," &c.

This speaks volumes in her praise, for Habington would not have written, nor would his Castara have wept, for an ordinary character. Randolph and Feltham have each an Elegy upon her, as has Rutter, the author of the *Shepherd's Holiday*. In Randolph's poem I was struck with four lines of peculiar elegance, which I give from recollection :

"Bring all the spices that Arabia yields,  
Distil the choicest flowers that paint the fields ;  
And when in one their best perfections meet,  
Embalm her corse, that she may make them  
sweet."

For mind and body the most excellent  
That ever nature, or the later air,  
Gave two such houses as Northumberland  
And Stanley, to the which she was co-  
heir.  
Speak it, you bold Penates, you that stand  
At either stem, and know the veins of  
good  
Run from your roots ; tell, testify the grand  
Meeting of Gracces, that so swelled the  
flood  
Of Virtues in her, as, in short, she grew  
The wonder of her sex, and of your  
blood.  
And tell thou, Alde-legh, none can tell  
more true  
Thy niece's line, than thou that gav'st  
thy name  
Into the kindred, whence thy Adam drew  
Meschines honour, with the Cestrian fame  
Of the first Lupus, to the family  
By Ramulph—

*The rest of this song is lost.*

## III.

## THE PICTURE OF THE BODY.

Sitting, and ready to be drawn,  
What make these velvets, silks, and lawn,  
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,  
Where every limb takes like a face ?

Lady Digby was found dead in her bed, with her cheek resting on her hand : to this Habington alludes—

"She past away  
So sweetly from the world, as if her clay  
Laid only down to slumber."

"Some (says Aubrey) suspected that she was poisoned. When her head was opened, there was found but *little brain*, which her husband imputed to her drinking of viper-wine ; but spiteful women would say 'twas a viper-husband, who was jealous of her.' This fact of the *little brain* is thus alluded to by Owen Feltham :

"Yet there are those, striving to salve their own  
Deep want of skull, have in a fury thrown  
Scandal on her, and say *she wanted brain*.  
Botchers of nature ! your eternal stain  
This judgment is," &c.

With respect to the insinuation noticed by Aubrey, it is probably a mere calumny. Sir Kenelm was distractedly fond of his lady, and, as he was a great dabbler in chemistry, is said to have attempted to exalt and perpetuate her beauty by various extracts, cosmetics, &c., to some of which, Pennant suggests, she might probably fall a victim. The better opinion, however, was that she died in a fit. Her death took place in 1633, when she was just turned of thirty-two. She left three sons.

Send these suspected helps to aid  
Some form defective, or decayed;  
This beauty, without falsehood fair,  
Needs nought to clothe it but the air.

Yet something to the painter's view,  
Were fitly interposed; so new:  
He shall, if he can understand,  
Work with my fancy his own hand.

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,  
And out of that, make day to break;  
Till like her face it do appear,  
And men may think all light rose there.

Then let the beams of that disperse  
The cloud, and shew the universe;  
But at such distance, as the eye  
May rather yet adore than spy.

The heaven designed, draw next a spring,  
With all that youth or it can bring:  
Four rivers branching forth like seas,  
And Paradise confining these.<sup>1</sup>

Last, draw the circles of this globe,  
And let there be a starry robe  
Of constellations 'bout her hurled;  
And thou hast painted Beauty's world.

But, painter, see thou do not sell  
A copy of this piece; nor tell  
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,  
Next sitting we will draw her mind

## IV.

## THE PICTURE OF THE MIND.

Painter, you're come, but may be gone,  
Now I have better thought thereon,  
This work I can perform alone;  
And give you reasons more than one.

'Tis not that your art I do refuse;  
But here I may no colours use.  
Beside, your hand will never hit,  
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,  
An eagle towering in the sky,  
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit;<sup>2</sup>  
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to express this mind to sense,  
Would ask a heaven's intelligence;  
Since nothing can report that flame,  
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speak yourself, and  
As you go on, by what brave way  
Our sense you do with knowledge fill,  
And yet remain our wonder still.

I call you, Muse, now make it true:  
Henceforth may every line be you;  
That all may say, that see the frame,  
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect fine,  
As 'tis not radiant, but divine;  
And so disdaining any trier,  
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,  
As it another nature were,  
It moveth all; and makes a flight  
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will express  
In speech; it is with that excess  
Of grace, and music to the ear,  
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,  
As some soft chime had stroked the  
air;  
And though the sound were parted  
thence,  
Still left an echo in the sense.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,  
So swift, so pure, should yet apply  
Itself to us, and come so nigh  
Earth's grossness; there's the how and  
why.

Is it because it sees us dull,  
And sunk in clay here, it would pull  
Us forth, by some celestial sleight,  
Up to her own sublimed height?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,  
Some Paradise or palace found,  
In all the bounds of Beauty, fit  
For her to inhabit? There is it.

<sup>1</sup> Four rivers branching forth, like seas,  
And Paradise confining these.] That could  
never be the case; the land may be confined by  
the rivers, though not these by the land. And  
this the sacred historian tells us was the situa-  
tion of Paradise; for confining, therefore, we  
must read, confined in these.—WHAL.

Whalley has prayed his bible ill, and the poet  
is a better scriptural geographer than the priest.

The river that watered Paradise branched into  
four heads immediately upon quitting it. Para-  
dise, therefore, was not inclosed by the four  
rivers; it merely touched them. Could my pre-  
decessor be ignorant that the primitive sense of  
confine was to border upon?

<sup>2</sup> Or soundless pit.] i.e., bottomless, that  
cannot be fathomed.—WHAL.



Thrice happy house, that hast receipt  
For this so lofty form, so streight,  
So polished, perfect, round and even,  
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,  
But stooping gently as a cloud,  
As smooth as oil poured forth, and calm  
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,  
Where it may run to any good ;  
And where it stays, it there becomes  
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind ;  
In rest, like spirits left behind  
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,  
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,  
Yet know, with what thou art posset,  
Thou, entertaining in thy breast  
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.<sup>1</sup>

[A whole quaternion in the midst of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole is the eighth) excepting the very end : which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus.]

## VIII.

## (A FRAGMENT.)

—But for you, growing gentlemen, the happy branches of two so illustrious houses as these, wherefrom your honoured mother is in both lines descended ; let me leave you this last legacy of counsel ; which, so soon as you arrive at years of mature understanding, open you, sir, that are the eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful servant and client of your family, with his latest breath expiring it

BEN JONSON.

TO KENELM, JOHN, GEORGE.<sup>2</sup>

Boast not these titles of your ancestors,  
Brave youths, they're their possessions,  
none of yours :

<sup>1</sup> This little piece is highly poetical. Some of the stanzas are exquisitely beautiful, and indeed the whole may be said to be vigorously conceived and happily expressed.

<sup>2</sup> Of these three sons, George probably died young. Kenelm, the eldest, a young man of great abilities and virtues, nobly redeemed the error of his grandfather, and took up arms for

When your own virtues equalled have their names,

'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames ;  
For they are strong supporters : but, till then,

The greatest are but growing gentlemen.  
It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds,  
Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds

Up to their ancestors ; the river's side  
By which you're planted shews your fruit  
shall bide.

Hang all your rooms with one large  
pedigree ;

'Tis virtue alone is true nobility :  
Which virtue from your father, ripe, will  
fall ;

Study illustrious him, and you have all.

## IX.

ELEGY ON MY MUSE,  
THE TRULY HONOURED LADY,  
THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY ;

WHO LIVING, GAVE ME LEAVE TO CALL  
HER SO.

BEING HER ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, OR, RELATION  
TO THE SAINTS.

*Sera quidem tanto struitur medicina  
dolore.*

'Twere time that I died too, now she is  
dead,

Who was my Muse, and life of all I did ;  
The spirit that I wrote with, and conceived :

All that was good or great with me, she  
waved,

And set it forth ; the rest were cobwebs  
fine,

Spun out in name of some of the old Nine,  
To hang a window, or make dark the  
room,

Till swept away, they were cancelled with  
a broom !

Nothing that could remain, or yet can stir  
A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her !

O ! had I seen her laid out a fair corse,  
By death, on earth, I should have had  
remorse

his sovereign. He was slain at the battle of St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire, July 7th, 1648 ; and John is said to have succeeded to the family estate, after removing some legal bar interposed in a moment of displeasure by his father.

The lines which follow bear a running allusion to the eighth satire of Juvenal ; they are evidently a mere fragment.

On Nature for her; who did let her lie,  
And saw that portion of herself to die.  
Sleepy or stupid Nature, couldst thou part  
With such a rarity, and not rouse Art,  
With all her aids, to save her from the  
seize  
Of vulture Death, and those relentless  
cleis?<sup>1</sup>  
Thou wouldst have lost the Phœnix, had  
the kind  
Been trusted to thee; not to itself assigned.  
Look on thy sloth, and give thyself undone,  
(For so thou art with me) now she is gone:  
My wounded mind cannot sustain this  
stroke.  
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would  
provoke  
The world to ruin with it; in her fall,  
I sum up mine own breaking, and wish all.  
Thou hast no more blows, Fate, to drive  
at one;  
What's left a poet, when his Muse is gone?  
I see I am dead, and know it not! I feel  
Nothing I do; but like a heavy wheel,  
Am turned with another's powers: my  
passion  
Whirls me about, and, to blaspheme in  
fashion,  
I murmur against God, for having ta'en  
Herblessed soul hence, forth this valley vain  
Of tears, and dungeon of calamity!  
I envy it the angels' amity,  
The joy of saints, the crown for which it  
lives,  
The glory and gain of rest, which the  
place gives!  
Dare I profane so irreligious be,  
To greet or grieve her soft euthanasia!  
So sweetly taken to the court of bliss,  
As spirits had stolen her spirit in a kiss,  
From off her pillow and deluded bed;  
And left her lovely body unthought dead!  
Indeed she is not dead! but laid to sleep  
In earth, till the last trump awake the  
sheep  
And goats together, whither they must  
come  
To hear their judge, and his eternal doom;  
To have that final retribution,  
Expected with the flesh's restitution.  
For, as there are three natures, schoolmen  
call  
One corporal only, th' other spiritual,

Like single; so there is a third commixt,  
Of body and spirit together, placed be-  
twixt  
Those other two; which must be judged  
or crowned:  
This, as it guilty is, or guiltless found,  
Must come to take a sentence, by the  
sense  
Of that great evidence, the Conscience,  
Who will be there, against that day pre-  
pared,  
T' accuse or quit all parties to be heard!  
O day of joy and surety to the just,  
Who in that feast of resurrection trust!  
That great eternal holiday of rest  
To body and soul, where love is all the  
guest!  
And the whole banquet is full sight of God,  
Of joy the circle and sole period!  
All other gladness with the thought is  
barred;  
Hope hath her end, and Faith hath her  
reward!  
This being thus, why should my tongue  
or pen  
Presume to interpel that fulness, when  
Nothing can more adorn it than the seat  
That she is in, or make it more complete?  
Better be dumb than superstitious:  
Who violates the Godhead, is most vicious  
Against the nature he would worship. He  
Will honoured be in all simplicity,  
Have all his actions wondered at, and  
viewed  
With silence and amazement; not with  
rule,  
Dull and profane, weak and imperfect eyes,  
Have busy search made in his mysteries!  
He knows what work he hath done, to call  
this guest  
Out of her noble body to this feast:  
And give her place according to her blood  
Amongst her peers, those princes of all  
good!  
Saints, Martyrs, Prophets, with those  
Hierarchies,  
Angels, Arch-angels, Principalities,  
The Dominations, Virtues, and the Powers,  
The Thrones, the Cherube, and Seraphic  
bowers,  
That, planted round, there sing before the  
Lamb  
A new song to his praise, and great I AM:

<sup>1</sup> To save her from the seize  
Of vulture Death, and those relentless cleis.]  
The last word is uncommon: is it a dif-  
ferent pronunciation of the word *claws*, adopted  
by the poet for the sake of rhyme? or is it a

real corruption of some other word?—WHAL.  
*Cleis* is common enough in our old poets: it  
is a genuine term, and though now confounded  
with *claws*, was probably restricted at first to  
some specific class of animals.

And she doth know, out of the shade of death,

What 'tis to enjoy an everlasting breath!

To have her captived spirit freed from flesh,  
And on her innocence, a garment fresh  
And white as that put on : and in her hand  
With boughs of palm, a crowned victrix  
stand!

And will you, worthy son, sir, knowing this,

Put black and mourning on? and say you miss

A wife, a friend, a lady, or a love;

Whom her Redeemer honoured hath above!

Her fellows, with the oil of gladness,  
bright

In heaven's empire, and with a robe of light?

Thither you hope to come; and there to find

That pure, that precious, and exalted mind  
You once enjoyed: a short space severs ye,

Compared unto that long eternity,  
That shall rejoin ye. Was she, then, so dear

When she departed? you will meet her there,

Much more desired, and dearer than before,  
By all the wealth of blessings, and the store

Accumulated on her, by the Lord  
Of life and light, the Son of God, the

Word!

There all the happy souls that ever were  
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre;

And each shall know there one another's face,

By beatific virtue of the place.

There shall the brother with the sister walk,  
And sons and daughters with their parents

talk;

But all of God; they still shall have to say,  
But make him All in All, their Theme,

that day;

That happy day that never shall see night!  
Where he will be all beauty to the sight;

Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste;  
A music in the ears will ever last;

Unto the scent, a spicery or balm;  
And to the touch, a flower like soft aspalm.

He will all glory, all perfection be,  
God in the Union, and the Trinity!

That holy, great and glorious mystery,  
Will there revealed be in majesty!

By light and comfort of spiritual grace;  
The vision of our Saviour face to face

In his humanity! to hear him preach

The price of our redemption, and to teach  
Through his inherent righteousness, in

death,  
The safety of our souls and forfeit breath!

What fulness of beatitude is here?

What love with mercy mixed doth appear,  
To style us friends, who were by nature

foes?

Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those  
Had lost ourselves, and prodigally spent

Our native portions and possessed rent?  
Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance

By imputed right to an inheritance  
In his eternal kingdom, where we sit

Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.  
Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive

He that shall be our supreme judge, should leave

Himself so un-informed of his elect,  
Who knows the hearts of all, and can

dissect  
The smallest fibre of our flesh; he can

Find all our atoms from a point to a span:  
Our closest creeks and corners, and can

trace  
Each line, as it were graphic, in the face.

And best he knew her noble character,  
For 'twas himself who formed and gave it

her.

And to that form lent two such veins of blood,

As nature could not more increase the flood

Of title in her! all nobility  
But pride, that schism of incivility,

She had, and it became her! she was fit  
To have known no envy but by suffering it!

She had a mind as calm as she was fair;  
Not tost or troubled with light lady-air,

But kept an even gait, as some straight tree  
Moved by the wind, so comely moved she.

And by the awful manage of her eye,  
She swayed all business in the family.

To one she said, do this, he did it; so  
To another, move, he went; to a third, go,

He ran; and all did strive with diligence  
To obey, and serve her sweet commandments.

She was in one a many parts of life;  
A tender mother, a discreeter wife,

A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,  
So charitable to religious end

In all her petite actions, so devote,  
As her whole life was now become one note

<sup>1</sup> *Whom her Redeemer, &c.*] The Apotheosis abounds in scriptural allusions, which I have left to the reader; as well as the numerous pas-

sages which Milton has adopted from it, and which his editors have as usual overlooked, while running after Dante and Thomas Aquinas.

Of piety and private holiness.

She spent more time in tears herself to dress

For her devotions, and those sad essays  
Of sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy days ;  
And came forth ever cheered with the rod  
Of divine comfort, when she had talked  
with God.

Her broken sighs did never miss whole sense ;

Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence :

For prayer is the incense most perfumes

The holy altars, when it least presumes.

And hers were all humility ! they beat  
The door of grace, and found the mercy-seat.

In frequent speaking by the pious psalms

Her solemn hours she spent, or giving alms.

Or doing other deeds of charity,

To clothe the naked, feed the hungry. She

Would sit in an infirmary whole days

Poring, as on a map, to find the ways

To that eternal rest, where now she hath place

By sure election and predestined grace !

She saw her Saviour, by an early light,

Incarnate in the manger, shining bright

On all the world ! she saw him on the cross

Suffering and dying to redeem our loss :

She saw him rise triumphing over death,

To justify and quicken us in breath ;

She saw him too in glory to ascend

For his designed work the perfect end

Of raising, judging and rewarding all

The kind of man, on whom his doom  
should fall !

All this by faith she saw, and framed a plea,

In manner of a daily apostrophe,

To him should be her judge, true God,  
true Man,

Jesus, the only-gotten Christ ! who can,

As being redeemer and repairer too

Of lapsed nature, best know what to do,

In that great act of judgment, which the Father

Hath given wholly to the Son (the rather  
As being the son of man) to shew his power,

His wisdom, and his justice, in that hour,

The last of hours, and shutter up of all ;

Where first his power will appear, by call

Of all are dead to life ; his wisdom show

In the discerning of each conscience so ;

And most his justice, in the fitting parts,

And giving dues to all mankind's deserts !

In this sweet extasy she was rapt hence.

Who reads, will pardon my intelligence,

That thus have ventured these true strains upon,

To publish her a saint. MY MUSE IS GONE !

*In pietatis memoriam*

*quam præstas*

*Venetice tue illustrissim.*

*Marit. dign. Digbeie*

*Hanc ἈΠΟΘΝΕΙΝ, tibi, tuisque sacro.*

THE TENTH,  
BEING HER INSCRIPTION, OR CROWN,  
IS LOST.



# Leges Convivales.

LEGES CONVIVALES.] Nothing can be more pure and elegant than the latinity of these "Laws." In drawing them up, Jonson seems to have had the rules of the Roman entertainments in view; as collected with great industry by Lipsius.

As Whalley printed the old translation of these Rules, I have retained it. The poetry, however, has little merit, and the original is not always correctly rendered; but there is no better: a version somewhat anterior to this appeared in a volume of *Songs and other Poems*, by Alex. Brome, London 1661.

## LEGES CONVIVALES.

*Quod felix faustumque convivis in  
Apolline sit.*

- 1 NEMO ASYMBOLUS, NISI UMBRA, HUC  
VENITO.
- 2 IDIOTA, INSULSUS, TRISTIS, TURPIS,  
ABESTO.

## RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY;

OR, LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

From the Latin of BEN JONSON, engraven  
in Marble over the Chimney, in the  
APOLLO of the Old Devil Tavern,<sup>1</sup> at  
Temple-Bar; that being his Club-Room.

*Non verbum reddere verbo.*

### I.

- 1 As the fund of our pleasure, let each  
pay his shot,  
Except some chance friend, whom a  
member brings in.
- 2 Far hence be the *sad*, the *lewd fop*, and  
the *sot*;  
For such have the plagues of good com-  
pany been.

<sup>1</sup> *Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern.*] The modern  
revolutions of this tavern, as far as they are  
known, have been kindly transmitted to me by  
J. Dent, Esq., one of the principal partners in  
the banking-house of Child and Co. "Mr.  
Taylor, of the parish of St. Bride's London, Esq.  
appears by indenture October 1734, to have been  
the owner of the two messuages or tenements  
close to the east of Temple Bar, of which the  
one known by the name of St. Dunstan's, or the  
old Devil Tavern, was then in the occupation of  
John Goostrey.—Taylor sold this property to  
Richard Andrews of St. Dunstan's parish, July

- 3 ERUDITI, URBANI, HILARES, HONESTI,  
ADDISCUNTOR,
- 4 NEC LECTÆ FEMINÆ REPUDIANTOR.
- 5 IN APPARATU QUOD CONVIVIS COR-  
RUGET NARES NIL ESTO.
- 6 EPULÆ DELECTU POTIUS QUAM  
SUMPTU PARANTOR.
- 7 OBSONATOR ET COQUUS CONVIVARUM  
GULÆ PERITI SUNTO.

### II.

- 3 Let the *learned and witty*, the *jovial and  
gay*,  
The *generous and honest*, compose our  
free state;
- 4 And the *more to exalt our delight whilst  
we stay*,  
Let none be debarred from his choice  
female mate.

### III.

- 5 Let no scent offensive the chamber  
infest.
- 6 Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our  
dishes.
- 7 Let the caterer mind the taste of each  
guest,  
And the cook, in his dressing, comply  
with their wishes.

1766.—Andrews parted with it to Mess. Child, in  
June 1787 for 2800*l*. By these gentlemen the  
Devil Tavern was pulled down soon after they  
bought it, and the present buildings in Child's  
Place erected on its site. In this tavern was  
the room known by the name of the Apollo, in  
which was held the APOLLO CLUB established  
by the celebrated Ben Jonson. Over the door  
in gold letters on a black ground were painted  
his verses beginning "Welcome all," &c. and  
above them was placed a bust of the poet—both  
these are still in the possession of Messrs. Child:  
—the Rules of the club, said to have been en-

- 8 DE DISCUBITU NON CONTENDITOR.  
9 INSTRUMI A DAPIBUS, OCULATI ET MUTI,  
A POCULIS, AURITI ET CELESERES SUNTO.  
10 VINA PURIS FONTIBUS MINISTRENTOR AUT VAPULET HOSPESES.  
11 MODERATIS POCULIS PROVOCARE SODALES FAS ESTO.  
12 AT FABULIS MAGIS QUAM VINO VELITATIO FIAT.  
13 CONVIVÆ NEC MUTI<sup>1</sup> NEC LOQUACES SUNTO.  
14 DE SERIIS AC SACRIS POTI ET SATURI NE DISSERUNTO.  
15 FIDICEN, NISI ACCERSITUS, NON VENITO.

IV.

- 8 Let's have no disturbance about taking places,  
*To shew your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.*  
9 Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,  
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be ty'd.

V.

- 10 Let our wines without mixture or stum, be all fine,  
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle.  
11 Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,  
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

VI.

- 12 Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.  
13 Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.  
14 Let none of things serious, much less of divine,  
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.

graved on black marble, and fixed up in the same room, were no longer there, (a) when Messrs. Child had possession given them of the premises. The other tenement above alluded to, was called the King's Arms and Civet Cat, William Wintle, tenant;—this was added to the present premises of Messrs. Child and Co.

(a) They were probably removed by Andrews. The Apollo, of which a print was published in 1774, appears to have been a handsome room, large and lofty, and furnished with a gallery for

- 16 ADMISSE RISU, TRIPUDIIS, CHOREIS, CANTU, SALIBUS,  
OMNI GRATIARUM FESTIVITATE SACRA CELEBRANTOR.  
17 JOCI SINE FELLE SUNTO.  
18 INSIPIDA POEMATA NULLA RECITANTOR.  
19 VERSUS SCRIBERE NULLUS COGITOR.  
20 ARGUMENTATIONIS TOTIUS STREPITUS ABESTO.  
21 AMATORIS QUERELIS, AC SUSPIRIIS LIBER ANGULUS ESTO.  
22 LAPITHARUM MORE SCYPHIS PUGNARE, VITREA COLLIDERE, FENESTRAS EXCUTERE, SUPELLECTILEM DILACERARE NEFAS ESTO.

VII.

- 15 Let no saucy fidler presume to intrude, Unless he is sent for *to vary our bliss.*  
16 With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing conclude,  
To regale every sense, with delight in excess.

VIII.

- 17 Let raillery be without malice or heat.  
18 Dull poems to read let none privilege take.  
19 Let no poetaster command or intreat  
Another extempore verses to make.

IX.

- 20 Let argument bear no unmusical sound, Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.  
21 For generous lovers let a corner be found, Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

X.

- 22 Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,  
Our own 'mongst offences unpardoned will rank,  
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spight,  
And spoiling the goods for a rakehell's prank.

about the year 1796; the bar of this tavern being now part of their kitchen. The original sign (still in existence) of the banking-house, was the full blown marigold exposed to a meridian sun, with this motto round it, *Ainsi mon Ame.*—J. D. 1816.

<sup>1</sup> AL CONVIVÆ NON MULTI.

music. It was frequently used for balls, &c., and here Dr. Kenrick gave, about 1775, his *Lectures on Shakspeare.*

23 QUI FORAS VEL DICTA, VEL FACTA  
ELIMINET, ELIMINATOR.

24 NEMINEM REUM POCULA FACIUNTO.  
FOCUS PERENNIS ESTO.

XI.

23 Whoever shall publish what's said, or  
what's done,  
Be he banished for ever our assembly  
divine.

24 Let the freedom we take be perverted  
by none,  
To make any guilty by drinking good  
wine.

VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE INTO  
THE APOLLO.

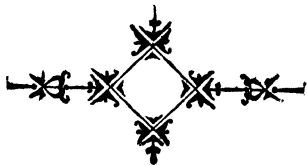
Welcome all who lead or follow,  
To the Oracle of APOLLO—  
Here he speaks out of his pottle,  
Or the tripes, his tower bottle:  
All his answers are divine,  
Truth itself doth flow in wine.  
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,  
Cries old SIM, the king of skinkers;<sup>1</sup>  
He the half of life abuses,  
That sits watering with the Muses.  
Those dull girls no good can mean us;

Wine it is the milk of Venus,<sup>2</sup>  
And the poet's horse accounted:  
Ply it, and you all are mounted.  
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,  
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.  
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,  
And at once three senses pleases.  
Welcome all who lead or follow,  
To the Oracle of APOLLO.

O RARE BEN JONSON!

<sup>1</sup> Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers ] Old  
Sim means Simon Wadlow, who then kept the  
Devil tavern; and of him probably is the old  
catch, beginning,

Old Sir Simon the king.—WHEAL.  
<sup>2</sup> Wine it is the milk of Venus.] From the  
Greek Anacreontic,  
Οἶνος γὰρ Ἀφροδίτης.—WHEAL.



# Translations from the Latin Poets.

## HORACE HIS ART OF POETRY.

**HORACE OF THE ART OF POETRY.]** This translation, which was probably among the earliest works of Jonson, was not given to the press till some time after his death, when it was published in 1640, with some other pieces, in 12mo, by John Benson, with a dedication to Lord Windsor, who, as the writer says, "rightly knew the worth and true esteem both of the author and his learning, being more conspicuous in the judgment of your lordship and other sublime spirits than my capacity can describe."

Many transcripts of this version got abroad; these differed considerably from one another, and all perhaps from the original copy. In the three which have reached us, though all were published nearly at the same time, variations occur in almost every line. To notice them would be both tedious and unprofitable: suffice it to say that I have adopted the text of the folio 1640, as, upon the whole, the most correct, though exceptions may occasionally be met with in the smaller editions.

It was for this poem that our author compiled the vast body of notes which was destroyed in the conflagration of his study. After this, he seems to have lost all thoughts of the press—indeed age and disease were advancing fast upon him, if, as I conjecture, the fire took place about 1623, and left him as little heart as power to venture again before a public, not in general too partial to his labours.

The small edition is prefaced by several commendatory poems, one of which only appears to be written on occasion of the present version. This is by the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and is addressed "to his friend Master Ben Jonson, on his Translation."

"'Twas not enough, Ben Jonson, to be thought  
Of English poets best, but to have brought,  
In greater state, to their acquaintance, one  
Made equal to himself and thee; that none  
Might be thy second: while thy glory is  
To be the HORACE of our times, and his."

Jonson was followed (at unequal periods) by three writers, who in the century succeeding his death (for I have neither leisure nor inclination to go lower) published their respective versions of the *Art of Poetry*. It may amuse the reader, perhaps, to listen for a moment to what they say of our poet, and of one another. Roscommon begins—

"I have kept as close as I could both to the meaning, and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive me if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

*Per quem magnus equos Aurunce flexit alumnus,*

but with all respect due to the name of Ben Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration than I; it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace in his book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places."

Oldham follows:

"I doubt not but the reader will think me guilty of an high presumption in venturing upon a translation of the *Art of Poetry*, after two such great hands as have gone before me in the same attempts: I need not acquaint him that I mean Ben Jonson and the Earl of Roscommon; the one being of so established an authority, that whatever he did is held as sacred, the other having lately performed it with such admirable



success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after pretenders, of ever coming up to what he has done."

The last is Henry Ames:

"'Tis certain my Lord Roscommon has not only excelled in justness of version and elegance of style, but has given his poet all the natural beauties and genteel plainness of the English dress; but his lordship rid with a slack rein, and freed himself at once from all the incumbrance and perplexity of rhyme; and sure it must be confessed some difficulty to be circumscribed to syllables and sounds: Mr. Oldham, indeed, has very skilfully touched the Horatian lyre, and worked it into musical harmony; but so modernized the poem, and reduced it to the standard of his own time, that a peevish reader may not only be disgusted at want of the poetical history, but think himself privileged to except against all such freedoms in any one but Mr. Oldham.

"Ben Jonson (with submission to his memory), by transgressing a most useful precept, has widely differed from them both; and trod so close upon the heels of Horace, that he has not only cramp'd, but made him halt, in (almost) every line."

[When Jonson read this translation to Drummond there was a preface attached to it "where he hath an Apologie of a play of his, St. Bartholomew's Faire." The translation itself was composed in 1604 "in my Lord Aubany's house," ten years before the preface was written.—F. C.]

## Horace of the Art of Poetry.<sup>1</sup>

If to a woman's head a painter would  
Set a horse-neck, and divers feathers fold  
On every limb, ta'en from a several creature,  
Presenting upwards a fair female feature,  
Which in some swarthy fish uncemely ends:  
Admitted to the sight, although his friends,  
Could you contain your laughter? Credit  
me,

This piece, my Pisos, and that book agree,  
Whose shapes, like sick men's dreams, are  
feigned so vain,

As neither head nor feet one form retain.  
But equal power to painter and to poet,  
Of daring all, hath still been given; we  
know it:

And both do crave, and give again, this  
leave.

Yet, not as therefore wild and tame should  
cleave

Together; not that we should serpents see  
With doves; or lambs with tigers coupled be.

In grave beginnings, and great things  
protest,

Ye have oft-times, that may o'ershine the  
rest,

A scarlet piece or two stitched in: when or  
Diana's grove, or altar, with the bor-  
D'ring circles of swift waters that intwine  
The pleasant grounds, or when the river  
Rhine,

## Horatius de Arte Poetica.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;  
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum  
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
Finguntur species: ut nec pes, nec caput  
uni

Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus, atque poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua po-  
testas.

Scimus; et hanc veniam petimusque, da-  
musque, vicissim:

Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut  
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

Inceptis gravibus plerunque, et magna  
professis

Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter  
Assuitur pannus: cum lucus, et ara Dianæ,  
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus  
agros,

Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describi-  
tur, arcus.

<sup>1</sup> We are not to look for grace and beauty in this translation: the poet's design being to give as close a version of the text, as the different genius of the two languages would admit. But

Jonson will be found perfectly to understand his author, and to exhibit his meaning with his usual vigour and conciseness of style.—WHALE.

Or rainbow is described. But here was now  
No place for these. And, painter, haply thou  
Know'st only well to paint a cypress-tree.  
What's this? If he whose money hireth  
thee

To paint him, hath by swimming hopeless  
scaped,

The whole fleet wrecked? A great jar to  
be shaped,

Was meant at first; why forcing still about  
Thy labouring wheel, comes scarce a  
pitcher out?

In short, I bid, let what thou work'st upon,  
Be simple quite throughout, and wholly one.

Most writers, noble sire, and either son,  
Are, with the likeness of the truth, undone.  
Myself for shortness labour, and I grow  
Obscure. This, striving to run smooth,  
and flow,

Hath neither soul nor sinews. Lofty he  
Professing greatness, swells; that, low by  
lee,

Creeps on the ground; too safe, afraid of  
storm.

This seeking, in a various kind, to form  
One thing prodigiously, paints in the woods  
A dolphin, and a boar amid the floods.

So, shunning faults to greater fault doth  
lead,

When in a wrong and artless way we tread.

The worst of statuary, here about  
Th' Emilian school, in brass can fashion out  
The nails, and every curled hair disclose;

Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse  
cupressum

Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatit  
expes

Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora  
cœpit

Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?

Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat et  
unum.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes  
patre digni,

Decipimur specie recti: brevis esse laboro,  
Obscurus fio: sectantem lævia, nervi

Deficiunt animique: professus grandia,  
turget;

Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque  
procellæ.

Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,  
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.  
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus, et  
ungues

Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;  
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum

But in the main work hapless: since he  
knows

Not to design the whole. Should I aspire  
To form a work, I would no more desire  
To be that smith, than live marked one of  
those,

With fair black eyes and hair, and a wry  
nose.

Take, therefore, you that write, still,  
matter fit

Unto your strength, and long examine it,  
Upon your shoulders: prove what they will  
bear,

And what they will not. Him, whose  
choice doth rear

His matter to his power, in all he makes,  
Nor language, nor clear order e'er forsakes;  
The virtue of which order, and true grace,  
Or I am much deceived, shall be to place

Invention: now to speak; and then defer  
Much, that might now be spoke, omitted  
here

Till fitter season; now, to like of this,  
Lay that aside, the epic's office is.

In using also of new words, to be  
Right spare, and wary: then thou speak'st  
to me

Most worthy praise, when words that  
common grew

Are, by thy cunning placing, made mere new.

Yet if by chance, in uttering things abstruse,  
Thou need new terms; thou mayst, with-  
out excuse,

Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere  
curem,

Non magis esse velim, quàm pravo vivere  
naso,

Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.  
Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis,  
æquam

Viribus, et versate diù, quid ferre recusent,  
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter  
erit res,

Nec faciundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus  
ordo.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit, et Venus, aut ego  
fallor,

Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici;  
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus  
omittat;

Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis  
auctor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,  
Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum  
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si fortè ne-  
cesse est

Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;

Feign words unheard of to the well-trussed  
race

Of the Cethegi; and all men will grace,  
And give, being taken modestly, thus leave,  
And those thy new and late coined words  
receive,

So they fall gently from the Grecian spring,  
And come not too much wrested. What's  
that thing

A Roman to Cæcilius will allow,  
Or Plautus, and in Virgil disavow,  
Or Varius? why am I now envied so,  
If I can give some small increase? when lo,  
Cato's and Ennius' tongues have lent much  
worth,

And wealth unto our language, and brought  
forth

New names of things. It hath been ever  
free,

And ever will, to utter terms that be  
Stamped to the time. As woods whose  
change appears

Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding  
years,

The first-born dying, so the aged state  
Of words decay, and phrases born but late  
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly  
grow.

Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death we  
owe:

Whether the sea received into the shore,

*Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis  
Continget, dabiturque licentia, sumpta  
pudenter.*

*Et nova fictaque nupèr habebunt verba  
fidem, si*

*Græco fonte cadant, parçè detorta. Quid  
autem*

*Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademp-  
tum*

*Virgilio Varioque? Ego cur, acquirere pauca  
Si possum, invidior: cum lingua Catonis,  
et Enni*

*Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum  
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque  
licebit,*

*Signatum præsentè notâ producere nomen.  
Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,  
Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit  
ætas,*

*Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata,  
vigentque.*

*Debemur morti nos nostraque; sive recep-  
tus*

*Terrâ Neptunus, classes Aquilonibus arcet,  
Regis opus; sterilisve diâ palus, aptaque  
remis,*

That from the north the navy safe doth  
store,

A kingly work; or that long barren fen  
Once rowable, but now doth nourish men  
In neighbour towns, and feels the weighty  
plough;

Or the wild river, who hath changed now  
His course, so hurtful both to grain and  
seeds,

Being taught a better way. All mortal deeds  
Shall perish: so far off it is, the state,  
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting  
date.

Much phrase that now is dead, shall be  
revived,

And much shall die, that now is nobly  
lived,

If custom please; at whose disposing will  
The power and rule of speaking resteth still.

The gestures of kings, great captains, and  
sad wars,

What number best can fit, Homer declares.  
In verse unequal matched, first sour  
laments,

After men's wishes, crowned in their events,  
Were also closed: but who the man should  
be,

That first sent forth the dapper elegy,  
All the grammarians strive; and yet in  
court

Before the judge it hangs, and waits report.

*Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:  
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus  
amnibus;*

*Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt,  
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia  
vivax.*

*Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidère,  
cadentque*

*Quæ nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si  
volet usus;*

*Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma  
loquendi.*

*Res gestæ regumque, ducumque, et  
tristia bella*

*Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit  
Homerus.*

*Versibus impariter junctis querimonia  
primum,*

*Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.  
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,*

*Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice  
lis est.*

*Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque deorum,  
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine  
primum,*

*Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.*

Unto the lyric strings, the muse gave  
 grace  
 To chant the gods, and all their god-like  
 race,  
 The conquering champion, the prime horse  
 in course,  
 Fresh lovers' business, and the wine's free  
 source.  
 Th' Iambic armed Archilochus to rave,  
 This foot the socks took up, and buskins  
 grave,  
 As fit t' exchange discourse; a verse to win  
 On popular noise with, and do business in.  
 The comic matter will not be exprest<sup>1</sup>  
 In tragic verse; no less Thyestes' feast  
 Abhors low numbers, and the private  
 strain  
 Fit for the sock: each subject should re-  
 tain  
 The place allotted it, with decent thews.  
 If now the turns, the colours, and right  
 hues  
 Of poems here described, I can nor use,  
 Nor know t'observe: why (if the Muse's  
 name)  
 Am I called poet? wherefore with wrong  
 shame,  
 Perversely modest, had I rather owe  
 To ignorance still, than either learn or  
 know?

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit  
 iambo.  
 Hunc socci cephæ pedem, grandesque  
 cothurni,  
 Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares  
 Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agen-  
 dis.  
 Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non  
 vult.  
 Indignatur item privatis, ac propè socco  
 Dignis carminibus celebrari coena Thyestæ.  
 Singula quæque locum teneant sortita de-  
 center.  
 Descriptas servare vices operumque colores  
 Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroque poëta salu-  
 tor?  
 Cur nescire, pudens pravè, quàm discere  
 malo?  
 Interdum tamen, et vocem comœdia tollit,

<sup>1</sup> The comic matter, &c.] Oldham, who in his translation of this poem removes the scene from Rome to London, has adapted this passage to our author's dramatic characters:

*Peipens and Morose* will not admit  
 Of *Catiline's* high strains, nor is it fit

Yet sometime doth the Comedy excite  
 Her voice, and angry Chremes chafes out-  
 right  
 With swelling throat: and oft the tragic  
 wight  
 Complains in humble phrase. Both Tele-  
 phus,  
 And Peleus, if they seek to heart-strike us  
 That are spectators, with their misery,  
 When they are poor, and banished, must  
 throw by  
 Their bombard-phrase, and foot-and-half-  
 foot words:  
 'Tis not enough, th' elaborate Muse affords  
 Her poems beauty, but a sweet delight  
 To work the hearers' minds still to their  
 plight.  
 Men's faces still, with such as laugh are  
 prone  
 To laughter; so they grieve with those that  
 moan;  
 If thou wouldst have me weep, be thou  
 first drowned  
 Thyself in tears, then me thy loss will  
 wound,  
 Peleus, or Telephus. If you speak vile  
 And ill-penned things, I shall or sleep or  
 smile.  
 Sad language fits sad looks, stuffed me-  
 nacing

Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore,  
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pe-  
 destri  
 Telephus, et Peleus, cum pauper, et exul  
 uterque,  
 Projicit ampullas, et sesquipodalia verba,  
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.  
 Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: dulcia  
 sunt,  
 Et quocunque volent animum auditoris  
 agunt.  
 Ut ridentibus arident, ita fletibus adflect  
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum  
 est  
 Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia  
 lædent  
 Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata  
 loqueris,  
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia mœstum

To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear  
 In the low dress which comic persons wear,"

Not only the translation, as is said above, but the arrangement of the text, mainly differs in the folio and minor editions. I have left both as I found them, not knowing what part of either pro-  
 ceeded from Jonson.

The angry brow, the sportive wanton things ;

And the severe speech ever serious.  
For nature, first within doth fashion us,  
To every state of fortune ; she helps on,  
Or urgeth us to anger : and anon  
With weighty sorrow hurls us all along,  
And tortures us : and after, by the tongue  
Her truchman, she reports the mind's each throe.

If now the phrase of him that speaks, shall flow

In sound, quite from his fortune ; both the rout,

And Roman gentry, jeering, will laugh out.

It much will differ, if a god speak, than,  
Or an heroë ; if a ripe old man,  
Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course ;

Wher some great lady, or her diligent nurse ;

A vent ring merchant, or the farmer free  
Of some small thankful land : whether he be  
Of Colchis born, or in Assyria bred ;  
Or with the milk of Thebes, or Argus, fed.  
Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or feign

Things in themselves agreeing : if again  
Honoured Achilles' chance by thee be seized,

Keep him still active, angry, unappeased.

Vultum verba decent : iratum, plena minarum :

Ludentem, lasciva : severum, seria dictu.  
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem

Fortunarum habitum : juvat, aut impellit ad iram,

Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit :

Post effort animi motus interprete lingua.

Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,  
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

Interit multum, Davusne loquatur, an heros,

Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ

Fervidus : an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix :

Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli :  
Colchus, an Assyrius : Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge

Sharp and contemning laws at him should aim,

Be nought so 'bove him but his sword let claim.

Medea make brave with impetuous scorn ;  
Ino bewailed, Ixion false forsworn ;  
Poor Io wandering, wild Orestes mad :  
If something strange, that never yet was had

Unto the scene thou bring'st, and dar'st create

A mere new person ; look he keep his state

Unto the last, as when he first went forth,  
Still to be like himself, and hold his worth.

'Tis hard to speak things common properly ;

And thou mayst better bring a rhapsody  
Of Homer's forth in acts, than of thine own,  
First publish things unspoken and unknown.

Yet common matter thou thine own mayst make,

If thou the vile broad trodden ring forsake.

For, being a poet, thou mayst feign, create,  
Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,

To render word for word : nor with thy sleight

Of imitation, leap into a streight,  
From whence thy modesty, or poem's law

Forbids thee forth again thy foot to draw.

Scriptor. Honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem,

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,  
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, ea audes

Personam formare novam ; servetur ad imum

Qualis ab incœpto processerit, et sibi constet.

Difficile est propriè communia dicere ; tuque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,  
Quàm si proferres ignota, indictaque primus.

Publica materies privati juris erit ; si

Nec circa vilem, patulumque moraberis orbem :

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus

Interpres ; nec desilies imitator in arctum,  
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

Nor so begin, as did that circler late,  
I sing a noble war, and Priam's fate.  
What doth this promiser such gaping  
worth  
Afford? The mountains travailed, and  
brought forth  
Ascorned mouse! O, how much better this,  
Who nought assays unaptly, or amiss?  
Speak to me, muse, the man, who after  
Troy was sacked,  
Saw many towns and men, and could their  
manners tract.  
He thinks not how to give you smoke from  
light,  
But light from smoke, that he may draw  
his bright  
Wonders forth after: as Antiphates,  
Scylla, Charybdis, Polydeme, with these.  
Nor from the brand, with which the life  
did burn  
Of Meleager, brings he the return  
Of Diomedes; nor Troy's sad war begins  
From the two eggs that did disclose the  
twins.  
He ever hastens to the end, and so  
(As if he knew it) raps his hearer to  
The middle of his matter; letting go  
What he despairs, being handled, might  
not show:  
And so well feigns, so mixeth cunningly  
Falsehood with truth, as no man can  
espay

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclopes olim:  
Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bel-  
lum.  
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor  
hiatu?  
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.  
Quantò rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:  
Dic mihi Musa, virum, captæ post tem-  
pora Trojæ,  
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et  
urbes.  
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare  
lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula pro-  
mat,  
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope  
Charybdim:  
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Me-  
leagri.  
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab  
ovo.  
Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias  
res,  
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: et  
quæ

Where the midst differs from the first; or  
where  
The last doth from the midst disjoined  
appear.  
Hear what it is the people and I desire:  
If such a one's applause thou dost re-  
quire,  
That carries till the hangings be ta'en down,  
And sits till th' epilogue says Clap, or  
Crown:  
The customs of each age thou must ob-  
serve,  
And give their years and natures, as they  
swerve,  
Fit rights. The child, that now knows how  
to say,  
And can tread firm, longs with like lads to  
play;  
Soon angry, and soon pleased, is sweet, or  
sour,  
He knows not why, and changeth every  
hour.  
Th' unbearded youth, his guardian once  
being gone,  
Loves dogs and horses; and is ever one  
I' the open field; is wax-like to be wrought  
To every vice, as hardly to be brought  
To endure counsel: a provider slow  
For his own good, a careless letter-go  
Of money, haughty, to desire soon moved,  
And then as swift to leave what he hath  
loved.

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relin-  
quit.  
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet  
immo.  
Tu quid ego, et populus mecum desideret,  
audi.  
Si plausoris eges aulae manentis, et usque  
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;  
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,  
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus, et  
annis.  
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede  
certo  
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et  
iram  
Colligit, ac ponit temerè, et mutatur in  
horas.  
Imberbis juvenis tandem custode remoto,  
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine  
campi,  
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,  
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,  
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere  
pernix.

These studies alter now, in one grown man ;  
His bettered mind seeks wealth and friendship ; than  
Looks after honours, and beware to act  
What straightway he must labour to retract.

The old man many evils do girt round ;  
Either because he seeks, and having found,  
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear,  
Or does all business coldly, and with fear ;  
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numb

With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come :

Forward, complaining, a commender glad  
Of the times past, when he was a young lad ;

And still correcting youth, and censuring.  
Man's coming years much good with them do bring :

As his departing take much thence, lest then

The parts of age to youth be given, or men

To children ; we must always dwell, and stay

In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

The business either on the stage is done,  
Or acted told. But ever things that run  
In at the ear, do stir the mind more slow  
Than those the faithful eyes take in by show,

Conversis studiis, ætas, animusque virilis  
Quærit opes, et amicitias : inservit honori :  
Commisisse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.

Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda,  
vel quod

Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet  
uti :

Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat ;

Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,  
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti  
Se puero : censor, castigatque minorum.  
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum ;

Multa recedentes adimunt, ne fortè seniles  
Mandentur juveni partes, puerque viriles,  
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur,

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,  
et quæ

And the beholder to himself doth render.  
Yet to the stage at all thou mayst not tender

Things worthy to be done within, but take  
Much from the sight, which fair report will make

Present anon : Medea must not kill  
Her sons before the people, nor the ill-Natured and wicked Atreus cook to th' eye  
His nephew's entrails ; nor must Progne fly  
Into a swallow there ; nor Cadmus take  
Upon the stage the figure of a snake.

What so is shown, I not believe, and hate.

Nor must the fable, that would hope the fate

Once seen, to be again called for, and played,

Have more or less than just five acts : nor laid,

To have a god come in ; except a knot  
Worth his untying happen there : and not  
Any fourth man, to speak at all, aspire.

An actor's parts, and office too, the quire  
Must maintain manly : nor be heard singing

Between the acts, a quite clean other thing  
Than to the purpose leads, and fitly greets.  
It still must favour good men, and to these  
Be won a friend ; it must both sway and bend

The angry, and love those that fear t' offend.

Ipsæ sibi tradit spectatorem. Non tamen intus

Digna geri, promissæ in scenam : multa que tolles

Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet : Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius

Atreus ;

Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguein.

Quodeunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, quinto, neu sit productior actu

Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi.  
Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit : nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile  
Defendat, neu quid medios interceinat actus,  
Quod non proposito conducat, et hæreat aptè.

Ille bonis faveatque, et conciletur amicis ;  
Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes.

Praise the spare diet, wholesome justice,  
laws,

Peace, and the open ports, that peace  
doth cause.

Hide faults, pray to the gods, and wish  
aloud

Fortune would, love the poor, and leave  
the proud.

The hau'boy, not as now with latten  
bound,

And rival with the trumpet for his sound,  
But soft, and simple, at few holes breathed  
time

And tune too, fitted to the chorus' rhyme,  
As loud enough to fill the seats, not yet  
So over-thick, but where the people met,  
They might with ease be numbered, being  
a few

Chaste, thrifty, modest folk, that came to  
view.

But as they conquered and enlarged their  
bound,

That wider walls embraced their city round,  
And they uncensured might at feasts and  
plays

Steep the glad genius in the wine whole  
days,

Both in their tunes the licence greater grew,  
And in their numbers; for alas, what knew  
The idiot, keeping holiday, or drudge,  
Clown, townsman, base and noble mixt, to  
judge?

Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis: ille salu-  
brem

Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis.  
Ille tegat commissa, deosque precetur, et  
orci,

Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.  
Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalcho vineta,  
tubæque

—mula, sed tenuis, simplex foramine paucò  
Aspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, atque  
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu.  
Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote  
parvus,

Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coibat.  
Postquam coepit agros extendere victor, et  
urbem

Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno,  
Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,  
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia  
major.

Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque la-  
borum,

Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?  
Sic priscæ motumque, et luxuriam addidit  
arti

Thus to his ancient art the piper lent  
Gesture and Riot, whilst he swooping went  
In his trained gown about the stage: so  
grew

In time to tragedy, a music new.  
The rash and headlong eloquence brought  
forth

Unwonted language: and that sense of  
worth

That found out profit, and foretold each  
thing

Now dittered not from Delphic riddling.  
Thespis is said to be the first found out

The Tragedy, and carried it about,  
Till then unknown, in carts, wherein did  
ride

Those that did sing, and act: their faces  
dyed

With lees of wine. Next Æschylus, more  
late

Brought in the visor, and the robe of state,  
Built a small timbered stage, and taught  
them talk

Lofty and grave, and in the buskin stalk.  
He too, that did in tragic verse contend

For the vile goat, soon after forth did send  
The rough rude satyrs naked, and would try,  
Though sour, with safety of his gravity,  
How he could jest, because he marked  
and saw

The free spectators subject to no law,

Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.  
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,

Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia  
præceps.

Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri  
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Ca-  
mæcnæ

Dicitur, et plaustis vexisse poemata  
Thespis,

Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus  
ora.

Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor  
honestæ

Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita  
tignis,

Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique co-  
thurno.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob  
hircum,

Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavit; et asper  
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eò quòd

Illecebris erat, et gratâ novitate morandus  
Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et  
exlex.



Having well eat and drunk, the rites being done,

Were to be staid with softnesses, and won  
With something that was acceptably new.  
Yet so the scoffing satyrs to men's view,  
And so their prating to present was best,  
And so to turn all earnest into jest,  
As neither any god were brought in there,  
Or semi-god, that late was seen to wear  
A royal crown and purple, be made hop  
With poor base terms through every baser  
shop :

Or whilst he shuns the earth, to catch at air  
And empty clouds. For tragedy is fair,  
And far unworthy to blurt out light rhymes ;  
But as a matron drawn at solemn times  
To dance, so she should shamefaced differ  
far

From what th' obscene and petulant satyrs  
are.

Nor I, when I write satyrs, will so love  
Plain phrase, my Pisos, as alone t' approve  
Mere reigning words : nor will I labour so  
Quite from all face of tragedy to go,  
As not make difference, whether Davus  
speak,

And the bold Pythias, having cheated weak  
Simo, and of a talent wiped his purse ;  
Or old Silenus, Bacchus' guard and nurse.

I can out of known gear a fable frame,  
And so as every man may hope the  
same ;

Verum ita risores, ita commendare  
dicaces

Convenient satyros, ita vertere seria ludo :  
Ne, quicunque deus, quicunque adhibe-  
bitur heros,

Regali conspectus in auro nuper, et ostro,  
Migret in obscuras humili sermone ta-  
bernas ;

Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes, et inania  
capitet.

Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus :  
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus  
Interit satyris paulum pudibunda pro-  
tervis.

Non ego inornata, et dominantia no-  
mina solum,

Verbaque, Pisones, satyrorum scriptor  
amabo :

Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori  
Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, an  
audax

Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum ;  
An custos, famulusque dei Silenus alumni.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi  
quivis

Yet he that offers at it may sweat much,  
And toil in vain : the excellence is such  
Of order and connexion ; so much grace  
There comes sometimes to things of mean-  
est place.

But let the Fauns, drawn from their groves,  
beware,

Be I their judge, they do at no time dare,  
Like men street-born, and near the hall,  
rehearse

Their youthful tricks in over-wanton verse ;  
Or crack out bawdy speeches, and unclean.

The Roman gentry, men of birth and  
mean,

Will take offence at this : nor though it  
strike

Him that buys chiches blanché, or chance  
to like

The nut-crackers throughout, will they  
therefore

Receive or give it an applause the more.

To these succeeded the old comedy,  
And not without much praise, till liberty

Fell into fault so far, as now they saw  
Her licence fit to be restrained by law :

Which law received, the chorus held his  
peace,

His power of foully hurting made to cease.

Two rests, a short and long, th' Iambic

frame ;  
A foot, whose swiftness gave the verse the  
name

Speret idem : sudet multum frustra que la-  
boret

Ausid idem : tantum series junctura que  
pollet :

Tantum de medio sumptis accedit ho-  
noris.

Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,  
Ne velut innati trivus, ac penè forenses,

Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus  
unquam,

Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosa que  
dicta.

Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et  
pater, et res :

Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat, et nucis  
emptor,

Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.

Successit vetus his Comœdia non sine  
multâ

Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim  
Dignam lege regi. Lex est accepta, cho-  
rusque

Turpiter obtulit, sublato jure nocendi.

Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur  
Iambus,

Of Trimeter, when yet it was six-paced,  
But mere Iambics all, from first to last.  
Nor is't long since they did with patience  
take  
Into their birth-right, and for fitness sake,  
The steady Spondees; so themselves do  
bear  
More slow, and come more weighty to the  
ear:  
Provided, ne'er to yield, in any case  
Of fellowship, the fourth or second place.  
This foot yet, in the famous Trimeters  
Of Accius and Ennius, rare appears:  
So rare, as with some tax it doth engage  
Those heavy verses sent so to the stage,  
Of too much haste, and negligence in part,  
Or a worse crime, the ignorance of art.  
But every judge hath not the faculty  
To note in poems breach of harmony;  
And there is given too unworthy leave  
To Roman poets. Shall I therefore weave  
My verse at random, and licentiously?  
Or rather, thinking all my faults may spy,  
Grow a safe writer, and be wary driven  
Within the hope of having all forgiven.  
'Tis clear this way I have got off from blame,  
But, in conclusion, merited no fame.  
Take you the Greek examples for your light,  
In hand, and turn them over day and night.

*Pes citus : unde etiam trimetris accrescere  
jussit  
Nomen Iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,  
Primus ad extremum similis sibi : non ita  
pridem  
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad  
aures,  
Spondæos stabiles in jura paterna recepit  
Commodus, et patiens : non ut de sede  
secunda  
Cederet, aut quarta socialiter : hic et in  
Accf  
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Ennf.  
In scænâ missos magno cum pondere  
versus,  
Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaqué ca-  
rentis,  
Aut oratæ premit artis crimine turpi.  
Non quivis videt immodulata poemata  
judex :  
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis,  
Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter ? an  
omnes  
Visuros peccata putem mea ? tutus, et  
intra  
Spem veniæ cautus ? vitavi denique culpam,  
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria  
Græca*

Our ancestors did Plautus' numbers praise,  
And jests; and both to admiration raise  
Too patiently, that I not fondly say,  
If either you or I know the right way  
To part scurrility from wit; or can  
A lawful verse by th' ear or finger scan.  
Our poets too left nought unproved here;  
Nor did they merit the less crown to wear,  
In daring to forsake the Grecian tracts,  
And celebrating our own home-born facts;  
Whether the garded tragedy they wrought,  
Or 'twere the gowned comedy they taught.  
Nor had our Italy more glorious been  
In virtue, and renown of arms, than in  
Her language, if the *stay and care t' have*  
mended,  
Had not our every poet like offended.  
But you, Pompius' offspring, spare you not  
To tax that verse, which many a day and  
blot  
Have not kept in; and (lest perfection fail)  
Not ten times o'er corrected to the nail.  
Because Democritus believes a wit  
Happier than wretched art, and doth by it  
Exclude all sober poets from their share  
In Helicon; a great sort will not pare  
Their nails, nor shave their beards, but to  
bye-paths  
Retire themselves, avoid the public baths;

*Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.  
At nostri proavi Plautinos, et numeros, et  
Laudavere sales : nimium patienter utrum-  
que,  
Ne dicam stultè, mirati ; si modò ego, et  
vos  
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,  
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus, et  
aure.  
Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ,  
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia  
Græca  
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta :  
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.  
Nec virtute foret, clarisve potentius armis,  
Quàm linguâ, Latium, si non offenderet  
unum-  
quemque poetarum limæ labor, et mora.  
Vos, o  
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite,  
quod non  
Multa dies, et multa litura coërcuit, atque  
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad un-  
guem.  
Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte  
Credidit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas  
Democritus, bona pars non unguis ponere  
curat,*

For so they shall not only gain the  
worth,  
But fame of poets, they think, if they come  
forth

And from the barber Licinus conceal  
Their heads, which three Anticyras cannot  
beal.

O I left-witted, that purge every spring  
For choler ! if I did not, who could bring  
Out better poems ? but I cannot buy  
My title at the rate, I'd rather, I,  
Be like a whetstone, that an edge can put  
On steel, though't self be dull, and cannot  
cut.

I writing nought myself, will teach them  
yet  
Their charge and office, whence their wealth  
to fet,

What nourisheth, what formed, what begot  
The poet, what becometh, and what not,  
Whither truth may, and whither error  
bring.

The very root of writing well, and spring  
Is to be wise ; thy matter first to know,  
Which the Socratic writings best can  
show :

And where the matter is provided still,  
There words will follow, not against their  
will.

He that hath studied well the debt, and  
knows

What to his country, what his friends he  
owes,

Non barbam ; secreta petit loca, balnea  
vitat.

Nanciscetur enim pretium, nomenque  
poetae,

Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nun-  
quam

Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego laevus,  
Qui purgare bilem sub vermi temporis  
horam.

Non alius faceret meliora poemata : verum,  
Nil tanti est : ergo fungar vice cotis,  
acutum

Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa  
secandi.

Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse,  
docebo ;

Unde parentur opes : quid alat formetque  
poetam :

Quid deceat, quid non : quò virtus, quò  
ferat error.

Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium  
et fons.

Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere  
chartæ :

What height of love a parent will fit best,  
What brethren, what a stranger, and his  
guest,

Can tell a statesman's duty, what the arts  
And office of a judge are, what the parts  
Of a brave chief sent to the wars : he  
can,

Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.  
And I still bid the learned maker look  
On life and manners, and make those his  
book,

Thence draw forth true expressions. For  
sometimes,

A poem of no grace, weight, art, in  
rhymes

With specious places, and being humoured  
right,

More strongly takes the people with de-  
light,

And better stays them there than all fine  
noise

Of verse, mere matterless, and tinkling  
toys.

The muse not only gave the Greeks a  
wit,

But a well-compassed mouth to utter it.  
Being men were covetous of nought but  
praise :

Our Roman youths they learn the subtle  
ways

How to divide into a hundred parts  
A pound, or piece, by their long computing  
arts :

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequen-  
tur.

Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid  
amicis :

Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus,  
et hospes :

Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium :  
quæ

Partes in bellum missi ducis, ille profectò  
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.  
Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo  
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere  
voces.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè  
Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere, et  
arte,

Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque mo-  
ratur,

Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque ca-  
noræ.

Gratis ingenium, Gratis dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.

Romani pueri longis rationibus assem  
Discunt in partes centum diducere, Dicunt

There's Albin's son will say, Subtract an ounce  
 From the five ounces, what remains? pronounced  
 A third of twelve you may; four ounces. Glad,  
 He cries, good boy, thou'lt keep thine own. Now add  
 An ounce, what makes it then? the half-pound just,  
 Six ounces. O, when once the cankered rust,  
 And care of getting, thus our minds hath stained;  
 Think we, or hope there can be verses feigned  
 In juice of cedar worthy to be steeped,  
 And in smooth cypress boxes to be kept?  
 Poets would either profit or delight;  
 Or mixing sweet and fit, teach life the right.  
 Orpheus, a priest, and speaker for the gods,  
 First frightened men, that wildly lived, at odds,  
 From slaughters, and foul life; and for the same  
 Was tigers said, and lions fierce to tame.  
 Amphion too, that built the Theban towers,  
 Was said to move the stones by his lute's powers,  
 And lead them with soft songs, where that he would.

Filius Albin, si de quincunce remota est  
 Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse triens:  
 eu,  
 Rem poteris servare tuam: redivit uncia:  
 quid fit?  
 Semis: ad hæc animos ærugo, et cura  
 pecul, cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina  
 fingi  
 Posse linenda cedro, et lævi servanda cu-  
 presso?  
 Aut prodesset volunt, aut delectare poetæ,  
 Aut simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere  
 vitæ.  
 Sylvestres homines sacer, interpretresque  
 deorum,  
 Cædibus et victu fædo deterruit Orpheus,  
 Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque  
 leones:  
 Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor  
 arcis,  
 Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece  
 blanda

This was the wisdom that they had of old,  
 Things sacred from profane to separate;  
 The public from the private; to abate  
 Wild raging lusts; prescribe the marriage  
 good;  
 Build towns, and carve the laws in leaves  
 of wood.  
 And thus at first, an honour, and a name  
 To divine poets, and their verses came.  
 Next these, great Homer and Tyrtæus set  
 On edge the masculine spirits, and did  
 whet  
 Their minds to wars with rhymes they did  
 rehearse;  
 The oracles too were given out in verse;  
 All way of life was shewn; the grace of  
 kings  
 Attempted by the muses tunes and strings;  
 Plays were found out, and rest, the end and  
 crown  
 Of their long labours, was in verse set  
 down:  
 All which I tell, lest when Apollo's named,  
 Or muse, upon the lyre, thou chance b'  
 ashamed.  
 Be brief in what thou wouldst command,  
 that so  
 The docile mind may soon thy precepts  
 know,  
 And hold them faithfully; for nothing  
 rests,  
 But flows out, that o'erswelleth in full  
 breasts.

Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia  
 quondam,  
 Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis,  
 Concubitu prohibere vago: dare jura ma-  
 ritis,  
 Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.  
 Sic honor, et nomen divinis vatibus, atque  
 Carminibus venit: post hos insignis Home-  
 rus,  
 Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia  
 bella  
 Versibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina  
 sortes,  
 Et vitæ monstrata via est, et gratia regum  
 Pieris tentata modis, ludusque repertus,  
 Et longorum operum finis: ne fortè pu-  
 dori  
 Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.  
 Quicquid præcipies esto brevis: ut citò  
 dicta  
 Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.  
 Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore ma-  
 nat.

Let what thou feign'st for pleasure's sake,  
 be near  
 The truth; nor let thy fable think what-  
 e'er  
 It would, must be: lest it alive would  
 draw  
 The child, when Lamia 'as dined, out of  
 her maw.  
 The poems void of profit, our grave men  
 Cast out by voices; want they pleasure,  
 then  
 Our gallants give them none, but pass them  
 by;  
 But he hath every suffrage, can apply  
 Sweet mixt with sour to his reader, so  
 As doctrine and delight together go.  
 This book will get the Sossii money; this  
 Will pass the seas, and long as nature is,  
 With honour make the far-known author  
 live.  
 There are yet faults, which we would  
 well forgive,  
 For neither doth the string still yield that  
 sound  
 The hand and mind would, but it will re-  
 sound  
 Oft-times a sharp, when we require a flat:  
 Nor always doth the loosed bow hit that  
 Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where  
 I see  
 Much in the poem shine, I will not be

Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris  
 Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula  
 credi:  
 Neu pransæ Lamiaë vivum puerum extra-  
 hat alvo.  
 Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:  
 Celsi prætercunt austerâ poemata Rham-  
 nes.  
 Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.  
 Hic meret æra liber Sossii: hic et mare  
 transit,  
 Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.  
 Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse ve-  
 limus.  
 Nam neque chorda sonum reddit, quem  
 vult manus, et mens,  
 Poscentique gravem, persæpe remittit acu-  
 tum:  
 Nec semper feriet, quodcunque minabitur  
 arcus.  
 Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego  
 paucis  
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
 Aut humana parum cavit natura: quid  
 ergo?

Offended with few spots, which negligence  
 Hath shed, or human frailty not kept  
 thence,  
 How then? why as a scrivener, if h' offend  
 Still in the same, and warned will not mend,  
 Deserves no pardon; or who'd play, and  
 sing  
 Is laughed at, that still jarreth on one  
 string:  
 So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me  
 A Chærilus, in whom if I but see  
 Twice or thrice good, I wonder; but am  
 more  
 Angry. Sometimes I hear good Homer  
 snore;  
 But I confess, that in a long work, sleep  
 May, with some right, upon an author  
 creep.  
 As painting, so is poesy. Some man's  
 hand  
 Will take you more, the nearer that you  
 stand;  
 As some the farther off; this loves the dark;  
 This fearing not the subtlest judge's mark,  
 Will in the light be viewed: this once the  
 sight  
 Doth please, this ten times over with de-  
 light.  
 You, sir, the elder brother, though you  
 are  
 Informed rightly, by your father's care,

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,  
 Quamvis est monitus, venia caret; et ci-  
 tharædus  
 Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:  
 Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus  
 ille,  
 Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror; et  
 idem  
 Indignor: quandoque bonus dormitat Ho-  
 merus.  
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere som-  
 num.  
 Ut pictura, poësis erit: quæ, si propius  
 stes,  
 Te capiet magis, et quædam, si longius  
 abstes.  
 Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce  
 videri,  
 Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acu-  
 men.  
 Hæc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita  
 placebit.  
 O major juvenum, quamvis, et voce pa-  
 terna  
 Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis, hoc tibi  
 dictum

And of yourself too understand ; yet mind  
This saying : to some things there is assigned

A mean, and toleration, which does well :  
There may a lawyer be, may not excel ;  
Or pleader at the bar, that may come short  
Of eloquent Messala's power in court,  
Or knows not what Cæcilius Aulus can ;  
Yet there's a value given to this man.

But neither men, nor gods, nor pillars  
meant,

Poets should ever be indifferent.

As jarring music doth at jolly feasts,  
Or thick gross ointment but offend the  
guests :

As poppy, and Sardan honey ; 'cause with-  
out

These, the free meal might have been well  
drawn out :

So any poem, fancied, or forth-brought  
To bettering of the mind of man, in aught,  
If ne'er so little it depart the first  
And highest, sinketh to the lowest and  
worst.

He that not knows the games, nor how  
to use

His arms in Mars his field, he doth refuse ;  
Or who's unskilful at the quoit, or ball,  
Or trundling wheel, he can sit still from all ;  
Lest the thronged heaps should on a  
laughter take :

Yet who's most ignorant, dares verses  
make.

Tolle memor : certis medium, et tolerabile  
rebus

Rectè concedi : consultus juris, et actor  
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute diserti  
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cæcilius  
Aulus :

Sed tamen in pretio est. Mediocribus esse  
poëtis

Non homines, non dî, non concessere co-  
lumnæ.

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,  
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle  
papaver,

Offendunt ; poterat duci quia cœnasine istis :  
Sic animis natum inventumque poema ju-  
vandis,

Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad  
imū.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet  
armis,

Indoctusque pilæ discive, trochive, quiescit,  
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ.

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere : quid  
nî ?

Why not ? I'm gentle, and free born, do  
hate

Vice, and am known to have a knight's  
estate.

Thou, such thy judgment is, thy know-  
ledge too,

Wilt nothing against nature speak or do ;  
But if hereafter thou shalt write, not fear  
To send it to be judged by Metus' ear,  
And to your father's, and to mine, though't  
be

Nine years kept in, your papers by, yo'are  
free

To change and mend, what you not forth  
do set.

The writ, once out, never returned yet.  
'Tis now inquired which makes the nobler  
verse,

Nature, or art. My judgment will not  
pierce

Into the profits, what a mere rude brain  
Can ; or all toil, without a wealthy  
vein :

So doth the one the other's help require,  
And friendly should unto one end con-  
spire.

He that's ambitious in the race to touch  
The wished goal, both did, and suffered  
much

While he was young ; he sweat, and freezed  
again,

And both from wine and women did ab-  
stain.

Liber, et ingenuus, præsertim census eques-  
trem

Summam nummorum, vitioque ; remotus  
ab omni.

Tu nihil invitâ dices, faciesve Minervâ.  
Id tibi judicium est, ea mens, si quid tamen  
olim

Scripseris, in Meti descendat judicis aures,  
Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur  
in annum.

Membranis intus positus delere licebit,  
Quod non edideris. Nescit vox missa re-  
verti.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
Quæsitum est : ego nec studium sine divite  
vena,

Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium ; al-  
terius sic

Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.  
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere  
metam,

Multa tulit fecitque puer : sudavit, et alsit,  
Abstiniuit Venere, et vino : qui Pythica  
cantat

Who since to sing the Pythian rites is heard,  
Did learn them first, and once a master  
feared.

But now it is enough to say, I make  
An admirable verse. The great scurf take  
Him that is last, I scorn to come behind,  
Or of the things that ne'er came in my  
mind

To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a crier  
That to the sale of wares calls every buyer;  
So doth the poet, who is rich in land,  
Or great in moneys out at use, command  
His flatterers to their gain. But say he can  
Make a great supper, or for some poor man  
Will be a surety, or can help him out  
Of an entangling suit, and bring't about:  
I wonder how this happy man should know  
Whether his soothing friend speak truth  
or no.

But you, my Piso, carefully beware  
(Whether you are given to, or giver are)  
You do not bring to judge your verses, one,  
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:  
For he'll cry Good, brave, better, ex-  
cellent!

Look pale, distil a shower (was never  
meant)

Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the  
groun'

As those that hired to weep at funerals  
swoun,

Cry, and do more than the true mourners: so  
The scoffer the true praiser doth out-go.

Tibicen, didicisti, prius, extimuitque magis-  
trum.

Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata  
pango:

Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe re-  
linqui est,

Et quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri.

It præco ad merces turbam qui cogit  
emendas,

Adsentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poëta  
Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis.  
Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,  
Et spontere levi pro paupere, et eripere  
atris

Litibus implicitum; mirabor, si sciet inter-  
noscere mendacem verumque beatus ami-  
cum.

Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,  
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum  
Lætitiæ: clamabit enim, Pulchrè, benè,  
rectè.

Pallescit super his: etiam stillabit amicis  
Ex oculis rorem, saliet, tundet pede terram.  
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt,

Rich men are said with many cups to ply,  
And rack with wine the man whom they  
would try,

If of their friendship he be worthy or no:  
When you write verses, with your judge  
do so:

Look through him, and be sure you take  
not mocks

For praises, where the mind conceals a  
fox.

If to Quintilius you recited aught,  
He'd say, Mend this, good friend, and  
this. 'Tis naught.

If you denied you had no better strain,  
And twice or thrice had 'ssayed it, still in  
vain:

He'd bid blot all, and to the anvil bring  
These ill-torned verses to new hammering.  
Then if your fault you rather had defend  
Than change; no word or work more  
would he spend

In vain, but you and yours you should  
love still

Alone, without a rival, by his will.

A wise and honest man will cry out  
shame

On artless verse; the hard ones he will  
blame,

Blot out the careless with his turned pen;  
Cut off superfluous ornaments, and when

They're dark, bid clear this: all that's  
doubtful wrote

Reprove, and what is to be changed note;

Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo:  
sic

Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culis,  
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse labo-  
rent,

An sit amicitia dignus: si carmina condes,  
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe la-  
tentem.

Quintilio, si quid recitares, corrige, sodes,  
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc: melius te posse ne-  
gares,

Bis, terque expertum frustra; delere jubebat,  
Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus,  
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere malle,  
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam sume-  
bat inanem,

Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares,  
Vir bonus et prudens, versus reprehendit  
inertes,

Culpabit duos, incompitis allinet atrum  
Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa re-  
cidet

Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare cogit:

Become an Aristarchus. And not say  
Why should I grieve my friend this trifling  
way?

These trifles into serious mischiefs lead  
The man once mocked, and suffered wrong  
to tread.

Wise sober folk a frantic poet fear;  
And shun to touch him, as a man that  
were

Infected with the leprosy, or had  
The yellow jaundice, or were furious  
mad,

According to the moon. But then the  
boys

They vex, and follow him with shouts and  
noise;

The while he belcheth lofty verses out,  
And stalketh, like a fowler, round about,  
Busy to catch a black-bird, if he fall  
Into a pit or hole, although he call  
And cry aloud, Help, gentle country-  
men!

There's none will take the care to help him  
then;

For if one should, and with a rope make  
haste

To let it down, who knows if he did cast  
Himself there purposely or no, and would  
Not thence be saved, although indeed he  
could?

Arguet ambiguum dictum, mutanda notabit:  
Fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet, Cur ego ami-  
cum

Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ seria ducent  
In mala, semel derisum, exceptumque  
sinistrè.

Ut mala quem scabies, aut morbus re-  
gius urget,

Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,  
Vesanum tetigisse timent, fugiuntque poe-  
tam,

Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique  
sequuntur.

Hic dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat:  
Si veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps

In puteum, foveamve, licet Succurrite,  
longum

Clamet Iò cives! non sit qui tollere curet.  
Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere  
funem,

Qui scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit,  
etque

Servari novit? dicam, Miculique poetæ

I'll tell you but the death and the disease  
Of the Sicilian poet Empedocles:

He, while he laboured to be thought a god  
Immortal, took a melancholic, odd  
Conceit, and into burning Ætna leapt.  
Let poets perish, that will not be kept.  
He that preserves a man against his will,  
Doth the same thing with him that would  
him kill.

Nor did he do this once; for if you can  
Recall him yet, he'd be no more a man,  
Or love of this so famous death lay by.

His cause of making verses none knows  
why,

Whether he pissed upon his father's grave,  
Or the sad thunder-stricken thing he have  
Defiled, touched; but certain he was  
mad,

And as a bear, if he the strength but  
had

To force the grates that hold him in, would  
fright

All: so this grievous writer puts to flight  
Learned and unlearned, holding whom  
once he takes,

And there an end of him reciting makes;  
Not letting go his hold, where he draws  
food,

Till he drop off, a horse-leech, full of  
blood.

Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis ha-  
beret

Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus  
Ætnam

Insiluit. Sit jus, liceatque perire poetis.  
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.

Nec semel hoc fecit: nec si retractus erit,  
jam

Fiet homo: et ponet famosæ mortis amo-  
rem.

Nec satis apparet, cur versus facit: et  
utrum

Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bi-  
dental

Moverit incestus: certè furit, ac, velut  
ursus,

Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,  
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acer-  
bus.

Quem verò arripuit, tenet occiditque le-  
gendæ

Non misera cutem nisi plena cruoris  
hirac.



THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY  
LIFE.

Happy is he, that from all business clear,  
As the old race of mankind were,  
With his own oxen tills his sire's left lands,  
And is not in the usurer's bands :  
Nor soldier-like, started with rough alarms,  
Nor dreads the sea's enraged harms :  
But flies the bar and courts, with the proud  
boards,  
And waiting-chambers of great lords.  
The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine  
With the grown issue of the vine ;  
And with his hook lops off the fruitless race,  
And sets more happy in the place :  
Or in the bending vale beholds afar  
The lowing herds there grazing are :  
Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keep  
Of earth, and shears the tender sheep :  
Or when that autumn through the fields  
lifts round  
His head, with mellow apples crowned,  
How plucking pears, his own hand grafted  
had,  
And purple-matching grapes, he's glad !  
With which, Priapus, he may thank thy  
hands,  
And, Sylvan, thine, that kept'st his lands !  
Then now beneath some ancient oak he may  
Now in the rooted grass him lay,  
Whilst from the higher banks do slide the  
floods ;  
The soft birds quarrel in the woods,  
The fountains murmur as the streams do  
creep,  
And all invite to easy sleep.  
Then when the thund'ring Jove, his snow  
and showers  
Are gathering by the wintry hours :  
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many  
a hound  
Wild boars into his toils pitched round :  
Or strains on his small fork his subtle nets  
For th' eating thrush, or pit-falls sets :  
And snares the fearful hare, and new-come  
crane,  
And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.  
Who amongst these delights, would not  
forget  
Love's cares so evil and so great ?

HORAT. OD. LIB. V. OD. II.

VITÆ RUSTICÆ LAUDES.

Beatus ille, <sup>1</sup> qui procul negotiis,  
Ut prisca gens mortalium,  
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,  
Solutus omni fœnore :  
Nec excitatur classico miles truci,  
Nec horret iratum mare :  
Forumque vitat, et superba civium  
Potentiorum limina.  
Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine  
Altas maritat populos :  
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,  
Feliciores inseret :  
Aut in reducta valle mugientium  
Prospectat errantes greges :  
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,  
Aut tondet infirmas oves :  
Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput  
Autumnus arvis extulit :  
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,  
Certantem et uvam purpureæ,  
Quâ muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater  
Sylvane, tutor finium !

Libet jacere modò sub antiqua illice ;  
Modò in tenaci gramine.  
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ :  
Queruntur in sylvis aves,  
Fontesque lymphis obstrepuunt manantibus,  
Somnos quod invitet leves.

At cum tonentis annus hibernus Jovis  
Imbres nivesque comparat ;  
Aut trudit acres hinc, et hinc multâ cane  
Apros in obstantes plagas :  
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia ;  
Turdus edacibus dolos ;  
Pavidumque leporem, et advenam laqueo  
gruem,  
Jucunda captat præmia :  
Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,  
Hæc inter obliviscitur ?

<sup>1</sup> *Beatus ille*, &c.] This ode seems to have been a peculiar favourite with the poets of our author's age. It is translated by Sir John Beaumont, Randolph, and others ; but by none of them with much success. Denham had not yet propagated his manly and judicious sentiments on translation, and the grace and freedom of poetry were sacrificed by almost general consent

to a strict and rigid fidelity. As these versions have no date, it is not possible to say whether they were the exercises of the schoolboy or the productions of riper age. None of them were committed to the press by the poet.

[Jonson read this translation to Drummond, "and admired it."—F. C.]

But if, to boot with these, a chaste wife meet

For household aid, and children sweet;  
Such as the Sabines, or a sun-burnt blowse,  
Some lusty quick Apulian's spouse,  
To deck the hallowed hearth with old wood fired

Against the husband comes home tired;  
That penning the glad flock in hurdles by,  
Their swelling udders doth draw dry:  
And from the sweet tub wine of this year takes,

And unbought viands ready makes.  
Not Lucrine oysters I could then more prize,

Nor turbot, nor bright golden-eyes:  
If with bright floods, the winter troubled much,

Into our seas send any such:  
The Ionian godwit, nor the ginny hen  
Could not go down my belly then  
More sweet than olives, that new-gathered be

From fattest branches of the tree:  
Or the herb sorrel, that loves meadows still,  
Or mallows loosing bodies ill:  
Or at the feast of bounds, the lamb then slain,

Or kid forced from the wolf again,  
Among these eates how glad the sight doth come

Of the fed flocks approaching home:  
To view the weary oxen draw, with bare  
And fainting necks, the turn of shue!  
The wealthy household swarm of bondmen met,

And 'bout the steaming chimney set!  
These thoughts when usurer Alphiis, now about

To turn mere farmer, had spoke out;  
Gains the ides, his moneys he gets in with pain.

At the calends puts all out again.

#### ODE I. BOOK IV.

TO VENUS.

Venus, again thou mov'st a war  
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:

I am not such, as in the reign  
Of the good Cynara I was: refrain  
Sour mother of sweet Loves, forbear  
To bend a man now at his fiftieth year

Too stubborn for commands so slack:  
Go where youths' soft entreaties call thee back.

VOL. III.

Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvet  
Domum, atque dulces liberos,  
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus  
Pernicis uxor Appuli  
Sacrum vestusti extruat lignis focum  
Lassi sub adventum viri)  
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus  
Distenta siccet ubera;  
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio  
Dapes inemptas apparet;

Non me Lucrina juverint conchyliis,  
Magisque rhombus, aut scari  
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus  
Hyems ad hoc vertat mare:  
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum:  
Non attagen Ionicus  
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis  
Oliva ramis arborum:  
Aut herba lappathi præva amantis, et gravi  
Malvæ salubres corpori;  
Vel agna festis caesa terminalibus:  
Vel hædus ereptus lupo.

Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves  
Videre properanteis domum!  
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves  
Collo trahentes languido!  
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,  
Circum renidentes lares!  
Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,  
Jam jam iuturus rusticus,  
Omnem relegit idibus pecuniam;  
Quærit calendis ponere.

#### HORACE, ODE I. LIB. IV.

AD VENEREM.

Intermissa Venus diu,  
Rursus bella moves: parce precor, precor:  
Non sum qualis etiam bonæ  
Sub regno Cynaræ: desine dulcium  
Mater sæva Cupidinum,  
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus  
Jam durum imperiis: abi  
Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

CC

More timely **hie thee to the house,**  
 With thy bright swans, of Paulus Maxi-  
 mus :  
 There jest and feast, make him thine host,  
 If a fit liver thou dost seek to toast ;  
 For he's both noble, lovely, young,  
 And for the troubled client lites his  
 tongue :  
 Child of a hundred arts, and far  
 Will he display the ensigns of thy war.  
 And when he smiling finds his grace  
 With thee 'bove all his rivals' gifts take  
 place,  
 He'll thee a marble statue make  
 Beneath a sweet-wood roof near Alba  
 lake.  
 There shall thy dainty nostril take  
 In many a gum, and for thy soft ears'  
 sake  
 Shall verse be set to harp and lute,  
 And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the  
 flute.  
 There twice a day in sacred lays,  
 The youths and tender maids shall sing  
 thy praise :  
 And in the Salian manner meet  
 Thrice 'bout thy altar with their ivory  
 feet.  
 Me now, nor wench, nor wanton boy,  
 Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual  
 joy ;  
 Nor care I now healths to propound,  
 Or with fresh flowers to girt my temples  
 round.  
 But why, oh why, my Ligurine,  
 Flow my thin tears down these pale  
 cheeks of mine ?  
 Or why my well-graced words among  
 With an uncomely silence fails my  
 tongue ?  
 Hard-hearted, I dream every night  
 I hold thee fast ! but fled hence, with the  
 light,  
 Whether in Mars his field thou be,  
 Or Tyber's winding streams, I follow  
**thee.**

Tempestivius in domo  
 Pauli purpureis ales oloribus,  
 Comessabere Maximi,  
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.  
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,  
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis.  
 Et centum puer artium,  
 Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ.  
 Et quandoque potentior  
 Largi muneribus risent æmuli,  
 Albanos prope te lacus  
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe cyprea.

Illic plurima narius  
 Duces tura, lyraque, et Bercynthis  
 Delectabere tibia  
 Mistis carminibus non sine fistula.  
 Illic bis pueri die,  
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum  
 Laudantes, pede candido  
 In morem Salium ter quatient humum.  
 Me nec fœmina nec puer  
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,  
 Nec certare juvat mero :  
 Nec vincire novis temporibus floribus.

Sed cur, heu ! Ligurine, cur  
 Manat rara meas lachryma per genas ?  
 Cur facunda parum-decoro  
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio ?  
 Nocturnis te ego somniis  
 Jam captum tenco, jam volucem sequor :  
 Te per gramina Martii  
 Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

## ODE IX. BOOK III. TO LYDIA.

## DIALOGUE OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

*Hor.* Whilst, Lydia, I was loved of thee,  
And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling  
His arms more acceptably free,  
I thought me richer than the Persian king.

*Lyd.* Whilst Horace loved no mistress  
more,  
Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound;  
In name, I went all names before,  
The Roman *Ilia* was not more renowned.

*Hor.* 'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloe's, I,  
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning  
plays,

As, for her, I'd not fear to die,  
So fate would give her life and longer days.

*Lyd.* And I am mutually on fire  
With gentle Calais, Thuringe Ornith's son,  
For whom I doubly would expire,  
So fate would let the boy a long thread run.

*Hor.* But say old love return should  
make,  
And us disjoined force to her brazen yoke;  
That I bright Chloe off should shake,  
And to left Lydia, now the gate stood ope?

*Lyd.* Though he be fairer than a star;  
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,  
And than rough Adria angrier far;  
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

FRAGMENT OF PETRON. ARBITER  
TRANSLATED.

Doing, a filthy pleasure is, and short;  
And done, we straight repent us of the  
sport:

Let us not then rush blindly on unto it,  
Like lustful beasts that only know to do it:  
For lust will languish, and that heat decay.  
But thus, thus, keeping endless holiday,  
Let us together closely lie and kiss,  
There is no labour, nor no shame in this;  
This hath pleased, doth please, and long  
will please; never  
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

<sup>1</sup> *Donec gratus*, &c.] This little piece has always been a favourite. Granger, whose knowledge of our old writers did not extend much beyond their portraits, tells us that the first English version of this Ode was made by Herrick. The *Hesperides* were not published till

## ODE IX. LIB. III. AD LYDIAM.

## DIALOGUS HORATI ET LYDIE.

*Hor.* Donec gratus eram tibi,<sup>1</sup>  
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ  
Cervici juvenis dabat;  
Persarum vigui rege beator.

*Lyd.* Donec non alia magis  
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloë,  
Multi Lydia nominis  
Romana vigui clarior *Ilia*.

*Hor.* Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,  
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens:  
Pro qua non metuum mori,  
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

*Lyd.* Me torret face mutua  
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:  
Pro quo his patiar mori,  
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

*Hor.* Quid si prisca redit Venus,  
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?  
Si flava excutitur Chloë  
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

*Lyd.* Quamquam sidere pulchrior  
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo  
Iracundior Adria,  
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

## FRAGMENTUM PETRON. ARBITR.

Foeda est in coitu, et brevis voluptas,  
Et tædet Veneris statim peractæ.  
Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosæ,  
Cœci protinus irruamus illuc:  
Nam languescit amor peritque flamma,  
Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriati,  
Et tecum jaceamus osculantes:  
Hic nullus labor est, riborque nullus;  
Hoc juvit, juvat, et diu juvabit:  
Hoc non deficit, incipitque semper.

1648, and to say nothing of the translation before us, a dozen perhaps had appeared before that period. I have one by Francis Davison as early as 1608, but neither is this the first:—the matter, however, is of no great moment.

EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL, viii. 77,  
TRANSLATED.

Liber, of all thy friends, thou sweetest  
care,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou worthy in eternal flower to fare,  
If thou be'st wise, with Syrian oil let shine  
Thy locks, and rosy garlands crown thy  
head;  
Dark thy clear glass with old Falernian  
wine,  
And heat with softest love thy softer bed.  
He, that but living half his days, dies  
such,  
Makes his life longer than 'twas given him,  
much.

MARTIAL. EPIG. Lib. x. 47,  
TRANSLATED.<sup>2</sup>

The things that make the happier life are  
these,  
Most pleasant Martial; Substance got with  
ease,  
Not laboured for, but left thee by thy Sire;  
A soil not barren; a continual fire;  
Never at law; seldom in office gownd;  
A quiet mind, free powers, and body sound;  
A wise simplicity; friends alike stated;  
Thy table without art, and easy rated;  
Thy night not drunken, but from cares laid  
waste,  
No sour or sullen bed-mate, yet a chaste;  
Sleep that will make the darkest hours swift-  
paced;  
Will to be what thou art, and nothing more;  
Nor fear thy latest day, nor wish therefore.

<sup>1</sup> *Liber, of all thy friends, &c* ] This must be exempted from what in the *Life of Dryden*, are called the "jaw-breaking translations of Ben Jonson." It is, in fact, the most beautiful of all the versions of this elegant poem. Though it numbers only line for line with the original, it clearly and fully expresses the whole of its meaning, and is besides, spirited and graceful in a high degree. It unfortunately escaped the researches of Hurd.

EPIGRAMMA MARTIALIS, Lib. viii.  
Ep. 77.

Liber, amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,  
Liber in aeterna vivere digne rosâ;  
Si sapiis, Assyrio semper tibi crinis aroma  
Splendeat, et cingant florea serta caput;  
Candida nigriscant vetulo crystallâ Fa-  
lerno,  
Et caleat blando mollis amore thorax.  
Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,  
Longior huic facta est, quam data vita  
tuit.

MARTIALIS. EPIG. Lib. x. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,  
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:  
Res non parva labore, sed relicta;  
Non ingratus ager; focus perennis;  
Lis nunquam; toga rara; meus quietus;  
Vires ingenue, salubre corpus;  
Prudens simplicitas; pares amici;  
Convictus facilis; sine arte mensa;  
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis;  
Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus;  
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras;  
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque mali;  
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

<sup>2</sup> [In a conversation at Hawthornden (No. ii. *post*) Jonson recommended Drummond to study Martial, and added that he had translated his Epigram *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c*. The above verses were discovered by Mr. Collier at Dulwich in Jonson's handwriting, and are no doubt the translation alluded to. Mr. Collier printed them in his "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 54.—F. C.]



# Timber; or, Discoveries made upon Men and Matter.

AS THEY HAVE FLOWED OUT OF HIS DAILY READINGS, OR HAD THEIR REFLUX TO HIS PECULIAR NOTION OF THE TIMES:

*Tecum habita, ut nôris quam sit tibi curta supellex.*—PERS. Sat. 4.

[To your own breast in quest of worth repair,  
And blush to find how poor a stock is there.—GIFFORD.]

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## SYLVA.

*Rerum, et sententiarum, quæ ὅλη dicta a multiplici materia, et varietate, in iis contentâ. Quemadmodum enim vulgò solemus infinitam arborum nascentium indiscriminatim multitudinem Sylvam dicere: ità etiam libros suos in quibus variæ et diversæ materiæ opuscula temere congesta erant, Sylvas appellabant antiqui, Timber-trees.*

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DISCOVERIES.] From the fol. 1641. These are among "the last drops of Jonson's quill." A few occasional remarks of an early date may, perhaps, be found here; but there is internal evidence that the greater number of them were made subsequently to 1630, when he was *prest by extremities*, and struggling with want and disease for *breath*.

Those who derive all their knowledge of Jonson from the commentators on Shakespeare, will not (if they should condescend to open these pages), be unprofitably employed in comparing the manly tone, the strong sense, the solid judgment, the extensive learning, the compressed yet pure and classical diction of the declining poet, with the dull, cold, jejune, pompous, and parasitical pedantry of Hurd and others, whom they have been called on to admire, principally, as it should seem, for the *supercilious and captious* nature of their criticisms on his labours.

## Explorata; or, Discoveries.

*Fortuna.*—Ill Fortune never crushed that man, whom good Fortune deceived not. I therefore have counselled my friends, never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them: but to place all things she gave them so, as she might ask them again without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them; to keep always a distance between her and themselves. He knows not his own strength, that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any man, may to every man. But it is in his reason what he accounts it, and will make it.

*Casus.*—Change into extremity is very frequent, and easy. As when a beggar suddenly grows rich, he commonly becomes a prodigal; for to obscure his former obscurity, he puts on riot and excess.

*Consilia.*—No man is so foolish but may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise but may easily err, if he will take no other's counsel but his own. But very few men are wise by their own counsel; or learned by their own teaching. For he that was only taught by himself,\* had a fool to his master.

*Fama.*—A Fame that is wounded to the world, would be better cured by another's apology than its own; for few can apply medicines well themselves. Besides, the man that is once hated, both his good, and his evil deeds oppress him. He is not easily emergent.

*Negotia.*—In great affairs it is a work of difficulty to please all. And oft-times we lose the occasion of carrying a business well, and thoroughly, by our too much haste. For Passions are spiritual rebels, and raise sedition against the understanding.

*Amor Patriæ.*—There is a necessity all men should love their country: he that professeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there.

*Ingenia.*—Natures that are hardened to evil you shall sooner break, than make straight; they are like poles that are crooked and dry; there is no attempting them.

*Applausus.*—We praise the things we hear with much more willingness than those we see; because we envy the present and reverence the past, thinking ourselves instructed by the one and over-laid by the other.

*Opinio.*—Opinion is a light, vain, crude, and imperfect thing, settled in the imagination; but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason. We labour with it more than truth. There is much more holds us, than presseth us. An ill fact is one thing, an ill fortune is another: yet both oftentimes sway us alike by the error of our thinking.

*Impostura.*—Many men believe not themselves, what they would persuade others; and less do the things which they would impose on others: but least of all know what they themselves most confidently boast. Only they set the sign of the cross over their outer doors, and sacrifice to their gut and their groin in their inner closets.

*Factura vite.*—What a deal of cold business doth a man mis-spend the better part of life in! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.

*Hypocrita.*—Puritanus hypocrita est hæreticus, quem opinio propriæ perspicaciæ, quâ sibi videtur, cum paucis in ecclesiâ dogmatibus, errores quosdam animadvertisse, de statu mentis deturbavit: unde sacro furore percitus, phrenetice pug-

\* *Αυτοδιδάκτος.*

**nat contra magistratus, sic ratus obedi-  
tiam præstare Deo.**

**Mutua auxilia.**—Learning needs rest : Sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty needs counsel : Learning affords it. There is such a consociation of offices, between the Prince and whom his favour breeds, that they may help to sustain his power, as he their knowledge. It is the greatest part of his liberality, his favour : and from whom doth he hear discipline more willingly, or the arts discoursed more gladly, than from those whom his own bounty and benefits have made able and faithful ?

**Cognit. universi.**—In being able to counsel others, a man must be furnished with an universal store in himself, to the knowledge of all Nature : that is the matter, and seed plot ; there are the seats of all argument and invention. But especially you must be cunning in the nature of Man : there is the variety of things which are as the elements, and letters, which his art and wisdom must rank and order to the present occasion. For we see not all letters in single words ; nor all places in particular discourses. That cause seldom happens wherein a man will use all arguments.

**Consiliarii adjunct. Probitas, Sapientia.**—The two chief things that give a man reputation in counsel, are the opinion of his Honesty, and the opinion of his Wisdom : the authority of those two will persuade, when the same counsels uttered by other persons less qualified are of no efficacy or working.

**Vita recta.**—Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage. And therefore the reputation of honesty must first be gotten ; which cannot be but by living well. A good life is a main argument.

**Obsequentia.—Humanitas.—Solicitude.**—Next a good life, to beget love in the persons we counsel, by dissembling our knowledge of ability in ourselves, and avoiding all suspicion of arrogance, ascribing all to their instruction, as an ambassador to his master, or a subject to his sovereign ; seasoning all with humanity and sweetness, only expressing care and solicitude. And not to counsel rashly, or on the sudden, but with advice and meditation : (*Dat nox consilium.*) For many foolish things fall from wise men, if they speak in haste, or be extemporal. It therefore behoves the giver of counsel to be

circumspect : especially to beware of those, with whom he is not thoroughly acquainted, lest any spice of rashness, folly, or self-love appear, which will be marked by few persons, and men of experience in affairs.

**Modestia.—Parrhesia.**—And to the prince, or his superior, to behave himself modestly, and with respect. Yet free from flattery, or empire. Not with insolence, or precept ; but as the prince were already furnished with the parts he should have, especially in affairs of state. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended : they will not willingly contend. But hear (with Alexander) the answer the musician gave him, *Absit, ô rex, ut tu melius hæc scias, quàm ego.\**

**Perspicuitas.—Elegantia.**—A man should so deliver himself to the nature of the subject whereof he speaks, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight : and so apparel fair and good matter, that the studious of elegance be not defaunded ; redeem arts from their rough and brakey seats, where they lay hid and overgrown with thorns, to a pure, open, and flowery light ; where they may take the eye and be taken by the hand.

**Natura non effata.**—I cannot think Nature is so spent and decayed, that she can bring forth nothing worth her former years. She is always the same, like herself ; and when she collects her strength, is abler still. Men are decayed, and studies : she is not.

**Non nimium credendum antiquitati.**—I know nothing can conduce more to letters, than to examine the writings of the ancients, and not to rest in their sole authority, or take all upon trust from them ; provided the plagues of judging and pronouncing against them be away ; such as are envy, bitterness, precipitation, impudence, and scurrile scoffing. For to all the observations of the ancients, we have our own experience : which if we will use, and apply, we have better means to pronounce. It is true they opened the gates, and made the way that went before us ; but as guides, not commanders ; *Non domini nostri, sed duces fuere.* Truth lies open to all ; it is no man's several. *Patet omnibus veritas ;*

\* Plutarch in vita Alex.



*nondum est occupata. Multum ex illa, etiam futuris relicta est.*

*Dissentire licet, sed cum ratione.*—If in some things I dissent from others, whose wit, industry, diligence, and judgment I look up at, and admire; let me not therefore hear presently of ingratitude, and rashness. For I thank those that have taught me, and will ever: but yet dare not think the scope of their labour and inquiry was to envy their posterity what they also could add and find out.

*Non mihi credendum sed veritati.*—If I err, pardon me: *Nulla ars simul et inventa est, et absoluta.* I do not desire to be equal to those that went before; but to have my reason examined with theirs, and so much faith to be given them, or me, as those shall evict. I am neither author nor fautor of any sect. I will have no man addict himself to me; but if I have any thing right, defend it as Truth's, not mine, save as it conduceth to a common good. It profits not me to have any man fence or fight for me, to flourish, or take a side. Stand for Truth, and 'tis enough.

*Scientie liberales.*—Arts that respect the mind were ever reputed nobler than those that serve the body: though we less can be without them. As tillage, spinning, weaving, building, &c. without which we could scarce sustain life a day. But these were the works of every hand; the other of the brain only, and those the most generous and exalted wits and spirits, that cannot rest, or acquiesce. The mind of man is still fed with labour: *Opere pascitur.*

*Non vulgi sunt.*—There is a more secret cause: and the power of liberal studies lies more hid, than that it can be wrought out by profane wits. It is not every man's way to hit. They are men, I confess, that set the carack and value upon things, as they love them; but science is not every man's mistress. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature.

*Honesta ambitio.*—If divers men seek fame or honour by divers ways; so both be honest, neither is to be blamed: but they that seek immortality, are not only worthy of love, but of praise.

*Maritus improbus.*—He hath a delicate wife, a fair fortune, and family to go to be-

welcome; yet he had rather be drunk with mine host and the fiddlers of such a town than go home.

*Afflictio pia magistra.*—Affliction teacheth a wicked person some time to pray. Prosperity never.

*Deboratis facilis descensus Averni.*—*The devil take all.*—Many might go to heaven with half the labour they go to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way: but the devil take all (quoth he) that was choked in the mill-dam, with his four last words in his mouth.

*Aegidius cursu superat.*—A cripple in the way out-travels a footman, or a post out of the way.

*Prodigo nummi nauci.*—Bags of money to a prodigal person, are the same that cherry-stones are with some boys, and so thrown away.

*Munda et sordida.*—A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.

*Debitum deploratum.*—Of this spilt water, there is a little to be gathered up: it is a desperate debt.

*Latro sesquipedalis.*—The thief\* that had a longing at the gallows to commit one robbery more, before he was hanged.

And like the German lord,† when he went out of Newgate into the cart, took order to have his arms set up in his last herborough: said he was taken, and committed upon suspicion of treason; no witness appearing against him: but the judges entertained him most civilly, discoursed with him, offered him the courtesy of the rack; but he confessed, &c.

*Calumniæ fructus.*—I am beholden to calumny, that she hath so endeavoured, and taken pains to let me. It shall make me set a surer guard on myself, and keep a better watch upon my actions.

*Impertinens.*—A tedious person is one a man would leap a steeple from, gallop down any steep hill to avoid him; forsake his meat, sleep, nature itself, with all her benefits, to shun him. A mere impertinent: one that touched neither heaven nor earth in his discourse. He opened an entry into a fair room, but shut it again presently. I spake to him of Garlic, he

\* With a great belly.

† Comes de Schortenhien.

answered Asparagus : consulted him of marriage, he tells me of hanging, as if they went by one and the same destiny.

*Bellum Scribentium.*—What a sight it is to see writers committed together by the ears for ceremonies, syllables, points, colons, commas, hyphens, and the like? fighting as for their fires and their altars; and angry that none are frightened at their noises and loud brayings under their asses' skins.

There is hope of getting a fortune without digging in these quarries. *See meliorem (nomine) ingenio, animumque quam fortunam usus.*

*Pingue solum lussat; sed jurat ipse labor.*

*Difficultas inter Doctos et Sciolos.*—Wits made out their several expeditions then, for the discovery of truth, to find out great and profitable knowledges, had then several instruments for the acquisition of arts. Now there are certain *sciolos* or smatterers, that are busy in the skirts and outsides of learning, and have scarce any thing of solid literature to commend them. They may have some edging or trimming of a scholar, a welt or so: but it is no more.

*Impostorum fucus.*—Imposture is a specious thing: yet never worse than when it feigns to be best, and to none discovered sooner than the simplest. For truth and goodness are plain and open, but imposture is ever ashamed of the light.

*Jeunularum molio.*—A puppet-play must be shadowed, and seen in the dark: for draw the curtain, *Et sordet gesticulatio.*

*Principes, et Administri.*—There is a great difference in the understanding of some princes, as in the quality of their ministers about them. Some would dress their masters in gold, pearl, and all true jewels of majesty: others furnish them with feathers, bells, and ribands; and are therefore esteemed the fitter servants. But they are ever good men, that must make good the times: if the men be naught, the times will be such. *Finis expectandus est in unoquoque hominum; animali ad mutationem promptissimo.*

*Scitum Hispanicum.*—It is a quick saying with the Spaniards, *Artes inter hæredes non dividi.* Yet these have inherited their father's lying, and they brag of it. He is a narrow-minded man, that affects a triumph in any glorious study; but to triumph in a lie, and a lie themselves

have forged, is frontless. Folly often goes beyond her bounds; but Impudence knows none.

*Non nova res livor.*—Envy is no new thing, nor was it born only in our times. The ages past have brought it forth, and the coming ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, *quorum odium virtute relictâ placet*, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to take from those men's virtues, which because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despairst to imitate. Is it a crime in me that I know that, which others had not yet known, but from me? or that I am the author of many things, which never would have come in thy thought, but that I taught them? It is a new, but a foolish way you have found out, that whom you cannot equal, or come near in doing, you would destroy or ruin with evil speaking: as if you had bound both your wits and natures prentices to slander, and then came forth the best artificers, when you could form the foulest calumnies.

*Nil gratius protervo lib.*—Indeed nothing is of more credit or request now, than a petulant paper, or scoffing verses; and it is but convenient to the times and manners we live with, to have then the worst writings and studies flourish, when the best begin to be despised. All arts begin where good end.

*Jam literæ sordent.*—*Pastus hodiernæ Ingen.*—The time was when men would learn and study good things, not envy those that had them. Then men were had in price for learning; now letters only make men vile. He is upbraidingly called a Poet, as if it were a most contemptible nickname: but the professors, indeed, have made the learning cheap. Railing and tinkling Rhymers, whose writings the vulgar more greedily read, as being taken with the scurrility and petulancy of such wits. He shall not have a reader now, unless he jeer and lie. It is the food of men's natures: the diet of the times! Gallants cannot sleep else. The writer must lie, and the gentle reader rests happy, to hear the worthiest works misinterpreted, the clearest actions obscured, the innocentest life traduced: and in such a licence of lying, a field so fruitful of slanders, how can there be matter wanting to his laughter? Hence comes the epidemical infection: for how can they escape the contagion of the

writings, whom the virulency of the calumnies hath not staved off from reading.

*Sed seculi morbus.*—Nothing doth more invite a greedy reader, than an unlooked-for subject. And what more unlooked-for, than to see a person of an unblamed life made ridiculous or odious, by the artifice of lying? but it is the disease of the age; and no wonder if the world, growing old, begin to be infirm: old age itself is a disease. It is long since the sick world began to doat and talk idly: would she had but doated still! but her dotage is now broke forth into a madness, and become a mere frenzy.

*Alastoris malitia.*—This Alastor, who hath left nothing unsearched, or unassailed, by his impudent and licentious lying in his aguish writings (for he was in his cold quaking fit all the while); what hath he done more, than a troublesome base cur? barked and made a noise afar off; had a fool or two to spit in his mouth, and cherish him with a musty bone? but they are rather enemies of my fame than me, these barkers.

*Mali Choragi fuer.*—It is an art to have so much judgment as to apparel a lie well, to give it a good dressing; that though the nakedness would shew deformed and odious, the suiting of it might draw their readers. Some love any strumpet (be she never so shop-like or meretricious) in good clothes. But these, nature could not have formed them better, to destroy their own testimony, and overthrow their calumny.

*Hear-say news.*—That an elephant, in 1630, came hither ambassador from the great Mogul (who could both write and read) and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty quarts of Canary sack, besides nuts and almonds the citizens' wives sent him. That he had a Spanish boy to his interpreter, and his chief negotiation was to confer or practise with Archy, the principal fool of state, about stealing hence Windsor-castle, and carrying it away on his back if he can.

*Lingua sapientis, potius quam loquentis.*—A wise tongue should not be licentious and wandering; but moved, and, as it were, governed with certain reins from the heart and bottom of the breast: and it was excellently said of that philosopher, that there was a wall or parapet of teeth

set in our mouth, to restrain the petulancy of our words; that the rashness of talking should not only be retarded by the guard and watch of our heart, but be fenced in and defended by certain strengths placed in the mouth itself, and within the lips. But you shall see some so abound with words, without any seasoning or taste of matter, in so profound a security, as while they are speaking for the most part they confess to speak they know not what.

Of the two (if either were to be wished) I would rather have a plain downright wisdom, than a foolish and affected eloquence. For what is so furious and Bethlem-like, as a vain sound of chosen and excellent words, without any subject of sentence or science mixed?

*Optanda.*—*Thersites Homeri.*—Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth, he can never hold his peace. Nay, rather than he will not discourse he will hire men to hear him. And so heard, not hearkened unto, he comes off most times like a mountebank, that when he hath praised his medicines, finds none will take them, or trust him. He is like Homer's *Thersites*.

*Ἀμετροεπής, ἀκριβοῦντος;* speaking without judgment or measure.

*Loquax magis, quam facundus, Salus loquentie, sapientia parum.\**  
*Γλώσσης τοι θασαυρὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἀριστος*  
*Φειδωλῆς, πλείστη δὲ χάρις κατὰ μέτρον ἰούσης.†*  
*Optimus est homini linguæ thesaurus, et ingens*  
*Gratia, quæ parvis mensurat singula verbis.*

*Homeri Ulysses.*—*Demacatus Plutarchi.*—Ulysses in Homer is made a long-thinking man before he speaks; and Epaminondas is celebrated by Pindar, to be a man, that though he knew much yet he spoke but little. Demacatus, when on the bench he was long silent, and said nothing; one asking him, if it were folly in him, or want of language? he answered, *A fool could never hold his peace.‡* For too much talking is ever the indice of a fool.

*Dum tacet indoctus, poterit cordatus haberi;*  
*Is morbos animi namque tacendo tegit.§*

Nor is that worthy speech of Zeno the philosopher to be past over with the note of ignorance; who being invited to a feast

\* Salust. † Hesiodus.

‡ Vid. Zeuxidis pict. Serm. ad Megabizum.  
§ Plutarch.

in Athens, where a great prince's ambassadors were entertained, and was the only person had said nothing at the table; one of them with courtesy asked him, What shall we return from thee, Zeno, to the prince our master, if he asks us of thee? Nothing, he replied, more, but that you found an old man in Athens that knew to be silent amongst his cups. It was near a miracle to see an old man silent, since talking is the disease of age; but amongst cups makes it fully a wonder.

*Argute dictum.*—It was wittily said upon one that was taken for a great and grave man so long as he held his peace: This man might have been a counsellor of state till he spoke: but having spoken, not the beadle of the ward. *Ἐχεμυθία. Pythag. quàm laudabilis! γλώσσης πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων κράτει, θεοῖς ἐπόμενος. Linguam cohibe, præ aliis omnibus, ad Deorum exemplum.\* Digito compesce labellum.†*

*Acutius cernuntur vicia quam virtutes.*—There is almost no man but he sees clearer and sharper the vices in a speaker, than the virtues. And there are many, that with more ease will find fault with what is spoken foolishly, than that can give allowance to that wherein you are wise silently. The treasure of a fool is always in his tongue, said the witty comic poet;‡ and it appears not in anything more than in that nation, whereof one, when he had got the inheritance of an unlucky old grange, would needs sell it;§ and to draw buyers, proclaimed the virtues of it. Nothing ever thrived on it, saith he. No owner of it ever died in his bed; some hung, some drowned themselves; some were banished, some starved; the trees were all blasted; the swine died of the measles, the cattle of the murrain, the sheep of the rot; they that stood were ragged, bare, and bald as your hand; nothing was ever reared there, not a duckling or a goose. *Hospitium fuerat calamitatis.*|| Was not this man like to sell it?

*Vulgi expectatio.*—Expectation of the vulgar is more drawn and held with newness than goodness; we see it in fencers, in players, in poets, in preachers, in all where fame promiseth any thing; so it be new, though never so haught and depraved,

they run to it, and are taken. Which shews that the only decay, or hurt of the best men's reputation with the people is, their wits have out-lived the people's palates. They have been too much or too long a feast.

*Claritas patris.*—Greatness of name in the father oft-times helps not forth, but overwhelms the son; they stand too near one another. The shadow kills the growth; so much, that we see the grandchild come more and oftener to be heir of the first, than doth the second; he dies between; the possession is the third's.

*Eloquentia.*—Eloquence is a great and diverse thing: nor did she yet ever favour any man so much as to become wholly his. He is happy that can arrive to any degree of her grace. Yet there are who prove themselves masters of her, and absolute lords; but I believe they may mistake their evidence: for it is one thing to be eloquent in the schools, or in the hall; another at the bar, or in the pulpit. There is a difference between mooting and pleading; between fencing and fighting. To make arguments in my study, and confute them, is easy; where I answer myself, not an adversary. So I can see whole volumes dispatched by the umbratral doctors on all sides; but draw these forth into the just lists; let them appear *sub dio*, and they are changed with the place, like bodies bred in the shade; they cannot suffer the sun or a shower, nor bear the open air: they scarce can find themselves, that they were wont to domineer so among their auditors: but indeed I would no more choose a rhetorician for reigning in a school, than I would a pilot for rowing in a pond.

*Amor et Odium.*—Love that is ignorant, and hatred have almost the same ends: many foolish lovers wish the same to their friends, which their enemies would: as to wish a friend banished, that they might accompany him in exile; or some great want, that they might relieve him; or a disease, that they might sit by him. They make a causeway to their country by injury, as if it were not honest to do nothing than to seek a way to do good by a mischief.

*Injuria.*—Injuries do not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appear fair. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesy, takes not away

\* Vide Apuleium.

† Juvenal.

‡ Plautus.

§ Trin. act. ii. sc. 4. || Mart. lib. i. ep. 85.

that courtesy, but defaces it: as he that writes other verses upon my verses takes not away the first letters, but hides them.

*Beneficia.*—Nothing is a courtesy, unless it be meant us: and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favouring and fill our sails; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not. It is true, some man may receive a courtesy, and not know it; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of diseases by accidents; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water; another whipped out of a fever: but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win my cause; but he meant it not me as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwrecked, was the wrack a benefit therefore? No: the doing of courtesies aright, is the mixing of the respects for his own sake, and for mine. He that doeth them merely for his own sake, is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them: he hath his horse well dressed for Smithfield.

*Valor rerum.*—The price of many things is far above what they are bought and sold for. Life and health, which are both inestimable, we have of the physician: as learning and knowledge, the true tillage of the mind, from our school-masters. But the fees of the one, or the salary of the other, never answer the value of what we received, but served to gratify their labours.

*Memoria.*—Memory, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate and frail: it is the first of our faculties that age invades. Seneca, the father, the rhetorician, confesseth of himself he had a miraculous one; not only to receive, but to hold. I myself could, in my youth, have repeated all that ever I had made, and so continued till I was past forty: since, it is much decayed in me. Yet I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me, but shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the

strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawned with it while I was young and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops: but what I trust to it now, or have done of later years, it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loses; so that I receive mine own (though frequently called for) as if it were new and borrowed. Nor do I always find presently from it what I do seek: but while I am doing another thing, that I laboured for will come: and what I sought with trouble, will offer itself when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they read or pen, they can say without book presently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such as have a swift style, for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into council for every word, must needs fix somewhat, and make it their own at last; though but through their own vexation.

*Comit. suffragia.*—Suffrages in parliament are numbered, not weighed: nor can it be otherwise in those public councils, where nothing is so unequal as the equality: for there, how odd soever men's brains or wisdoms are, their power is always even and the same.

*Stare à partibus.*—Some actions, be they never so beautiful and generous, are often obscured by base and vile misconstructions, either out of envy, or ill-nature, that judgeth of others as of itself. Nay, the times are so wholly grown to be either partial or malicious, that if he be a friend, all sits well about him, his very vices shall be virtues; if an enemy, or of the contrary faction, nothing is good or tolerable in him: insomuch that we care not to discredit and shame our judgments, to soothe our passions.

*Deus in creaturis.*—Man is read in his face; God in his creatures; but not as the philosopher, the creature of glory, reads him: but as the divine, the servant of humility: yet even he must take care not to be too curious. For to utter truth of God (but as he thinks only) may be dangerous; who is best known by our not knowing. Some things of him, so much as he hath revealed, or commanded, it is not only lawful but necessary for us to

know: for therein our ignorance was the first cause of our wickedness.

*Veritas proprium hominis.*—Truth is man's proper good; and the only immortal thing was given to our mortality to use. No good Christian or ethnic, if he be honest, can miss it: no statesman or patriot should. For without truth all the actions of mankind are craft, malice, or what you will, rather than wisdom. Homer says, he hates him worse than hell-mouth, that utters one thing with his tongue, and keeps another in his breast. Which high expression was grounded on divine reason: for a lying mouth is a stinking pit, and murders with the contagion it venteth. Beside, nothing is lasting that is feigned; it will have another face than it had, ere long. As Euripides saith, "No lie ever grows old."

*Nullum vitium sine patrocinio.*—It is strange there should be no vice without its patronage, that, when we have no other excuse, we will say we love it; we cannot forsake it. As if that made it not more a fault. We cannot, because we think we cannot, and we love it because we will defend it. We will rather excuse it than be rid of it. That we cannot, is pretended; but that we will not, is the true reason. How many have I known, that would not have their vices hid? nay, and to be noted, live like Antipodes to others in the same city? never see the sun rise or set, in so many years; but be as they were watching a corpse by torch light; would not sin the common way, but held that a kind of rusticity; they would do it new, or contrary, for the infamy; they were ambitious of living backward; and at last arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the vices, not the vicious customs. It was impossible to reform these natures; they were dried and hardened in their ill. They may say they desired to leave it; but do not trust them: and they may think they desired it, but they may lie for all that: they are a little angry with their follies now and then; marry they come into grace with them again quickly. They will confess they are offended with their manner of living: like enough; who is not? When they can put me in security that they are more than offended, that they hate it, then I will hearken to them; and perhaps believe them: but many now a days love and hate their ill together.

*De vere argutis.*—I do hear them say often, some men are not witty, because they are not everywhere witty; than which nothing is more foolish. If an eye or a nose be an excellent part in the face, therefore be all eye or nose! I think the eyebrow, the forehead, the cheek, chin, lip, or any part else, are as necessary, and natural in the place. But now nothing is good that is natural: right and natural language seems to have least of the wit in it; that which is writhed and tortured, is counted the more exquisite. Cloth of bodkin or tissue must be embroidered; as if no face were fair that were not powdered or painted? no beauty to be had, but in wresting and writhing our own tongue? Nothing is fashionable till it be deformed; and this is to write like a gentleman. All must be affected, and preposterous as our gallants' clothes, sweet bags, and night dressings: in which you would think our men lay in, like ladies, it is so curious.

*Censura de poetis.*—Nothing in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the running judgments upon poetry and poets; when we shall hear those things commended, and cried up for the best writings, which a man would scarce vouchsafe to wrap any wholesome drug in; he would never light his tobacco with them. And those men almost named for miracles, who yet are so vile, that if a man should go about to examine and correct them, he must make all they have done but one blot. Their good is so entangled with their bad, as forcibly one must draw on the other's death with it. A sponge dipt in ink will do all.

— *Comitetur Punica librum*

*Spongia* —

Et paulò post,

*Non possunt . . . multa . . . litura  
... una litura potest.\**

*Cestius.*—*Cicero.*—*Heath.*—*Taylor.*—*Spenser.*—Yet their vices have not hurt them: nay, a great many they have profited; for they have been loved for nothing else. And this false opinion grows strong against the best men; if once it take root with the ignorant. Cestius, in his time, was preferred to Cicero, so far as the ignorant durst. They learned him without book, and had him often in their mouths: but a man cannot imagine that

\* Mart. l. iv. epig. 20.

thing so foolish, or rude, but will find and enjoy an admirer; at least a reader or spectator. The puppets are seen now in despite of the players: Heath's epigrams, and the Skulker's poems have their applause. There are never wanting, that dare prefer the worst preachers, the worst pleaders, the worst poets; not that the better have left to write, or speak better, but that they that hear them judge worse; *Non illi pejus dicunt, sed hi corruptius judicant.* Nay, if it were put to the question of the Water-rhymer's works, against Spenser's, I doubt not but they would find more suffrages; because the most favour common vices, out of a prerogative the vulgar have to lose their judgments and like that which is naught.

Poetry, in this latter age, hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits, she hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their own professions (both the law and the gospel) beyond all they could have hoped or done for themselves without her favour. Wherein she doth emulate the judicious but preposterous bounty of the time's grantees: who accumulate all they can upon the parasite, or fresh-man in their friendship; but think an old client, or honest servant, bound by his place to write and starve.

Indeed the multitude commend writers as they do fencers or wrestlers; who if they come in robustiously, and put for it with a deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is a cause of their disgrace; and a slight touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. But in these things the unskilful are naturally deceived, and judging wholly by the bulk, think rude things greater than polished; and scattered more numerous than composed: nor think this only to be true in the sordid multitude, but the neater sort of our gallants: for all are the multitude; only they differ in clothes, not in judgment or understanding.

*De Shakespeare nostrat.*—*Augustus in Hat.*—I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thou-

sand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantse, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Suffaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cesar, one speaking to him, "Cesar thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cesar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

*Ingeniorum discrimina. Not. 1.*—In the difference of wits I have observed there are many notes: and it is a little maistry to know them; to discern what every nature, every disposition will bear: for, before we sow our land, we should plough it. There are no fewer forms of minds than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians: some to be sent to the plough, and trades.

There is no doctrine will do good where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high; others low and still: some hot and fiery, others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur.

*Not. 2.*—There be some that are forward and bold; and these will do every little thing easily; I mean that is hard-by and next them, which they will utter unretarded without any shamefastness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are what they are, on the sudden; they shew presently like grain, that scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *ingenistitium*:\* they stand still at sixteen, they get no higher.

*Not. 3.*—You have others that labour only to ostentation; and are ever more busy about the colours and surface of a work than in the matter and foundation: for that is hid, the other is seen.

*Not. 4.*—Others, that in composition are nothing but what is rough and broken: *Quæ per salebras, atque saxa cadunt.\** And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly, that stroke the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a ruff, clouk, or lat-band; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are looked on. And this vice, one that is authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated; so that oft-times the faults which he fell into, the others seek for: this is the danger, when vice becomes a precedent.

*Not. 5.*—Others there are that have no composition at all, but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall, in what they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors;

*They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream;*

*In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.*

You may sound these wits, and find the depth of them with your middle finger. They are cream-bowl, or but puddle deep.

*Not. 6.*—Some that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice; by which means it happens, that what they have discredited and impugned in one work, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last; and therein their own folly, so much that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested; not that the place did need it neither; but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.

\* Martial. lib. 11. epig. 91.

*Not. 7.*—Some again (who after they have got authority, or, which is less, opinion, by their writings, to have read much) dare presently to teign whole books and authors, and lye safely. For what never was, will not easily be found, not by the most curious.

*Not. 8.*—And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false veneration of their own naturals, think to divert the sagacity of their readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their own fox-like thefts; when yet they are so rank as a man may find whole pages together usurped from one author: their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books; and so come forth more ridiculously and palpably guilty than those, who because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

*Not. 9.*—But the wretched are the obstinate contemners of all helps and arts; such as presuming on their own naturals (which perhaps are excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the terms, when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily with their ignorance. These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature; and they utter all they can think with a kind of violence and indisposition unexamined, without relation either to person, place, or any fitness else; and the more wilful and stubborn they are in it, the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment: who think those things the stronger, that have no art; as if to break, were better than to open; or to rent asunder, gentler than to loose.

*Not. 10.*—It cannot but come to pass, that these men who commonly seek to do more than enough, may sometimes happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they only and ambitiously seek for) stick out, and are more eminent; because all is sordid, and vile about them; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. Now because they speak all they can (however unfily) they are thought to have the greater copy: where the learned use ever election and a mean;



they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportioned body. The true artificer will not run away from nature as he were afraid of her : or depart from life and the likeness of truth ; but speak to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the Tamerlanes, and Tamer-Chains of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation, to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. He knows it is his only art, so to carry it as none but artificers perceive it. In the meantime, perhaps, he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor writer, or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks, by these men, who without labour, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense, are received or preferred before him. He gratulates them, and their fortune. Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies, his wisdom in dividing, his subtlety in arguing, with what strength he doth inspire his readers, with what sweetness he strokes them ; in inveighing, what sharpness ; in jest, what urbanity he uses : how he doth reign in men's affections : how invade, and break in upon them ; and makes their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his elocution to behold what word is proper, which hath ornaments, which height, what is beautifully translated, where figures are fit, which gentle, which strong, to shew the composition manly : and how he hath avoided faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate phrase ; which is not only praised of the most, but commended (which is worse) especially for that it is naught.

*Ignorantia animæ.*—I know no disease of the soul but ignorance ; not of the arts and sciences, but of itself : yet relating to those it is a pernicious evil, the darkener of man's life, the disturber of his reason, and common confounder of truth ; with which a man goes groping in the dark, no otherwise than if he were blind. Great understandings are most racked and troubled with it : nay, sometimes they will rather choose to die than not to know the things they study for. Think then what an evil it is, and what good the contrary.

*Scientia.*—Knowledge is the action of the Soul, and is perfect without the senses, as having the seeds of all science and

virtue in itself ; but not without the service of the senses ; by these organs the Soul works : she is a perpetual agent, prompt and subtle ; but often flexible and erring, intangling herself like a silkworm : but her reason is a weapon with two edges, and cuts through. In her indagations oftentimes new scents put her by, and she takes in errors into her by the same conduits she doth truths.

*Otiūm.*—*Studiorūm.*—Ease and relaxation are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent. But the temper in spirits is all, when to command a man's wit, when to favour it. I have known a man vehement on both sides, that knew no mean, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them again. When he hath set himself to writing, he would join night to day, press upon himself without release, not minding it, till he fainted ; and when he left off, resolve himself into all sports and looseness again, that it was almost a despair to draw him to his book ; but once got to it, he grew stronger and more earnest by the ease. His whole powers were renewed ; he would work out of himself what he desired ; but with such excess as his study could not be ruled ; he knew not how to dispose his own abilities, or husband them, he was of that immoderate power against himself. Nor was he only a strong but an absolute speaker, and writer ; but his subtlety did not shew itself ; his judgment thought that a vice : for the ambush hunts more that is hid. He never forced his language, nor went out of the highway of speaking, but for some great necessity or apparent profit : for he denied figures to be invented for ornament, but for aid ; and still thought it an extreme madness to bend or wrest that which ought to be right.

*Stili eminentia.*—*Virgil.*—*Tully.*—*Salust.*—*Plato.*—It is no wonder men's eminence appears but in their own way. Virgil's felicity left him in prose, as Tully's forsook him in verse. Salust's orations are read in the honour of story ; yet the most eloquent Plato's speech, which he made for Socrates, is neither worthy of the patron, or the person defended. Nay, in the same kind of oratory, and where the matter is one, you shall have him that reasons strongly, open negligently ; another that prepares well, not fit so well. And this happens not only to brains, but to bodies. One

can wrestle well, another run well, a third leap, or throw the bar, a fourth lift, or stop a cart going : each hath his way of strength. So in other creatures, some dogs are for the deer, some for the wild boar, some are fox-hounds, some otter-hounds. Nor are all horses for the coach or saddle, some are for the cart and pannels.

*De claris Oratoribus.*—I have known many excellent men, that would speak suddenly, to the admiration of their hearers ; who upon study and premeditation have been forsaken by their own wits, and no way answered their fame : their eloquence was greater than their reading ; and the things they uttered better than those they knew : their fortune deserved better of them than their care. For men of present spirits, and of greater wits than study, do please more in the things they invent than in those they bring. And I have heard some of them compelled to speak out of necessity, that have so infinitely exceeded themselves as it was better both for them and their auditory that they were so surprised not prepared. Nor was it safe then to cross them for their adversary, their anger made them more eloquent. Yet these men I could not but love and admire, that they returned to their studies. They left not diligence (as many do) when their rashness prospered ; for diligence is a great aid, even to an indifferent wit ; when we are not contented with the examples of our own age, but would know the face of the former. Indeed, the more we confer with, the more we profit by, if the persons be chosen.

*Dominus Verulamius.*—One, though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone : for never no imitator ever grew up to his author ; likeness is always on his side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble Speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language where he could spare or pass by a jest was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in that he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he

spoke ; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

*Scriptorum Catalogus.*—Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their Empire. *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) Sir Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry, Earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, were for their times admirable ; and the more, because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney, and Mr. Hooker (in difficult matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high ; and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Savile, grave, and truly lettered ; Sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both ; Lord Egerton, the Chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor, is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward : so that he may be named and stand as the mark and *ἀκμή* of our language.

*De Augmentis Scientiarum.*—*Julius Caesar.*—Lord St. Alban.—I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise Patriot, among the greatest affairs of the State, to take care of the Commonwealth of Learning. For schools, they are the Seminaries of State ; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman than that part of the Republic which we call the Advancement of Letters. Witness the care of Julius Caesar, who in the heat of the civil war writ his books of Analogy, and dedicated them to Tully. This made the

\* Sir Thomas Moore. Sir Thomas Wiat. Henry, Earl of Surrey. Sir Thomas Chaloner. Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas Eliot. Bishop Gardiner. Sir Nicholas Bacon L.K. Sir Philip Sidney. Master Richard Hooker. Robert, Earl

of Essex. Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Henry Savile. Sir Edwin Sandys. Sir Thomas Egerton, L.C. Sir Francis Bacon, L.C.

[In the folio this word is *pressy* ; I should like to have printed it *pressy*, i.e. *readily*.—F. C.]

late Lord St. Alban entitle his work *Novum Organum*: which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of Nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book *Qui langum noto scriptori proroget ævum.\**

My conceit of his Person was never increased toward him by his place or honours: but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many Ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for Greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

*De Corruptela Morum.*—There cannot be one colour of the mind, another of the wit. If the mind be staid, grave, and composed, the wit is so; that vitiated, the other is blown and deflowered. Do we not see, if the mind languish, the members are dull? Look upon an effeminate person, his very gait confesseth him. If a man be fiery, his motion is so; if angry, 'tis troubled and violent. So that we may conclude wheresoever manners and fashions are corrupted, language is. It imitates the public riot. The excess of feasts and apparel are the notes of a sick state; and the wantonness of language, of a sick mind.

*De rebus mundanis.*—If we would consider what our affairs are indeed, not what they are called, we should find more evils belong to us than happen to us. How often doth that, which was called a calamity, prove the beginning and cause of a man's happiness? And, on the contrary, that which happened or came to another with great gratulation and applause, how it hath lifted him but a step higher to his ruin! As if he stood before, where he might fall safely.

*Vulgi Meres - Morbus comitialis.*—The Vulgar are commonly ill-natured, and always grudging against their Governors:

\* Horat. de Art. Poetica. [It is worth noting that the folio for *proroget* reads *porriget*, which most probably Jonson wrote. His own translation of the line is "With honour make the far-known author live."—F. C.]

which makes that a prince has more business and trouble with them, than ever Hercules had with the Bull or any other beast, by how much they have more heads than will be reined with one bridle. There was not that variety of beasts in the ark, as is of beastly natures in the multitude; especially when they come to that iniquity to censure their sovereign's actions. Then all the counsels are made good, or bad, by the events: and it falleth out that the same facts receive from them the names, now of diligence, now of vanity, now of majesty, now of fury; where they ought wholly to hang on his mouth, as he to consist of himself, and not others' counsels.

*Princeps.*—After God, nothing is to be loved of man like the Prince: he violates nature that doth it not with his whole heart. For when he hath put on the care of the public good and common safety, I am a wretch, and put off man, if I do not reverence and honour him in whose charge all things divine and human are placed. Do but ask of nature why all living creatures are less delighted with meat and drunk that sustains them, than with vengery that wastes them? and she will tell thee, the first respects but a private; the other a common good, propagation.

*De eodem.—Orpheus' Hymn.*—He is the arbiter of life and death: when he finds no other subject for his mercy, he should spare himself. All his punishments are rather to correct than to destroy. Why are prayers with Orpheus said to be the daughters of Jupiter, but that princes are thereby admonished that the petitions of the wretched ought to have more weight with them than the laws themselves.

*De opt. Rege Jacobo.*—It was a great accumulation to his majesty's deserved praise, that men might openly visit and pity those, whom his greatest prisons had at any time received, or his laws condemned.

*De Princ. adjunctis.*—*Sed verè prudens haud concipi possit Princeps, nisi—simul et bonus.*—*Lycurgus.*—*Sylla.*—*Lysander.*—*Cyrus.*—Wise, is rather the attribute of a prince, than Learned or Good. The learned man profits others rather than himself; the good man, rather himself than others; but the prince commands others, and doth himself. The wise Lycurgus gave no law but what himself kept. Sylla and Lysander did not so; the one living extremely dissolute himself, enforced

frugality by the laws ; the other permitted those licences to others, which himself abstained from. But the Prince's prudence is his chief art and safety. In his counsels and deliberations he foresees the future times : in the equity of his judgment, he hath remembrance of the past, and knowledge of what is to be done or avoided for the present. Hence the Persians gave out their Cyrus to have been nursed by a bitch, a creature to encounter it, as of sagacity to seek out good ; shewing that Wisdom may accompany fortitude, or it leaves to be, and puts on the name of Rashness.

*De Malign. Studentium.*—There be some men are born only to suck out the poison of books : *Habent venenum pro victu ; imò, pro deliciis.* And such are they that only relish the obscene and foul things in Poets ; which makes the profession taxed. But by whom ? Men that watch for it ; and (had they not had this hint) are so unjust valuers of Letters, as they think no learning good but what brings in gain. It shews they themselves would never have been of the professions they are, but for the profits and fees. But if another learning, well used, can instruct to good life, inform manners, no less persuade and lead men, than they threaten and compel, and have no reward ; is it therefore the worse study ? I could never think the study of Wisdom confined only to the Philosopher ; or of Piety to the Divine ; or of State to the Politic : but that he which can feign a Commonwealth (which is the Poet) can govern it with counsels, strengthen it with laws, correct it with judgments, inform it with religion and morals, is all these. We do not require in him mere Elocution, or an excellent faculty in verse, but the exact knowledge of all virtues, and their contraries ; with ability to render the one loved, the other hated, by his proper embattaling them. The philosophers did insolently, to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest generals and gravest counsellors never durst. For such had rather do, than promise the best things.

*Controvers. Scriptores.*—*More Andabatarum qui clausis oculis pugnant.*—Some controverters in divinity are like swaggerers in a tavern, that catch that which stands next them, the candlestick, or pots ; turn everything into a weapon : oftentimes they fight blindfold, and both beat the air. The one milks a he-goat, the other holds under a sieve. Their argu-

ments are as fluxive as liquor spilt upon a table, which with your finger you may drain as you will. Such controversies, or disputations (carried with more labour than profit) are odious ; where most times the truth is lost in the midst, or left untouched. And the fruit of their fight is, that they spit one upon another, and are both defiled. These fencers in religion I like not.

*Morbi.*—The body hath certain diseases that are with less evil tolerated than removed. As if to cure a leprosy a man should bathe himself with the warm blood of a murdered child : so in the church, some errors may be dissimuled with less inconvenience than they can be discovered.

*Jactantia intempestiva.*—Men that talk of their own benefits are not believed to talk of them because they have done them, but to have done them because they might talk of them. That which had been great if another had reported it of them, vanisbeth, and is nothing, if he that did it speak of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

*Adulatio.*—I have seen that Poverty makes men do unfit things ; but honest men should not do them ; they should gain otherwise. Though a man be hungry, he should not play the parasite. That hour wherein I would repent me to be honest, there were ways enow open for me to be rich. But Flattery is a fine pick-lock of tender ears ; especially of those whom fortune hath borne high upon their wings, that submit their dignity and authority to it by a soothing of themselves. For indeed men could never be taken in that abundance with the springes of others' flattery, if they began not there ; if they did but remember how much more profitable the bitterness of truth were, than all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise, but poison. But now it is come to that extreme folly, or rather madness, with some, that he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to malign them. If their friend consent not to their vices, though he do not contradict them, he is nevertheless an enemy. When they do all things the worst way, even then they look for praise. Nay, they will hire fellows to flatter them with suits and suppers, and to prostitute their judgments. They have *livery-friends*, friends of the dish, and of the spit, that wait their turns as my lord has his feasts and guests.

*De vitâ humanâ.*—I have considered our whole life is like a Play: wherein every man forgetful of himself, is in travail with expression of another. Nay, we so insist in imitating others, as we cannot (when it is necessary) return to ourselves; like children, that imitate the vices of stammerers so long, till at last they become such; and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten.

*De Piis et Probis.*—Good men are the stars, the planets of the ages wherein they live, and illustrate the times. God did never let them be wanting to the world: as Abel, for an example of innocency, Enoch of purity, Noah of trust in God's mercies, Abraham of faith, and so of the rest. These, sensual men thought mad, because they would not be partakers or practicers of their madness. But they, placed high on the top of all virtue, looked down on the Stage of the world, and contemned the Play of Fortune. For though the most be players, some must be spectators.

*Mores Aulici.*—I have discovered that a feigned familiarity in great ones, is a note of certain usurpation on the less. For great and popular men feign themselves to be servants to others, to make those slaves to them. So the fisher provides bait for the trout, roach, dace, &c. that they may be food to him.

*Impiorum querela.*—*Augustus.*—*Varus.*—*Tiberius.*—The complaint of Caligula was most wicked of the condition of his times, when he said, They were not famous by any public calamity, as the reign of Augustus was, by the defeat of Varus and the legions; and that of Tiberius, by the falling of the theatre at Fidenæ; whilst his oblivion was eminent, through the prosperity of his affairs. As that other voice of his was worthier a headman than a head, when he wished the people of Rome had but one neck. But he found (when he fell) they had many hands. A tyrant, how great and mighty soever he may seem to cowards and sluggards, is but one creature, one animal.

*Nobilium ingenia.*—I have marked among the Nobility, some are so addicted to the service of the Prince and commonwealth, as they look not for spoil; such are to be honoured and loved. There are others, which no obligation will fasten on; and they are of two sorts. The first are such as love their own ease; or, out of

vice, of nature, or self-direction, avoid business and care. Yet these the Prince may use with safety. The other remove themselves upon craft and design, as the architects say, with a premeditated thought to their own, rather than their Prince's profit. Such let the Prince take heed of, and not doubt to reckon in the list of his open enemies.

*Principum varia.*—*Firmissima verò omnium basis jus hæreditarium Principis.*—There is a great variation between him that is raised to the Sovereignty by the favour of his Peers, and him that comes to it by the suffrage of the people. The first holds with more difficulty; because he hath to do with many that think themselves his equals, and raised him for their own greatness and oppression of the rest. The latter hath no upbraidors, but was raised by them that sought to be defended from oppression; whose end is both the easier and the honestest to satisfy. Beside, while he hath the people to friend, who are a multitude, he hath the less fear of the nobility, who are but few. Nor let the common proverb (of he that builds on the people builds on the dirt) discredit my opinion: for that hath only place where an ambitious and private person, for some popular end, trusts in them against the public justice and magistrate. There they will leave him. But when a Prince governs them, so as they have still need of his administration (for that is his Art) he shall ever make and hold them faithful.

*Clementia.*—*Machiavell.*—A Prince should exercise his cruelty not by himself, but by his ministers; so he may save himself and his dignity with his people, by sacrificing those when he list, saith the great doctor of state, Machiavell. But I say, he puts off man, and goes into a beast, that is cruel. No virtue is a Prince's own, or becomes him more, than this Clemency: and no glory is greater than to be able to save with his power. Many punishments sometimes, and in some cases, as much discredit a Prince, as many funerals a physician. The state of things is secured by Clemency; severity represseth a few, but irritates more.\* The lopping of trees makes the boughs shoot out thicker; and the taking away of some kind of enemies,

\* *Haud infima ars in principe, ubi lenitas ubi severitas—plus polleat in commune bonum callere.*

increaseth the number. It is then most gracious in a Prince to pardon, when many about him would make him cruel; to think then how much he can save, when others tell him how much he can destroy; not to consider what the impotence of others hath demolished, but what his own greatness can sustain. These are a Prince's virtues: and they that gave him other counsels, are but the Hangman's factors.

*Clementia tutela optima.*—He that is cruel to halves (saith the said St. Nicholas)<sup>1</sup> loseth no less the opportunity of his cruelty than of his benefits: for then to use his cruelty is too late; and to use his favours will be interpreted fear and necessity, and so he loseth the thanks. Still the counsel is cruelty. But Princes, by hearkening to cruel counsels, become in time obnoxious to the authors, their flatterers and ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would they dare not change them; they must go on, and defend cruelty with cruelty; they cannot alter the habit. It is then grown necessary, they must be as ill as those have made them: and in the end they will grow more hateful to themselves than to their subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the merciful Prince is safe in love, not in fear. He needs no emissaries, spies, intelligencers, to entrap true subjects. He fears no libels, no treasons. His people speak what they think, and talk openly what they do in secret. They have nothing in their breasts that they need a cypher for. He is guarded with his own benefits.

*Religio. Palladium Homeri.*—*Euripides.*—The Strength of Empire is in Religion. What else is the Palladium (with Homer) that kept Troy so long from sacking? nothing more commends the Sovereign to the subject than it. For he that is religious, must be merciful and just necessarily: and they are two strong ties upon mankind. Justice is the virtue that innocence rejoiceth in. Yet even that is not always so safe, but it may love to stand in the sight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then innocence is succoured no less than virtue. Nay, often-times virtue is made capital; and through the condition of the times it may happen, that that may be punished with our praise. Let no man therefore murmur at the actions of the Prince, who is placed so far above him. If he offend, he hath

his discoverer. God hath a height beyond him. But where the Prince is good, Euripides saith, "God is a guest in a human body."

*Tyranni.*—*Sejanus.*—There is nothing with some Princes sacred above their majesty; or profane, but what violates their sceptres. But a prince, with such a council, is like the god Terminus, of stone, his own landmark; or (as it is in the fable) a crowned lion. It is dangerous offending such an one; who being angry, knows not how to forgive: that cares not to do any thing for maintaining or enlarging of empire; kills not men, or subjects; but destroyeth whole countries, armies, mankind, male and female, guilty or not guilty, holy or profane; yea, some that have not seen the light. All is under the law of their spoil and licence. But Princes that neglect their proper office thus, their fortune is often-times to draw a Sejanus to be near about them, who will at last affect to get above them, and put them in a worthy fear of rooting both them out and their family. For no men hate an evil Prince more than they that helped to make him such. And none more boastingly weep his ruin, than they that procured and practised it. The same path leads to ruin which did to rule, when men profess a licence in government. A good King is a public Servant.

*Illiteratus princeps.*—A Prince without letters is a Pilot without eyes. All his government is groping. In sovereignty it is a most happy thing not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable not to be counselled. And how can he be counselled that cannot see to read the best counsellors (which are books;) for they neither flatter us, nor hide from us? He may hear, you will say; but how shall he always be sure to hear truth? or be counselled the best things, not the sweetest? They say Princes learn no art truly, but the art of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a Prince as soon as his groom. Which is an argument, that the good counsellors to Princes are the best instruments of a good age. For though the Prince himself be of most prompt inclination to all virtue; yet the best pilots have needs of mariners, besides sails, anchor, and other tackle.

*Character principis.*—*Alexander Magnus.*—If men did know what shining fetters,

<sup>1</sup> Le. Machiavell.

gilded miseries, and painted happiness, thrones and sceptres were, there would not be so frequent strife about the getting or holding of them: there would be more Principalities than Princes: for a Prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to shear, not to flay his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their fells. Who were his enemies before, being a private man, become his children now he is public. He is the *soul* of the commonwealth, and ought to cherish it as his own body. Alexander the Great was wont to say, "He hated that gardener that plucked his herbs or flowers up by the roots." A man may milk a beast till the blood come: churn milk, and it yieldeth butter; but wring the nose, and the blood followeth. He is an ill prince that so pulls his subjects' feathers, as he would not have them grow again: that makes his Exchequer a receipt for the spoils of those he governs. No, let him keep his own, not affect his subjects'; strive rather to be called just than powerful. Not, like the Roman tyrants, affect the surnames that grow by human slaughters: neither to seek war in peace, or peace in war; but to observe faith given, though to an enemy. Study piety toward the subject; shew care to defend him. Be slow to punish in diverse cases; but be a sharp and severe revenger of open crimes. Break no decrees, or dissolve no orders, to slacken the strength of laws. Choose neither magistrates civil or ecclesiastic, by favour or price: but with long disquisition and report of their worth, by all suffrages. Sell no honours, nor give them hastily; but bestow them with counsel, and for reward; if he do, acknowledge it (though late) and mend it. For princes are easy to be deceived: and what wisdom can escape, where so many court-arts are studied? But above all, the prince is to remember, that when the great day of account comes, which neither magistrate nor prince can shun, there will be required of him a reckoning for those whom he hath trusted, as for himself, which he must provide. And if piety be wanting in the priests, equity in the judges, or the magistrate be found rated at a price, what justice or religion is to be expected? which are the only two attributes make kings a-kin to gods; and is the Delphic sword, both to kill sacrifices, and to chastise offenders.

*De gratiosis.*—When a virtuous man is

raised, it brings gladness to his friends, grief to his enemies, and glory to his posterity. Nay, his honours are a great part of the honour of the times: when by this means he is grown to active men an example, to the slothful a spur, to the envious a punishment.

*Divites.*—*Heredes ex asse.*—He which is sole heir to many rich men, having (beside his father's and uncles') the estates of divers his kindred come to him by accession, must needs be richer than father or grandfather: so they which are left heirs *ex asse* of all their ancestors' vices; and by their good husbandry improve the old, and daily purchase new, must needs be wealthier in vice, and have a greater revenue or stock of ill to spend on.

*Fures publici.*—The great thieves of a state are lightly the officers of the crown; they hang the less still, play the pikes in the pond, eat whom they list. The net was never spread for the hawk or buzzard that hurt us, but the harmless birds; they are good meat.

*Dat centum corvis, vexat censura columbas.\**

*Non rite accipitri tenditur, neque milvio.†*

*Lewis XI.*—But they are not always safe though, especially when they meet with wise masters. They can take down all the hull and swelling of their looks; and like dexterous auditors, place the counter where he shall value nothing. Let them but remember Lewis the Eleventh, who to a clerk of the exchequer that came to be Lord Treasurer, and had (for his device) represented himself sitting on fortune's wheel, told, he might do well to fasten it with a good strong nail, lest turning about, it might bring him where he was again. As indeed it did.

*De bonis et malis.*—*De innocentia.*—A good man will avoid the spot of any sin. The very aspersion is grievous; which makes him choose his way in his life as he would in his journey. The ill man rides through all confidently; he is coated and booted for it. The oftener he offends, the more openly; and the fouler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty, like a riding coat, the more it is worn, is the less cared for. It is good enough for the dirt still, and the ways he travels in. An innocent man needs no eloquence; his innocence is instead of it:

\* Juvenalis.

† Plautus.

else I had never come off so many times from these precipices, whither men's malice hath pursued me. It is true, I have been accused to the lords, to the king, and by great ones: but it happened my accusers had not thought of the accusation with themselves; and so were driven, for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander: or too late (being entered so far) to seek starting-holes for their rashness, which were not given them. And then they may think what accusation that was like to prove, when they that were the ingineers feared to be the authors. Nor were they content to feign things against me, but to urge things feigned by the ignorant against my profession; which though, from their hired and mercenary impudence, I might have passed by, as granted to a Nation of Barkers, that let out their tongues to lick others' sores; yet I durst not leave myself undefended, having a pair of ears unskillful to hear lies, or have those things said of me which I could truly prove of them. They objected making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them, their not being able to read them, but as worthy of scorn. Nay, they would offer to urge mine own writings against me; but by pieces (which was an excellent way of malice) as if any man's context might not seem dangerous and offensive, if that which was knit to what went before were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves uttered might not seem subject to calumny, which read entire, would appear most free. At last they upbraided my poverty: I confess she is my Domestic; sober of diet, simple of habit, frugal, painful, a good counsellor to me, that keeps me from cruelty, pride, or other more delicate impertinences, which are the nurse-children of riches. But let them look over all the great and monstrous wickednesses, they shall never find those in poor families. They are the issue of the wealthy giants and the mighty hunters: whereas no great work, or worthy of praise or memory, but came out of poor cradles. It was the ancient poverty that founded commonweals, built cities, invented arts, made wholesome laws, armed men against vices, rewarded them with their own virtues, and preserved the honour and state of nations till they betrayed themselves to riches.

*Amor nummi.*—Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himself to the law of nature, is not only

without the sense, but the fear of poverty. O! but to strike blind the people with our wealth and pomp, is the thing! what a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within; to contemplate nothing but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble, and precious? we serve our avarice: and not content with the good of the earth that is offered us, we search and dig for the evil that is hidden. God offered us those things, and placed them at hand, and near us, that he knew were profitable for us; but the hurtful he laid deep and hid. Yet do we seek only the things whereby we may perish; and bring them forth, when God and nature hath buried them. We covet superfluous things, when it were more honour for us, if we would condemn necessary. What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of waiters, delicate pages, perfumed napkins? she requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can we think no wealth enough, but such a state, for which a man may be brought into a prison, begged, proscribed, or poisoned? O! if a man could restrain the fury of his gullet, and groin, and think how many fires, how many kitchens, cooks, pastures, and ploughed lands; what orchards, stews, ponds, and parks, coops and garners he could spare; what velvets, tissues, embroideries, laces he could lack; and then how short and uncertain his life is; he were in a better way to happiness than to live the Emperor of these delights, and be the Dictator of fashions; but we make ourselves slaves to our pleasures; and we serve Fame and Ambition, which is an equal slavery. Have not I seen the pomp of a whole kingdom, and what a foreign king could bring hither? Also to make himself gazed and wondered at, laid forth as it were to the shew, and vanish all away in a day? And shall that which could not fill the expectation of few hours, entertain and take up our whole lives? when even it appeared as superfluous to the possessors, as to me that was a spectator. The bravery was shewn, it was not possessed; while it boasted itself, it perished. It is vile, and a poor thing, to place our happiness on these desires. Say we wanted them all. Famine ends famine.

*De mollibus et effeminatis.*—There is nothing valiant or solid to be hoped for from such as are always kempt and perfumed, and every day smell of the tailor;



the exceedingly curious, that are wholly in mending such an imperfection in the face, in taking away the morpew in the neck, or bleaching their hands at midnight, gumming and bridling their beards, or making the waist small, binding it with hoops, while the mind runs at waste; too much pickiness is not manly. Not from those that will jest at their own outward imperfections, but hide their ulcers within, their pride, lust, envy, ill-nature, with all the art and authority they can. These persons are in danger; for whilst they think to justify their ignorance by impudence, and their persons by clothes and outward ornaments, they use but a commission to deceive themselves: where, if we will look with our understanding, and not our senses, we may behold virtue and beauty (though covered with rags) in their brightness; and vice and deformity so much the fouler, in having all the splendour of riches to gild them, or the false light of honour and power to help them. Yet this is that wherewith the world is taken, and runs mad to gaze on: clothes and titles, the birdlime of Fools.

*De stultitiâ.*—What petty things they are we wonder at? like children, that esteem every trifle, and prefer a *faring* before their fathers; what difference is between us and them? but that we are dearer fools, coxcombs at a higher rate? They are pleased with cockleshells, whistles, hobby-horses, and such like; we, with statues, marble pillars, pictures, gilded roofs, where underneath is lath and lime, perhaps loam. Yet we take pleasure in the lie, and are glad we can cozen ourselves. Nor is it only in our walls and ceilings, but all that we call happiness is mere painting and gilt; and all for money: what a thin membrane of honour that is? and how hath all true reputation fallen, since money began to have any? yet the great herd, the multitude, that in all other things are divided, in this alone conspire and agree; to love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it; while yet it is posset with greater stir and torment than it is gotten.

*De sibi molestis.*—Some men what losses soever they have, they make them greater; and if they have none, even all that is not gotten is a loss. Can there be creatures of more wretched condition than these, that continually labour under their own misery, and others' envy? a man should study other things, not to covet, not to fear, not to repent him: to make his base such as no

tempest shall shake him: to be secure of all opinion, and pleasing to himself, even for that wherein he displeaseth others: for the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us. Wouldst not thou be just but for fame, thou ought'st to be it with infamy: he that would have his virtue published, is not the servant of virtue, but glory.

*Periculosa melancholia.*—It is a dangerous thing when men's minds come to sojourn with their affections, and their diseases eat into their strength: that when too much desire and greediness of vice hath made the body unfit, or unprofitable, it is yet gladdened by the sight and spectacle of it in others; and for want of ability to be an actor, is content to be a witness. It enjoys the pleasure of sinning, in beholding others sin; as in dicing, drinking, drabbing, &c. Nay, when it cannot do all these, it is offended with his own narrowness, that excludes it from the universal delights of mankind; and oftentimes dies of a Melancholy, that it cannot be vicious enough.

*Falsæ species fugienda.*—I am glad when I see any man avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun the vice itself were better. Till he do that, he is but like the apprentice, who being loth to be spied by his master coming forth of Black Lucy's, went in again; to whom his master cried, The more thou runnest that way to hide thyself, the more thou art in the place. So are those that keep a tavern all day, that they may not be seen at night. I have known lawyers, divines, yea, great ones, of this heresy.

*Decipimur specie.*—There is a greater reverence had of things remote or strange to us, than of much better, if they be nearer, and fall under our sense. Men, and almost all sort of creatures, have their reputation by distance. Rivers, the farther they run, and more from their spring, the broader they are, and greater. And where our original is known, we are the less confident: among strangers we trust fortune. Yet a man may live as renowned at home, in his own country, or a private village, as in the whole world. For it is virtue that gives glory; that will endenizen a man everywhere. It is only that can naturalize him. A native, if he be vicious, deserves to be a stranger, and cast out of the commonwealth as an alien.

*Dejectio Aulicæ.*—A dejected countenance,

and mean clothes, beget often a contempt, but it is with the shallowest creatures; courtiers commonly: look up even with them in a new suit, you get above them straight. Nothing is more short-lived than pride; it is but while their clothes last: stay but while these are worn out, you cannot wish the thing more wretched or dejected.

*Poesis, et pictura.*—*Plutarch.*—Poetry and Picture are arts of a like nature, and both are busy about imitation. It was excellently said of Plutarch, poetry was a speaking picture, and picture a mute poesy. For they both invent, feign, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use and service of nature. Yet of the two the Pen is more noble than the Pencil; for that can speak to the understanding; the other but to the sense. They both behold pleasure and profit, as their common object: but should abstain from all base pleasures, lest they should err from their end, and while they seek to better men's minds, destroy their manners. They both are born artificers, not made. Nature is more powerful in them than study.

*De Pictura.*—Whosoever loves not Picture, is injurious to truth, and all the wisdom of Poetry. Picture is the invention of heaven, the most ancient, and most akin to nature. It is itself a silent work, and always of one and the same habit: yet it doth so enter and penetrate the inmost affection (being done by an excellent artificer) as sometimes it overcomes the power of speech and oratory. There are divers graces in it; so are there in the artificers. One excels in care, another in reason, a third in easiness, a fourth in nature and grace. Some have diligence and comeliness; but they want majesty. They can express a human form in all the graces, sweetness and elegance; but they miss the authority. They can hit nothing but smooth cheeks; they cannot express roughness or gravity. Others aspire to truth so much, as they are rather lovers of likeness than beauty. Zeuxis and Parrhasius are said to be contemporaries: the first found out the reason of lights and shadows in Picture; the other more subtly examined the lines.

*De stylo.*—*Pliny.*—In Picture light is required no less than shadow: so in style, height as well as humbleness. But beware they be not too humble; as Pliny pronounced of Regulus's writings. You would think them written not on a child, but by a child. Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as *occupy*, *nature*, and the like: so the curious industry in some of having all alike good, hath come nearer a vice than a virtue.

*De progres. Picturæ.\**—Picture took her feigning from Poetry; from Geometry her rule, compass, lines, proportion, and the whole symmetry. Parrhasius was the first who won reputation by adding symmetry to picture: he added subtlety to the countenance, elegance to the hair, love-lines to the face, and by the public voice of all artificers, deserved honour in the outer lines. Eupompus gave it splendour by numbers and other elegancies. From the Optics it drew reasons by which it considered how things placed at distance, and afar off, should appear less: how above or beneath the head should deceive the eye, &c. So from thence it took shadows, recessor, light, and heightnings. From Moral Philosophy it took the soul, the expression of senses, perturbations, manners, when they would paint an angry person, a proud, an inconstant, an ambitious, a brave, a magnanimous, a just, a merciful, a compassionate, an humble, a dejected, a base, and the like; they made all heightnings bright, all shadows dark, all swellings from a plane, all solids from breaking. See where he complains of their painting Chimæras,† by the vulgar unaptly called Grotesque; saying, that men who were born truly to study and emulate nature, did nothing but make monsters against nature, which Horace so laughed at.‡ The Art Plastic was moulding in clay, or potters earth anciently. This is the parent of statuary sculpture, graving, and picture; cutting in brass and marble, all serve under her. Socrates taught Parrhasius and Clito (two noble statuarys) first to express manners by their looks in imagery. Polygnotus and Aglaophon were ancients. After them Zeuxis, who was the law-giver to all painters; after, Parrhasius. They

\* Parrhasius. Eupompus. Socrates. Parrhasius. Clito. Polygnotus. Aglaophon. Zeuxis. Parrhasius. Raphael de Urbino. Mich. Angelo Buonarota. Titian. Antony de Correg. Sebast.

de Venet. Julio Romano. Andrea Sartorio. † Plin. lib. 35, c. 2, 5, 6, and 7. Vitruv. lib. 8, and 7.

‡ Horat. in Arte Poet.

were contemporaries, and lived both about Philip's time, the father of Alexander the Great. There lived in this latter age six famous painters in Italy, who were excellent and emulous of the ancients; Raphael de Urbino, Michael Angelo Buonroti, Titian, Antony of Correggio, Sebastian of Venice, Julio Romano, and Andrea Sartorio.

*Parasiti ad mensam.*—These are flatterers for their bread, that praise all my oraculous lord does or says, be it true or false: invent tales that shall please; make baits for his lordship's ears; and if they be not received in what they offer at, they shift a point of the compass, and turn their tale, presently tack about, deny what they confessed, and confess what they denied; fit their discourse to the persons and occasions. What they snatch up and devour at one table, utter at another: and grow suspected of the master, hated of the servants, while they enquire, and reprehend, and compound, and delate business of the house they have nothing to do with: they praise my lord's wine, and the sauce he likes; observe the cook and bottle-man, while they stand in my lord's favour, speak for a pension for them; but pound them to dust upon my lord's least distaste, or change of his palate.

How much better is it to be silent, or at least to speak sparingly! for it is not enough to speak good but timely things. If a man be asked a question, to answer; but to repeat the question before he answer is well, that he be sure to understand it, to avoid absurdity: for it is less dishonour to hear imperfectly, than to speak imperfectly. The ears are excused, the understanding is not. And in things unknown to a man, not to give his opinion, lest by the affectation of knowing too much, he lose the credit he hath by speaking or knowing the wrong way, what he utters. Nor seek to get his patron's favour, by embarking himself in the factions of the family: to enquire after domestic similitudes, their sports or affections. They are an odious and vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day, and picking up the filth of the house, like pies or swallows carry it to their nest (the lord's ears) and often-times report the lies they have feigned, for what they have seen and heard.

*Imò serviles.*—These are called instruments of grace and power with great

persons; but they are indeed the organs of their impotency, and marks of weakness. For sufficient lords are able to make these discoveries themselves. Neither will an honourable person enquire who eats and drinks together, what that man plays, whom this man loves, with whom such a one walks, what discourse they held, who sleeps with whom. They are base and servile natures, that busy themselves about these disquisitions. How often have I seen (and worthily) these censors of the family undertaken by some honest rustic, and cudgelled thrifly? These are commonly the off-scouring and dregs of men that do these things, or calumniate others: yet I know not truly which is worse; he that maligns all, or that praises all. There is as great a vice in praising, and as frequent, as in detracting.

It pleased your lordship of late, to ask my opinion touching the education of your sons, and especially to the advancement of their studies. To which, though I returned somewhat for the present, which rather manifested a will in me, than gave any just resolution to the thing propounded; I have upon better cogitation called those aids about me, both of mind and memory, which shall venture my thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your lordship's demand. I confess, my lord, they will seem but petty and minute things I shall offer to you, being writ for children, and of them. But studies have their infancy, as well as creatures. We see in men even the strongest compositions had their beginnings from milk and the cradle; and the wisest tarried sometimes about apting their mouths to letters and syllables. In their education, therefore, the care must be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their natures: which though they be proner in some children to some disciplines; yet are they naturally prompt to taste all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreshing in studies, and infuseth knowledge by way of recreation. Thence the school itself is called a play or game: and all letters are so best taught to scholars. They should not be affrighted or deterred in their entry, but drawn on with exercise and emulation. A youth should not be made to hate study before he know the causes to love it; or taste the bitterness before the sweet; but called on and allured, intreated and praised: yea, when he deserves it

not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best school, and a public, which I think the best. Your lordship, I fear, hardly hears of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home, and doubting their manners may be corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your own family, among ill servants (allowing they be safe in their school-master) than amongst a thousand boys, however immodest. Would we did not spoil our own children, and overthrow their manners ourselves by too much indulgence! To breed them at home is to breed them in a shade; where in a school they have the light and heat of the sun. They are used and accustomed to things and men. When they come forth into the commonwealth, they find nothing new, or to seek. They have made their friendships and aids, some to last their age. They hear what is commanded to others as well as themselves. Much approved, much corrected; all which they bring to their own store and use, and learn as much as they hear. Eloquence would be but a poor thing, if we should only converse with singulars; speak but man and man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increased by praise; and that kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind, and though ambition itself be a vice, it is often the cause of great virtue. Give me that wit whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves; he is to be nourished with ambition, pricked forward with honour, checked with reprehension, and never to be suspected of sloth. Though he be given to play, it is a sign of spirit and liveliness, so there be a mean had of their sports and relaxations. And from the rod or ferule, I would have them free, as from the menace of them; for it is both deformed and servile.

*De stylo, et optimo scribendi genere.*—For a man to write well, there are required three necessities: to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner; he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely, and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be

at first, so it be laboured and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us; but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest, that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception or birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings; they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly: they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter shewed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it; as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stir his mettle. Again, whether a man's *genius* is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift, and dilate itself, as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oft-times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavour by their own faculties: so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves, and are familiar with the best authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter

something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly : and though a man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

*Præcipiendi modi.*—I take this labour in teaching others, that they should not be always to be taught, and I would bring my precepts into practice : for rules are ever of less force and value than experiments ; yet with this purpose, rather to shew the right way to those that come after, than to detect any that have slipt before by error, and I hope it will be more profitable. For men do more willingly listen, and with more favour, to precept, than reprehension. Among divers opinions of an art, and most of them contrary in themselves, it is hard to make election ; and therefore though a man cannot invent new things after so many, he may do a welcome work yet to help posterity to judge rightly of the old. But arts and precepts avail nothing, except nature be beneficial and aiding. And therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition, than rules of husbandry to a barren soil. No precepts will profit a fool, no more than beauty will the blind, or music the deaf. As we should take care that our style in writing be neither dry nor empty ; we should look again it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetched descriptions ; either is a vice. But that is worse which proceeds out of want, than that which riots out of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulness is easy, but no labour will help the contrary ; I will like and praise some things in a young writer ; which yet, if he continue in, I cannot but justly hate him for the same. There is a time to be given all things for maturity, and that even your country-husbandman can teach ; who to a young plant will not put the prying-knife, because it seems to fear the iron, as not able to admit the scar. No more would I tell a green writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despair. For nothing doth more hurt than to make him so afraid of all things, as he can endeavour nothing. Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things ; for we hold those longest we take soonest : as the first scent

of a vessel lasts, and the tinct the wool first receives ; therefore a master should temper his own powers, and descend to the other's infirmity. If you pour a glut of water upon a bottle, it receives little of it ; but with a funnell, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your own ; to their capacity they will all receive and be full. And as it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest and clearest.\* As Livy before Sallust, Sidney before Donne : and beware of letting them taste Gower, or Chaucer at first, lest falling too much in love with antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language only. When their judgments are firm, and out of danger, let them read both the old and the new ; but no less take heed that their new flowers and sweetness do not as much corrupt as the others' dryness and squalor, if they choose not carefully. Spenser, in affecting the ancients, writ no language ; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius. The reading of Homer and Virgil is counselled by Quintilian, as the best way of informing youth and confirming man. For, besides that the mind is raised with the height and sublimity of such a verse, it takes spirit from the greatness of the matter, and is tinted with the best things. Tragic and Lyric poetry is good too, and Comic with the best, if the manners of the reader be once in safety. In the Greek poets, as also in Plautus, we shall see the economy and disposition of poems better observed than in Terence ; and the latter, who thought the sole grace and virtue of their fable the sticking in of sentences, as ours do the forcing in of jests.

*Fals. querel. fugiend.*—*Platonis peregrinatio in Italiam.*—We should not protect our sloth with the patronage of difficulty. It is a false quarrel against nature, that she helps understanding but in a few, when the most part of mankind are inclined by her thither, if they would take the pains ; no less than birds to fly, horses to run, &c., which if they lose, it is through their own sluggishness, and by that means become her prodigies, not her children. I confess nature in children is more patient of labour in study, than in age ; for the sense of the pain, the judgment of the labour is

\* Livy. Sallust. Sidney. Donne. Gower. Chaucer. Spenser. Virgil. Ennius. Homer. Quintilian. Plautus. Terence.

absent, they do not measure what they have done. And it is the thought and consideration that affects us more than the weariness itself. Plato was not content with the learning that Athens could give him, but sailed into Italy, for Pythagoras' knowledge: and yet not thinking himself sufficiently informed, went into Egypt, to the priests, and learned their mysteries. He laboured, so must we. Many things may be learned together, and performed in one point of time; as musicians exercise their memory, their voice, their fingers, and sometimes their head and feet at once. And so a preacher, in the invention of matter, election of words, composition of gesture, look, pronunciation, motion, useth all these faculties at once: and if we can express this variety together, why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh and repair us? As when a man is weary of writing, to read; and then again of reading, to write. Wherein, howsoever we do many things, yet are we (in a sort) still fresh to what we begin; and we are recreated with change, as the stomach is with meats. But some will say, this variety breeds confusion, and makes that either we lose all or hold no more than the last. Why do we not then persuade husbandmen that they should not till land, help it with marle, lime, and compost? plant hop-gardens, prune trees, look to beehives, rear sheep, and all other cattle at once? It is easier to do many things and continue, than to do one thing long.

*Præcept. element.*—It is not the passing through these learnings that hurts us, but the dwelling and sticking about them. To descend to those extreme anxieties and foolish cavils of grammarians, is able to break a wit in pieces, being a work of manifold misery and vainness, to be *elementarii senes*. Yet even letters are as it were the bank of words, and restore themselves to an author, as the pawns of language: but talking and eloquence are not the same: to speak, and to speak well, are two things. A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks, and out of the observation, knowledge, and use of things, many writers perplex their readers and hearers with mere nonsense. Their writings need sunshine. Pure and neat language I love, yet plain and customary. A barbarous phrase hath often made me out of love with a good sense, and doubtful

writing hath wracked me beyond my patience. The reason why a poet is said that he ought to have all knowledges is, that he should not be ignorant of the most, especially of those he will handle. And indeed, when the attaining of them is possible, it were a sluggish and base thing to despair. For frequent imitation of anything becomes a habit quickly. If a man should prosecute as much as could be said of everything, his work would find no end.

*De orationis dignitate.*—*Ενκυκλοπαίδεια.*—*Metaphora.*—Speech is the only benefit man hath to express his excellency of mind above other creatures. It is the Instrument of Society; therefore Mercury, who is the president of language, is called *Deorum hominumque interpres*. In all speech, words and sense are as the body and the soul. The sense is, as the life and soul of language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of human life and actions, or of the liberal arts, which the Greeks called *Ενκυκλοπαίδειαι*. Words are the people's, yet there is a choice of them to be made. For *Verborum delectus origo est eloquentiæ*.<sup>\*</sup> They are to be chose according to the persons we make speak, or the things we speak of. Some are of the camp, some of the council-board, some of the shop, some of the sheep-cote, some of the pulpit, some of the bar, &c. And herein is seen their elegance and propriety, when we use them fitly, and draw them forth to their just strength and nature, by way of translation or metaphor. But in this translation we must only serve necessity (*Nam temerè nihil transfertur à prudenti*), or commodity, which is a kind of necessity: that is, when we either absolutely want a word to express by, and that is necessity; or when we have not so fit a word, and that is commodity; as when we avoid loss by it, and escape obscurity,<sup>1</sup> and gain in the grace and property which helps significance. Metaphors far-fet hinder to be understood; and affected, lose their grace. Or when the person fetcheth his translations from a wrong place. As if a privy-counsellor should at the table take his metaphor from a dicing-house, or ordinary, or a vintner's vault; or a justice of peace draw his similitudes from the mathe-

<sup>\*</sup> Julius Cæsar. Of words, see Hor. de Art. Poet. Quintil. l. 8. Ludov. Vives, p. 6 and 7.

<sup>1</sup> [I have ventured to substitute *obscurum* for the *obscurum* of the folio and Gifford.—F. C.]

matics, or a divine from a bawdy-house, or taverns; or a gentleman of Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, or the Midland, should fetch all the illustrations to his country neighbours from shipping, and tell them of the main-sheet and the bouldin. Metaphors are thus many times deformed, as in him that said, *Castratam morte Africani rempublicam*. And another, *Stercus curiæ Glauciam*. And *Canâ nive conspuat Alpes*. All attempts that are new in this kind are dangerous, and somewhat hard before they be softened with use. A man coins not a new word without some peril and less fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured. Yet we must adventure; for things at first hard and rough, are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest error that is committed, following great chiefs.

*Consuetudo.*—*Perspicuitas, Venustus.*—*Authoritas.*—*Virgil.*—*Lucretius.*—*Chaucerism.*—*Paronomasia.*—Custom is the most certain mistress of language, as the public stamp makes the current money. But we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coming, nor fetch words from the extreme and utmost ages; since the chief virtue of a style is perspicuity, and nothing so vicious in it as to need an interpreter. Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do win themselves a kind of grace-like newness. But the eldest of the present, and newest<sup>1</sup> of the past language, is the best. For what was the ancient language, which some men so dote upon, but the ancient custom? yet when I name custom, I understand not the vulgar custom; for that were a precept no less dangerous to language than life, if we should speak or live after the manners of the vulgar: but that I call custom of speech, which is the consent of the learned; as custom of life, which is the consent of the good. Virgil was most loving of antiquity; yet how rarely doth he insert *agui*, and *pictai*! Lucretius is scabrous and rough in these; he seeks them: as some do *Chaucerisms* with us, which were better expunged and banished. Some words are to be culled out for ornament and colour, as we gather flowers to strow

houses, or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a meadow, where though the mere grass and greenness delights, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify. Marry we must not play or riot too much with them, as in Paronomasies; nor use too swelling or ill-sounding words; *Quæ per salebras, atque saxa cadunt*. It is true there is no sound but shall find some lovers, as the bitterest confections are grateful to some palates. Our composition must be more accurate in the beginning and end than in the midst, and in the end more than in the beginning; for through the midst the stream bears us. And this is attained by custom more than care or diligence. We must express readily and fully, not profusely. There is difference between a liberal and prodigal hand. As it is a great point of art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge and veer out all sail; so to take it in, and contract it, is of no less praise, when the argument doth ask it. Either of them hath their fitness in the place. A good man always profits by his endeavour, by his help, yea, when he is absent, nay, when he is dead, by his example and memory. So good authors in their style: a strict and succinct style is that, where you can take away nothing without loss, and that loss to be manifest.

*De Stylo.*—*Tacitus.*—*The Laconic.*—*Suetonius.*—*Seneca, and Fabianus.*—The brief style is that which expresseth much in little. The concise style, which expresseth not enough, but leaves somewhat to be understood. The abrupt style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seem to end, but fall. The congruent and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence hath almost the fastening and force of knitting and connexion; as in stones well squared, which will rise strong a great way without mortar.

*Periodi.*—*Obscuritas offundit tenebras.*—*Superlatio.*—Periods are beautiful, when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a pike or javelin. As we must take the care that our words and sense be clear; so if the obscurity happen through the hearer's or reader's want of understanding, I am not to answer for them, no more than for their not listening or marking; I must neither find them ears nor mind. But a man cannot put a word so in sense, but something about it will illustrate it, if the writer understand

<sup>1</sup> [The folio and Gifford read *newness*; a palpable misprint in the former case.—F. C.]

himself. For order helps much to perspicuity, as confusion hurts. *Rectitudo lucem adfert; obliquitas et circumductio offuscatur.* We should therefore speak what we can the nearest way, so as we keep our gait, not leap; for too short may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatsoever loseth the grace and clearness, converts into a riddle: the obscurity is marked, but not the value. That perissheth, and is passed by, like the pearl in the fable. Our style should be like a skein of silk, to be carried and found by the right thread, not ravelled and perplexed; then all is a knot, a heap. There are words that do as much raise a style, as others can depress it. Superlative and over-muchness amplifies. It may be above faith, but never above a mean. It was ridiculous in Cestus, when he said of Alexander:

*Fremit oceanus, quasi indignetur, quod terras relinquas;*

But propitiously from Virgil:

*Credas innare revulsas  
Cycladas.*

He doth not say it was so, but seemed to be so. Although it be somewhat incredible, that is excused before it be spoken. But there are hyperboles which will become one language, that will by no means admit another. As *Eos esse P. R. exercitus, qui caelum possint perrumpere*,\* who would say this with us but a madman? Therefore we must consider in every tongue what is used, what received. Quintilian warns us, that in no kind of translation, or metaphor, or allegory, we make a turn from what we began; as if we fetch the original of our metaphor from sea and billows, we end not in flames and ashes: it is a most foul inconsequence. Neither must we draw out our allegory too long, lest either we make ourselves obscure, or fall into affectation, which is childish. But why do men depart at all from the right and natural ways of speaking? sometimes for necessity, when we are driven, or think it fitter to speak that in obscure words, or by circumstance, which uttered plainly would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obscurement, or sometimes for pleasure and variety, as travellers turn out of the highway, drawn either by the commodity of a foot-path, or the delicacy or freshness of the fields. And all this is called *σχηματισμὸν*, or figured language.

\* *Cæsar. Comment. circa fin.*

*Oratio imago animi.*—Language most shews a man: Speak, that I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of the parent of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form or likeness so true as his speech. Nay, it is likened to a man: and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language; in the greatness, aptness, sound, structure, and harmony of it.

*Structura et statura, sublimis, humilis, pumila.*—Some men are tall and big, so some language is high and great. Then the words are chosen, their sound ample, the composition full, the absolution plentiful, and poured out all grave, sinewy, and strong. Some are little and dwarfs; so of speech it is humble and low, the words poor and flat, the members and periods thin and weak, without knitting or number.

*Mediocris plana et placida.*—The middle are of a just stature. There the language is plain and pleasing; even without stopping, round without swelling: all well-torned, composed, elegant, and accurate.

*Vitiosa oratio, vasta—tumens—enormis—affecteda—abjecta.*—The vicious language is vast and gaping, swelling and irregular: when it contends to be high, full of rock, mountain, and pointedness: as it affects to be low, it is abject and creeps, full of bogs and holes. And according to their subject these styles vary, and lose their names: for that which is high and lofty, declaring excellent matter, becomes vast and tumorous, speaking of petty and inferior things: so that which was even and apt in a mean and plain subject, will appear most poor and humble in a high argument. Would you not laugh to meet a great counsellor of state in a flat cap, with his trunk hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, his gloves under his girdle, and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown, furred with sables? There is a certain latitude in these things, by which we find the degrees.

*Figura.*—The next thing to the stature, is the figure and feature in language; that is, whether it be round and straight, which consists of short and succinct periods, numerous and polished, or square and firm, which is to have equal and strong parts everywhere answerable and weighed.

*Cutis sive Cortex. Compositio.*—The third is the skin and coat, which rests in the well-joining, cementing, and coagmen-



tation of words; when as it is smooth, gentle, and sweet, like a table upon which you may run your finger without rubs, and your nail cannot find a joint; not horrid, rough, wrinkled, gaping, or chapt: after these, the flesh, blood, and bones come in question.

*Carnosa — adipata — redundans.*—We say it is a fleshy style, when there is much periphrasis and circuit of words; and when with more than enough, it grows fat and corpulent; *arvina orationis*, full of suet and tallow. It hath blood and juice when the words are proper and apt, their sound sweet, and the phrase neat and picked. *Oratio uncta, et bene pasta.* But where there is redundancy, both the blood and juice are faulty and vicious: *Redundat sanguine, quia multo plus dicit, quam necesse est.* Juice in language is somewhat less than blood; for if the words be but becoming and signifying, and the sense gentle, there is juice; but where that wanteth, the language is thin, flagging, poor, starved, scarce covering the bone, and shews like stones in a sack.

*Fefuna, macilenta, strigosa.*—*Ossea, et nervosa.*—Some men, to avoid redundancy, run into that; and while they strive to have no ill blood or juice, they lose their good. There be some styles again, that have not less blood, but less flesh and corpulence. These are bony and sinewy; *Ossa habent, et nervos.*

*Notæ domini Sti. Albani de doctrin. imper.*—*Dictator.*—*Aristoteles.*—It was well noted by the late lord St. Alban, that the study of words is the first distemper of learning; vain matter the second; and a third distemper is deceit, or the likeness of truth; imposture held up by credulity. All these are the cobwebs of learning, and to let them grow in us, is either sluttish, or foolish. Nothing is more ridiculous than to make an author a dictator, as the schools have done Aristotle. The damage is infinite knowledge receives by it; for to many things a man should owe but a temporary belief, and a suspension of his own judgment, not an absolute resignation of himself, or a perpetual captivity. Let Aristotle and others have their dues; but if we can make farther Discoveries of truth and fitness than they, why are we envied? Let us beware, while we strive to add, we do not diminish, or deface; we may improve, but not augment. By discrediting

falsehood, truth grows in request. We must not go about, like men anguished and perplexed, for vicious affectation of praise: but calmly study the separation of opinions, find the errors have intervened, awake antiquity, call former times into question; but make no parties with the present, nor follow any fierce undertakers, mingle no matter of doubtful credit with the simplicity of truth, but gently stir the mould about the root of the question, and avoid all digladiations, facility of credit, or superstitious simplicity, seek the consonancy and concatenation of truth; stoop only to point of necessity, and what leads to convenience. Then make exact animadversion where style hath degenerated, where flourished and thrived in choiceness of phrase, round and clean composition of sentence, sweet falling of the clause, varying an illustration by tropes and figures, weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, and depth of judgment. This is *monte potiri*, to get the hill; for no perfect discovery can be made upon a flat or a level.

*De optimo scriptore.*—*Cicero.*—Now that I have informed you in the knowing these things, let me lead you by the hand a little farther, in the direction of the use, and make you an able writer by practice. The conceits of the mind are pictures of things, and the tongue is the interpreter of those pictures. The order of God's creatures in themselves is not only admirable and glorious, but eloquent: then he who could apprehend the consequence of things in their truth, and utter his apprehensions as truly, were the best writer or speaker. Therefore Cicero said much, when he said, *Dicere recte nemo potest, nisi qui prudenter intelligit.* The shame of speaking unskillfully were small, if the tongue only thereby were disgraced; but as the image of a King, in his Seal ill represented, is not so much a blemish to the wax, or the signet that sealed it, as to the prince it representeth; so disordered speech is not so much injury to the lips that give it forth, as to the disproportion and incoherence of things in themselves, so negligently expressed. Neither can his mind be thought to be in tune, whose words do jar; nor his reason in frame, whose sentence is preposterous; nor his elocution clear and perfect, whose utterance breaks itself into fragments and uncertainties. Were it not a dishonour to a mighty prince, to have the majesty of his

embassage spoiled by a careless Ambassador? and is it not as great an indignity, that an excellent conceit and capacity, by the indiligence of an idle tongue, should be disgraced? Negligent speech doth not only discredit the person of the Speaker, but it discrediteth the opinion of his reason and judgment; it discrediteth the force and uniformity of the matter and substance. If it be so then in words, which fly and escape censure, and where one good phrase begs pardon for many incongruities and faults, how shall he then be thought wise, whose penning is thin and shallow? how shall you look for wit from him, whose leisure and head, assisted with the examination of his eyes, yield you no life or sharpness in his writing?

*De stylo epistolari.—Inventio.*—In writing there is to be regarded the Invention and the Fashion. For the Invention, that ariseth upon your business whereof there can be no rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, than conjecture can lay down from the several occasions of men's particular lives and vocations: but sometimes men make baseness of kindness: As "I could not satisfy myself till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my letters with commendation to you:" or, "My business is no other than to testify my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingness to do you all kind offices:" or, "Sir, have you leisure to descend to the remembering of that assurance you have long possess in your servant, and upon your next opportunity make him happy with some commands from you?" or the like; that go a begging for some meaning, and labour to be delivered of the great burthen of nothing. When you have invented, and that your business be matter, and not bare form or mere ceremony, but some earnest, then are you to proceed to the ordering of it, and digesting the parts, which is had out of two circumstances. One is the understanding of the persons to whom you are to write; the other is the coherence of your sentence. For men's capacity to weigh what will be apprehended with greatest attention or leisure; what next regarded and longed for especially, and what last will leave satisfaction, and (as it were) the sweetest memorial and belief of all that is past in his understanding whom you write to. For the consequence of sentences, you must be sure that every clause do give

the Q. one to the other, and be bespoken ere it come. So much for invention and order.

*Modus.*—1. *Brevitas.*—Now for Fashion: it consists in four things, which are qualities of your style. The first is brevity: for they must not be treatises or discourses (your letters) except it be to learned men. And even among them there is a kind of thrift and saving of words. Therefore you are to examine the clearest passages of your understanding, and through them to convey the sweetest and most significant words you can devise, that you may the easier teach them the readiest way to another man's apprehension, and open their meaning fully, roundly, and distinctly; so as the reader may not think a second view cast away upon your letter. And though respect be a part following this, yet now here, and still I must remember it, if you write to a man, whose estate and cense, as senses, you are familiar with, you may the bolder (to set a task to his brain) venture on a knot. But if to your superior you are bound to measure him in three farther points: first, your interest in him; secondly, his capacity in your letters; thirdly, his leisure to peruse them. For your interest or favour with him, you are to be the shorter or longer, more familiar or submiss, as he will afford you time. For his capacity, you are to be quicker and fuller of those reaches and glances of wit or learning, as he is able to entertain them. For his leisure, you are commanded to the greater briefness, as his place is of greater discharges and cares. But with your betters, you are not to put riddles of wit, by being too scarce of words: not to cause the trouble of making brevities by writing too riotous and wastfully. Brevity is attained in matter, by avoiding idle compliments, prefaces, protestations, parentheses, superfluous circuit of figures and digressions: in the composition, by omitting conjunctions [not only, but also; both the one and the other, whereby it cometh to pass] and such like idle particles, that have no great business in a serious letter but breaking of sentences, as oftentimes a short journey is made long by unnecessary baits.

*Quintilian.*—But, as Quintilian saith, there is a briefness of the parts sometimes that makes the whole long; as, I came to the stairs, I took a pair of oars, they launched out, rowed apace, I landed at the Court gate, I paid my fare, went up to the presence, asked for my lord, I was admitted. All this is but, I went to the Court, and

spake with my lord. This is the fault of some Latin writers, within these last hundred years, of my reading; and perhaps Seneca may be appeached of it; I accuse him not.

2. *Perspicuitas*.—The next property of epistolary style is Perspicuity, and is oftentimes by affectation of some wit ill angled for, or ostentation of some hidden terms of art. Few words they darken speech, and so do too many; as well too much light hurteth the eyes, as too little; and a long bill of chancery confounds the understanding as much as the shortest note; therefore let not your letters be penned like English statutes, and this is obtained. These vices are eschewed by pondering your business well and distinctly concerning yourself, which is much furthered by uttering your thoughts, and letting them as well come forth to the light and judgment of your own outward senses, as to the censure of other men's ears; for that is the reason why many good scholars speak but fumblingly; like a rich man, that for want of particular note and difference, can bring you no certain ware readily out of his shop. Hence it is, that talkative shallow men do often content the hearers more than the wise. But this may find a speedier redress in writing, where all comes under the last examination of the eyes. First mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then amend it, and you may be in the better hope of doing reasonably well. Under this virtue may come Plainness, which is not to be curious in the order as to answer a letter, as if you were to answer to interrogatories. As to the first, first; and to the second, secondly, &c. but both in method to use (as ladies do in their attire) a diligent kind of negligence, and their sportive freedom: though with some men you are not to jest, or practise tricks; yet the delivery of the most important things may be carried with such a grace, as that it may yield a pleasure to the conceit of the reader. There must be store, though no excess of terms; as if you are to name *store*, sometimes you may call it choice, sometimes plenty, sometimes copiousness, or variety; but ever so, that the word which comes in lieu, have not such difference of meaning, as that it may put the sense of the first in hazard to be mistaken. You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, *complement*, *spirit*, &c., but use them properly in their place, as others.

3. *Vigor*.—There followeth Life and

Quickness, which is the strength and sinews, as it were, of your penning by pretty sayings, similitudes, and conceits; allusions to some known history, or other common place, such as are in the *Courtier*, and the second book of Cicero *de oratore*.

4. *Discretio*.—The last is, respect to discern what fits yourself, him to whom you write, and that which you handle, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it doth include all. And that must proceed from ripeness of judgment, which, as one truly saith, is gotten by four means, God, nature, diligence, and conversation. Serve the first well, and the rest will serve you.

*De Poetica*.—We have spoken sufficiently of Oratory, let us now make a diversion to Poetry. Poetry, in the primogeniture, had many peccant humours, and is made to have more now, through the levity and inconstancy of men's judgments. Whereas indeed it is the most prevailing eloquence, and of the most exalted charact. Now the discredits and disgraces are many it hath received, through men's study of depravation or calumny; their practice being to give it diminution of credit, by lessening the professors' estimation, and making the age afraid of their liberty: and the age is grown so tender of her fame, as she calls all writings Aspersions.

That is the state word, the phrase of court (Placentia College) which some call Parasites Place, the Inn of Ignorance.

*D. Hieronymus*.—Whilst I name no persons, but deride follies, why should any man confess or betray himself? why doth not that of S. Hierome come into their mind, *Ubi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse personæ injuriæ*? Is it such an inexpiable crime in poets, to tax vices generally, and no offence in them, who, by their exception, confess they have committed them particularly? Are we fallen into those times that we must not

*Aurículas teneras mordaci rodere vero?*

*Remedii votum semper verius erat, quam spes.*—*Sextus femin.*—If men may by no means write freely, or speak truth, but when it offends not; why do physicians cure with sharp medicines or corrosives? Is not the same equally lawful in the cure of the mind, that is in the cure of

the body? Some vices, you will say, are so foul, that it is better they should be done than spoken. But they that take offence where no name, character, or signature doth blazon them, seem to me like affected as women, who if they hear any thing ill spoken of the ill of their sex, are presently moved, as if the contumely respected their particular: and on the contrary, when they hear good of good women, conclude that it belongs to them all. If I see any thing that toucheth me, shall I come forth a betrayer of myself presently? No, if I be wise, I'll dissemble it; if honest, I'll avoid it, lest I publish that on my own forehead which I saw there noted without a title. A man that is on the mending hand will either ingenuously confess or wisely dissemble his disease. And the wise and virtuous will never think any thing belongs to themselves that is written, but rejoice that the good are warned not to be such; and the ill to leave to be such. The person offended hath no reason to be offended with the writer, but with himself; and so to declare that properly to belong to him, which was so spoken of all men, as it could be no man's several, but his that would wilfully and desperately claim it. It sufficeth I know what kind of persons I displease, men bred in the declining and decay of virtue, betrothed to their own vices; that have abandoned or prostituted their good names; hungry and ambitious of infamy, invested in all deformity, enthralled to ignorance and malice, of a hidden and concealed malignity, and that hold a concomitancy with all evil.

#### What is a Poet?

*Poeta*.—A poet is that which by the Greeks is called κατ' εἶδος, ὁ Ποιητής, a maker, or a feigner: his art, an art of imitation or feigning; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to Aristotle; from the word ποιεῖν, which signifies to make, or feign. Hence he is called a poet, not he which writeth in measure only, but that feigneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the truth. For the fable and fiction is, as it were, the form and soul of any poetical work or poem.

#### What mean you by a Poem?

*Poema*.—A poem is not alone any work, or composition of the poet's in many or few verses; but even one alone verse sometimes makes a perfect poem. As when

*Aeneas* hangs up and consecrates the arms of *Abas* with this inscription:

*Aeneas hæc de Danaïs victoribus arma.\**

And calls it a poem, or carmen. Such are those in *Martial*:

*Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas.†*

And,

*Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.*

*Horatius*.—*Lucretius*.—So were *Horace's* odes called *Carmina*, his lyric songs. And *Lucretius* designs a whole book in his sixth:

*Quod in primo quoque carmine claret.*

*Epicum*.—*Dramaticum*.—*Lyricum*.—*Elegiacum*.—*Epigrammat*.—And anciently all the *Oracles* were called *Carmina*; or whatever sentence was expressed, were it much or little, it was called an *Epic*, *Dramatic*, *Lyric*, *Elegiac*, or *Epigrammatic* poem.

*But how differs a Poem from what we call Poesy?*

*Poesis*.—*Artium regina*.—*Poet. differentia*.—*Grammatic*.—*Logic*.—*Rhetoric*.—*Ethica*.—A poem, as I have told you, is the work of the poet; the end and fruit of his labour and study. Poesy is his skill or craft of making; the very fiction itself, the reason or form of the work. And these three voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing feigned, the feigning, and the feigner; so the poem, the poesy, and the poet. Now the poesy is the habit, or the art; nay, rather the queen of arts, which had her original from heaven, received thence from the Hebrews, and had in prime estimation with the Greeks, transmitted to the Latins and all nations that professed civility. The study of it (if we will trust *Aristotle*) offers to mankind a certain rule and pattern of living well and happily, disposing us to all civil offices of society. If we will believe *Tully*, it nourisheth and instructeth our youth, delights our age, adorns our prosperity, comforts our adversity, entertains us at home, keeps us company abroad, travails with us, watches, divides the times of our earnest and sports, shares in our country recesses and recreations; inasmuch as the wisest and best learned have thought

\* *Virg. Æn. lib. 5.*

† *Martial, lib. 8. epig. 10.*

her the absolute mistress of manners, and nearest of kin to virtue. And whereas they entitle philosophy to be a rigid and austere poesy; they have, on the contrary, styled poesy a dulcet and gentle philosophy, which leads on and guides us by the hand to action, with a ravishing delight and incredible sweetness. But before we handle the kinds of poems, with their special differences; or make court to the art itself, as a mistress, I would lead you to the knowledge of our poet, by a perfect information what he is or should be by nature, by exercise, by imitation, by study, and so bring him down through the disciplines of grammar, logic, rhetoric, and the ethics, adding somewhat out of all, peculiar to himself, and worthy of your admittance or reception.

1. *Ingenium.*—Seneca.—Plato.—Aristotle.—Helicon.—Pegasus.—Parnassus.—Ovid.—First, we require in our poet or maker (for that title our language affords him elegantly with the Greek) a goodness of natural wit. For whereas all other arts consist of doctrine and precepts, the poet must be able by nature and instinct to pour out the treasure of his mind; and as Seneca saith, *Aliquando secundum Anacreontem insanire jucundum esse*, by which he understands the poetical rapture. And according to that of Plato, *Frusta poeticas fores sui compos pulsavit*. And of Aristotle, *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura demencie fuit. Nec potest grande aliquid, et supra ceteros loqui, nisi mota mens*. Then it riseth higher, as by a divine instinct, when it contemns common and known conceptions. It utters somewhat above a mortal mouth. Then it gets aloft, and flies away with his rider, whither before it was doubtful to ascend. This the poets understood by their Helicon, Pegasus, or Parnassus; and this made Ovid to boast:

*Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:  
Sedibus aethereis spiritus ille venit.*

Lipsius.—Petron. in *Fragm.*—And Lipsius to affirm: *Scio, poetam neminem praestantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberioris divinae auras*. And hence it is that the coming up of good poets (for I mind not mediocres or imos) is so thin and rare among us. Every beggarly corporation affords the state a mayor, or two bailiffs yearly; but *Solus rex, aut poeta, non quotannis nascitur*. To this perfection of

nature in our poet, we require exercise of those parts, and frequent.

2. *Exercitatio.*—Virgil.—Scaliger.—Valer. Maximus.—Euripides.—Alcestis.—If his wit will not arrive suddenly at the dignity of the ancients, let him not yet fall out with it, quarrel or be over-hastily angry; offer to turn it away from study in a humour; but come to it again upon better cogitation; try another time with labour. If then it succeed not, cast not away the quills yet, nor scratch the wainscot, beat not the poor desk; but bring all to the forge and file again; torn it anew. These is no statute law of the kingdom bids you be a poet against your will, or the first quarter; if it come in a year or two, it is well. The common rhymers pour forth verses, such as they are, *ex tempore*; but there never comes from them one sense worth the life of a day. A rhymers and a poet are two things. It is said of the incomparable Virgil, that he brought forth his verses like a bear, and after formed them with licking. Scaliger the father writes it of him, that he made a quantity of verses in the morning, which afore night he reduced to a less number. But that which Valerius Maximus hath left recorded of Euripides the tragic poet his answer to Alcestis, another poet, is as memorable as modest: who, when it was told to Alcestis, that Euripides had in three days brought forth but three verses, and those with some difficulty and throes; Alcestis, glorying he could with ease have sent forth an hundred in the space; Euripides roundly replied, Like enough; but here is the difference, thy verses will not last those three days, mine will to all time. Which was [as much] as to tell him he could not write a verse. I have met many of these rattles, that made a noise and buzzed. They had their hum, and no more. Indeed, things wrote with labour deserve to be so read, and will last their age.

3. *Imitatio.*—Horatius.—Virgil.—Statius.—Homer.—Horat.—Archil.—Alceus, &c.—The third requisite in our poet, or maker, is imitation, to be able to convert the substance or riches of another poet to his own use. To make choice of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him till he grow very he, or so like him, as the copy may be mistaken for the principal. Not as a creature that swallows what it takes in crude, raw, or indigested; but that feeds with an appetite, and hath a stomach to concoct, divide, and turn all into nourish-

ment. Not to imitate servilely, as Horace saith, and catch at vices for virtue; but to draw forth out of the best and choicest flowers, with the bee, and turn all into honey, work it into one relish and savour: make our imitation sweet; observe how the best writers have imitated, and follow them. How Virgil and Statius have imitated Homer; how Horace, Archilochus; how Alcæus, and the other lyrics; and so of the rest.

4. *Lectio.—Parnassus.—Helicon.—Ars coron.—M. T. Cicero.—Simylus.—Stob.—Horat.—Aristot.*—But that which we especially require in him, is an exactness of study, and multiplicity of reading, which maketh a full man, not alone enabling him to know the history or argument of a poem, and to report it; but so to master the matter and style, as to shew he knows how to handle, place, or dispose of either with elegancy, when need shall be. And not think he can leap forth suddenly a poet, by dreaming he hath been in Parnassus, or having washed his lips, as they say, in Helicon. There goes more to his making than so: for to nature, exercise, imitation, and study, art must be added, to make all these perfect. And though these challenge to themselves much, in the making up of our maker, it is art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand. It is the assertion of Tully, if to an excellent nature, there happen an accession or confirmation of learning and discipline, there will then remain somewhat noble and singular. For, as Simylus saith in Stobæus, *Ουτε φύσις ικανή γινεται τεχνης ατερ, ουτε παν τεχνη μη φύσιν κεκτημενη*: without art, nature can never be perfect; and without nature, art can claim no being. But our poet must beware, that his study be not only to learn of himself; for he that shall affect to do that, confesseth his ever having a fool to his master. He must read many, but ever the best and choicest: those that can teach him anything, he must ever account his masters, and reverence: among whom Horace, and (he that taught him) Aristotle, deserved to be the first in estimation. Aristotle was the first accurate critic, and truest judge; nay, the greatest philosopher the world ever had: for he noted the vices of all knowledges, in all creatures; and out of many men's perfections in a science, he formed still one art. So he taught us two offices together, how we ought to judge rightly of others,

and what we ought to imitate specially in ourselves. But all this in vain, without a natural wit, and a poetical nature in chief. For no man, so soon as he knows this, or reads it, shall be able to write the better; but as he is adapted to it by nature, he shall grow the perfecter writer. He must have civil prudence and eloquence, and that whole; not taken up by snatches or pieces, in sentences or remnants, when he will handle business, or carry counsels, as if he came then out of the declaimer's gallery, or shadow furnished but out of the body of the state, which commonly is the school of men.

*Virorum schola respub.—Lysippus.—Apelles.—Nævius.*—The poet is the nearest borderer upon the orator, and expreseth all his virtues, though he be tied more to numbers, is his equal in ornament, and above him in his strengths. And (of the kind) the comic comes nearest; because in moving the minds of men, and stirring of affections (in which oratory shews, and especially approves her eminence) he chiefly excels. What figure of a body was Lysippus ever able to form with his graver, or Apelles to paint with his pencil, as the comedy to life expresseth so many and various affections of the mind? There shall the spectator see some insulting with joy, others fretting with melancholy, raging with anger, mad with love, boiling with avarice, undone with riot, tortured with expectation, consumed with fear: no perturbation in common life but the orator finds an example of it in the Scene. And then for the elegancy of language, read but this inscription on the grave of a comic poet:

*Immortales mortales si fas esset flere,  
Flerent divæ Camænæ Nævium Poetam;  
Itaque postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,  
Obliti sunt Romæ linguâ loqui Latinâ.*

*L. Ælius Stilo.—Plautus.—M. Varro.*—Or that modester testimony given by Lucius Ælius Stilo upon Plautus, who affirmed, *Musas, si latine loqui voluissent, Plautino sermone fuisse loquuturas*. And that illustrious judgment by the most learned M. Varro of him, who pronounced him the prince of letters and elegancy in the Roman language.

*Sophocles.*—I am not of that opinion to conclude a poet's liberty within the narrow limits of laws which either the grammarians or philosophers prescribe. For before they found out those laws, there

were many excellent poets that fulfilled them: amongst whom none more perfect than Sophocles, who lived a little before Aristotle.

*Demosthenes.—Pericles.—Alcibiades.*—Which of the Greeklings durst ever give precepts to Demosthenes? or to Pericles (whom the age surnamed heavenly) because he seemed to thunder and lighten with his language? or to Alcibiades, who had rather nature for his guide than art for his master?

*Aristotle.*—But whatsoever nature at any time dictated to the most happy, or long exercise to the most laborious, that the wisdom and learning of Aristotle hath brought into an art; because he understood the causes of things: and what other men did by chance or custom, he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to err, but the short way we should take not to err.

*Euripides.—Aristophanes.*—Many things in Euripides hath Aristophanes wittily reprehended, not out of art, but out of truth. For Euripides is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But judgment when it is greatest, if reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute.

*Cens. Scal. in Lil. Germ.—Horace.*—To judge of poets is only the faculty of poets; and not of all poets, but the best. *Nemo infelicius de poetis judicavit, quam qui de poetis scripsit.\** But some will say critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily. See their diseases and those of grammarians. It is true, many bodies are the worse for the meddling with; and the multitude of physicians hath destroyed many sound patients with their wrong practice. But the office of a true critic or censor is, not to throw by a letter anywhere, or damn an innocent syllable, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the author, and his matter, which is the sign of solid and perfect learning in a man. Such was Horace, an author of much civility; and (if any one among the heathen can be) the best master both of virtue and wisdom; an excellent and true judge upon cause and reason; not because he thought so, but because he knew so, out of use and experience.

Cato the grammarian, a defender of Lucilius.†

*Cato grammaticus, Latina syren,  
Qui solus legit, et facit poetas.*

Quintilian of the same heresy, but rejected.‡

Horace his judgment of Chærilus defended against Joseph Scaliger.§ And of Laberius against Julius.||

But chiefly his opinion of Plautus¶ vindicated against many that are offended, and say it is a hard censure upon the parent of all conceit and sharpness. And they wish it had not fallen from so great a master and censor in the art; whose bondmen knew better how to judge of Plautus, than any that dare patronize the family of learning in this age, who could not be ignorant of the judgment of the times in which he lived, when poetry and the Latin language were at the height; especially being a man so conversant and inwardly familiar with the censures of great men, that did discourse of these things daily amongst themselves. Again, a man so gracious, and in high favour with the emperor, as Augustus often called him his witty manling (for the littleness of his stature); and, if we may trust antiquity, had designed him for a secretary of estate, and invited him to the place, which he modestly prayed off, and refused.

*Terence.—Menander.*—Horace did so highly esteem Terence's comedies, as he ascribes the art in comedy to him alone among the Latins, and joins him with Menander.

Now let us see what may be said for either, to defend Horace's judgment to posterity, and not wholly to condemn Plautus.

*The parts of a comedy and tragedy.*—The parts of a comedy are the same with a tragedy, and the end is partly the same; for they both delight and teach: the comicks are called διδασκαλοι of the Greeks, no less than the tragicks.

*Aristotle.—Plato.—Homer.*—Nor is the moving of laughter always the end of comedy, that is rather a fowling for the people's delight, or their fooling. For as Aristotle says rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in comedy, a kind of turpi-

\* Senec. de brev. vit. cap. 13. et epist. 88.  
† Heins. de Sat. 265. ‡ Pag. 267.

§ Pag. 270, 271. || Pag. 273, et seq.  
¶ Pag. in comm. 153, et seq.

tude, that depraves some part of a man's nature without a disease. As a wry face without pain moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude clown dressed in a lady's habit, and using her actions; we dislike, and scorn such representations, which made the ancient philosophers ever think laughter unfitting in a wise man. And this induced Plato to esteem of Homer as a sacrilegious person, because he presented the gods sometimes laughing. As also it is divinely said of Aristotle, that to seem ridiculous is a part of dishonesty, and foolish.

*The wit of the old comedy.*—So that what either in the words or sense of an author, or in the language or actions of men, is awry, or depraved, doth strangely stir mean affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therefore it was clear, that all insolent and obscene speeches, jests upon the best men, injuries to particular persons, perverse and sinister sayings (and the rather unexpected) in the old comedy did move laughter, especially where it did imitate any dishonesty, and scurrility came forth in the place of wit; which, who understands the nature and genius of laughter, cannot but perfectly know.

*Aristophanes. — Plautus.* — Of which Aristophanes affords an ample harvest, having not only outgone Plautus, or any other in that kind; but expressed all the moods and figures of what is ridiculous, oddly. In short, as vinegar is not accounted good until the wine be corrupted; so jests that are true and natural seldom raise laughter with the beast multitude. They love nothing that is right and proper. The farther it runs from reason or possibility with them, the better it is.

*Socrates. — Theatrical wit.* — What could have made them laugh, like to see Socrates presented, that example of all good life, honesty, and virtue, to have him hoisted up with a pulley, and there play the philosopher in a basket; measure how many foot a flea could skip geometrically, by a just scale, and edify the people from the ingine. This was theatrical wit, right stage-jesting, and relishing a play-house, invented for scorn and laughter; whereas, if it had savoured of equity, truth, perspicuity, and candour, to have tasten a wise, or a learned palate,—spit it out presently! this is bitter and profitable; this instructs

and would inform us: what need we know anything that are nobly born, more than a horse-race, or a hunting-match, our day to break with citizens, and such innate mysteries?

*The cart.*—This is truly leaping from the stage to the tumbrel again, reducing all wit to the original dung-cart.

*[Of the magnitude and compass of any fable, epic or dramatic.*

*What the measure of a fable is.*—*The fable or plot of a poem defined.*—*The epic fable, differing from the dramatic.*—To the resolving of this question, we must first agree in the definition of the fable. The fable is called the imitation of one entire and perfect action, whose parts are so joined and knit together, as nothing in the structure can be changed, or taken away, without impairing or troubling the whole, of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example: if a man would build a house, he would first appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certain bounds: so in the constitution of a poem, the action is aimed at by the poet, which answers place in a building, and that action hath his largeness, compass, and proportion. But as a court or king's palace requires other dimensions than a private house; so the epic asks a magnitude from other poems: since what is place in the one, is action in the other, the difference is in space. So that by this definition we conclude the fable to be the imitation of one perfect and entire action, as one perfect and entire place is required to a building. By perfect, we understand that to which nothing is wanting; as place to the building that is raised, and action to the fable that is formed. It is perfect perhaps not for a court, or king's palace, which requires a greater ground, but for the structure we would raise; so the space of the action may not prove large enough for the epic fable, yet be perfect for the dramatic, and whole.

*What we understand by whole.*—Whole we call that, and perfect, which hath a beginning, a midst, and an end. So the place of any building may be whole and entire for that work, though too little for a palace. As to a tragedy or a comedy, the action may be convenient and perfect, that would not fit an epic poem in magnitude. So a lion is a perfect creature in himself,



though it be less than that of a buffalo or a rhinoceros. They differ but in specie : either in the kind is absolute ; both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every body, so in every action, which is the subject of a just work, there is required a certain proportionable greatness, neither too vast, nor too minute. For that which happens to the eyes when we behold a body, the same happens to the memory, when we contemplate an action. I look upon a monstrous giant, as Tityus, whose body covered nine acres of land, and mine eye sticks upon every part : the whole that consists of those parts will never be taken in at one entire view. So in a fable, if the action be too great, we can never comprehend the whole together in our imagination. Again, if it be too little, there ariseth no pleasure out of the object ; it affords the view no stay ; it is beheld, and vanisheth at once. As if we should look upon an ant or pismire, the parts fly the sight, and the whole considered is almost nothing. The same happens in action, which is the object of memory, as the body is of sight. Too vast oppresseth the eyes, and exceeds the memory ; too little, scarce admits either.

*What the utmost bound of a fable.*—Now in every action it behoves the poet to know which is his utmost bound, how far with fitness and a necessary proportion he may produce and determine it ; that is, till either good fortune change into the worse, or the worse into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the action, either in comedy or tragedy, without his fit bounds : and every bound, for the nature of the subject, is esteemed the best that is largest, till it can increase no more : so it behoves the action in tragedy or comedy to be let grow, till the necessity ask a conclusion ; wherein two things are to be considered ; first, that it exceed not the compass of one day ; next that there be place left for digression and art. For the episodes and digressions in a fable are the same that household stuff and other furniture are in a house. And so far from the measure and extent of a fable dramatic.

*What by one and entire.*—Now that it should be one, and entire. One is considerable two ways ; either as it is only separate, and by itself, or as being composed of many parts, it begins to be one, as those parts grow, or are wrought to-

gether. That it should be one the first way alone, and by itself, no man that hath tasted letters ever would say, especially having required before a just magnitude and equal proportion of the parts in themselves. Neither of which can possibly be if the action be single and separate, not composed of parts, which laid together in themselves, with an equal and fitting proportion, tend to the same end ; which thing out of antiquity itself hath deceived many, and more this day it doth deceive.

*Hercules.—Theseus.—Achilles.—Ulysses.—Homer and Virgil.—Æneas.—Venus.*—So many there be of old, that have thought the action of one man to be one ; as of Hercules, Theseus, Achilles, Ulysses, and other heroes ; which is both foolish and false, since by one and the same person many things may be severally done, which cannot fitly be referred or joined to the same end : which not only the excellent tragic poets, but the best masters of the epic, Homer and Virgil saw. For though the argument of an epic poem be far more difused and poured out than that of tragedy ; yet Virgil writing of Æneas, hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells how he was born, how brought up, how he fought with Achilles, how he was snatched out of the battle by Venus ; but that one thing, how he came into Italy, he prosecutes in twelve books. The rest of his journey, his error by sea, the sack of Troy, are put not as the argument of the work, but episodes of the argument. So Homer laid by many things of Ulysses, and handled no more than he saw tended to one and the same end.

*Theseus.—Hercules.—Juvenal.—Codrus.—Sophocles.—Ajax.—Ulysses.*—Contrary to which, and foolishly, those poets did, whom the philosopher taxeth, of whom one gathered all the actions of Theseus, another put all the labours of Hercules in one work. So did he whom Juvenal mentions in the beginning, "hoarse Codrus," that recited a volume compiled, which he called his Theseide, not yet finished, to the great trouble both of his hearers and himself ; amongst which there were many parts had no coherence nor kindred one with another, so far they were from being one action, one fable. For as a house, consisting of diverse materials, becomes one structure and one dwelling ; so an action, composed of diverse parts, may become one fable, epic or dramatic. For example, in

a tragedy, look upon Sophocles his Ajax : Ajax, deprived of Achilles' armour, which he hoped from the suffrage of the Greeks, disdains ; and growing impatient of the injury, rageth, and turns mad. In that humour he doth many senseless things, and at last falls upon the Grecian flock, and kills a great ram for Ulysses : returning to his senses, he grows ashamed of the scorn, and kills himself ; and is by the chiefs of the Greeks forbidden burial. These things agree and hang together not as they were done, but as seeming to be done, which made the action whole, entire, and absolute.

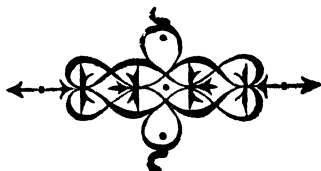
*The conclusion concerning the whole, and the parts.—Which are episodes.—Ajax and Hector.—Homer.*—For the whole, as it consisteth of parts ; so without all the parts it is not the whole ; and to make it

absolute, is required not only the parts, but such parts as are true. For a part of the whole was true ; which if you take away, you either change the whole, or it is not the whole. For if it be such a part, as being present or absent, nothing concerns the whole, it cannot be called a part of the whole : and such are the episodes, of which hereafter. For the present here is one example ; the single combat of Ajax with Hector, as it is at large described in Homer, nothing belongs to this Ajax of Sophocles.

You admire no poems but such as run like a brewer's cart upon the stones, hobbling :

*Et, quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.  
Accius et quidquid Pacuviusque vomunt.  
Attonitusque legis terrai, frugiferai.\**

\* Martial, lib. xi. epig. 91.



# The English Grammar,<sup>1</sup>

MADE BY BEN JONSON FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL STRANGERS,

OUT OF HIS OBSERVATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, NOW SPOKEN  
AND IN USE.

*Consuetudo, certissima loquendi magistra, utendumque planè sermone, ut nummo, cui publica forma est.*—QUINCTIL.

*Non obstant hæ discipline per illas euntibus sed circa illas hærentibus.*—QUINCTIL.

*Major adhuc restat labor, sed sanè sit cum venià, si gratià carebit: boni enim artificis partes sunt, quam paucissima possit omittere.*—SCALIG. lib. i. c. 25.

*Negue enim optimi artificis est, omnia persequi.*—GALLENUS.

*Expedire grammatico, etiam, si quædam nesciat.*—QUINCTIL.

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## THE PREFACE.

The profit of Grammar is great to strangers, who are to live in communion and commerce with us, and it is honourable to ourselves: for by it we communicate all our labours, studies, profits, without an interpreter.

We free our language from the opinion of rudeness and barbarism, wherewith it is mistaken to be diseased: we shew the copy of it, and matchableness with other tongues; we ripen the wits of our own children and youth sooner by it, and advance their knowledge.

Confusion of language, a Curse.

Experience breedeth Art: Lack of Experience, Chance.

Experience, Observation, Sense, Induction, are the four triers of arts. It is ridiculous to teach anything for undoubted truth, that sense and experience can confute. So Zeno disputing of *Quies*, was confuted by Diogenes, rising up and walking.

In grammar, not so much the invention, as the disposition is to be commended: yet we must remember, that the most excellent creatures are not ever born perfect; to leave bears, and whelps, and other failings of nature.

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<sup>1</sup> The Grammar which Jonson had prepared for the press was destroyed in the conflagration of his study. What we have here, therefore, are rather the materials for a grammar than a perfect work.

Jonson had formed an extensive collection of Grammars, which appears to have been both curious and valuable. Howell writes to him in 1629 that, "according to his desire, he had, with some difficulty, procured Dr. Davies's Welsh Grammar, to add to those many which he already had."—*Letters*, Sec. v. 26; and Sir Francis Kynaston, in speaking of the old infinitives, *tellen*, &c., says—"Such words ought rather to be esteemed as elegancies, since it appears by a most ancient Grammar written in the Saxon tongue and character, which I once saw in the hands of my most learned and celebrated friend, Master Ben Jonson, that the English tongue in Chaucer's time," &c. Much more might be produced to the same effect; but enough is given to show (what indeed was already sufficiently apparent), that our author never trifled with the public, nor attempted to handle any subject of which he had not made himself a complete and absolute master.

The Grammar was first printed in the fol. 1640, three years after the author's death. The title was drawn up by the editors of that volume.

# The English Grammar.

## CHAP. I.

### OF GRAMMAR, AND THE PARTS.

\*Grammar is the art of true and well-speaking a language: the writing is but an Accident.

*The parts of Grammar are*

*Etymology*,† } the true notation  
*Syntax*, } which is { of words.  
 } the right ordering  
 } of them.

† A word is a part of speech, or note, whereby a thing is known, or called; and consisteth of one or more syllables.

§ A syllable is a perfect sound in a word, and consisteth of one or more letters.

|| A letter is an indivisible part of a syllable, whose prosody,¶ or right sounding is perceived by the power; the orthography, or right writing, by the form.

\*\* Prosody and orthography, are not parts of grammar, but diffused like the blood and spirits through the whole.

\* *Ful. Cæsar Scaliger*. de caus. Ling. Lat. Grammatici unus finis est rectè loqui. Neque necesse habet scribere. Accidit enim scriptura voci, neque aliter scribere debemus, quàm loquamur.—*Ramus* in definit. pag. 30.

Grammatica est ars benè loquendi.  
 † Veteres, ut *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Quintilianus*, Etymologiam in notatione vocum statuere.

‡ Dictionis natura prior est, posterior orationis. Ex usu veterum Latinorum, *Vox*, pro dictione scripta accipitur: quoniam vox esse possit. Est articulata, quæ scripto excipi, atque exprimi valeat: inarticulata, quæ non. Articulata vox dicitur, quæ genus humanum utitur distinctim, à cæteris animalibus, quæ muta vocantur: non, quodd sonum non edant; sed quia soni eorum nullis exprimantur propriè literarum notis.—*Smithus* de rectâ, et emend. L. Latin script.

§ Syllaba est elementum sub accentu.—*Scalig.*, lib. 2.

|| Litera est pars dictionis indivisibilis. Nam quamquam sunt literæ quædam duplices, una tamen tantùm litera est, sibi quæque sonum unum certum servans.—*Scalig.*

Et *Smithus*, ibid. Litera pars minima vocis articulata.

¶ Natura literæ tribus modis intelligitur;

## CHAP. II.

### OF LETTERS AND THEIR POWERS.††

In our language we use these twenty and four letters, A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. V. W. X. Y. Z. a. b. c. d. e. f. g. h. i. k. l. m. n. o. p. q. r. s. t. v. w. x. y. z. The great letters serve to begin sentences, with us, to lead proper names, and express numbers. The less make the fabric of speech.

*Our numeral letters are,*

|   |         |      |
|---|---------|------|
| I | } for { | I    |
| V |         | 5    |
| X |         | 10   |
| L |         | 50   |
| C |         | 100  |
| D |         | 500  |
| M |         | 1000 |

†† All letters are either vowels or consonants; and are principally known by their powers. The figure is an Accident.

nomine, quo pronunciatur; potestate, quâ valet; figurâ, quâ scribitur. At potestas est sonus ille, quo pronunciari, quem etiam figura debet imitari; ut his Prosodiam Orthographia sequatur.—*Asper*.

\*\* Prosodia autem, et Orthographia partes non sunt; sed, ut sanguis, et spiritus per corpus universum fusæ.—*Scal.* ut suprâ. *Ramus*, pag. 31.

†† Litera, à lineando; unde, linere, lineaturæ, literæ, et lituræ. Neque enim à lituris literæ quia deleterunt; prius enim factæ, quàm deletæ sunt. At formæ potius, atque *ovoiat* rationem, quàm interitûs, habeamus.—*Scal.* ibid.

|| Litera genus quoddam est, cujus species primariæ duæ vocalis et consonans, quarum natura, et constitutio non potest percipi, nisi prius cognoscantur differentiæ formales, quibus factum est, ut inter se non convenirent.—*Scal.* ibid.

§§ Literæ differentiæ generica est potestas, quam nimis rudi consilio veteres Accidens appellârunt. Est enim forma quædam ipse flexus in voce, quasi in materiâ, propter quem flexum fit; ut vocalis per se possit pronunciari; Muta non possit. Figura autem est accidens ab arte institutum; potestque attributa mutari. *Ful. Cæs. Scal.* ibidem. De vi, ac potestate literarum tam accuratè scripsêrunt Antiqui, quàm de

\* A *vowel* will be pronounced by itself : a *consonant* not without the help of a *vowel*, either before or after.

The received vowels in our tongue are,  
a. e. i. o. u.

† *Consonants* be either *mutes*, and close the sound, as *b. c. d. g. k. p. q. t.* Or *half vowels*, and open it, as *f. l. m. n. r. s. x. z.*

*H* is rarely other than an *aspiration* in power, though a *letter* in form.

*W* and *Y* have shifting and uncertain seats as shall be shown in their places.

### CHAP. III.

#### OF THE VOWELS.

All our *vowels* are sounded doubtfully. In quantity, (which is time) long or short. Or, in accent, (which is tune) sharp or flat. Long in these words, and their like :

*Debāting, congēling, expiring,*  
*oppōsing, endūring.*

Short in these :

*Stomāching, sevēring, vāngūshing,*  
*rānsōming, picūring.*

Sharp in these :

*Hāte, mēte, bite, nōte, pūle.*

Flat in these :

*Hāt, mēt, bit, nōt, pull.*

[Omnes Vocales ancipites sunt ; (i. e.) modò longæ, modò breves : eodem tamen modo semper depictæ (nam scriptura est imitatio sermonis, ut pictura corporis. Scriptio vocum pictura. *Smithus*) et eodem sono pronunciatæ. Nisi quòd vocalis longa bis tantum temporis in effando retinet, quàm brevis. Ut rectè cecinit ille de vocalibus.

Temporis unius brevis est, ut longa duorum.]

#### A

With us, in most words, is pronounced less than the French *à* ; as in

*art, act, apple, ancient.*

But when it comes before *l*, in the end of a syllable, it obtaineth the full French sound, and is uttered with the mouth and

throat wide opened, the tongue bent back from the teeth, as in

*all, small, gull, fall, tall, call.*

So in the syllables where a consonant followeth the *l*, as in

*salt, mall, balm, calm.*

[Literæ hujus sonus est omnium gentium ferè communis. Nomen autem, et figura multis nationibus est diversa. *Scalig. et Ramus.*

*Dionysius* ait a esse, εὐφωνότατον, ex plenitudine vocis.

#### Teren. Maurus.

A, prima locum littera sic ab ore, sumit, Immunia, rictu patulo, tenere labra : Linguamque necesse est ità pandulam reduci,

Ut niscus in illam valeat subire vocis,  
Nec partibus ullis aliquos ferire dentes.]

#### E

Is pronounced with a mean opening the mouth, the tongue turned to the inner roof of the palate, and softly striking the upper great teeth. It is a letter of divers note and use ; and either soundeth, or is silent. When it is the last letter, and soundeth, the sound is sharp, as in the French *i*. Example in *mé, sé, agréé, yé, shé* ; in all, saving the article *le*.

Where it endeth, and soundeth obscure and faintly, it serves as an accent to produce the *vowel* preceding : as in *māde, stēme, strīpe, ōre, cūre*, which else would sound, *mād, stēm, strip, ōr, cūr*.

It altereth the power of *c, g, s*, so placed, as in *hence*, which else would sound *henc* ; *swinge*, to make it different from *swing* ; *use*, to distinguish it from *us*.

It is mere silent in words where *l* is coupled with a consonant in the end ; as *whistle, gristle, brittle, fickle, thimble*, &c.

Or after *v* consonant, or double *s*, as in *love, glove, move, redress, crosse, losse*.

Where it endeth a former syllable, it soundeth longish, but flat ; as in,

*dérive, prēpare, résoudre.*

Except in *derivatives*, or compounds of

quævis aliâ sum professionis parte. Elaborarunt in hoc argumento Varro, Priscianus, Appion, ille, qui cymbalum dicebatur mundi : et inter rhetores non postremi judicii, Dionysius Halicarnassæus, Caius quoque Cæsar, et Octavius Augustus.—*Smith. ibid.*

\* Literæ, quæ per seipsas possint pronunciari, vocales sunt ; quæ non, nisi cum aliis, consonantes.

Vocalium nomina simplici sono, nec differente à potestate, propriantur.

Consonantes, additis vocalibus, quibusdam præpositis, aliis postpositis.

† Ex consonantibus, quorum nomen incipit à Consonante, Mutæ sunt : quarum à vocali, semi-vocales : Mutas non inde appellatas, quòd parum sonarent, sed quòd nihil.

the sharp *e*, and then it answers the *primitive* or *simple* in the first sound; as  
*agreeing*, of *agree*; *foreseeing*, of *foresee*;  
*being*, of *be*.

Where it endeth a last syllable, with one or mo consonants after it, it either soundeth flat and full; as in

*descent*, *intent*, *amend*, *offend*, *rest*, *best*.

Or it passeth away obscured, like the faint *i*; as in these,

*written*, *gotten*, *open*, *sayeth*, &c.

Which two letters *e* and *i* have such a nearness in our tongue, as oftentimes they interchange places; as in

*enduce*, for *induce*: *endite*, for *indite*;

*her* for *hir*.

[Triplicem differentiam habet: primam, mediocris rictus: secundam, linguæ, eamque duplicem; alteram, interioris, nempe inflexæ ad interius cælum palati; alteram genuinos prementis. Tertia est labri inferioris,

*Ramus, lib. 2.*

Duas primas Terentianus notavit; tertiam tacuit.

*Terentianus 1.*

*E*, quæ sequitur, vocula dissona est priori; quia deprimit altum modico tenore rictum, et remotos premit hinc, et hinc molares.

Apud latinos, *e* latius sonat in adverbio *benè*, quam in adverbio *herè*: hujus enim posterioriorem vocalem exilius pronuntiabant; ita, ut etiam in maxime exilem sonum transierit *herè*. Id, quod latius in multis quoque patet: ut ab *Eo*, verbo, deductum, *ire*, *iis*, et *eis*: *diis*, et *deis*: *febrem*, *febrim*: *turrem*, *turrim*: *priore*, et *priori*: *Ram. et Scalig.*

Et propter hanc vicinitatem (ait Quinct.) *e* quoque loco *i* fuit: ut *Menerva*, *leber*, *magester*: pro *Minerva*, *liber*, *magister*.]

# I

Is of a narrower sound than *e*, and uttered with a less opening of the mouth, the tongue brought back to the palate, and striking the teeth next the cheek-teeth.

It is a *letter* of a double power.

As a *vowel* in the former, or single syllables, it hath sometimes the sharp accent; as in

*binding*, *minding*, *ptning*, *whining*,  
*wkving*, *thrtving*, *mine*, *thine*.

Or all words of one syllable qualified by *a*. But the flat in more, as in these, *bill*, *bitter*, *giddy*, *little*, *incident*, and the like.

In the derivatives of sharp primitives, it keepeth the sound, though it deliver over

the primitive consonant to the next syllable: as in

*divl-ning*, *regul-ring*, *rept-ning*.

For, a consonant falling between two vowels in the word, will be spelled with the latter. In syllables and words, composed of the same elements, it varieth the sound, now sharp, now flat: as in

*glve*, *give*, *alive*, *live*, *drive*, *driven*,  
*title*, *title*.

But these, use of speaking, and acquaintance in reading, will teach, rather than rule.

*I*, in the other power, is merely another letter, and would ask to enjoy another character. For where it leads the sounding vowel, and beginneth the syllable, it is ever a consonant; as in

*James*, *John*, *jest*, *jump*, *conjurer*, *perjured*.

And before diphthongs; as *jay*, *joy*, *juice*, having the force of the Hebrew's *Jod*, and the Italian's *Gi*.

[Porrigit ictum genuino propè ad ipsos

Minimumque renidet supero tenuis labello.

*Terent.*

I vocalis sonos habet tres: suum, exilem: alterum, latiore proprioreque ipsi *e*; et tertium, obscuriore ipsius *u*, inter quæ duo *Y* græcæ vocalis sonus continetur: ut non inconsultò Victorinus ambiguum illam quam adduximus vocem, per *Y* scribendam esse putarit, *Optimus*.

*Scalig.*

Ante consonantem *I* semper est vocalis.

Ante vocalem ejusdem syllabæ consonans.

Apud Hebræos *I* perpetuò est consonans; ut apud Græcos vocalis.

Ut in *Giacente*, *Giesù*, *Gioconda*, *Gius-titia*.]

# O

Is pronounced with a round mouth, the tongue drawn back to the root; and is a letter of much change and uncertainty with us.

In the long time it naturally soundeth sharp, and high; as in

*chösen*, *hösen*, *höly*, *föly*;  
*öpen*, *öuer*, *nöte*, *thrdte*.

In the short time more flat, and akin to *u*; as

*cosen*, *dosen*, *möther*  
*brother*, *löve*, *pröve*.

In the diphthong sometimes the *e* is sounded; as

*dought*, *sought*, *nought*,  
*wrought*, *möw*, *söw*.

But oftener upon the *u*; as in *söund*, *böund*, *höw*, *nöw*, *thöw*, *cöw*.

In the last syllables, before *n* and *w*, it frequently loseth [its sound]; as in *person, action, willow, billow.*

It holds up, and is sharp, when it ends the word, or syllable; as in

*go, fro, so, no.*

Except in *th*, the preposition; *two*, the numeral; *do*, the verb, and the compounds of it; as *undo*, and the derivatives, as *doing*.

It varieth the sound in syllables of the same character, and proportion; as in

*shoe; glove, grove.*

Which double sound it hath from the *Latin*; as

*Vollus, vultus; vultis, voltis.*

[O pronunciatur rotundo ore, linguâ ad radices hypoglossis reductâ. ὁ μικρον, et ὁ μέγα, unâ tantum notâ, sono differenti.

Profertur, ut *o*.

Ut *oo*, vel *ou* Gallicum.

Una quoniam sat habuit esse notare forma, Pro temporibus quæ gremium ministret usum.

Igitur sonitum reddere voles minori, Retorsus adactum modicè teneto linguam, Rictû neque magno sat erit patere labra, At longior alto tragicum sub oris antro Molita, rotundis acuit sonum labellis.

*Terent.*

Differentiam *o* parvi valdè distinctam Franci tenent: sed scripturâ valdè confundant. *O*, scribunt perinde ut proferunt. At *oo* scribunt modò per *au*, modò per *ao*, quæ sonum talem minimè sonant, qui simplici, et rotundo motu oris proferri debet.

Quanta sit affinitas (*o*) cum (*u*) ex Quinct. Plinio, Papyriano notum est. Quid enim *o* et *u*, permutatæ invicem, ut *Hecobè*, et *Notrix*, *Culchides*, et *Pulixena*, scriberentur? sic nostri præceptores, *Cervom*, *Servomque u* et *o* litteris scripsérunt; Sic *dedéroni*, *probaveront*, Romanis olim fuere, Quinct. lib. 1.

Deinque *o*, teste Plinio apud Priscianum, aliquot Italiæ civitates non habebant; sed loco ejus ponebant *u*, et maximè Umbri, et Tusci. Atque *u* contra, teste apud eundem Papyriano, multis Italiæ populis in usu non erat; sed utebantur *o*; unde Romanorum quoque vetustissimi in multis dictionibus, loco ejus *o* posuérunt: Ut *publicum*, pro *publicum*; *polcrum*, pro *pulcrum*; *cotpam*, pro *culpam*.]

*v*

Is sounded with a narrower and mean compass, and some depression of the middle of the tongue, and is like our *t*, a

letter of a double power. As a vowel, it soundeth thin and sharp, as in *use*; thick and flat, as in *us*.

It never endeth any word for the nakedness, but yieldeth to the termination of the diphthong *ew*, as in *new, trew, knew*, &c., or the qualifying *e*, as in *sue, due*, and the like.

When it leadeth a silent vowel in a syllable it is a consonant; as in *save, reve, prove, love*, &c. Which double force is not the unsteadfastness of our tongue, or uncertainty of our writing, but fallen upon us from the *Latin*.

[Quam scribere Graius, nisi jungat *V*, nequibit

Hanc edere vocem quotiès paramus ore, Nitamur ut *U* dicere, sic citetur ortus Productiùs autem, coëuntibus labellis Natura soni pressi altius meabit.

*Terentian.*

*Et alibi.*

Græca diphthongus *oo*, literis tamen nostris vacat,

Sola vocalis quod *u* complet hunc satis sonum.

Ut in titulis, fabulis *Terentii* præpositis. Græca *Menandru*: Græca *Apollodoru*, pro *Μενανδρου*, et *Ἀπολλοδору*, et quidem, ne quis de potestate vocalis hujus addubitare possit, etiam à mutis animalibus testimonium *Plautus* nobis exhibuit è *Peniculo Menechmi* *ME*. Egon' dedi? *Pe*. tu, tu, inquam, vin' afferri noctuam,

Quæ *tu, tu*, usque dicat tibi: nam nos jam nos defessi sumus.

Ergò ut ovium balatus *ra* literæ sonum: sic noctuarius cantus, et cuculi apud *Aristophanem* sonum hujus vocalis vindicabit. Nam, quando *u* liquescit, ut in *guis*, et *sanguis*, habet sonum communem cum *y* græcâ, *χ' ὄνορ' ὁ κόκκυς εἶποι κόκκυ*. Et quando *Coccyx* dixit *Coccy*.

Consonans ut *u* Gallicum, vel Digamma profertur.

Hanc et modò quam diximus *ŷ*, simul jugatas,

Verum est spacium sumere, vimque consonatum.

Ut quæque tamen constiterit loco prior: Nam si *juga* quis nominet, *ŷ* consona fiet.

*Terent.*

Versâ vice fit prior *V*, sequatur illa, ut in *vide*.]

<sup>1</sup> [Gifford altered *leadeth* to *followeth*; but it seems better to alter *sounding* to *silent*. See *ante*, 429 *b*, for the word *lead*.—F. C.]

## W

Is but the *V* geminated in the full sound, and though it have the seat of a *consonant* with us, the power is always *vowelish*, even where it leads the *vowel* in any syllable ; as, if you mark it, pronounce the two *uu*, like the Greek *ov*, quick in passage, and these words, *ou-ine*, *ou-ant*, *ou-ood*, *ou-ast*, *sou-ing*, *sou-am*; will sound, *wine*, *want*, *wcod*, *wast*, *swing*, *swam*.

So put the aspiration afore, and these words,

*hou-at*, *hou-ich*, *hou-eel*, *hou-ether* ;

Will be, *what*, *which*, *wheel*, *whether*.

In the *diphthongs* there will be no doubt, as in *draw*, *straw*, *sow*, *know*.

Nor in *derivatives*, as *knowing*, *sowing*, *drawing*.

Where the double *w* is of necessity used, rather than the single *u*, lest it might alter the sound, and be pronounced *knowing*, *sowing*, *drawing* ;

As in *saving*, *having*.

[Ut Itali proferunt *Edoardo* in *Edouardo*, et Galli, *ou-y*.

*Swävis*, *swädeo*, etiam Latini, ut *sou-avis*, &c. At quid attinet duplicare, quod simplex queat sufficere? Proinde *W* pro copia Characterum non reprehendo, pro nova litera certe non agnosco. Vetresque Anglo-Saxones pro *eä*, quando nos *W* solemus uti, figuram istius modi *p* solebant conscribere, quæ non multum differt ab *eä*, quæ et hodie utimur *p* simplici, dum verbum inchoet.—*Smithus* de rect. et amend. *L. A. Script.*]

## Y

Is also mere *vowelish* in our tongue, and hath only the power of an *i*, even where it obtains the seat of a *consonant*, as in *young*, *younker*.

Which the Dutch, whose primitive it is, write *lunk*, *lunker*.

And so might we write

*youth*, *ies*, *yoke*, *yonder*, *yard*, *yelk* ;

*youth*, *yes*, *yoke*, *yonder*, *yard*, *yelk*.

But that we choose *y*, to distinguish from *j* *consonant*.

In the *diphthong* it sounds always *i* ; as in

*may*, *say*, *way*, *joy*, *toy*, *they*.

And in the ends of words ; as in

*deny*, *reply*, *defy*, *cry*.

Which sometimes are written by *i*, but qualified by *e*.

But where two *ii* are sounded, the first will be ever a *y* ; as in derivatives :

*denying*, *replying*, *defying*.

Only in the words received by us from the Greek, as *syllabe*, *tyran*, and the like, it keeps the sound of the thin and sharp *u*, in some proportion. And this we had to say of the *vowels*.

[Siquidem eandem pro *v*. græco retinet : Certè alium quam *i*, omni in loco reddere debebat sonum.]

## CHAP. IV.

## OF THE CONSONANTS.

## B

Hath the same sound with us as it hath with the Latin, always one, and is uttered with closing of the lips.

[Nobis cum *Latinis* communis.—*Smith*.

Nam muta jubet comprimi labella,  
Vocalis at intus locus exitum ministrat.

*Terent*.

B, Labris per spiritus impetum reclusis  
edicimis.—*Mart. cap.*]

## C

Is a letter which our forefathers might very well have spared in our tongue ; but since it hath obtained place both in our writing and language, we are not now to quarrel with *orthography* or *custom*, but to note the powers.

Before *a*, *u*, and *o*, it plainly sounds *k*, *chi*, or *kappa* ; as in

*cabble*, *cobble*, *cudgel*.

Or before the *liquids*, *l* and *r* ; as in

*clod*, *crust*.

Or when it ends a former syllable before a *consonant* ; as in

*acquaintance*, *acknowledgment*, *action*.

In all which it sounds strong.

Before *e* and *i* it hath a weak sound, and hisseth like *s* ; as in

*certain*, *center*, *civil*, *citizen*, *whence*.

Or before the *diphthongs* [whose first vowel is *e* or *i*] ; as in

*cease*, *deceive*.

Among the English Saxons it obtained the weaker force of *chi*, or the Italian *c* ; as in

*capel*, *cune*, *vild*, *tyrce*.

Which were pronounced

*chapel*, *chance*, *child*, *church*.

It is sounded with the top of the tongue, striking the upper teeth, and rebounding against the palate.

[*Litera Androgyne*, naturæ nec mas, nec



fœmina, et utrumque est neutrum. Monstrum literæ, non litera; Ignorantiæ specimen, non artis.—*Smithus.*

Quomodo nunc utimur vulgò, aut nullas, aut nimias habet vires: Nam modò *k* sonat, modò *s*. At si litera sit à *k* et *s* diversa, suum debet habere sonum. Sed nescio quod monstrum, aut Empusa sit, quæ modò mas, modò fœmina, modò serpens, modò cornix, appareat; et per ejusmodi imposturas, pro suo arbitrio, tam *s* quam *k* exigat ædibus, et fundis suis: Ut jure possint hæ duæ literæ contendere cum *c* per edictum, unde *vi*: Neque dubito quin, ubi sit prætor æquus faciliè *c* cadet caussa.

Apud *Latinos c* eandem habuit formam, et caractèrem, quem Σίγμα apud *Græcos* veteres.

An hæc fuit occasio, quòd ignorantia, confusioque eundem, apud imperitos, dederit sonum *C*, quem *S*, nolo affirmare.

Vetustæ illius *Anglo-Saxonica* linguæ et scriptiois peritiores condendunt, apud illos atavos nostros *Anglo-Saxones*, *C* literam, maxime, ante *e* et *i* eum habuisse sonum, quem, et pro tenui rovi *Chi*, sono agnoscimus: et *Itali*, maxime *Hetrusci*, ante *e* et *i* hodiè usurpant. *Idem ibidem.*

*C* molaribus super linguæ extrema ap-  
pulsis exprimitur.—*Mart. Cap.*

*C* pressius urget: sed et hinc, hincque remittit,

Quo vocis adhærens sonus explicetur ore.  
*Terent.]*

### D

Hath the same sound, both before and after a vowel with us, as it hath with the *Latins*; and is pronounced softly, the tongue a little affecting the teeth, but the nether teeth most.

[*D* appulsu linguæ circa dentes superiores innascitur.

At portio dentes quotiens suprema linguæ  
Pulsaverit imos, modiceque curva sum-  
mas,

Tunc *D* sonitum perficit, explicatque  
vocem.—*Terent.]*

### F

Is a letter of two forces with us; and in them both sounded with the nether lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out; but gentler in the one than the other.

The more general sound is the softest, and expresseth the Greek φ; as in

faith, field, fight, force.  
Where it sounds *ef*.

The other is *ev*, or *vau*, the digamma of *Claudius*; as in

cleft, of cleave; left, of leave.

The difference will best be found in the word *of*, which as a preposition sounds

*ov*, *of* [speaking of a person or thing.]  
As the adverb of distance,  
*off*, far *off*.

[Litera à græca φ recedit lenis, et hebes sonus.—*Idem.*

*Vau* consona, *Varrone* et *Dydimo* testibus, nominata est *γ*. figura à *Claudio Cæsare* facta etiam est. Vis ejus, et potestas est eadem, quæ Digamma *Aeolici*, ut ostendit *Terentianus* in *v* consona.

*V*, vade, veni, refer; teneto vultum:  
Crevisse sonum perspicis, et cõisse cras-  
sum,

Unde *Æolii* litera fingitur Digammos.  
*γ*, quasi *ev*, contrarium *F*, quæ sonat φ.]

### G

Is likewise of double force in our tongue, and is sounded with an impression made on the midst of the palate.

Before *a*, *o*, and *u*, strong; as in these,  
gate, got, gut.

Or before the aspirate *h*, or *liquids l* and *r*; as in

ghost, glad, grant.

Or in the ends of the words; as in  
long, song, ring, swing, eg, leg, lug, dug.

Except the qualifying *e* follow, and then the sound is ever weak; as in

age, stage, hedge,  
sledge, judge, drudge.

Before *u*, the force is double; as in  
guile, guide, guest, guise.

Where it soundeth like the French *gw*.  
And in

guin, guerdon, languish, anguish.

Where it speaks the Italian *gu*.

Likewise before *e* and *i*, the powers are confused, and uttered now strong, now weak; as in

get, geld, give, } long.  
gittern, finger, }

in  
genet, gentle, gin, } weak.  
gibe, genger, }

But this *use* must teach: the one sound being warranted to our letter from the Greek, the other from the Latin through-  
out.

[*Spiritus eum palato.*—*Mart. Cap.*

De sono quidem hujus literæ satis constat: Sed distinctionis causâ Caractèrem illi dederunt aliqui hunc *g*, ut discernatur

\* *G.* Nam ut *Græci* in secundâ conjugatione tres habent literas, κ, γ, χ, tenuem, mediam, densam; *Angli* quatuor habent, ratâ proportionē sibi respondentes, *ka, ga, ce, ge*. Illæ simplices, et apertæ; hæ stridulæ, et compressæ; illæ mediæ linguae officio sonantur; hæ summâ linguâ ad interiores illis, superiorum dentium gingivas efflantur. Quodque est *ka* ad *ga*: Idem est *ce* ad *ge*.—*Smithus, Ibid.*

Voces tamen pleræque, quas Meridionales *Angli* per hunc sonum τὸν γ pronunciamus in fine: Boreales per *G* proferunt: ut in voce *Pons*, nos *brīg*; Illi *brig*. In rupturâ, *brec*: illi *brek*. Maturam avem ad volandum, nos *flīg*: Illi *flig*.—*Ibid.*

Apud *Latinos* proximum ipsi *C* est *G*. Itaque *Cnecum* et *Gnecum*, dicebant: Sic *Curculionem*, et *Gurculionem*: Appulsâ enim ad palatum linguâ, modicello relicto intervallo, spiritu tota pronuntiatur.

*Scal. de causis. L. L.*

Et *Tercitianus*.

Sic amurca, quæ vetustè sæpè per *c* scribitur,

esse per *g* proferendum crediderunt plurimi.

Quando ἀμυρῆ *Græca* vox est; γάρμπα origo præferat.

Apud *Germanos* semper proferitur *γ*.

We will leave *H* in this place, and come to

### K

Which is a letter the *Latins* never acknowledged, but only borrowed in the word *kalendæ*. They used *qu* for it. We sound it as the Greek κ; and as a necessary letter, it precedes and follows all vowels with us.

It goes before no consonants but *n*; as in

*knave, knel, knot, &c.*

And *l*, with the quiet *e* after; as in *mickle, pickle, trickle, fickle*.

Which were better written without the *c*, if that which we have received for *orthography* would yet be contented to be altered. But that is an *emendation* rather to be wished than hoped for, after so long a reign of *ill custom* amongst us.

It followeth the *s* in some words; as in *skape, skour, skirt, skirmish, skrape, skuller*.

Which do better so sound, than if written with *c*.

[Cum *Kalendæ Græcam* habebant diductionem et sonum, καλεω *Græcam* sunt mutati litteram *Romani*, ut eas exprimerent. Et, credo tamen, fecerunt eâ formâ, ut, et

*C Romanum* efformarent, quòd haberet adjunctum, quasi retrò bacillum, ut robur ei adderent istâ formâ *K*: nam *C Romanum* stridulum quiddam, et molliùs sonat, quam *K Græcum*.

Est et hæc littera *Gallis* planè supervacanea, aut certè *qu* est. Nam *qui, quæ, quod, quid*, nullâ pronunciant differentia, ne minimâ quidem, à *ki, ke, kod, kid*, faucibus, palatoque formatur.—*Capel*.

*Romani* in suâ serie non habebunt.]

### L

Is a letter *half-vowelish*; which, though the *Italians* (especially the *Florentines*) abhor, we keep entire with the *Latins*, and so pronounce.

It melteth in the sounding, and is therefore called a *liquid*, the tongue striking the root of the palate gently. It is seldom doubled, but where the vowel sounds hard upon it; as in

*hell, bell, kill; shrill, trull, full.*

And, even in these, it is rather the haste, and superfluity of the pen, that cannot stop itself upon the single *l*, than any necessity we have to use it. For, the letter should be doubled only for a following syllable's sake; as in

*killing, beginning, begging, swimming.*

[Linguâ, palatoque dulcescit.—*M. Cap.* Et sic *Dionysius γλυκνταρον*, dulcissimam litteram nominat.

Qui nescit, quid sit esse *Semi-vocalem*, ex nostrâ linguâ facillè poterit discere: Ipsa enim littera *L* quandam, quasi *vocalem*, in se videtur continere, itâ ut juncta *mutæ* sine *vocali* sonum faciat; ut

*abl, stabl, fabl, &c.*

Quæ nos scribimus cum *e*, in fine, vulgò *able, stable, fable*.

Sed certè illud *e* non tam sonat hîc, quàm fuscum illud, et fœmininum *Francorum e*: Nam nequiquam sonat.

Alii hæc haud inconsultò scribunt

*abil, stabil, fabul;*

Tanquam à fontibus

*habilis, stabilis, fabula;*

Verius, sed nequiquam proficiunt. Nam consideratius auscultanti, nec *i*, nec *u* est, sed tinnitus quidam, *vocalis* naturam habens, quæ naturaliter his *liquidis* inest.]

### M

Is the same with us in sound as with the *Latins*. It is pronounced with a kind of humming inward, the lips closed; open and full in the beginning, obscure in the end, and meanly in the midst.

[*Libris imprimitur.*—*M. Capella.*

Mugit intus abditum, ac cœcum sonum.

*Terent.*

Triplex sonus hujus literæ *M* Obscurum, in extremitate dictionum sonat, ut *templum*: *Aperitum*, in principio; ut *magnus*: *Mediocre*, in mediis; ut *umbra*. *Prisc.*]

## N

Ringeth somewhat more in the lips and nose; the tongue striking back on the palate, and hath a threefold sound, *shrill* in the end, *full* in the beginning, and *flat* in the midst.

They are letters near of kin, both with the Latins and us.

[*Quartæ sonitus fingitur usque sub palato, Quo spiritus anceps coeat naris, et oris.*

*Terent.*

Lingua dentibus appulsa collidit.

*Mart. Cap.*

Splendidissimo sono in fine: et subremulo pleniore in principiis; mediocri in medio.—*Ful. C. Scal.*]

## P

Breaketh softly through the lips, and is a letter of the same force with us as with the Latins.

[*Labris spiritu erumpit.*—*Mar. Cap.*

Fellit sonitum de mediis foras labellis.

*Ter. Maurus.*]

## Q

Is a letter we might very well spare in our alphabet, if we would but use the serviceable *k* as he should be, and restore him to the right of reputation he had with our forefathers. For the English Saxons knew not this halting *Q*, with her waiting woman *u* after her; but exprest

|               |      |               |
|---------------|------|---------------|
| <i>quail,</i> | } by | <i>kuail,</i> |
| <i>quest,</i> |      | <i>kuest,</i> |
| <i>quich,</i> |      | <i>kuich,</i> |
| <i>quill,</i> |      | <i>kuill.</i> |

Till custom, under the excuse of expressing enfranchised words with us, intreated her into our language, in

|                 |                              |
|-----------------|------------------------------|
| <i>quality,</i> | <i>quantity,</i>             |
| <i>quarrel,</i> | <i>quintessence, &amp;c.</i> |

And hath now given her the best of *k*'s possessions.

[*Est litera mendica, supposititia, verè servilis, manca, et decrepita; et sine u, tanquam bacillo, nihil potest: et cum u nihil valet amplius quam k.*

Qualis qualis est, hauc jam habemus,

sed semper cum præcedente sua *u*, ancilla superba.—*Smithus.*

Namque *Q* præmissa semper *u*, simul mugit sibi,

Syllabam non editura, ni comes sit tertia Quælibet vocalis.—*Ter. Mau.*

*Diomedes* ait *Q* esse compositam ex *c* et *u*. Appulsu palati ore restricto profertur.

*M. Cap.]*

## R

Is the *dog's* letter, and hurreth in the sound; the tongue striking the inner palate, with a trembling about the teeth. It is sounded firm in the beginning of the words, and more *liquid* in the middle and ends; as in

*rarer, ripper.*

And so in the Latin.

[*Vibrat tremulis ictibus aridum sonorem*

*Ter. M.*

Sonat hic de nare canina

Litera—*Pers. Sat. i.*

*R* Spiritum lingua crispante, corradiat.

*M. Cap.*

*Dionysius* τὸν βορρηντὸν γενναίωτατον ὑπάκουα, ἐ congeneribus generosissimam appellavit. ]

## S

Is a most easy and gentle letter, and softly hisseth against the teeth in the prolation. It is called the *serpent's* letter, and the chief of the *consonants*. It varieth the powers much in our pronunciation, as in the beginning of words it hath the sound of weak *c* before *vowels*, *diphthongs*, or *consonants*; as

*salt, say, small, sell,*  
*shrik, shift, soft, &c.*

Sometimes it inclineth to *z*; as in these, *muse, use, rose, nose, wise*, and the like: where the latter *vowel* serves for the mark or accent of the former's production.

So, after the *half-vowels*, or the obscure *e*; as in

*bells, gems, wens, burs,*  
*chimes, rimes, games.*

Where the *vowel* sits hard, it is commonly doubled.

[*S* promptus in ore, agiturque ponē dentes, Sic lenis et unum ciet auribus susurrum.

Quare non est merita, ut à *Pindaro* diceretur Σαυκίστηλον. *Dionysius* quoque cum ipsum expellit, rejicitque ad serpentes, maluit canem irritatem imitari, quam auboris naturales susurros sequi.—*Scal.*

*Est Consonantium prima, et fortissima hæc litera, ut agnoscit Terentianus.*

*Ram.*

Vivida est hæc inter omnes, atque densa litera.

Sibulum facit dentibus verberatis.

*M. Cap.*

Quoties litera media *vocalium* longarum, vel subjecta longis esset, geminabitur; ut *Caussa, Cassus*. Quintil.]

### T

Is sounded with the tongue striking the upper teeth, and hath one constant power, save where it precedeth *I*; and that followed by a *vowel*; as in *faction, action, generation, corruption*, where it hath the force of *s*, or *c*.

[*T* quâ superis dentibus intima est origo Summa satis est ad sonitum ferre linguâ.

*Ter.*

*T*. appulsu linguæ, dentibusque appulsis exciditur.—*M. Cap.*

Latine *factio, actio, generatio, corruptio, vitium, otium*, &c.]

### X

Is rather an abbreviation, or way of short writing with us, than a letter: for it hath the sound of *k* and *s*. It begins no word with us, that I know, but ends many; as

*ax, hex, six, fox, box*, which sound the same with these, *backs, knacks, knocks, locks*, &c.

[*X* potestatem habet *cs*, et *gs*; ut *ex crux* et *frux*, appareat.

Quorum obliqui casus sunt

*Crusis* et *Frugis*.

*Ram. in Gram. ex Varrone.*

*X* quicquid *c* et *s* formavit, exsibilat.

*Capell.*

Neque *Latini*, neque *Nos* illâ multum utimur.]

### Z

Is a letter often heard amongst us, but seldom seen; borrowed of the Greeks at first, being the same with *ζ*; and soundeth a double *ss*. With us it hath obtained another sound, but in the end of words; as

*mouse, maze, nose*,

*rose, gaze, as*.

Never in the beginning, save with rustic people, that have

*zed, say, sit, so, some*,

and the like, for

*said, say, sit, so, some*.

Or in the body of words indenzized;

as

*azure, zeal, zephyre*, &c.

[*Z* verò idcirco *Appius Claudius* detestabatur; quòd dentes mortui, dum exprimitur, imitatur.—*M. Capel.*

*ζ* Compendium duarum literarum est *σδ*, in unâ notâ, et compendium *Orthographiæ*, non *Prosodiæ*; quia hic in voce non una litera effertur, sed duæ distinguuntur. Compendium inegantèr, et fallacitèr inventum. Sonus enim, notâ illâ significatus, in unam syllabam non perpetuò concluditur, sed dividitur, aliquando. Ut in illo *Plauti* loco. *Non Atticissat, sed Sicilissat*, pro *ἀττικίζει, σικελίζει*, Græcis; et ubi initium facit, est *δσ*, non *σσ*, sicuti *ζεὺς*, non *σσεὺς*, sed *δσεὺς*.—*Ram. in lib. 2.*]

### H

Whether it be a letter or no, hath been much examined by the ancients, and by some too much of the Greek party condemned, and thrown out of the *alphabet*, as an *aspirate* merely, and in request only before *vowels* in the beginning of words, and after *x*, where it added a strong spirit which the Welsh retain after many *consonants*. But be it a letter, or spirit, we have great use of it in our tongue, both before and after *vowels*. And though I dare not say she is (as I have heard one call her) the *queen-mother of consonants*; yet she is the life and quickening of them.

What her powers are before *vowels* and *diphthongs*, will appear in *hall, heal, hill, hot, how, hew, holiday*, &c.

In some it is written, but sounded without power; as

*host, honest, humble*;

where the *vowel* is heard without the *aspiration*; as *ost, onest, umble*.

After the *vowel* it sounds; as in *ah*, and *oh*.

Beside, it is coupled with divers *consonants*, where the force varies, and is particularly to be examined.

We will begin with *Ch*.

### Ch

Hath the force of the Greek *χ*, or *κ*, in many words derived from the Greek; as in *charact, christian, chronicle, archangel, monarch*.

In mere English words, or fetched from the Latin, the force of the Italian *c*.

*chaplain, chast, chest, chops*,

*chin, chuff, churl*.

**Gh**

Is only a piece of ill writing with us : if we could obtain of *custom* to mend it, it were not the worse for our language or us : for the *g* sounds just nothing in  
*trough, cough, might, night, &c.*

Only the writer was at leisure to add a superfluous letter, as there are too many in our *pseudography*.

**Ph & Rh**

Are used only in Greek infranchised words ; as,

*Philip, physic, rhetoric, Rhodes, &c.*

**Sh**

Is merely English, and hath the force of the Hebrew *ש* *shin*, or the French *ch* ; as in

*shake, shed, shine, show,  
shrink, rush, blush.*

**Th**

Hath a double and doubtful sound, which must be found out by use of speaking ; sometimes like the Greek *θ* ; as in  
*thief, thing, lengthen, strengthen, loveth, &c.*

In others, like their *δ*, or the Spanish *d* ; as

*this, that, then, thence,  
those, bathe, bequeath.*

And in this consists the greatest difficulty of our *alphabet*, and true writing : since we have lost the Saxon characters *ð* and *þ* that distinguished

|       |        |   |       |         |
|-------|--------|---|-------|---------|
| ðe,   | ) from | { | pick, |         |
| þin,  |        |   |       | pin,    |
| ðine, |        |   |       | phred,  |
| þo    |        |   |       | phrive. |

**Wh**

Hath been enquired of in *w*. And this for the letters.

**Ch**

[Nulli dubium est, faucibus emicet quod ipsi]

*H* litera sive est nota, quæ spiret anhelum.

*Ter.*

*H*, contractis paulum faucibus, ventus exhalat.—*Mar. Cap.*

*Vocalibus* aptè, sed et anteposita cunctis *Hasteras*, *Hicderas*, quum loquor, *Hister*, *Hospes*, *Hujus*.

Solum patitur quatuor ante *consonantes*, *Græcis* quoties nominibus *Latina* forma est.

■ quando *Chorus Phillida, Rhamnes, Thima*, dico.

Rectè quidem in hæc parte *Græcissant* nostri *Walli*.—*Smithus*.

*H* verò κατ' ἐξοχὴν aspiratio vocatur. Est enim omnium literarum spirituosissima, vel spiritus potius ipse. Nullius, aut quàm minimùm egens officii eorum, quæ modò nominavimus instrumenta literarum formandarum.

*H* extrinsecus ascribitur omnibus *Vocalibus*, ut minimùm sonet ; *Consonantibus* autem quibusdam intrinsecus.

Omnis litera, sive vox, plus sonat ipsa sese, cum postponitur, quàm cum anteponitur. Quod *vocalibus* accidens esse videtur ; nec si tollatur ea, perit etiàm vis significationis ; ut, si dicam *Evrennius*, absque aspiratione, quamvis vitium videar facere, intellectus tamen integer permanet. *Consonantibus* autem si cohæret, ut ejusdem penitus substantiæ sit, et si auferatur, significationis vim minuat prorsus ; ut, si dicam, *Cremes*, pro *Chremes*. Unde hæc considerata ratione, *Græcorum* doctissimi singulas fecerunt eas quoque literas, ut pro *th θ*, pro *ph φ*, pro *chi χ*.—*Ram.*]

**Gh**

[Sonum illius *g* quærant, quibus ita libet scribere ; aures profectò meæ nunquam in his vocibus sonitum τοῦ *g* poterant haurire.

*Smithus* de rect. et emend.]

**Ph & Rh**

[Litera *φ* apud *Græcos*, *ρ* aspirata.]

**Sh**

[Si quis error in literis ferendus est, cum corrigi queat, nusquàm in ullo sono tolerabilior est, quàm in hoc, si scribatur *Sh* : et in *h* si scribatur per *th*. Nam hæc duæ quandam violentiam grandiorum spiritus in, proferendo requirunt, quàm cæteræ literæ.—*Ibid.*]

**Th**

[Hæc litera sive caractere, quam spinam, id est, *borne*, nostri Proavi appellabant, *Avi* nostri, et qui proximè ante librorum impressionem vixerunt, sunt abusi, ad omnia ea scribenda, quæ nunc magno magistrorum errore per *th* scribimus ; ut

*pe. pou. pat. pem. pese. pick.*

Sed ubi mollior exprimebatur sonus, superne scribebant : ubi durior in eodem sulco ; molliorem appello illum, quem *Anglo-Saxones* per *ð* duriorum, quem per *þ*, exprimebant. Nam illud *Saxonum* *þ* respondet illi sono, quod vulgaris *Græca* lingua facit, quando pronunciant suum *θ*.

aut *Hispani d*, literam suam molliorem, ut cum veritatem, *verdad* appellant. Spina autem illa *p*, videtur referre prorsus *Græcorum θ*. At *th* sonum *θ* non rectè dat. Nam si *θ* non esset alia deflexio vocis, nisi aspirationis additæ, æquè facile fuit *Græcis τθ τ'* aspirationem adjungere, quàm *τθ ρ'*.]

## CHAP. V.

## OF THE DIPHTHONGS.

*Diphthongs* are the complexions or couplings of *vowels*, when the two letters send forth a joint sound, so as in one syllable both sounds be heard; as in

Ai, or Ay,

*aid, maid, said, pay, day, way.*

Au, or Aw,

*audience, author, aunt, law, saw, draw.*

Ea,

*earl, pearl, meat, seat, sea, flea.*

To which add *yea* and *flea*; and you have at one view all our words of this termination.

Ei,

*sleight, straight, weight, theirs, peint, feint,*

Ew,

*few, styew, dew, anew.*

Oi, or Oy,

*point, joint, soil, coil, joy, toy, boy.*

OO,

*good, food, mood, brood, &c.*

Ou, or Ow,

*rout, stout, how, now, bow, low.*

Vi, or Vy,

*buye, or buie; juice, or juyce.*

These nine are all I would observe; for to mention more, were but to perplex the reader. The *Oa*, and *Ee*, will be better supplied in our *orthography* by the accenting *e* in the end; as in

*brôde, lôde, côte, bôte, quêne, sêne.*

Neither is the double *ee* to be thought on, but in *derivatives*; as *trees, sees*, and the like, where it is as two syllables. As for *eo*, it is found but in three words in our tongue,

*yeoman, people, jeopard.*

Which were truer written,

*yeman, péple, jépard.*

And thus much shall suffice for the *diphthongs*.

The *triphthong* is of a complexion rather to be feared than loved, and would fright the young *grammarian* to see him: I therefore let him pass, and make haste to the *notion*—

## CHAP. VI.

## OF THE SYLLABLES.

A *Syllable* is a part of a word that may of itself make a perfect sound; and is sometimes of one only letter; sometimes of more.

Of one, as in every first vowel in these words:

a. *a-bated.*

e. *e-clipsed.*

i. *i-magined.*

o. *o-mulled.*

u. *u-surped.*

A syllable of more letters is made either of *vowels* only, or of *consonants* joined with *vowels*.

Of *vowels* only, as the *diphthongs*.

ai, in *Ai-ton, ai-ding.*

au, in *au-tere, au-dients.*

ea, in *ea-sie, ea-ting.*

ei, in *ei-ry* of hawks.

ew, in *ew-er, &c.*, and in the *triphthong yea*.

Of the *vowels* mixed; sometimes but with one *consonant*, as *to*; sometimes two, as *try*; sometimes three, as *best*; or four, as *nests*; or five, as *stumps*; otherwhile six, as the latter *syllable* in *restraints*; at the most they can have but eight, as *strengths*.

Some *syllables*, as

*the, then, there, that,*

*with, and which,*

are often *compendiously* and *shortly* written; as

e en ev e

y y y y

th ch

w and w

which whoso list may use; but *orthography* commands it not: a man may forbear it, without danger of falling into *præmunire*.

Here order would require to speak of the *quantity of syllables*, their special *prerogative* among the *Latins* and *Greeks*; whereof so much as is constant, and derived from *nature*, hath been handled already. The other, which grows by *position*, and placing of letters, as yet (not through *default* of our *tongue*, being able enough to receive it, but our own *carelessness*, being *negligent* to give it) is ruled by no *art*. The *princi-*

pal cause whereof seemeth to be this ; because our *verses* and *rythmes* (as it is almost with all other people, whose *language* is spoken at this day) are *natural*, and such whereof *Aristotle* speaketh *ἐκ τῆς φύσεως διασφαύρων*, that is, made of a *natural* and *voluntary* composition, without regard to the *quantity* or *syllables*.

This would ask a larger time and field than is here given for the examination : but since I am assigned to this province, that it is the *lot* of my *age*, after thirty years conversation with men, to be *elementarius senex*, I will promise and obtain so much of myself, as to give, in the heel of the book, some spur and incitement to that which I so reasonably seek.<sup>1</sup> Not that I would have the *vulgar* and *practised* way of making abolished and abdicated (being both sweet and delightful, and much taking the ear) but to the end our *tongue* may be made equal to those of the renowned countries Italy and Greece, touching this particular. And as for the difficulty, that shall never withdraw, or put me off from the attempt : for neither is any excellent thing done with *ease*, nor the compassing of this any whit to be despaired : especially when *Quintilian* hath observed to me, by this *natural rythme*, that we have the other *artificial*, as it were by certain *marks* and *footing*, first traced and found out. And the Grecians themselves before *Homer*, as the Romans likewise before *Livius Andronicus*, had no other *metres*. Thus much therefore shall serve to have spoken concerning the *parts* of a *word*, in a *letter* and a *syllable*.

It followeth to speak of the common *affections*, which unto the Latins, Greeks, and Hebrews, are two ; the *accent* and *notation*. And first,

## CHAP. VII.

### OF THE ACCENT.

The *accent* (which unto them was a *tuning* of the voice, in lifting it up, or letting it down) hath not yet obtained with us any sign ; which notwithstanding were most needful to be added ; not wheresoever the force of an *accent* lieth, but where, for want of one, the word is in danger to be *mis-tuned* ; as in

*abased, excessive, besotted,  
obtain, ungodly, surrender.*

But the use of it will be seen much better by collation of words, that according unto the divers place of their *accent*, are diversly pronounced, and have divers significations. Such are the words following, with their like ; as

*differ, defer ; desert, desert ; present, presently, refuse, refuse ; object, object ; incense, incense ; convert, convert ; torment, torment, &c.*

In original *nouns, adjective* or *substantive*, derived according to the rule of the writer of *analogy*, the *accent* is intreated to the first ; as in

*fatherliness, motherliness,  
peremptory, haberdasher.*

Likewise in the *adverbs*,  
*brotherly, sisterly.*

All *nouns* dissyllabic simple, in the first,  
as

*belief, honour, credit,  
silver, stry.*

All *nouns* trisyllabic, in the first ;  
*countenance, jeopardy, &c.*

All *nouns* compounded in the first, of how many *syllables* soever they be ; as  
*tennis-court keeper, chimney-sweeper.*

Words simple in *able*, draw the *accent* to the first, though they be of four *syllables* ; as

*sociable, tolerable.*

When they are compounded, they keep the same *accent* ; as

*insociable, intolerable.*

But in the way of comparison, it altereth thus : some men are *sociable*, some *insociable* ; some *tolerable*, some *intolerable* : for the *accent* sits on the *syllable* that puts difference ; as

*sincerity, insincerity.*

Nouns ending in *tion*, or *sion*, are accented in *antepenultimā* ; as

*condition, infusio, &c.*

In *ty*, à *Lutinis*, in *antepenultimā* ; as  
*verity, charity, simplicity.*

In *ence*, in *antepenultimā* ; as  
*pestilence, abstinence,  
sustenance, consequence.*

All verbs dissyllables ending in *er*, *el*, *ry*, and *ish*, accent in *primā* ; as  
*cover, cancel, carry, bary,  
levy, ravish, &c.*

<sup>1</sup> I will promise and obtain so much of myself as to, &c.] "It may be considered as a loss to posterity, that it does not appear he (Ben Jonson) ever performed the promise here made,

with respect to adjusting the quantity of syllables." Preface to Ward's Essays upon the English Language, p. 5.—WHALE.

Verbs made of nouns follow the *accent* of the nouns; as

*to blânet, to bdsquet.*

All verbs coming from the Latin, either of the *supine*, or otherwise, hold the *accent* as it is found in the first person present of those Latin verbs: as from

*animo, animate;*

*celebro, celebrate.*

Except words compounded of *facio*; as

*liquefacio, liquefie*

And of *statuo*; as

*constituo, constitute.*

All variations of verbs hold the *accent* in the same place as the *theme*,

*I animate, thou animatest, &c.*

And thus much shall serve to have opened the fountain of *orthography*. Now let us come to the *notation* of a word.

### CHAP. VIII.

#### THE NOTATION OF A WORD,

Is when the original thereof is sought out, and consisteth in two things, the *kind* and the *figure*.

The *kind* is to know whether the word be a *primitive*, or *derivative*; as

*man, love,*

are *primitives*;

*manly, lover,*

are *derivatives*.

The *figure* is to know whether the word be *simple*, or *compounded*; as

*learned, say, are simple;*

*unlearned, gain-say, are compounded.*

In which kind of composition, our English tongue is above all other very hardy and happy, joining together after a most eloquent manner, sundry words of every kind of speech; as

*mill-horse, lip-wise, self-love,*

*twy-light, there-about,*

*not-with-standing, by-cause,*

*cut-purse, never-the-less.*

These are the common *affections* of a word: his divers sorts now follow. A word is of *number*, or *without number*. Of *number* that word is termed to be, which signifieth a number *singular*, or *plural*.

#### \* *Compositio.*

*Sapē tria coagmentantur nomina; ut, a* foot-ball player, a tennis-court-keeper.

*Sapissimē duo substantiva; ut, hand-kerchief, rain-bow, eye-sore, table-napkin, head-ach, κεφαλᾶλγία.*

*Substantivum cum verbo; ut, wood-bind.*

*Pronomen cum substantivo; ut, self-love, εὐλαυρία; self-freedom, αὐτονομία.*

*Singular*, which expresseth one only thing; as

*tree, book, teacher.*

*Plural*, when it expresseth more things than one; as

*trees, books, teachers.*

Again a word of number is *finite* or *infinite*. *Finite* which varieth his number with certain ends; as

*man, men; run, runs;*

*horse, horses.*

*Infinite*, which varieth not; as

*true, strong, running, &c.*

both in the *singular* and *plural*.

Moreover, a word of number is a *noun* or a *verb*. But here it were fit we did first number our words, or parts of speech, of which our language consists.\*

### CHAP. IX.

#### OF THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

In our English speech we number the same parts with the Latins.

*Noun, Adverb,*

*Pronoun, Conjunction,*

*Verb, Præposition,*

*Participle, Interjection.*

Only we add a ninth, which is the *article*: and that is two-fold;

*Finite, as the.*

*Infinite, as a.*

The *finite* is set before *nouns appellatives*; as

*the horse, the tree;*

*the earth, or specially*

*the nature of the earth.*

*Proper names* and *pronouns* refuse *articles*, except for *emphasis* sake; as *the Henry of Henries, the only He of the town.*

Where *he* stands for a *noun*, and signifies *man*.

The *infinite* hath a power of declaring and designing uncertain or infinite things; as

*a man, a house.*

This *article* a answers to the German *ein*, or the French or Italian *articles*, de-

*Verbum cum substantivo; ut, a puff-cheek, φυσικυῖαθος. Draw-well, draw-bridge.*

*Adjectivum cum substantivo; ut, New-ton, νεαπολὺς Handi-craft, χειροποιία.*

*Adverbium cum substantivo; ut, down fall.*

*Adverbium cum participio; ut, up-rising, down-lying.*



rived from *one*, not *numeral*, but *præposi-  
tive*; as

a house, *ein* hause. *Ger.*  
*une* maison. *French.*  
*una* casa. *Italian.*

The is put to both numbers, and answers  
to the Dutch *article*, *der*, *die*, *das*.

Save that it admits no inflection.

## CHAP. X.

### OF THE NOUN.

All nouns are words of *number*, *singular*  
or *plural*.

They are { *common*,  
          *proper*,  
          *personal*,  
And are all { *substantive*,  
                  or  
                  *adjective*.

Their accidents are  
*gender*, *case*, *declension*.

Of the genders there are  
1. Masculine. six. *First*, the *masculine*,  
which comprehendeth all  
*males*, or what is understood under a *mas-  
culine species*; as *angels*, *men*, *stars*: and (by  
*prosopopæia*) the *months*, *winds*, almost all  
the *planets*.

*Second*, the *feminine*,  
2. Feminine. which compriseth *women*,  
and *female species*:  
*islands*, *countries*, *cities*:

and some rivers with us; as  
*Severn*, *Avon*, &c.

*Third*, the *neuter*, or  
3. Neuter. *feigned gender*: whose no-  
tion conceives neither *sex*:  
under which are comprised all *inanimate*  
things, a *ship* excepted: of whom we say,  
*she sails* well, though the name be *Her-  
cules*, or *Henry*, or the *Prince*. As *Terence*  
called his comedy *Eunuchus*, *per vocabu-  
lum artis*.

*Fourth*, the *promiscuous*,  
4. Epicene. or *epicene*, which under-  
stands both kinds: espe-  
cially, when we cannot make the difference;  
as, when we call them *horses*, and *dogs*, in  
the *masculine*, though there be *bitches* and  
*mares* amongst them. So to *fowls*, for the  
most part, we use the *feminine*; as of  
*eagles*, *hawks*, we say, *she flies* well; and  
call them *geese*, *ducks*, and *doves*, which they  
fly at.

*Fifth*, the *common*, or  
5. Doubtful. rather *doubtful gender*, we  
use often, and with ele-  
gance; as in

*cousin*, *gossip*, *friend*, *neighbour*, *enemy*,  
*servant*, *thief*, &c., when they may be of  
either sex.

The *sixth* is, the *com-  
mon of three genders*; by  
6. Common of which a *noun* is divided  
Three. into *substantive* and *adjective*. For a *sub-  
stantive* is a *noun* of one only gender, or  
(at the most) of two: and an *adjective* is a  
*noun* of three genders, being always *in-  
finite*.

## CHAP. XI.

### OF THE DIMINUTION OF NOUNS.

The common affection of *nouns* is *dimi-  
nution*. A *diminutive* is a *noun* noting  
the *diminution* of his *primitive*.

The *diminution* of *substantives* hath  
these four divers terminations.

El. *part*, *parcel*; *cock*, *cockerel*.

Et. *capon*, *caponet*; *poke*, *pocket*; *baron*,  
*baronet*.

Ock. *hill*, *hillock*; *bull*, *bullock*.

Ing. *goose*, *gosling*; *duck*, *duckling*.

So from the *adjective*, *dear*, *darling*.  
Many *diminutives* there are, which ra her  
be abusions of speech, than any proper  
English words. And such for the most  
part are *men's* and *women's* names: names  
which are spoken in a kind of flattery,  
especially among familiar friends and  
lovers; as

*Richard*, *Dick*; *William*, *Will*;  
*Margery*, *Madge*; *Mary*, *Mal*.

*Diminution* of *adjectives* is in this one  
end, *ish*; as

*white*, *whitish*; *green*, *greenish*.

After which manner certain *adjectives* of  
*likeness* are also formed from their *sub-  
stantives*; as

*devil*, *devilish*; *thief*, *thievish*;  
*colt*, *coltish*; *elf*, *elvish*.

Some *nouns* steal the form of *diminu-  
tion*, which neither in signification shew it,  
nor can derive it from a *primitive*; as  
*gibbet*, *doublet*, *peevish*.

## CHAP. XII.

### OF COMPARISONS.

These then are the *common affections* both  
of *substantives* and *adjectives*: there follow  
certain others not general to them both,  
but proper and peculiar to each one. The  
*proper affection* therefore of *adjectives* is  
*comparison*: of which, after the *positive*,  
there be two degrees reckoned, namely,  
the *comparative*, and the *superlative*.

The *comparative* is a degree declared by the *positive* with this adverb *more*; as  
*wiser, or more wise.*

The *superlative* is declared by the *positive*, with this adverb *most*; as  
*wisest, or most wise.*

Both which degrees are formed of the *positive*; the *comparative*, by putting to *er*; the *superlative*, by putting to *est*; as in these examples:

*learned, learnedest; learnedest;*  
*simple, simpler, simplest;*  
*trew, trewer, trewest;*  
*black, blacker, blackest;*

From this general rule a few special words are excepted; as

*good, better, best;*  
*ill, worse, worst;*  
*little, less, least;*  
*much, more, most.*

Many words have no comparison; as  
*reverend, puissant;*  
*victorious, renowned.*

Others have both degrees, but lack the *positive*, as  
*former, foremost.*

Some are formed of *adverbs*; as  
*wisely, wiselier, wiseliest;*  
*justly, justlier, justliest.*

Certain *comparisons* form out of themselves; as  
*less, lesser;*  
*worse, worser.*

### CHAP. XIII.

#### OF THE FIRST DECLENSION.

And thus much concerning the *proper affection of adjectives*; the *proper affection of substantives* followeth; and that consisteth in declining.

A *declension* is the *varying of a noun substantive into divers terminations*. Where, besides the *absolute*, there is as it were a *genitive case*, made in the singular number, by putting to *s*.

Of *declensions* there be two kinds: the first maketh the plural of the singular, by adding thereunto *s*; as

*tree, trees;*  
*thing, things;*  
*steeple, steeples.*

So with *s*, by reason of the near affinity of these two letters, whereof we have spoken before:

*park, parks; buck, bucks;*  
*dwarf, dwarfs; path, paths;*

And in this *first declension*, the *genitive*

*plural* is all one with the *plural absolute*; as

Sing. { *father,* } Plu. { *fathers.*  
          { *fathers,* }       { *fathers.*

*General Exceptions.* Nouns ending in *z, s, sh, g,* and *ch*, in the declining take to the genitive singular *i*, and to the plural *e*; as

Sing. { *Prince,* } Plu. { *Princes,*  
          { *Princes,* }       { *Princes,*

so *rose, bush, age, breech, &c.* which distinctions not observed, brought in first the monstrous syntax of the pronoun *his* joining with a noun betokening a possessor; as the *prince* his *house*, for the *princes house*.

Many words ending in diphthongs or vowels take neither *z* nor *s*, but only change their *diphthongs* or *vowels*, retaining their last *consonant*, or one of like force; as

*mouse, mice or meece;*  
*louse, lice or leece;*  
*goose, geese; foot, feet;*  
*tooth, teeth.*

Exception of number. Some *nouns* of the *first declension* lack the *plural*; as  
*rest, gold, silver, bread.*

Others the *singular*; as  
*riches, goods.*

Many being in their *principalsignification adjectives*, are here declined, and in the plural stand instead of *substantives*; as  
*other, others; one, ones;*  
*hundred, hundreds; thousand, thousands;*  
*necessary, necessities; and such like.*

### CHAP. XIV.

#### OF THE SECOND DECLENSION.

The *second declension* formeth the *plural* from the *singular*, by putting to *n*; which notwithstanding it have not so many *nouns* as hath the former, yet lacketh not his difficulty, by reason of sundry exceptions, that cannot easily be reduced to one general head: of this former is

*axe, oxen; hose, hosen.*

Exceptions. *Man* and *woman*, by a contraction, make *men* and *women*, instead of *manen* and *womanen*. *Cow* makes *kine* or *keene*: *brother*, for *brotheren*, hath *brethren*, and *brethren*: *child* formeth the *plural*, by adding *r* besides the root; for we say not *childen*, which, according to the rule given before, is the right formation, but *children*, because that sound is more pleasant to the ears.

Here the *genitive plural* is made by adding *s* unto the *absolute*; as

Sing. { *child*, } Plur. { *children*,  
          { *childs*, }       { *childrens*.

Exceptions from both *declensions*. Some *nouns* have the *plural* of both *declensions*; as

*house*, *houses*, and *housen*;  
*eye*, *eyes*, and *eyen*;  
*shoe*, *shoes*, and *shooven*.

## CHAP. XV.

### OF PRONOUNS.

A few *irregular nouns*, varying from the general precepts, are commonly termed *pronouns*; whereof the first four, instead of the *genitive*, have an *accusative* case; as

I, } Plur. { *We*.   *Thou*, } Plur. { *You*  
Me, }       { *Us*.   *Thee*, }       { *or*  
          {           *Ye*.  
*He*, *she*, *that*, all three make in the plural, *they*, *them*.

Four *possessives*: *my*, or *mine*: plural, *our*, *ours*. *Thy*, *thine*: plural, *you*, *yours*. *His*, *hers*, both in the plural making *their*, *theirs*.

As many *demonstratives*: *this*: plural, *these*. *That*: plural, *those*. *Yon*, or *yonder*, same.

Three *interrogatives*, whereof one requiring both *genitive* and *accusative*, and taken for a substantive: *who*? *whose*? *whom*? The other two *infinite*, and adjectively used, *what*, *whether*.

Two *articles*, in gender and number infinite, which the Latins lack: *a*, *the*.

One *relative*, *which*: one other signifying a reciprocation, *self*: plural, *selves*.

Composition of *pronouns* is more common:

*my-self*, *our-selves*.

*thy-self*, *your-selves*.

*him-self*,

*her-self*,

*it-self*,

} Plural, *them-selves*.

*This-same*, *that-same*, *yon-same*, *yonder-same*, *self-same*.

## CHAP. XVI.

### OF A VERB.

Hitherto we have declared the whole *etymology* of *nouns*; which in easiness and shortness, is much to be preferred before the Latins and the Grecians. It remaineth with like brevity, if it may be, to prosecute the *etymology* of a *verb*. A *verb* is a word of number, which hath both *time* and *per-*

*son*. *Time* is the difference of a *verb*, by the *present*, *past*, and *future*, or to *come*. A *verb finite* therefore hath three only *times*, and those always *imperfect*.

The first is the *present*; as

*amo*, I love.

The second is the *time past*; as

*amabam*, I loved.

The third is the *future*; as

*Ama*, *amato*: love, love.

The other *times* both *imperfect*; as

*amem*, *amarem*, *amabo*.

And also *perfect*; as

*amavi*, *amaverim*, *amavissem*, *amavero*, we use to express by a *syntax*, as shall be seen in the proper place.

The *future* is made of the *present*, and is the same always with it.

Of this *future* ariseth a *verb infinite*, keeping the same termination; as likewise of the *present*, and the *time past*, are formed the *participle present*, by adding of *ing*; as

*love*, *loving*.

The other is all one with the *time past*.

The *passive* is expressed by a *syntax*, like the *times* going before, as hereafter shall appear.

A *person* is the special difference of a *verbal* number, whereof the *present*, and the *time past*, have in every number three.

The second and third *person singular* of the present are made of the first, by adding *est* and *eth*; which last is sometime shortened into *s* or *s*.

The *time past* is varied, by adding in like manner in the second *person singular* *est*, and making the third like unto the first.

The *future* hath but only two *persons*, the second and third ending both alike.

The *persons* plural keep the termination of the first *person singular*. In former times, till about the reign of King Henry VIII., they were wont to be formed by adding *en*; thus,

*loven*, *sayen*, *complainen*.

But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite grown out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not presume to set this afoot again: albeit (to tell you my opinion) I am persuaded that the lack hereof well considered will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For seeing *time* and *person* be, as it were, the right and left-hand of a *verb*, what can the maiming bring else, but a lameness to the whole body?

And by reason of these two differences, a *verb* is divided two manner of ways.

First, in respect of *persons*, it is called *personal*, or *impersonal*.

*Personal*, which is varied by three persons; as

*I love, lovest, loveth.*

*Impersonal*, which only hath the third person; as

*behoveth, irketh.*

Secondly, in consideration of the *times*, we term it *active*, or *neuter*.

*Active*, whose participle past may be joined with the verb *am*; as

*I am loved, thou art hated.*

*Neuter*, which cannot be coupled; as

*pertain, die, live.*

This therefore is the general forming of a *verb*, which must to every special one hereafter be applied.

## CHAP. XVII.

### OF THE FIRST CONJUGATION.

The varying of a *verb* by *persons* and *times*, both *finite* and *infinite*, is termed a *conjugation*: whereof there be two sorts. The first fetcheth the *time past* from the *present*, by adding *ed*; and is thus varied:

Pr. *love, lovest, loveth.* Pl. *love, love, love.*

Pa. *loved, loved'st, loved.* Pl. *loved, loved, loved.*

Fu. *love, love.* Pl. *love, love.*

Inf. *love.*

Part. pr. *loving.*

Part. past. *loved.*

*Verbs* are oftentimes shortened; as

*sayest, sest; would, woud;*

*should, shoud; holpe, hope;*

But this is more common in the leaving out of *e*; as

*loved'st, for lovedest;*

*rub'd, rubbed; took'st, tookest.*

Exception of the *time past*, for *ed*, have *d* or *t*; as

*kicked, licht; leaved, left;*

*gaped, gap't; blushed, blush't.*

Some *verbs* ending in *d*, for avoiding the concourse of too many consonants, do cast it away; as

*lend, lent; spend, spent; gird, girt.*

*Make*, by a rare contraction, is here turned into *made*. Many *verbs* in the *time past*, vary not at all from the *present*; such are *cast, hurt, cost, burst, &c.*

## CHAP. XVIII.

### OF THE SECOND CONJUGATION.

And so much for the *first conjugation*,

being indeed the most usual forming of a *verb*, and thereby also the common inn to lodge every strange and foreign guest. That which followeth, for anything I can find (though I have with some diligence searched after it), entertaineth none but natural and home-born words, which though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts; yet in variation are so divers and uncertain, that they need much the stamp of some good *logic* to beat them into proportion. We have set down that, that in our judgment agreeth best with reason and good order. Which notwithstanding, if it seem to any to be too rough hewed, let him plane it out more smoothly, and I shall not only not envy it, but, in the behalf of my country, most heartily thank him for so great a benefit; hoping that I shall be thought sufficiently to have done my part, if in towling this bell, I may draw others to a deeper consideration of the matter: for, touching myself, I must needs confess, that after much painful churning, this only would come, which here we have devised.

The *second conjugation* therefore turneth the *present* into the *time past*, by the only change of his letters, namely, of *vowels* alone, or consonants also.

*Verbs* changing *vowels* only, have no certain termination of the *participle past*, but derive it as well from the *present*, as the *time past*: and that other-while differing from either, as the examples following do declare.

The change of *vowels* is, either of *simple vowels*, or of *diphthongs*; whereof the first goeth by the order of *vowels*, which we also will observe.

An *a* is turned into *oo*.

Pres. *shake, shaketh, shaketh.* Pl. *shake, shake, shake.*

Past. *shook, shookest, shook.* Pl. *shook, shook, shook.*

Fut. *shake, shake.* Pl. *shake, shake.*

Inf. *shake.*

Part. pr. *shaking.*

Part. pa. *shaken.*

This form do the *verbs take, wake, forsake, and hang* follow; but *hang* in the *time past* maketh *hung*, not *hangen*.

Hereof the *verb am* is a special exception, being thus varied:

Pr. *am, art, is.* Pl. *are, are, are;* or *be, be, be*, of the unused word *be, belst, beeth*, in the singular.

Past. *was, wast, was;* or, *were, wert, were.* Pl. *were, were, were.*

Fut. *be, be.* Plur. *be, be.*

Inf. *be.*

Part. pr. *being.*

Part. past. *been.*

*Ea* maketh, first, *e* short :

Pr. *lead.* Past. *led.* Part. pa. *led.*

The rest of the *times* and *persons*, both singular and plural, in this and the other verbs that follow, because they jump with the former examples and rules in every point, we have chosen rather to omit, than to thrust in needless words.

Such are the verbs, *eat, beat* (both making *participles past*; besides *et* and *bet*, or *eaten* and *beaten*), *spread, shead, dread, sweat, shread, tread.*

Then *a*, or *o*, indifferently ;

Pr. *break.*

Past. *brake, or broke.*

Part. pa. *broke, or broken.*

Hither belong, *speak, swear, tear, cleave, wear, steal, bear, shear, weave.* So *get*, and *help*; but *holpe* is seldom used, save with the poets.

*i* is changed into *a*.

Pr. *give.*

Past. *gave.*

Part. pa. *given.*

So *bid*, and *sit*.

And here sometimes *i* is turned into *a* and *o* both.

Pr. *win.*

Past. *wan, or won.*

Part. pa. *won.*

Of this sort are *fling, ring, wring, sing, sting, stick, spin, strick, drink, sink, spring, begin, stink, shrink, swing, swim.*

Secondly, long *i* [*ee*] into *e*.

Pr. *reede.*

Past. *read.*

Part. pa. *read.*

Also *feed, meet, breed, bleed, speed.*

Then into *o*; as

Pr. *seeth.*

Past. *sod.*

Part. pa. *sod, or soden.*

Lastly, into *aw*; as

Pr. *see.*

Past. *saw.*

Part. pa. *seen.*

*O* hath *a*

Pr. *come.*

Past. *came.*

Part. pa. *come.*

And here it may besides keep its proper vowel.

Pr. *run.*

Past. *ran, or run.*

Part. pa. *run.*

*oo* maketh *o*.

Pr. *choose.*

Past. *chose.*

Part. pa. *chosen.*

And one more, *shoot, shot*; in the *participle past, shot, or shotten.*

Some pronounce the verbs by the *diphthong ew, chewse, shewt*; and that is Scottish-like.

## CHAP. XIX.

### OF THE THIRD CONJUGATION.

The change of *diphthongs* is of *ay, y, aw*, and *ow*; all which are changed into *ew*.

*ay.* { Pr. *slay.*  
Past. *slew.*  
Part. pa. *slain.*

*y.* { Pr. *fly.*  
Past. *flew.*  
Part. pa. *flyne or flown.*

*aw.* { Pr. *draw.*  
Past. *drew.*  
Part. pa. *drawn.*

*ow.* { Pr. *know.*  
Past. *knew.*  
Part. pa. *known.*

This form cometh oftener than the three former; as *snow, grow, throw, blow, crow.*

Secondly, *y* is particularly turned sometimes into the vowels *i* and *o*.

*i.* { Pr. *byte.*  
Past. *bit.*  
Part. pa. *bit, or bitten.*

Likewise, *hyde, quyte, chyde, stryde, slyde.*

*o.* { Pr. *hyght.*  
Past. *hoght.*  
Part. pa. *hoght.*

So *shine, strive, thrive.*

And as *y* severally frameth either *e* or *o*; so may it jointly have them both.

*y.* { Pr. *ryse.*  
Past. *rise, or rose.*  
Part. pa. *rise, or risen.*

To this kind pertain, *smyle, wryte, byde, ryde, clymb, dryve, chryve.*

Sometimes into the *diphthong ay* and *ow*; as

*ay.* { Pr. *lye.*  
Past. *lay.*  
Part. pa. *lien, or lain.*

*ow.* { Pr. *fynd.*  
Past. *found.*  
Part. pa. *found.*

So *bynd, grynd, wynd, fight.*

Last of all, *aw* and *ow* do both make *e*.

*e.* { Pr. *fall.*  
Past. *fell.*  
Part. pa. *fallen.*

Such is the *verb* *fraught*; which Chaucer, in the *Man of Law's Tale*:  
*This merchants have done, freight their ships new.*

|    |          |                        |
|----|----------|------------------------|
| o. | Pr.      | <i>hold.</i>           |
|    | Past.    | <i>held.</i>           |
|    | Par. pa. | <i>held or holden.</i> |

Exceptions of the *time past*.

Some that are of the *first conjugation* only, have in the *participle past*, besides their own, the form of the second, and the third; as

*hew, hewed, and hewn.*  
*mow, mowed, and mowen.*  
*load, loaded, and loaden.*

## CHAP. XX.

## OF THE FOURTH CONJUGATION.

Verbs that convey the *time past* for the *present*, by the change both of *vowels* and *consonants*, following the terminations of the *first conjugation*, end in *d*, or *t*.

|     |               |
|-----|---------------|
| Pr. | <i>stand.</i> |
| Pa. | <i>stood.</i> |

Such are these words,

|     |                                        |
|-----|----------------------------------------|
| Pr. | <i>wolle, wolt, wolle.</i>             |
| Pa. | <i>wold or would, wouldest, would.</i> |

|      |                     |
|------|---------------------|
| Fut. | <i>wolle, will.</i> |
|------|---------------------|

The *infinite times* are not used.

|      |                             |
|------|-----------------------------|
| Pr.  | <i>can, canst, can.</i>     |
| Pa.  | <i>cold,* or could.</i>     |
| Fut. | <i>sholl, sholt, sholl.</i> |
| Pa.  | <i>sholde or should.</i>    |

The other *times* of either *verb* are lacking.

|     |               |
|-----|---------------|
| Pr. | <i>hear.</i>  |
| Pa. | <i>heard.</i> |
| Pr. | <i>sell.</i>  |
| Pa. | <i>sold.</i>  |

So *tell, told.*

Of the other sort are these, and such like.

|     |              |
|-----|--------------|
| Pr. | <i>feel.</i> |
| Pa. | <i>felt.</i> |

So *creep, sleep, weep, keep, sweep, mean.*

|     |                |
|-----|----------------|
| Pr. | <i>teach.</i>  |
| Pa. | <i>taught.</i> |

To this form belong *think, retch, seek, reach, catch, bring, work*; and *buy* and *owe*, which make *bought* and *ought*.

|     |                                |
|-----|--------------------------------|
| Pr. | <i>dare, darest, dare.</i>     |
| Pa. | <i>durst, durst, durst.</i>    |
| Pr. | <i>may, mayst, may.</i>        |
| Pa. | <i>might, mightest, might.</i> |

These two *verbs* want the other *times*.

A general exception from the former conjugations. Certain *verbs* have the form of either conjugation; as

*hang, hanged, and hung.*

So *cleave, shear, sting, climb, catch, &c*

## CHAP. XXI.

## OF ADVERBS.

Thus much shall suffice for the *etymology* of words that have number, both in a *noun* and a *verb*: whereof the former is but short and easy; the other longer, and wrapped with a great deal more difficulty. Let us now proceed to the *etymology* of words without number.

A word without number is that which without his principal signification noteth not any number. Whereof there be two kinds, an *adverb* and a *conjunction*.

An *adverb* is a word without number that is joined to another word; as

*well learned,*  
*he fighteth valiantly,*  
*he disputeth very subtly.*

So that an *adverb* is as it were an *adjective* of *nouns, verbs, yea, and adverbs* also themselves.

*Adverbs* are either of *quantity* or *quality*. Of *quantity*; as

*enough, too-much, altogether.*

*Adverbs* of *quality* be of divers sorts:

First, of *number*; as *once, twice, thrice.*

Secondly, of *time*; as *to-day, yesterday, then, by and by, ever, when.*

Thirdly of *place*; as *here, there, where, yonder.*

Fourthly, in affirmation, or negation; as

*I, or ay, yes, indeed, no, not, nay.*

Fifthly, in wishing, calling, and exhorting:

Wishing; as *O, if.*

Calling; as *ho, sirrah.*

Exhorting; as *so, so; there, there.*

Sixthly, in similitude and likeness; as

*so, even so, likewise, even as.*

To this place pertain all *adverbs* of *quality* whatsoever, being formed from *nouns*, for the most part, by adding *ly*; as

*just, justly; true, truly;*

*strong, strongly; name, namely.*

Here also *adjectives*, as well *positive* as *compared*, stand for *adverbs*:

*When he least weeneth, soonest shall he fall.*

*Interjections*, commonly so termed, are in right *adverbs*, and therefore may justly

\* An old English word, for which now we commonly use *shall*, or *shall*.

lay title to this room. Such are these that follow, with their like ; as

*ah, alas, woe, fie, tush, ha, ha, he.*

*st*, a note of silence : *Rr*, that serveth to set dogs together by the ears : *hrr*, to chase birds away.

*Prepositions* are also a peculiar kind of *adverbs*, and ought to be referred hither.

*Prepositions* are *separable* or *inseparable*.

*Separable* are for the most part of *time* and *place* ; as

*among, according, without,*

*afore, after, before, behind,*

*under, upon, beneath, over,*

*against, besides, near.*

*Inseparable prepositions* are they which signify nothing, if they be not compounded with some other word ; as

*re, un, in release, unlearned.*

## CHAP. XXII.

### OF CONJUNCTIONS.

A *conjunction* is a word without number, knitting divers speeches together : and is *declaring*, or *reasoning*. *Declaring*, which uttereth the parts of a sentence : and that again is *gathering*, or *separating*. *Gathering*, whereby the parts are affirmed to be true together : which is *coupling*, or *con-*

*ditioning*. *Coupling*, when the parts are severally affirmed ; as

*and, also, neither.*

*Conditioning*, by which the part following dependeth, as true, upon the part going before ; as

*if, unless, except.*

A *separating conjunction* is that whereby the parts (as being not true together) are separated ; and is

*severing,*

or

*sundring.*

*Severing*, when the parts are separated only in a certain respect or reason ; as

*but, although, notwithstanding.*

*Sundring*, when the parts are separated indeed, and truly, so as more than one cannot be true ; as

*either, whether, or.*

*Reasoning conjunctions* are those which conclude one of the parts by the other ; whereof some render a reason, and some do infer.

*Rendering* are such as yield the cause of a thing going before ; as

*for, because.*

*Inferring*, by which a thing that cometh after is concluded by the former ; as

*therefore, wherefore,*

*so that, inasmuch that.*



# The Second Book of the English Grammar.

## OF SYNTAX.

### CHAP. I. OF APOSTROPHUS.

As yet we have handled *etymology*, and all the parts thereof. Let us come to the consideration of the *syntax*.

*Syntax* is the second part of *grammar*, that teacheth the construction of words; whereunto *apostrophus*,\* an affection of words coupled and joined together, doth belong.

*Apostrophus* is the rejecting of a vowel from the beginning or ending of a word. The note whereof, though it many times, through the negligence of writers and printers, is quite omitted, yet by right should, and of the learner sort hath his sign and mark, which is such a *semi-circle* (') placed in the top.

In the end a vowel may be cast away, when the word next following beginneth with another; as,

*Th' outward man decayeth ;  
So th' inward man getteth strength.  
If y' utter such words of pure love, and  
friendship,  
What then may we look for, if y' once  
begin to hate ?*

Gower, lib. i. de Confess. Amant.  
*If thou'rt of his company, tell forth, my  
son,  
It is time t' awake from sleep.*

Vowels suffer also this *apostrophus* before the consonant *h*.

Chaucer, in the 3rd book of *Troilus*.  
*For of fortune's sharp adversitie,  
The worst kind of infortune is this :  
A man t' have been in prosperitie,  
And it to remember when it passed is.*

The first kind then is common with the Greeks; but that which followeth,

\* The Latins and Hebrews have none.

is proper to us, which though it be not of any, that I know, either in writing or printing, usually expressed: yet considering that in our common speech nothing is more familiar (upon the which all precepts are grounded, and to the which they ought to be referred) who can justly blame me, if, as near as I can, I follow nature's call.

This rejecting, therefore, is both in vowels and consonants going before:

*There is no fire, there is no sparke,  
There is no dore, which may charke.*  
Gower, lib. iv.

*Who answered, that he was not privy  
to it, and in excuse seem'd to be very  
sore displeased with the matter, that  
his men of war had done it, without  
his commandment or consent.*

### CHAP. II. OF THE SYNTAX OF ONE NOUN WITH ANOTHER.

*Syntax* appertaineth, both to words of number, and without number, where the want and superfluity of any part of speech are two general and common exceptions. Of the former kind of *syntax* is that of a noun, and verb.

The *syntax* of a noun, with a noun, is in number and gender; as

*Esau could not obtain his father's  
blessing, though he sought it with  
tears.  
Jezabel was a wicked woman, for she  
slew the Lord's prophets.  
An idol is no God, for it is made with  
hands.*

In all these examples you see *Esau* and *he*, *Jezabel* and *she*, *idol* and *it*, do agree in the singular number. The first example also in the masculine gender, the second in



the *feminine*, the third in the *neuter*. And in this construction (as also throughout the whole English *syntax*) order and the placing of words is one special thing to be observed. So that when a substantive and an adjective are immediately joined together, the adjective must go before; as

Plato shut poets out of his common-wealth, as effeminate writers, unprofitable members, and enemies to virtue.

When two substantives come together, whereof one is the name of a *possessor*, the other of a thing *possessed*, then hath the name of a *possessor* the former place, and that in the *genitive*:

All man's righteousness is like a defiled cloth.

Gower, lib. 1:

An owl flieth by night,  
Out of all other birds' sight.

But if the thing *possessed* go before, then doth the preposition of come between:

Ignorance is the mother of Error.

Gower, lib.

So that it proveth well therefore  
The strength of man is none lore.

Which preposition may be coupled with the thing *possessed*, being in the *genitive*.

Nort. in Arsan.

A road made into Scanderbech's  
country by the Duke of Mysia's  
men: for, the Duke's men of Mysia.

Here the *absolute* serveth sometimes instead of a *genitive*:

All trouble is light, which is endured  
for righteousness sake.

Otherwise two substantives are joined together by apposition.

Sir Thomas More, in King Richard's story:

George, Duke of Clarence, was a prince  
at all points fortunate.

Where if both be the names of *possessors*, the latter shall be in the *genitive*.

Foxe, in the 2d volume of Acts and Monuments:

King Henry the Eighth, married with  
the Lady Katherine his brother,  
Prince Arthur's wife.

The general exceptions:

The *substantive* is often lacking.

Sometime without small things, greater cannot stand. Sir Thomas More.

[The *verb* is also often wanting:]

Chaucer:

For some folk will be won for riches,  
And some folk for strokes, and some  
folk for gentleness:

Likewise the *adjective*:

It is hard in prosperity to preserve true  
religion, true godliness, and true  
humility.

Lidgate, lib. 8, speaking of Constantine,  
That whilome had the divination  
As chief monarch, chief prince, and  
chief president  
Over all the world, from east to occi-  
dent.

But the more notable lack of the *adjectives* is in the want\* of the *relative*;

In the things which we least mistrust,  
the greatest danger doth often lurk.

Gower, lib. 2:

Forthy the wise men ne demen  
The things after that there they semen;  
But, after that, which they know, and  
find.

Psal. 118, 22. The stone the builders re-  
fused: for, which the builders refused.

And here, besides the common wanting of a substantive, whereof we spake before: there is another more special, and proper to the *absolute*, and the *genitive*.

Chaucer, in the 3d book of Fame.

This is the mother of tidings.  
As the sea is mother of wells, and is  
mother of springs.

Rebecca clothed Jacob with garments  
of his brothers.

Superfluity also of nouns is much used:

Sir Thomas More: Whose death  
King Edward (although he com-  
manded it) when he wist it was  
done, pitiously bewailed it, and  
sorrowfully repented it.

Chaucer, in his Prologue to the Man of Law's Tale:

Such law, as a man yeveth another  
wight,  
He should himself usen it by right.

\* In Greek and Latin this want were barbarous: the Hebrews notwithstanding use it.

Gower, lib. 1 :

*For, whoso wold another blame,  
He seeketh oft his owne shame.*

Special exceptions, and first of number.  
Two singulars are put for one plural :

*All authority and custom of men, ex-  
alted against the word of God, must  
yield themselves prisoners.*

Gower :

*In thine aspect are all alich,  
The poor man, and eke the rich.*

The second person plural is for reve-  
rence sake to one singular thing :

Gower, lib. 1 :

*O good father deare,  
Why make ye this heavy cheare.*

Where also after a verb plural, the sin-  
gular of the noun is retained :

*I know you are a discreet and faithful  
man, and therefore am come to ask  
your advice.*

**Exceptions of Genders.**

The articles *he* and *it*, are used in each  
other's gender.

Sir Thomas More: *The south wind some-  
times swelleth of himself before a tem-  
pest.*

Gower, of the Earth :

*And for thy men it delve, and ditch,  
And earen it, with strength of plough:  
Where it hath of himself enough,  
So that his need is least.*

It also followeth for the feminine: Gower,  
lib. 4 :

*He swore it should nought be let,  
That, if she have a daughter bore,  
That it ne should be forlore.*

### CHAP. III.

#### OF THE SYNTAX OF A PRONOUN WITH A NOUN.

The articles *a* and *the* are joined to sub-  
stantives common, never to proper names  
of men.

William Lambert in the Perambulation  
of Kent :

*The cause only, and not the death maketh  
a martyr.*

Yet, with a proper name used by a *me-  
taphor*, or borrowed manner of speech,  
both articles may be coupled :

*Who so avoucheth the manifest and*  
VOL. III.

*known truth, ought not therefore to be  
called a Goliath, that is a monster, and  
impudent fellow, as he was.*

Jewel against Harding :

*You have adventured yourself to be the  
noble David to conquer this giant.*

Nort. in Arsan.

*And if ever it were necessary, now it  
is, when many an Athanasius, many  
an Atticus, many a noble prince, and  
godly personage lieth prostrate at  
your feet for succour.*

Where this metaphor is expounded. So,  
when the proper name is used to note  
one's parentage, which kind of nouns the  
grammarians call *patronymics* :

Nort. in Gabriel's Oration to Scander-  
bech :

*For you know well enough the wiles of  
the Ottomans.  
Perkin Warbeck, a stranger born,  
feigned himself to be a Plantagenet.*

When a substantive and an adjective are  
joined together, these articles are put be-  
fore the adjective :

*A good conscience is a continual feast.*

Gower, lib. 1.

*For false semblant hath evermore  
Of his counsel in company,  
The dark untrue hypocrisy.*

Which construction in the article *a*, not-  
withstanding, some adjectives will not ad-  
mit :

Sir Tho. More :

*Such a serpent is ambition, and desire  
of vain-glory.*

Chaucer :

*Under a shepherd false, and negligent,  
The wolf hath many a sheep and lamb  
to rent.*

Moreover both these articles are joined  
to any cases of the Latins, the vocative only  
excepted : as,

*A man saith. The strength of a man.  
I sent to a man. I hurt a man.  
I was sued by a man.*

Likewise, The apostle testifieth : *the seal  
of the apostle: give ear to the apostle:  
follow the apostle: depart not from the  
apostle.*

So that in these two pronouns, the whole  
construction almost of the Latins is con-  
tained. *The* agreeth to any number ; *a*  
only to the singular, save when it is joined

with those adjectives which do of necessity require a plural :

*The conscience is a thousand witnesses.*

Lidgate, lib. 1 :

*Though for a season they sit in high  
cheers,  
Their fame shall fade within a few  
years.*

A goeth before words beginning with consonants ; and before all vowels (*diphthongs*, whose first letter is *y* or *w*, excepted) it is turned into *an* :

Sir Thomas More :

*For men use to write an evil turn in  
marble stone ; and a good turn they  
write in the dust.*

Gower, lib. 1 :

*For all shall die ; and all shall pass  
As well a lion as an ass.*

So may it be also before *h*.

Sir Thomas More :

*What mischief worketh the proud enter-  
prize of an high heart ?*

A hath also the force of governing before a noun :

Sir Thomas More :

*And the protector had layd to her for  
manner sake, that she was a counsell  
with the Lord Hastings to destroy  
him.*

Chaucer, 2nd book of *Troilus* :

*And on his way fast homeward he sped,  
And Troilus he found alone in bed.*

Likewise before the participle present, *a*, *an*, have the force of a *gerund*.

Nort. in *Arsan* :

*But there is some great tempest a brew-  
ing towards us.*

Lidgate, lib. 7 :

*The king was slain, and ye did assent,  
In a forest an hunting, when that he  
went.*

The article *the*, joined with the adjective of a noun proper, may follow after the substantive :

Chaucer :

*There chanticler the fair  
Was wont, and eke his wives to repair.*

Otherwise it varieth from the common rule. Again, this article by a *synecdoche* doth restrain a general and common name to some certain and special one :

Gower, in his Prologue :

*The Apostle writeth unto us all,  
And saith, that upon us is fall  
Th' end of the world :*

for *Paul*. So by the philosopher, *Aristotle* ; by the poet, among the *Grecians*, *Homer* ; with the *Latins*, *Virgil*, is understood.

*This* and *that* being demonstratives ; and *what* the interrogative, are taken for sub-  
stantives :

Sir John Cheeke, in his Oration to the  
Rebels :

*Ye rise for religion : what religion  
taught you that ?*

Chaucer, in the *Reve's Tale* :

*And this is very sooth, as I you tell.*

Ascham, in his discourse of the affairs of  
Germany :

*A wonderful folly in a great man  
himself, and some piece of misery in  
a whole commonwealth, where fools  
chiefly and flatterers, may speak  
freely what they will ; and good men  
shall commonly be shent, if they speak  
what they should.*

*What*, also for an adverb of *partition*.\*

Lambert :

*But now, in our memory, what by the  
decay of the haven, and what by  
overthrow of religious houses, and  
loss of Calice, it is brought in a  
manner to miserable nakedness and  
decay.*

Chaucer, 3rd book of *Troilus* :

*Then wot I well, she might never fail  
Forto been holpen, what at your instance,  
What at your other friends governance.*

*That* is used for a *relative* :

Sir John Cheek :

*Sedition is an aposteam, which, when  
it breaketh inwardly, putteth the  
state in great danger of recovery ;  
and corrupteth the whole common-  
wealth with the rotten fury, that it  
hath putrified with. For, with  
which.*

*They*, and *those*, are sometimes taken, as  
it were, for *articles* :

Fox, 2nd volume of *Acts*, &c.

*That* no kind of *disquietness* should be  
procured against them of *Bern* and  
*Zurick*.

\* In the other tongues, *quid*, *ri*, have not the  
force of partition, nor *illud*, *keivo*, of a relative.

Gower, lib. 2 :

*My brother hath us all sold  
To them of Rome.*

The *pronoun, these*, hath a rare use, being taken for an adjective of similitude : *It is neither the part of an honest man to tell these tales ; nor of a wise man to receive them.*

Lidgate, lib. 5 :

*Lo, how these princes proud and retch-  
less,  
Have shameful ends, which cannot live  
in peace.*

*Him*, and *them*, be used reciprocally for the compounds, *himself, themselves*.

Fox : *The garrison desired that they  
might depart with bag and baggage.*

Chaucer, in the Squire's Tale :

*So deep in grain he dyed his colours,  
Right as a serpent hideth him under  
flowers.*

*His, their*, and *theirs*, have also a strange use ; that is to say, being *possessives*, they serve instead of primitives :

Chaucer :

*And shortly so far forth this thing went,  
That my will was his will's instrument.*

Which in Latin were a solecism : for there we should not say, *suæ voluntatis*, but *voluntatis ipsius*.

*Pronouns* have not the articles, *a* and *the* going before ; *which*, the *relative*, *self*, and *same* only excepted : The same lewd cankered carle practiseth nothing, but how he may overcome and oppress the faith of Christ, for the *which*, *you*, as *you* know, have determined to labour and travel continually.

The *possessives*, *my, thy, our, your*, and *their*, go before words ; as *my land, thy goods* ; and so in the rest : *mine, thine, ours, yours, hers, and theirs*, follow as it were in the *genitive* case ; as, *these lands are mine, thine, &c.*

*His* doth infinitely go before, or follow after : as, *his house is a fair one* ; and, *this house is his*.

#### CHAP. IV.

##### OF THE SYNTAX OF ADJECTIVES.

*Adjectives* of quality are coupled with *pronouns* accusative cases.

Chaucer :

*And he was wise, hardy, secret, and  
rich,  
Of these three points, nas none him lych.*

Certain adjectives include a *partition* ; *From the head doth life and motion flow to the rest of the members.*

The comparative agreeth to the parts compared, by adding this *preposition, than* : \*

Chaucer, 3rd book of Fame :

*What did this Æolus, but he  
Took out his black trump of brass,  
That blacker than the devil was.*

The superlative is joined to the parts compared by this *preposition* of.

Gower, lib. 1 :

*Pride is of every miss the prick :  
Pride is the worst vice of all wick.*

Jewel :

*The friendship of truth is best of all.*

Oftentimes both degrees are expressed by these two adverbs, *more*, and *most* : as *more excellent, most excellent*. Whereof the latter seemeth to have his proper place in those that are spoken in a certain kind of excellency, but yet without comparison : *Hector was a most valiant man* ; that is, *inter fortissimos*.

Furthermore, these adverbs, *more* and *most*, are added to the comparative and superlative degrees themselves, which should be before the positive :

Sir Thomas More :

*Forasmuch as she saw the cardinal  
more readier to depart than the  
remnant ; for not only the high dig-  
nity of the civil magistrate, but the  
most basest handicrafts are holy,  
when they are directed to the honour  
of God.*

And this is a certain kind of English Atticism, or eloquent phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the most ancientest and finest Grecians, who, for more *emphasis* and vehemencies sake, used so to speak.

*Positives* are also joined with the *preposition of*, like the superlative :

\* The Latins comparative governeth an ablative ; their superlative a genitive plural. The Greeks both comparative and superlative hath a genitive ; but in neither tongue is a sign going between.

*Elias was the only man of all the prophets that was left alive.*

Gower, lib. 4 :

*The first point of sloth I call  
Lachesse, and is the chief of all.*

## CHAP. V.

### OF THE SYNTAX OF A VERB WITH A NOUN.

Hitherto we have declared the *syntax* of a *noun* : the *syntax* of a *verb* followeth, being either of a *verb* with a *noun*, or of one *verb* with another.

The *syntax* of a *verb* with a *noun* is in *number* and *person* ; as

*I am content. You are mis-informed.*

Chaucer's 2nd book of Fame :

*For, as flame is but lighted smoke ;  
Right so is sound ayr ybroke.*

*I, myself, and ourselves*, agree unto the *first person* : *thou, you, ye, thyself, yourselves*, the *second* ; all other nouns and pronouns (that are of any *person*) to the *third*. Again, *I, we, thou, he, she, they, who*, do ever govern ; unless it be in the *verb am*, that requireth the like case after it as is before it. *Me, us, thee, her, them, him, whom*, are governed of the *verb*. The rest, which are absolute, may either govern, or be governed.

A *verb impersonal* in Latin is here expressed by an English *impersonal*, with this article *it* going before ; as *oportet, it* behoveth ; *deceat, it* becometh. General exceptions :

The *person* governing is oft understood by that went before : *True religion glorieth them* that honour it ; and *is a target unto them* that are a buckler unto it.

Chaucer :

*Womens counsels brought us first to woe,*

*And made Adam from Paradise to go.*

But this is more notable, and also more common in the *future* ; wherein for the most part we never express any person, not so much as at the first :

*Fear God. Honour the king.*

Likewise the *verb* is understood by some other going before :

Nort. in Arsan.

*When the danger is most great, natural strength most feeble, and divine aid most needful.*

Certain pronouns, governed of the *verb*, do here abound.

Sir Thomas More :

*And this I say although they were not abused, as now they be, and so long have been, that I fear me ever they will be.*

Chaucer, 3rd book of Fame :

*And as I wondred me, ywis  
Upon this house.*

Idem in Thisbe :

*She rist her up with a full dreary heart :  
And in cave with dreadful fate she start.*

Special exceptions.

Nouns signifying a multitude, though they be of the singular number, require a *verb plural*.

Lidgate, lib. 2 :

*And wise men rehearsen in sentence  
Where folk be drunken, there is no resistance.*

This exception is in other nouns also very common ; especially when the *verb* is joined to an adverb or conjunction : *It is preposterous to execute a man, before he have been condemned.*

Gower, lib. 1 :

*Although a man be wise himselfe,  
Yet is the wisdom more of twelve.*

Chaucer :

*Therefore I read you this counsel take,  
Forsake sin, ere sin you forsake.*

In this exception of *number*, the *verb* sometime agreeth not with the governing noun of the *plural number*, as it should, but with the noun governed : as *Riches is a thing oft-times more hurtful than profitable to the owners*. After which manner the Latins also speak : *Omnia pontus erat*. The other special exception is not in use.\*

## CHAP. VI.

### OF THE SYNTAX OF A VERB WITH A VERB.

When two *verbs* meet together, whereof one is governed by the other, the latter is put in the infinite, and that with this sign *to*, coming between ; as, *Good men ought to join together in good things*.

\* Which notwithstanding the Hebrews use very strangely : *Kullain tasubn udoina, Job xvii. 20.* All they return ye and come now.

But *will, do, may, can, shall, dare* (when it is in transitive), *must* and *let*, when it signifieth a sufferance, receive not the sign.

Gower :

To God no man may be fellow.

This sign set before an *infinite*, not governed of a *verb*, changeth it into the nature of a noun.

Nort. in Arsan.

To win is the benefit of fortune : but to keep is the power of wisdom.

General exceptions.

The verb governing is understood :

Nort. in Arsan :

For if the head, which is the life and stay of the body, betray the members, must not the members also needs betray one another ; and so the whole body and head go altogether to utter wreck and destruction ?

The other general exception is wanting.\*

The special exception. Two verbs, *have* and *am*, require always a participle *past* without any sign : as *I am pleased ; thou art hated*. Save when they import a necessity or conveniency of doing anything : in which case they are very eloquently joined to the *infinite*,† the sign coming between :

By the example of Herod, all princes are to take heed how they give ear to flatterers.

Lidgate, lib. 1 :

Truth and falseness in what they have done,

May no while assemble in one person.

And here those *times* which in *etymology* we remembered to be wanting, are set forth by the *syntax* of verbs joined together. The *syntax* of *imperfect times* in this manner.

The presents by the *infinite*, and the verb, *may, or can ; as for amem, amarem ; I may love, I might love*. And again ; *I can love, I could love*.

The futures are declared by the *infinite*, and the verb *shall, or will ; as amabo, I shall or will love*.

*Amavero* addeth thereunto *have*, taking the nature of two divers times ; that is, of the future and the time past.

*I shall have loved : or*

*I will have loved.*

\* So in the Greek and Latin, but in Hebrew this exception is often, *Esai. vi. 9 ;* which Hebraism the New Testament is wont to retain by turning the Hebrew *infinite* either into a

The *perfect times* are expressed by the verb *have ; as*

*amavi, amaveram.*

*I have loved, I had loved.*

*Amaverim, and amavissem* add *might* unto the former verb ; as

*I might have loved.*

The *infinite past* is also made by adding *have ; as*

*amavisse, to have loved.*

Verbs *passive* are made of the participle *past*, and *am* the verb ; *amor* and *amatur*, by the only putting to of the verb ; as

*amor, I am loved ;*

*amabar, I was loved.*

*Amer* and *amarer* have it governed of the verb *may* or *can ; as*

*Amer, I may be loved ; or I can be loved.*

*Amarer, I might be loved ; or I could be loved.*

In *amabor* it is governed of *shall, or will ; as*

*I shall, or will be loved.*

## CHAP. VII.

### OF THE SYNTAX OF ADVERBS.

This therefore is the *syntax* of words, having *number* ; there remaineth that of words *without number*, which standeth in *adverbs* or *conjunctions*. *Adverbs* are taken one for the other ; that is to say, *adverbs of likeness, for adverbs of time ; As he spake those words, he gave up the ghost.*

Gower, lib. 1 :

*Anone, as he was meek and tame,*

*He found towards his God the same.*

The like is to be seen in *adverbs of time* and *place*, used in each others stead, as among the Latins and the Grecians.

Nort. in Arsan.

*Let us not be ashamed to follow the counsel and example of our enemies, where it may do us good.*

*Adverbs* stand instead of *relatives* :

Lidgate, lib. 1 :

*And little worth is fairness in certain  
In a person, where no virtue is seen.*

verbal, ἀκούσας ἀκούσας, Matth. xiii. 14 ; or participle, ἰδὼν εἰδὼν, Act. vii. 34.

† A phrase proper unto our tongue, save that the Hebrews seem to have the former. Job xx. 23. *When he is to fill his belly.*

Nort. to the northern rebels :

*Few women storm against the marriage  
of priests, but such as have been  
priests harlots, or fain would be.*

Chaucer in his ballad :

*But great God disposeth,  
And maketh casual by his providence  
Such things as frail man purposeth.*  
For those things, which.

Certain *adverbs* in the *syntax* of a substantive and an adjective meeting together, cause *a*, the article, to follow the adjective.

Sir John Cheek :

*O! with what spite were sundred so  
noble a body from so godly a mind.*

Jewel :

*It is too light a labour to strive for  
names.*

Chaucer :

*Thou art at ease, and hold thee well  
therein.  
As great a praise is to keep well, as  
win.*

*Adjectives* compared,\* when they are used *adverbially*, may have the article *the* going before.

Jewel :

*The more enlarged is your liberty, the  
less cause have you to complain.*

*Adverbs* are wanting.

Sir Thomas More :

*And how far be they off that would help,  
as God send grace, they hurt not ; for,  
that they hurt not.*

Oftentimes they are used without any necessity, for greater vehemency sake ; as, *then—afterward ; again, once more.*

Gower :

*He saw also the bowes spread  
Above all earth, in which were  
The kind of all birds there.*

*Prepositions* are joined with the accusative cases of *pronouns*.†

Sir Thomas More :

*I exhort and require you, for the love  
that you have borne to me, and for the*

*love that I have borne to you, and for  
the love that our Lord beareth to us  
all.*

Gower, lib. 1 :

*For Lucifer, with them that fell,  
Bare pride with him into hell.*

They may also be coupled with the *possessives* : *mine, thine, ours, yours, his, hers, theirs.*

Nort. to the rebels :

*Think you her majesty, and the wisest  
of the realm, have no care of their  
own souls, that have charge both of  
their own and yours?*

These *prepositions* follow; sometimes the nouns they are coupled with : *God hath made princes their subjects guides, to direct them in the way, which they have to walk in.*

But *ward*, or *wards* ; and *toward*, or *towards*, have the same *syntax* that *versus* and *adversus* have with the Latins ; that is, the latter coming after the noun, which it governeth, and the other contrarily.

Nort. in Paul Angel's Oration to Scanderbech :

*For his heart being unclean to God-  
ward, and spiteful towards men,  
doth always imagine mischief.*

Lidgate, lib. 7 :

*And south-ward runneth to Caucasus,  
And folk of Scythie, that bene laborious.*

Now as before in two articles *a* and *the*, the whole construction of the Latins was contained ; so their whole rection is by *prepositions* near-hand declared : where the preposition of hath the force of the genitive, *to* of the dative ; *from, of, in, by*, and such like of the ablative : as, *the praise of God. Be thankful to God. Take the cock of the hoop. I was saved from you, by you, in your house.*

*Prepositions* matched with the *participle present*,‡ supply the place of *gerunds* ; as *in loving, of loving, by loving, with loving, from loving, &c.*

*Prepositions* do also govern *adverbs*.§

\* The Greek article is set before the positive also ; Theocrit. εἰς. γ. τίς τὸν, εἰς τὸ καλὸν περιλάμψῃ.

† In Greek and Latin they are coupled ; some with one oblique case, some with another.

‡ The Hebrews set them always before.

§ The like nature in Greek and Hebrew have *prepositions* matched with the infinite, as *ἐν τῷ ἀγαθῷ*.

|| This in Hebrew is very common : *from now*, that is, from this time ; whence proceed those Hebrewisms in the *New Testament*, ἀπὸ νῦν, ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν, &c.

Lidgate, lib. 9 :

*Sent from above, as she did understand.*

General exceptions: divers prepositions are very often wanting, whereof it shall be sufficient to give a taste in those that above the rest are most worthy to be noted.

Of, in an adjective of partition :

Lidgate, lib. 5 :

*His liages eche one being of one assent  
To live and die with him in his intent.*

The preposition touching, concerning, or some such like, doth often want, after the manner of the Hebrew *Lamed* :

Gower :

*The privates of man's heart,  
They speak, and sound in his ear,  
As though they loud winds were.*

Riches and inheritance they be given by God's providence, to whom of his wisdom he thinketh good : for touching riches and heritage, or some such like preposition.

If, is somewhat strangely lacking :

Nort. in Arsan.

*Unwise are they that end their matters  
with, Had I wist.*

Lidgate, lib. 1 :

*For ne were not this prudent ordinance,  
Some to obey, and above to gye  
Destroyed were all worldly policy.*

The superfluity of prepositions is more rare :

Jewel :

*The whole universitey and city of Oxford.*

Gower :

*So that my lord touchend of this.  
I have answered, how that it is.*

## CHAP. VIII.

### OF THE SYNTAX OF CONJUNCTIONS.

The syntax of conjunctions is in order only ; neither and either are placed in the beginning of words ; nor and or coming after.

Sir Thomas More :

*He can be no sanctuary-man, that  
hath neither discretion to desire it,  
nor malice to deserve it.*

Sir John Cheek :

*Either by ambition you seek lordliness,  
much unfit for you ; or by covetous-*

*ness, ye be unsatiable, a thing likely  
enough in you, or else by folly, ye be  
not content with your estate, a fancy  
to be pluckt out of you.*

Lidgate, lib. 2 :

*Wrong, clyming up of states and de-  
grees,  
Either by murder, or by false treasons  
Asketh a fall, for their finall guardons.*

Here, for nor in the latter member, *ne* is sometimes used :

Lambert :

*But the archbishop set himself against  
it, affirming plainly, that he neither  
could, ne would suffer it.*

The like syntax is also to be marked in *so*, and *as*, used comparatively ; for when the comparison is in quantity, then *so* goeth before, and *as* followeth.

Ascham :

*He hateth himself, and hasteth his own  
hurt, that is content to hear none so  
gladly as eather a fool or a flatterer.*

Gower, lib. 1 :

*Men wist in thilk time none  
So fair a wight, as she was one.*

Sometime for *so*, as cometh in.

Chaucer, lib. 5, Troil.

*And said, I am, albeit to you no joy,  
As gentle a man as any wight in Troy.*

But if the comparison be in quality, then it is contrary.

Gower :

*For, as the fish, if it be dry  
Mole in default of water dye :  
Right so without air, or live,  
No man, ne beast, might thrive,*

And, in the beginning of a sentence, serveth instead of an admiration : And, what a notable sign of patience was it in Job, not to murmur against the Lord !

Chaucer, 3rd book of Fame :

*What, quoth she, and be ye wood !  
And, wene ye for to do good,  
And, for to have of that no fame !*

Conjunctions of divers sorts are taken one for another : as, *But*, a severing conjunction, for a conditioning :

Chaucer in the Man of Law's Tale :

*But it were with the ilk eye of his  
mind,  
With which men seep' after they ben  
blind.*



Sir Thomas More :

*Which neither can they have, but you give it ; neither can you give it, if ye agree not.*

The self-same syntax is in *and*, the coupling conjunction ;

The Lord Berners in the Preface to his Translation of Froisart :

*What knowledge should we have of ancient things past, and history were not.*

Sir John Cheek :

*Ye have waxed greedy now upon cities, and have attempted mighty spoils, to glut up, and you could your wasting hunger.*

On the other side, *for*, a cause-renderer, hath sometime the force of a *severing* one.

Lidgate, lib. 3 :

*But it may fall a Drewry in his right, To outrage a giant for all his great might.*

Here the two general exceptions are termed, *Asyndeton*, and *Polysyndeton*.

*Asyndeton*, when the conjunction wanteth :  
The universities of Christendom are the eyes, the lights, the heaven, the salt, the seasoning of the world.

Gower :

*To whom her heart cannot heal,  
Turn it to woe, turn it to weal.*

Here the *sundering conjunction*, *or*, is lacking, and in the former example *and*, the coupler.

*Polysyndeton* is in doubling the conjunction more than it need to be :

Gower, lib. 4 :

*So, whether that he frieze, or sweat,  
Or 'tis be in, or 'tis be out,  
He will be idle all about.*

## CHAP. IX.

### OF THE DISTINCTION OF SENTENCES.

All the parts of *Syntax* have already been declared. There resteth one general affection of the whole, dispersed thorough every member thereof, as the blood is thorough the body ; and consisteth in the breathing, when we pronounce any sentence. For, whereas our breath is by nature so short, that we cannot continue without a stay to speak long together ; it was thought necessary as well for the speaker's ease, as for the plainer deliverance of the

things spoken, to invent this means, whereby men pausing a pretty while, the whole speech might never the worse be understood.

These distinctions are either of a *perfect* or *imperfect* sentence. The distinctions of an *imperfect* sentence are two, a *subdistinction* and a *comma*.

A *subdistinction* is a mean breathing, when the word serveth indifferently, both to the parts of the sentence going before and following after, and is marked thus ( ; ).

A *comma* is a distinction of an *imperfect* sentence, wherein with somewhat a longer breath, the sentence following is included ; and is noted with this shorter semicircle ( , ).

Higher pertaineth a *parenthesis*, wherein two *commas* include a sentence :

Jewel :

*Certain falshoods (by mean of good utterance) have sometimes more likelihood of truth than truth itself.*

Gower, lib. 1 :

*Division (the gospel saith),  
One house upon another laith.*

Chaucer, 3rd book of Fame :

*For time ylost (this know ye)  
By no way may recovered be.*

These imperfect distinctions in the *syntax* of a substantive and an adjective, give the former place to the substantive ;

Ascham :

*Thus the poor gentleman suffered grief ; great for the pain ; but greater for the spite.*

Gower, lib. 2. Speaking of the envious person :

*Though he a man see vertuous,  
And full of good condition ;  
Thereof maketh he no mention.*

The distinction of a *perfect* sentence hath a more full stay, and doth rest the spirit, which is a *pause* or a *period*.

A *pause* is a distinction of a sentence, though perfect in itself, yet joined to another, being marked with two pricks. ( : )

A *period* is the distinction of a sentence, in all respects *perfect*, and is marked with one full prick over against the lower part of the last letter, thus ( . )

If a sentence be with an *interrogation*, we use this note ( ? )

Sir John Cheek :

*Who can persuade, where treason is above reason ; and might ruleth*

*right; and it is had for lawful  
whatsoever is lustful; and commo-  
tioners are better than commis-  
sioners; and common woe is named  
commonwealth?*

Chaucer, 2nd book of Fame:

*Loe, is it not a great mischance,  
To let a fool have governance  
Of things that he cannot demain?*

Lidgate, lib. 1:

*For, if wives be found variable,  
Where shall husbands find other stable?*

If it be pronounced with an admiration,  
then thus (!)

Sir Thomas More:

*O Lord God, the blindness of our  
mortal nature!*

Chaucer, 1st book of Fame:

*Alas! what harm doth apparence,  
When it is false in existence!*

These distinctions (whereof the first is commonly neglected), as they best agree with nature, so come they nearest to the ancient stays of sentences among the Romans and the Grecians. An example of all four, to make the matter plain, let us take out of that excellent oration of Sir John Cheek against the rebels, whereof before we have made so often mention:

*When common order of the law can  
take no place in unruly and dis-  
obedient subjects; and all men will  
of wilfulness resist with rage, and  
think their own violence to be the  
best justice: then be wise magis-  
trates compelled by necessity to seek  
an extreme remedy, where mean  
salves help not, and bring in the  
martial law where none other law  
serveth.*

GIFFORD has taken innumerable liberties with the text of this *Grammar*. In the very few cases where the change, or removal, or insertion, of a word or two, was absolutely necessary, I have allowed his reading to remain: in all others I have silently restored Jonson's own words. To justify my departure in this instance from the intention with which I commenced the printing of these volumes, viz., the reproduction *verbatim et literatim* of Gifford's text, I subjoin in parallel columns two specimens taken from p. 435, *ante*, which will speak for themselves.

## FOLIO, 1640.

## Z

Is a letter often heard amongst us, but seldom seen; borrowed of the Greeks at first, being the same with ζ; and soundeth a double ss. With us it hath obtained another sound, but in the end of words; as

*muse, maze, nose,  
hose, gaze, as.*

Never in the beginning, save with rustic people, that have

*zed, zay, zit, zo, zome,*  
and the like, for  
*said, say, sit, so, some.*

## H

An aspirate merely, and in request only before vowels in the beginning of words,

## GIFFORD, 1816.

## Z

Is a letter often heard among us, but seldom seen; borrowed of the Greeks at first, being the same with ζ; and soundeth in the middle as double ss, though in the end of many English words (where 'tis only properly used) it seems to sound as s; as in *maze, gaze.*

And on the contrary, words writ with s sound like z; as *muse, nose, hose, as.*

Never in the beginning, save in the West country people, that have *zed, zay, zit, zo, zome,* and the like; for *said, say, sit, so, some.*

## H

An aspirate merely, and in request only before vowels in the beginning of words.

and after *x*, where it added a strong spirit which the Welsh retain after many consonants. . . . And though I dare not say she is (as I have heard one call her) the *queen mother of consonants*, yet she is the life and quickening of them.

The Welsh retain it still after many consonants. . . . And though I dare not say she is (as I have heard one call her) the *queen mother of consonants*, yet she is the life and quickening of *c, g, p, s, t, w*; as also *r* when derived from the aspirate Greek *ρ*; as *cheat, ghost, alphabet, shape, that, what, rhapsody*.

Of which more hereafter.

So also with the paragraphs (p. 456 *b*) about *commas* and *subdistinctions*, where, as will be seen below, the practice of the present time was substituted by Gifford for Jonson's peculiar ideas, according to which the *comma* is what is now called the *semicolon*, and a *subdistinction* what is now called a *comma*. This is quite in accord with the other half of this system of marking. As a dot over a period (·) denotes a lesser distinction than the period itself, so a dot over a comma (·) denoted a lesser distinction than the comma itself. When the commentators were burying Shakspeare under their notes, it is curious that this passage of Jonson should have escaped them as an illustration of the line in *Hamlet*—

"And stand a *comma* 'tween their amities."

#### FOLIO, 1640.

These distinctions are either of a *perfect* or *imperfect* sentence. The distinctions of an *imperfect* sentence are two, a *comma*, and a *semicolon*.

A *comma* is a mean breathing, when the word serveth indifferently, both to the parts of the sentence going before and following after, and is marked thus (,).

A *semicolon* is a distinction of an *imperfect* sentence, wherein with somewhat a longer breath, the sentence following is included; and is noted thus (;).

Hither pertaineth a *parenthesis*, wherein two *commas* include a sentence:

#### GIFFORD, 1816.

These distinctions are either of a *perfect* or *imperfect* sentence. The distinctions of an *imperfect* sentence are two, a *subdistinction* and a *comma*.

A *subdistinction* is a mean breathing, when the word serveth indifferently, both to the parts of the sentence going before and following after, and is marked thus (·).

A *comma* is a distinction of an *imperfect* sentence, wherein with somewhat a longer breath, the sentence following is included; and is noted this shorter *semicircle* (·).

Hither pertaineth a *parenthesis*, wherein two *commas* include a sentence:



## Miscellaneous Pieces.

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[By the time that Gifford arrived at the end of the eighth volume of his edition of Jonson (p. 338 of vol. iii. of this reprint) he seems to have got tired of the work, and in many instances made a most capricious use of his materials. This is particularly manifest with regard to the MS. volume, containing the "monumental verses," alluded to in his note (1) p. 354 a. He had evidently at first intended to include these gatherings among the *Underwoods*, as at this particular point there is the greatest confusion in the numbering. There are two pieces numbered xcii. ; two xciii. ; and a jump all at once from xcv. to cvi. At last, by omitting some of the best pieces, and altering and curtailing others, he managed to cram the rest into a note, extending over ten pages. I have ventured to rescue them from this ignominious position, and to add the pieces which Gifford left out, as also three or four more, which have crept to light since his time.—F. C.]

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### BEN JONSON AND WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE.

Jonson's connexion with the family of this distinguished nobleman was close and of long continuance. He has monumental verses on several of its members; those which follow are extracted from the MS. volume in the British Museum.

#### "CHARLES CAVENDISH' TO HIS POSTERITY.

Sons, seek not me among these polished  
stones,  
These only hide part of my flesh and bones,  
Which, did they e'er so neat and proudly  
dwell,  
Will all turn dust, and may not make  
me swell.  
Let such as justly have outlived all praise,  
Trust in the tombs their careful friends do  
raise ;  
I made my Life my monument, and yours.  
Than which there's no material more  
endures,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Cavendish, who thus addresses his children, was the third son of Sir William Cavendish, deservedly known and esteemed as the faithful and confidential servant of Cardinal Wolsey. He died in 1618, and was succeeded in his vast estates by his eldest son, William, the munificent friend and protector of our poet.

Nor yet inscription like it writ but that ;  
And teach your nephews it to emulate :  
It will be matter loud enough to tell  
Not when I died, but how I lived—fare-  
well."

---

#### "EPITAPH ON LADY KATHERINE OGLE.<sup>2</sup>

She was the light (without reflex  
Upon herself) of all her sex,  
The best of women !—Her whole life  
Was the example of a wife,  
Or of a parent, or a friend !  
All circles had their spring and end  
In her, and what could perfect be  
And without angles, IT WAS SHE.—  
All that was solid in the name  
Of virtue ; precious in the frame,  
Or else magnetic in the force,  
Or sweet, or various, in the course ;  
What was proportion, or could be  
By warrant called just symmetry  
In number, measure, or degree  
Of weight or fashion, IT WAS SHE.—  
Her soul possess her flesh's state  
In freehold, not as an inmate,

<sup>2</sup> This lady, the second wife of Sir Charles Cavendish, and mother of the Duke of Newcastle, was the daughter and coheir of Cuthbert, Lord Ogle. She outlived her husband several years, and was declared Baroness Ogle in 1628.

And when the flesh here shut up day,  
 Fame's heat upon the grave did stay,  
 And hourly brooding o'er the same,  
 Keeps warm the spice of her good name,  
 Until the ashes turned be  
 Into a Phoenix—WHICH IS SHE."

Ὁ ζεῖς κατέιδε χρόνιος εἰς τὰς διφθέρας.

'Tis a record in heaven. You that were  
 Her children, and grandchildren, read it  
 here ;

Transmit it to your nephews, friends, allies,  
 Tenants and servants : have they hearts and  
 eyes

To view the truth and own it? Do but look  
 With pause upon it : Make this page your  
 book !

Your book? your volume! Nay, the state  
 and story !

Code, Digests, Pandects of all female glory !  
 Diphthera Jovis.

For this did Katherine Lady Ogle die  
 To gain the crown of Immortality ;  
 Eternity's Great Charter ; which became  
 Her right, by gift and purchase of the  
 Lamb.

Sealed and delivered to her, in the Light  
 Of Angels, and all witnesses of light,  
 Both saints and martyrs, by her loved  
 Lord,

And this a copy is of the Record.

<sup>1</sup> This Jane was the eldest daughter of Lord  
 Ogle, and sister of the lady just mentioned.  
 She married Edward, eighth Earl of Shrews-

### EPITAPH ON THE LADY JANE.

I could begin with that grand form *Here lies*  
 (And bid thee, reader, bring thy weeping  
 eyes

To see who 'tis—) a noble countess, great  
 In blood, in birth, by match and by her  
 state,

Religious, wise, chaste, loving, gracious,  
 good,

And number attributes unto a flood ;

But every table in this church can say

A list of epithets, and praise this way ;

No stone in any wall here but can tell

Such things of every body, and as well—

Nay, they will render one's descent to hit

And Christian name too with a herald's wit.

But I would have thee to know something  
 new,

Not usual in a lady, and yet true,

At least so great a lady—she was wife

But of one husband, and since he left life,

But sorrow she desired no other friend,

And her, she made her inmate, to the end.

To call on sickness still to be her guest,

Whom she with sorrow first did lodge,  
 then feast

Then entertain, and as death's harbinger,

So woo'd at last that he was won to her

Importune wish, and by her loved lord's  
 side

To lay her here, inclosed, his second bride ;

Where, spite of death, next life, for her  
 love's sake

This second marriage will eternal make.<sup>1</sup>

bury (younger brother of the Gilbert so often  
 noticed), and died in 1625, having survived her  
 husband about seven years.

## AN INTERLUDE, &amp;c.

The volume from which the foregoing were taken, contains also an Interlude, never yet noticed by the poet's biographers. It has neither title nor date; but appears to have been written by Jonson for the christening of a son of the Earl of Newcastle, to which the King or the Prince (both seem to have been present) stood godfather. It consists principally of the unrestrained and characteristic tattle of three gossips; and though the language may appear somewhat too free for the present times, yet as a matter of curiosity, I have ventured to subjoin it.

The Scene is the Earl of Newcastle's house, in the Black Friars.

*"At the entrance to the Banquet,*

A FORESTER.

Sir, you are welcome to the forest: you have seen a battle upon a table, now you see a hunting.<sup>1</sup> I know not what the game will prove, but the ground is well clothed with trees. The most of these deer will come to hand—if they take cover, sir, down with the woods, for the hunting is meant to be so royal as trees, dogs, deer, all mean to be a part of the quarry.

*In the Passage.*

DUGGS, wet nurse; KECKS, dry nurse;  
and HOLDBACK, midwife.

Duggs. Are they coming? where? which are the gossips?

Kecks. Peace, here they come all.

Duggs. I'll up and get me a standing behind the arras.

Hold. You'll be thrust there, i'faith, nurse.

Kecks. \*

Hold. No; he with the blue riband, peace!

Kecks. O, sweet gentleman! he a gossip! he were fitter to be a father, i'faith.

Hold. So they were both, an 'twere fortune's good pleasure to send it.

*At the Banquet.*

HOLDBACK enters with the child, DUGGS and KECKS.

Hold. Now heaven multiply your highness and my honourable lord too, and my good lady the countess. I have one word for you all, *Welcome!* which is enough to the wise, and as good as a hundred, you know. This is my day. My lords and my ladies, how like you my boy? is't not a goodly boy? I said his name would be Charles when I looked upon Charles' wain t'other night. He was born under that star—I have given measure, i'faith, he'll prove a pricker by one privy mark that I found about him. Would you had such another, my lord gossips, every one of you, and as like the father. O what a glad woman and a proud should I be to be seen at home with you upon the same occasion!

Duggs. Come, come, never push for it, woman; I know my place. It is before, and I would not have you mistake it.

Kecks. Then belike my place is behind.

Duggs. Be it where it will, I'll appear.

Hold. How now, what's the matter with you two?

Duggs. Why, Mistress Kecks, the dry nurse, strives to have place of me.

Kecks. Yes, Mistress Duggs, I do indeed.

<sup>1</sup> It appears that the table represented a hunting scene in sweetmeats. We cannot easily conceive the enormous sums expended in constructing those banquets. Every object of art or nature was represented in them; and castles and towers and towns were reared of marchpane of a size that would confound the faculties of the confectioners of these degenerate days. The

courtier, like the citizen, was a *most fierce devourer of plums*, and the ships, bulwarks, forests, &c., that were not eaten on the spot, were conveyed into the pockets of the guests, and carried off, without stint and without shame.

\* A short question was probably overlooked by the scribe.

*Hold.* What! afore the Prince! are you so rude and uncivil?

*Kecks.* Why not afore the Prince? (worshipped might he be) I desire no better judge.

*Hold.* No! and my Lord Chancery here? Do you know what you say? Go to, nurse, ha' done, and let the music have their play. You have made a joyful house here, i' faith; the glad lady within in the straw, I hope, has thanked you for her little Carl, the little christian—such a comfortable day as this will even make the father ready to make adventure for another, in my conscience. Sing sweetly, I pray you, an you have a good breast, out with it for my lord's credit.

### SONG.

If now as merry you could be  
As you are welcome here,  
Who wait would have no time to see  
The meanness of the cheer.

But you that deign the place and lord  
So much of bounty and grace,  
Read not the banquet on his board,  
But that within his face.

Where if, by' engaging of his heart  
He yet could set forth more,  
The world would scarce afford a part  
Of such imagined store.

All had been had that could be wished  
Upon so rich a pawn,  
Were it ambrosia to be dished,  
Or nectar to be drawn.

*Duggs.* How, dame! a dry nurse better than a wet nurse?

*Kecks.* Ay. Is not summer better than winter?

*Duggs.* O, you dream of a dry summer.

*Kecks.* And you are so wet, you are the worse again. Do you remember my Lady Kickingup's child, that you gave such a bleach to 'twas never clear since?

*Duggs.* That was my Lady Kickingup's own doing (you dry chip you), and not mine.

*Kecks.* 'Twas yours, Mrs. Wetter—and you shrank in the wetting for't, if you be remembered; for she turned you away, I am sure.—Wet moons, you know, were ever good weed-springers.

*Duggs.* My moon's no wetter than thine, goodly Caudle-maker. You for making of costly caudles, as good a nurse as I!

*Hold.* Why, can I carry no sway nor

stroke among you! Will ye open yourselves thus, and let every one enter into your secrets?—Shall they take it up between you in God's name? Proffer it 'em. I am nobody, I, I know nothing!—I am a midwife of this month! I never held a lady's back till now, you think.

*Duggs.* We never thought so, Mistress Holdback.

*Hold.* Go to, you do think so, upon that point, and say as much in your behaviour. Who, I pray you, provided your places for you? was't not I? When upon the first view of my lady's breasts, and an inspection of what passed from her, with the white wine, and the opal cloud, and my suffumigation.—I told her ladyship at first she was sped, and then upon her pain after drinking the mead and hydromel, I assured her it was so without all peradventure—I know nothing! And this, when my lord was deportunate with me to know my opinion whether it was a boy or a girl that her ladyship went withal, I had not my signs and my prognostics about me—as the goodness of her ladyship's complexion, the coppidness of her belly, on the right side, the lying of it so high in the cabinet, to pronounce it a boy! Nor I could not say and assure upon the difference of the paps, when the right breast grew harder, the nipple red, rising like a strawberry, the milk white and thick, and standing in pearls upon my nail (the glass and the slide-stone); a boy for my money! nor when the milk dissolved not in water, nor scattered, but sunk—a boy still! No, upon the very day of my lady's labour, when the wives came in, I offered no wagers, not the odds, ay, three to one? Having observed the moon the night before, and her ladyship set her right foot foremost, the right pulse beat quicker and stronger, and her right eye grown and sparkling! I assure your lordship I offered to hold master doctor a Discretion it was a boy; and if his doctorship had laid with me and ventured, his worship had lost his discretion.

*Kecks.* Why, mistress, here's nobody calls your skill in question; we know that you can tell when a woman goes with a tympany, the mole, or the mooncalf.

*Hold.* Ay, and whether it be the flesh mole, or the wind mole, or the water mole, I thank God, and our mistress Nature: she is God's chambermaid, and the midwife is hers.—We can examine virginity and frigidity, the sufficiency and capability

of the persons ; by our places we urge all the conclusions. Many a good thing passes through the midwife's hand, many a merry tale by her mouth, many a glad cup through her lips : she is a leader of wives, the lady of light hearts, and the queen of the gossips.

*Kecks.* But what is this to us, Mistress Holdback? the which is the better nurse, the wet or the dry?

*Hold.* Nay, that make an end of between yourselves. I am sure I am dry with talking to you. Give me a cup of hippocras.

*Duggs.* Why, see there now whether dryness be not a defect out of her own mouth, that she is fain to call for moisture to wet her! Does not the infant do so when it would suck? What stills the child when it's dry but the teat?

*Kecks.* But when it is wet, in the blankets, with your superfluities, what quiets it then? It is not the two bottles at the breasts, that when you have emptied you do nothing but drink to fill again, will do it. It is the opening of him, and bathing of him, and the washing and the cleansing, and especially the drying that nourishes the child—clearing his eyes and nostrils, wiping his ears, fashioning his head with stroking it between the hands, clapping a piece of scarlet on his mole, forming his mouth for kissing again he come at age, careful laying his legs and arms straight, and swathing them so justly as his mother's maids may leap at him when he bounces out on his blankets. These are the offices of a nurse!—a true nurse. What beauty would ever behold him hereafter if I now by negligence of binding should either make him cramp-shouldered, crooked-legged, splay-footed, or by careless placing the candle in a light should send him forth into the world with a pair of false eyes! No, 'tis the nurse, and by excellence the dry nurse, that gives him fashionable feet, legs, hands, mouth, eyes, nose, or whatever, in member else, is acceptable to ladies.

*Duggs.* Nay, there you wrong Mistress Holdback, for it is she that gives him measure, I'm sure.

*Hold.* Ay, and I'll justify his measure.

*Duggs.* And what increases that measure, but his milk, his sucking, and his batten-  
ing?

*Kecks.* Yes, and your eating and drinking to get more; your decoctions and caudles, spurgings, bathing, and boxing your breasts;—thou mis-proud creature, I am ashamed of thee!

*Duggs.* How enviously she talks! as if any nearer or nobler office could be done the child than to feed him, or any more necessary and careful than to increase that which is his nutriment, from both which I am truly and principally named his nurse.

*Kecks.* Principally! O the pride of thy paps! Would I were the ague in thy breasts, for thy sake, to bore 'em as full of holes as a cullender—as if there were no nutriment but thy milk, or nothing could nurse a child but sucking! Why, if there were no milk in nature, is there no other food?—How were my lady provided else against your going to men, if the toy should take you, and the corruption of your milk that way?

*Duggs.* How! I go to man, and corrupt my milk, thou dried eel-skin!

*Kecks.* You, mistress wet-eel-by-the-tail, if you have a mind to it. Such a thing has been done.

*Duggs.* I defy thee, I, thou onion-eater! And, now I think on't, my lady shall know of your close diet, your cheese and chibbols, with your fresh tripe and garlick in private,—it makes a sweet perfume i' the nursery! as if you had swallowed surreverence. Ah, the pity such a one should ever come about any good body's child! thou 'lt stifle it with thy breath one of these mornings.

*Kecks.* Indeed you had like to have overlaid it the other night, and prevented its Christendom, if I had not looked unto you when you came so bedewed out of the wine cellar, and so watered your couch, that, to save your credit with my lady next morning, you were glad to lay it upon your innocent bed-fellow, and slander him to his mother how plentifully he had sucked! This was none of your dry feasts now, this was a soaker.

*Hold.* Ay, by my faith, was't; an you overflow so it is even time to stop the breach and pack you both hence—here comes a wise man will tell us another tale.

*Enter a Mathematician.*

'Tis clear, in heaven all good aspects agree  
To bless with wonder this nativity;  
But what needs this so far our star extend  
When here a star shines that doth far transcend  
In all benevolence, and sways more power  
To rule his whole life, than that star his hour?

' I.e. an astrologer.



For in a prince are all things, since they  
all

To him as to their end in nature fall,  
As from him being their fount, all are pro-  
duced,

Heaven's right through his, where'er he  
rules, diffused :

This child then from his bounty shall re-  
ceive,

Judgment in all things, what to take or  
leave ;

Matter to speak, and sharpness to dispute  
Of every action, both the root and fruit,

Truly foreseeing in his each fit deed,  
Wisdom to attempt and spirit to proceed ;

In mirth ingenious he shall be, in game  
He shall gain favour, in things serious,  
fame.

Dissensions shall he shun and peace pur-  
sue,

Friendships, by frailties broke, he shall re-  
new.

Virtue by him shall gain again her youth,  
And joy as much therein as in her truth.

All helpless chances he shall free endure,  
And, perils past, at length survive secure ;

This is the song wherewith his fates are  
full,

That spin his thread out of the whitest  
wool.

### SONG.

A battle, a battle ! O that you had bin  
To ha' seen but the delicate sport is  
within,

And how the two nurses do roar !

The dry-nurse she swears

T' have the wet by the ears

And in fellowship calleth her whore,

And sayeth she will pay her score :

Now the wet-nurse doth water the place,

And while they do jangle

The midwife doth wrangle

And is very near in the same case !

She spurgeth,

She urgeth,

And lays down the law :

They fight

And they bite

And not wave her a straw :

Then off goeth her grave velvet hat,

And up comes her tail

Ay, and rather than fail,

She lets fly at them both with that,

And her drum it goes twiddle-dum-twat :

But they beat her with many a thump ;

And now to assuage

The height of her rage

They are cooling her down at the pump !

*The Watermen of Black Friars are then  
introduced into the Hall, with a*

### SONG.

'They say it is merry when gossips do  
meet,

And more to confirm it, in us you may  
see't,

For we have well tasted the wine in the  
street,

And yet we make shift to stand on our  
feet.

As soon as we heard the Prince would be  
here,

We knew by his coming we should have  
good cheer ;

A boy for my lady !—then every year,  
Cry we—for a girl will afford us but beer.

Now, Luck, we beseech thee that all things  
may stand

With my lady's good liking, that my lord  
takes in hand ;

That still there come gossips the best in the  
land

To make the Black Friars compare with the  
Strand :

That we may say

Another day,

My Lord be thanket

We had such a banquet

At Charles' christening

Was worth the listening,

After a year

And a day, for I fear

We shall not see

The like will be

To sample he,

While working the Thames

Unless't be a James !

## A SONG OF THE MOON.

To the wonders of the Peak  
 I am come to add and speak,  
 Or as some would say to break  
     My mind unto you ;  
 And I swear by all the light  
 At my back I am no sprite,  
 But a very merry wight  
     Priest in to see you.

I had somewhat else to say,  
 But have lost it by the way ;  
 I shall think on't ere't be day :  
     The Moon commends her  
 To the merry beards in hall,  
 Those turn up and those that fall,  
 Morts and mirkins that wag all,  
     Tough, foul, or tender.

And as either news or mirth  
 Rise or fall upon the earth  
 She desires of every birth  
     Some taste to send her :  
 Specially the news of Darby  
 For, if there or peace or war be,  
 To the Peak it is so hard by,  
     She soon will hear it.

If there be a cuckold major  
 That his wife heads for a wager  
 As the standard shall engage her  
     The Moon will hear it ;  
 Though she change as oft as she  
 And of circle be as free,  
 Or her quarters higher be  
     Yet do not fear it.

Or if any strife betide  
 For the breeches with the bride,  
 'Tis but th' next neighbour ride  
     And she is pleased ;  
 Or it be the gossip's hap  
 Each to pawn her husband's cap  
 At Pum Waker's good ale-tap  
     Her mind is eased.  
 Or by chance if in their grease  
 Or their ale, they break the peace,  
 Forfeiting their drinking lease  
 She will not seize it.

## A SONG.

Fresh as the day, and new as are the hours,  
 Our first of fruits, that is the prime of flowers,  
 Bred by your breath on this low bank of ours,  
     Now in a garland by the Graces knit  
 Upon this obelisk, advanced for it,  
 We offer as a circle the most fit,  
 To crown the years, which you begin,  
     great king,  
 And you with them, as father of our spring.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND ABOVE HIS  
 TITLES, ROBERT, EARLE OF SOMER-  
 SET. [SENT TO HIM ON HIS WEDDING-  
 DAY, 1613.]

[These lines, first printed in *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. vol. v. p. 193, were found in the poet's autograph, pasted into the "virtuous Somerset's" own copy of the 1640 folio, headed by the following inscription, "These verses were made by the author of this book, and were delivered to the Earl of Somerset upon his Lordship's wedding-day." Gifford, see *ante*, p. 18, was not aware of the existence of these lines when he says, "it is to Jonson's praise that he took no part in the celebration of this marriage." The allusions to "The Wife" which "thy friend did make," have a terrible significance when the fate of Sir Thomas Overbury is remembered.—F. C.]

They are not those, are present with their  
     face,  
 And clothes, and gifts, that only do thee  
     grace  
 At these thy nuptials ; but whose heart, and  
     thought  
 Do wait upon thee : and their Love not  
     bought.  
 Such wear true Wedding robes, and are true  
     Friends,  
 That bid God give thee joy, and have no  
     ends  
 Wh I do, early, virtuous Somerset,  
 And pray thy joys as lasting be as great.  
 Not only this but every day of thine  
     With the same look, or with a bettershine.  
 May she, whom thou for spouse to-day dost  
     take,  
 Outbee that Wife in worth thy friend did  
     make :

And thou to her that Husband may exalt  
Hymen's amends to make it worth his  
fault.

So be there never discontent, or sorrow,  
To rise with either of you on the mor-  
row.

So be your concord, still, as deep as  
mute;

And every joy in marriage turn a fruit;  
So may those marriage pledges comforts  
prove,

And every birth increase the heat of Love;  
So, in their number, may you never see  
Mortality, till you immortal be.

And when your years rise more than would  
be told

Yet neither of you seem to the other old.  
That all that view you then and late may  
say,

Sure this glad pair were married but this  
day!

BEN JONSON.

AN EPIGRAM TO MY JOVIAL GOOD FRIEND  
MR. ROBERT DOVER, ON HIS GREAT  
INSTAURATION OF HIS HUNTING AND  
DANCING AT COTSWOLD.

[From the *Annalia Dubrensia*, "a collection of encomiastic verses," says Mr. Bolton Corney, "somewhat like those on Sidney, or Bodley, or Camden—composed and published in honour of Mr. Robert Dover, the founder of an annual meeting for rustic sports upon the Cotswold Hills, in the reign of James I. The volume, small 4to, is dated 1636, and contains the effusions of more than thirty poets."—See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. ix. 100.]

I cannot bring my muse to drop *vies*!  
"Twixt Cotswold and the Olympic exer-  
cise,

But I can tell thee, DOVER, how thy games  
Renew the glories of our blessed *JAMES*:

How they do keep alive his memory  
With the glad country and posterity;

How they advance true love and neigh-  
bourhood,

And do both church and commonwealth the  
good

In spite of hypocrites, who are the worst  
Of subjects. Let such envy till they burst.

BEN JONSON.

# PREFIXED TO FARNABY'S JUVENAL.

[Jonson had a high opinion of Farnaby as an editor; see the inscription in a copy of his *Martial*, given in a note, vol. i. p. li.; and also the text at the same place for Farnaby's manly and eloquent recognition of Jonson's own merits.—F. C.]

Temporibus lux magna fuit Juvenalis avitis,  
Moribus, ingeniis, divitiis vitiis,

Tu lux es luci, Farnabi: operisque fugasti  
Temporis et tenebras, ingenii radiis.

Lux tua parva quidem mole est, sed magna  
rigore,

Sensibus et docti pondere judicii.

Macte: tuo scriptores, lectoresque labore  
Per te alii vigeant, per te alii videant.

BEN JONSONIUS.<sup>2</sup>

## A FRAGMENT OF ONE OF THE LOST QUATERNIONS OF EUPHEME.

See *ante*, p. 357.

You worms (my rivals), whiles she was  
alive,

How many thousands were there that did  
strive

To have your freedom? For their sakes  
forbear

Unseemly holes in her soft skin to wear;  
But, if you must (as what worm can ab-  
stain?)

Taste of her tender body, yet refrain,  
With your disordered eatings, to deface her,  
And feed yourselves so as you most may  
grace her.

First, through yon ear-tips see you work a  
pair

Of holes, which as the moist enclosed air  
Turns into water, may the cold drops take  
And in her ears a pair of jewels make.

That done, upon her bosom make your feast,  
Where, on a cross, carve Jesus in her breast.

Have you not yet enough of that soft skin,  
The touch of which in times past might  
have bin

Enough to ransom many a thousand soul  
Captived to love? Then hence your bodies  
soul

A little higher; when I would you have  
This epitaph upon her forehead grave;

Living, she was fair, young, and full of wit;  
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For the meaning of the word "*vies*," see  
Note, vol. i. p. 40a.

<sup>2</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. viii. 195.

<sup>3</sup> From *Notes and Queries* 1st S. iii. 367.

MASTER JONSON'S ANSWER TO MASTER WITHER.<sup>1</sup>

## WITHER.

Shall I wasting in despair  
—Die because a woman's fair,  
Or my cheeks make pale with care  
'Cause another's rosie are?  
Be she fairer than the day  
Or the flowery meads of May,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be blind,  
'Cause I see a woman's kind,  
Or a well disposed nature  
Joined in a comely feature?  
Be she kind, or meeker than  
Turtle dove, or pelican,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues make  
Me to perish for her sake,  
Or her merit's value known  
Make me quite forget my own?  
Be she with that goodness blest,  
That may merit name of best,  
If she seem not so to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too high  
Should I play the fool and die?  
He that bears a noble mind  
If not outward help he find,  
Think what with them he would do  
That without them dares to woo?  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be?

Great, or proud, or kind, or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair,  
If she love me, then believe  
I will die ere she shall grieve:  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can slight and bid her go.  
If she be not fit for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

## JONSON.

Shall I my affections slack  
'Cause I see a woman's black,  
Or myself with care cast down  
'Cause I see a woman's brown?  
Be she blacker than the night  
Or the blackest jet in sight,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how black she be?

Shall my foolish heart be burst  
'Cause I see a woman's curst,  
Or a thwarting hoggish nature  
Joined in as bad a feature?  
Be she curst, or fiercer than  
Brutish beast or savage man,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how curst she be?

Shall a woman's vices make  
Me her vices quite forsake,  
Or her faults to me made known  
Make me think that I have none?  
Be she of the most accurst,  
And deserve the name of worst;  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how bad she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too low  
Shall I therefore let her go?  
He that bears an ample mind  
And with riches can be kind,  
I think how kind a heart he'd have  
If he were some servile slave;  
And if that same mind I see,  
What care I how poor she be?

Poor, or bad, or curst, or black  
I will ne'er the more be slack,  
If she hate me, then believe  
She shall die ere I will grieve.  
If she like me when I woo,  
I can like and love her too;  
If that she be fit for me,  
What care I what others be?

<sup>1</sup>[Dr. Bliss copied this playful and ingenious parody from a "volume of peculiar rarity." A Description of Love, with certain Epigrams, Elegies, and Sonnets, and also Master Johnson's

answer to Master Withers. With the Boy of Ludgate, and The Song of the Beggar. London. 1625.—F. C.]

## TO MY DETRACTOR.

My verses were *commended*, thou dar'st say,  
And *they were very good*; yet thou think'st  
nay;

For thou objectest (as thou hast been told)  
The envied returns of forty pound in gold.  
Fool! do not rate my rhymes: I've found  
thy vice

Is to make cheap the lord, the lines, the  
price.

But howl thou on, I pity thee, poor cur,  
Till thou hast lost thy noise, thy foam, thy  
stir,

To be known what thou art, a blatant  
beast,

By barking against me. Thou look'st at  
least

I now would write on thee! No, wretch;  
thy name

Shall not work out unto it such a fame.

Thou art not worth it. Who will care to  
know

If such a tyke as thou e'er wert or no?

A mongrel cur, thou shouldst stink forth  
and die

Nameless and noisome as thy infamy!

No man will tarry by thee, as he goes,

To ask thy name if he have half his nose,  
But fly thee like the Pest. Walk not the  
street

Out in the dog-days, lest the killer meet

Thy noddle with his club, and dashing  
forth

Thy dirty brains, men smell thy want of  
worth.

[Gifford printed a very imperfect copy of  
these verses, and pronounced them not to  
be Jonson's.—See *ante*, p. 350 *b*.—F. C.]



## Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond.

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[The recovery of these Notes is one of the innumerable services rendered to the literature of his country by Mr. David Laing. I have not the pleasure and honour of his personal acquaintance, but my father always regarded him with genuine affection and respect; and I have inherited the feeling. I extract the following from his introductory remarks to the Shakspeare Society reprint :—

"While examining some of the manuscript collections of Sir Robert Sibbald, a well-known antiquary and physician in Edinburgh, I was agreeably surprised to find in a volume of *Adversaria* what bears very evident marks of being a literal transcript of Drummond's original notes. The volume has no date, but was probably anterior to 1710, when Sibbald was in his seventieth year. It is transcribed with his own hand; and the volume containing it was purchased after his death, with the rest of his MSS., for the Faculty of Advocates, in 1723. He might either have been a personal acquaintance of Sir William Drummond, or have obtained the use of the original papers through his friend, Bishop Sage, who contributed to the publication of Drummond's Works in 1711. At all events, Sir Robert Sibbald was merely an industrious antiquary, with considerable learning and unwearied assiduity, and no doubt copied these Notes on account of the literary information they contained; while his character is a sufficient warrant for the accuracy of the transcript. Conceiving it, therefore, to be a literary document of considerable interest, after communicating it to Sir Walter Scott, and other gentlemen well qualified to judge of its genuineness—and no doubt has ever been expressed on this head—it was communicated to a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries and printed in the *Archæologia Scotica* as a sequel to the Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts."—F. C.]

# Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden.

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## CERTAIN INFORMATION AND MANERS OF BEN JOHNSON'S TO W. DRUMMOND.

### I.

That he had an intention to perfect an Epick Poeme intituled Heroologia, of the Worthies of this Country rowseyd by Fame; and was to dedicate it to his Country: it is all in couplets, for he detesteth all other rimes. Said he had written a Discourse of Poesie both against Campion<sup>1</sup> and Daniel,<sup>2</sup> especially this last, wher he proves couplets to be the bravest sort of verses, especially when they are broken, like Hexameters; and that crosse rimes and stanzaes (because the purpose would lead him beyond 8 lines to conclude) were all forced.

### II.

He recommended to my reading Quintilian (who he said would tell me the faults of my Verses as if he lived with me), and Horace, Plinius Secundus Epistles, Tacitus, Juvenall, Martiall; whose Epigrame *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorum*, &c., he hath translated.<sup>3</sup>

### III.

HIS CENSURE OF THE ENGLISH POETS WAS THIS:

That Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself.

Spenser's stanzaes pleased him not, nor his matter; the meaning of which Allegorie he had delivered in papers to Sir Walter Raughlie.<sup>4</sup>

Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children; but no poet.

That Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, if [he] had performed what he promised to writte (the deeds of all the Worthies) had been excellent: His long verses pleased him not.

That Silvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done; and that he wrote his verses before it, ere he understood to conferr:<sup>5</sup> Nor that of Fairfax his.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "Observations in the Art of English Poesie. By Thomas Campion. Wherein it is demonstratively proved, and by example confirmed, that the English tongue will receive severall kinds of numbers, proper to itself, which are all in this booke set forth, and were never before this time by any man attempted. Printed at London by Richard Field for Andrew Wise. 1602."

<sup>2</sup> Daniel's Reply to Campion was published in 1602 in a volume with the following title: "A Panegyrike Congratulatory delivered to the King's most excellent Majesty at Burleigh Harrington, in Rutlandshire. By Samuel Daniel. Also certaine Epistles, with a Defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now published by the author. *Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.* At London, printed by V. S. for Edward Blount."

<sup>3</sup> This translation was discovered by Mr. Collier at Dulwich. See *ante*, p. 388.

<sup>4</sup> See *post*, xii. p. 478. This communication took place most probably in 1589, when Raleigh visited Spenser at Kilcolman Castle, and listened to the—

"Rude rhymes the which a rustick muse did weave,  
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount."

<sup>5</sup> See Gifford's note on this passage, *ante*, p. 258.

<sup>6</sup> Neither Ben Jonson nor Samuel Johnson have been fortunate in their criticisms on Fairfax's Tasso. James I. is said to have valued it "above all other English poetry."

That the translations of Homer and Virgill in long Alexandrines were but prose.<sup>1</sup>

That [Sir] John Harrington's *Ariosto*, under all translations, was the worst. That when Sir John Harrington desired him to tell the truth of his Epigrammes, he answered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were Narrations, and not Epigrammes.<sup>2</sup>

That Warner, since the King's coming to England, had marred all his Albion's England.<sup>3</sup>

That Donne's Anniversarie was profane and full of blasphemies: that he told Mr. Done, if it had been written of the Virgin Marie it had been something; to which he answered, that he described the Idea of a Woman, and not as she was. That Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging.<sup>4</sup>

That Shakspeer wanted arte.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Chapman's complete "*Iliad*" was first published about 1612, and his "*Odyssey*" about 1614. Keats' noble sonnet, *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*, is familiar to every reader, and (*post*, p. 475), Jonson himself had one passage of the 13th *Iliad* by heart. The translation of Virgil, by Thomas Phaer, Esquire, and Thomas Twyne, Gentleman, is a work of a very inferior order.

<sup>2</sup> This remark is quite in accordance with what Gifford gives (*ante*, p. 225) as Jonson's idea of an Epigram: "a short poem chiefly restricted to one idea, and equally adapted to the delineation and expression of every passion incident to human life." Only it must not be *narrative*. The translation of the "*Orlando Furioso*" was published in 1589.

<sup>3</sup> "*Albion's England* Or Historical Map of the same Island: prosecuted from the Lives, Actes, and Labors, of Saturne, Jupiter, Hercules, and *Aeneas*: Originallies of the Bruton and Englishmen, and occasion of the Brutons their first aryvall in Albion. . . . With Historicall Intermixtures, Invention, and Varietie, profitably, briefly, and pleasantly performed in Verse and Prose, by William Warner. London 1586." The *marring* referred to by Jonson will be found in the edition of 1612, when he added "the most chiefe Alterations and Accidents happening unto and in the happie Raigne of our now most Sovereigne Lord King James. Not barren in Varietie of Inventive and Historicall Intermixtures."

<sup>4</sup> It is impossible to read Donne's "*Anatomic of the World. The first Anniversary*," and "*The Progress of the Soul. The second Anniversary*," without admitting the truth of Jonson's criticism. They were written as Funeral Elegies on Mistress Elizabeth Drury, of whom he says—

"The thoughts of her breast  
Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest;  
As these prerogatives being met in one  
Made her a *Sovereign State*; Religion  
Made her a *Church*; and these two made her *All*.  
She who was all this *All*, and could not fall  
To worse by company (for she was still  
More Antidote than all the word was ill),  
She, she doth leave it, and by Death survive  
All this in Heaven, whither who doth not strive  
The more because she's there," &c. &c.

The Virgin Mary herself is represented in a much less exalted position—

"Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid  
Joy in not being that which men have said.  
Where she is exalted more for being good,  
Than for her interest of Mother-hood."

It happened, singularly enough, that very much the same idea which he had expressed about Mistress Drury was employed on himself "by some unknown friend," who, says Walton, "writ this epitaph with a coal over his grave the next day after his burial"—

"Reader! I am to let thee know  
Donne's body only lies below;  
For, could the grave his soul comprise,  
Earth would be richer than the skies."

With regard to "not keeping of accent," read, or try to read, Donne's "*Lines to Ben Jonson*, 6 Jan., 1603."—*Donne's Works*, 1669, p. 197.

<sup>5</sup> This innocent, and, in one sense, just observation, was, in the 1711 version, removed from its proper place, and prefixed to his subsequent remark (p. 430) about Bohemia; and the words *and sometimes sense* were mischievously interpolated by the compiler to serve as a connecting link between the two remarks.



That **Sharpham, Day, Dicker**, were all rogues; and that **Minshew** was one.<sup>1</sup>

That **Abram Francis**, in his English Hexameters, was a foole.<sup>2</sup>

That next himself, only **Fletcher** and **Chapman** could make a **Mask**.<sup>3</sup>

#### IV.

**HIS JUDGEMENT OF STRANGER POETS WAS:**

That he thought not **Bartas** a Poet, but a Verser, because he wrote not fiction.<sup>4</sup>

He cursed **Petrarch** for redacting verses to Sonnets; which he said were like that **Tirrant's** bed, wher some who where too short were racked, others too long cut short.

That **Guarini**, in his **Pastor Fido**, kept not decorum, in making **Shepherds** speak as well as himself could.<sup>5</sup>

That **Lucan**, taken in parts, was good divided; read altogidder, merited not the name of a Poet.

That **Bonefonius Vigilius Veneris** was excellent.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Edward Sharpham* was the author of *The Fleire*, 1607, and *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607; which last is remarkable as containing a passage of easy cantering prose anticipating the idea about the "prentice hand," so exquisitely employed by Robert Burns in one of his most famous songs. He was a member of the Middle Temple.

<sup>2</sup> *John Day* had been a student of Caius College, Cambridge. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt gives the titles of seven plays, the first of which was published in 1606. *The Bristol Tragedy*, not included in the above, was acted by the Lord Admiral's servants in 1602. There is a contemporary epigram given in the *Biographia Dramatica* which bears out Jonson's character of him. He afterwards (p. 478) calls him a "base fellow."

<sup>3</sup> *Thomas Dekker* was a man of very considerable ability, and a ready and popular writer. When at his best, there is a dance in his words that even now carries a reader along with him. Jonson makes game of him very happily in *The Poetaster*, and Dekker hits him hard in return in his *Satiro-Mastix*.

<sup>4</sup> *John Minshew*, or *Joannes Minshaus*, as he preferred to call himself, is now only remembered as the compiler of the *Ductor in Linguas*, or "Guide into the Tongues, with their agreement and consent one with another, as also their Etymologies, that is, the Reasons and Derivations of all or the most part of words, in these nine languages, viz.—

|                |               |                |
|----------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1. English.    | } 5. Italian. | 6. Spanish.    |
| 2. Low Dutch.  |               | 7. Latine.     |
| 3. High Dutch. |               | 8. Greeke.     |
| 4. French.     |               | 9. Hebrew, &c. |

Which are so laid together (for the helpe of memorie) that any one with ease and facilitie, may not only remember foure, five, or more of these Languages so laid together, but also, by their Etymologies under the name, know the Nature, Propertie, Condition, Effect, Matter, Forme, Fashion, or end of things thereunder contained." The compiler may have been a "rogue," but he has certainly not scamped his work. This old work is perfectly invaluable to any student of Elizabethan literature.

<sup>5</sup> *Abraham Fraunce* was a protégé of Sir Philip Sidney's. He was the author of the "Countess of Pembroke's Joychurch, 1591, 92," and of "The Countess of Pembroke's Enianuel, 1591." Both were written in "English Hexameters." Peele (1593) speaks of him as—

"Our English Fraunce,  
A peerless sweet translator of our time."

Mr. Dyce quotes a couple of his Hexameters—

"Now had fiery Phlegon his dayes revolution ended,  
And his snoring snowt with salt waves all to bewashed."

See Dyce's account of *R. Greene* and his Writings, p. 27.

<sup>6</sup> Jonson has here omitted the name of Francis Beaumont, who, aided only by Sir Francis Bacon, had composed the "Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn," in the year 1613. But Beaumont had died in 1616, and Jonson probably was speaking of living authors only.

<sup>7</sup> Hallam characterizes the best known poem of Du Bartas (*La Semaine*) as a "mass of bad taste and bad writing."

<sup>8</sup> Jonson had previously found the same fault with *The Arcadia*. He was careful to avoid it in his own beautiful fragment of *The Sad Shepherd*.

<sup>9</sup> For a notice of Jean Bonnefon (Bonnefonius), see vol. i. p. 406 b. Hallam speaks of him with contempt, and in particular says that his "Latinity is full of gross and obvious errors;" adding, however, that "he has been thought worthy of several editions, and has met with more favourable judges than myself."

That he told Cardinal de Perron, at his being in France, anno 1613, who shew him his translations of Virgill, that they were naught.<sup>1</sup>

That the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes.<sup>2</sup>

*All this was to no purpose, for he [Jonson] neither doeth understand French nor Italianes.*<sup>3</sup>

V.

He read his translation of that Ode of Horace, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, &c.*, and admired it. Of ane Epigramme of Petronius, *Fæda et brevis est Veneris voluptas*; concluding it was better to lie still and kisse . . .<sup>4</sup>

To me he read the preface of his Arte of Poesie, upon Horace [s] Arte of Poesie, wher he heth ane Apologie of a play of his, St. Bartholomee's Faire: by Criticus is understood Done. Ther is ane Epigramme of Sir Edward Herbert's befor it: the [this] he said he had done in my Lord Aubanie's house ten yeers since, anno 1604.<sup>5</sup>

The most common place of his repetition was a Dialogue pastoral between a Shepherd and a Shepherdesse about singing.<sup>6</sup> Another, Parabostes Pariane with his letter: that Epigramme of Gout;<sup>7</sup> my Lady Bedford's bucke;<sup>8</sup> his verses of drinking, *Drinke to me bot with thyne eyes*;<sup>9</sup> *Swell me a Bowle, &c.*<sup>10</sup> His verses of a Kisse,<sup>11</sup>

"Bot kisse me once and faith I will be gone;  
And I will touch as harmlesse as the bee  
That doeth but taste the flower and flee away."  
\* \* \* \* \*

That is, but half a one:

"What should be done but once, should be done long."

He read a satyre of a Lady come from the Bath;<sup>12</sup> Verses on the Pucelle of the Court, Mistriss Boulstred, whose Epitaph Done made;<sup>13</sup> a Satyre, telling there was no abuses

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal de Perron, says Hallam, was "a man of great natural capacity, a prodigious memory, a vast knowledge of ecclesiastical and profane antiquity, a sharp wit, a pure and eloquent style, and such readiness in dispute that few cared to engage him." As the conversation no doubt took place in Latin, the Cardinal, acute and learned as he was, would find his match in Jonson, who, when he told him that his translations were "naught," only meant that according to his own unrelaxing idea of what a "version" ought to be, paraphrases, however elegant, were worthless and misleading.

<sup>2</sup> Hallam entirely agrees with this dictum of Jonson, for while condemning his other works as at once ridiculously pedantic and barbarous, he adds that his *Odes* "have a spirit and grandeur which show him to have possessed a poetical mind."

<sup>3</sup> See Gifford's note, vol. i. p. xlv. b. I think it far more likely that Jonson conversed with the Cardinal in Latin than in French. Samuel Johnson, a century and a half later, had an excellent book knowledge of French, but when he visited Paris, Boswell tells us he "was generally very resolute in speaking Latin." And Bishop Hall, the great poet, born within a twelvemonth of Jonson, expressly tells us that he conversed in Latin when he was abroad.

<sup>4</sup> For these two translations, see *ante*, pp. 384, 387.

<sup>5</sup> See Gifford's introduction to the *Art of Poetry*, *ante*, p. 367. A difficulty has been started about these dates, but, to my thinking, quite unnecessarily. The specification of "ten years since" does not refer to the date of the conversation, but to the date of the preface, which must have been written in 1614, when *Bartholomew Fair* was produced. For Sir Edward Herbert's "Epigram," see vol. i. p. cix. a.

<sup>6</sup> This must have been "The Musical Strife, a Pastorall Dialogue." See *ante*, p. 284.

<sup>7</sup> "Parabostes Pariane."

<sup>8</sup> "That Epigramme of Gout" is no doubt the Epigram No. cxviii., *On Gout*. See *ante*, p. 253 b.

<sup>9</sup> Epigram No. lxxiv., To Lucy, Countess of Bedford. See *ante*, p. 241 b.

<sup>10</sup> "The Forest," No. ix., *To Ceila*. See *ante*, p. 268 a.

<sup>11</sup> See *The Poetaster*, act iii. sc. 1. Vol. i. p. 223 a.

<sup>12</sup> See "Underwoods," No. vii., *ante*, p. 282 b. The last line has hitherto been printed as prose.

<sup>13</sup> Mr. Laing had not traced these lines.

<sup>14</sup> "Underwoods," No. lxviii., *ante*, p. 328 b. There is bitter personality about these lines, and the hatred would not be lessened when, as we learn (*post*, p. 493), they were stolen from Jonson's pocket and taken to the lady. Donne wrote two Elegies upon her, the latter of which is singularly beautiful, and was evidently written before that which precedes it. (See his Works, 1609, pp. 253, 258.) It seems incredible that Donne's verses and Jonson's should be about the same person. See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, vol. iv. p. 198, for yet another Elegy; but this, although bearing Jonson's initials, cannot possibly have come from the same pen that wrote the former attack.

to write a satyre of, and [in] which he repeateth all the abuses in England and the World. He insisted in that of Martiall's *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiores*.<sup>1</sup>

## VI.

HIS CENSURE OF MY VERSES WAS:<sup>2</sup>

That they were all good, especiallie my Epitaphe of the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme: for a child (sayes he) may writte after the fashion of the Greeks and Latine verses in running; yett that he wished, to please the King, that piece of Forth Feasting had been his owne.

## VII.

He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things:<sup>3</sup> his verses of the Lost Chaine he heth by heart; and that passage of the Calme, *That dust and feathers doe not stirr, all was so quiet*.<sup>4</sup> Affirmeth Donne to have written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old.

Sir Edward [Henry] Wotton's verses of a happie lyfe,<sup>5</sup> he hath by heart; and a

<sup>1</sup> For Jonson's translation of this Epigram, see p. 388 of this volume. It was recovered by Mr. Collier.

<sup>2</sup> It cannot be too often repeated that *Censure* in Jonson's time meant nothing more than *Opinion* or *Judgment* does now. The "Epitaphe of the Prince" must be the "Tears on the death of Mæliades," the anagram of Miles a Deo. It was published in 1613, immediately after the death of Prince Henry, and the "Forth Feasting" in 1617, on the occasion of James paying, "with salmon-like instinct," a visit to Scotland. There is a modest honesty about this entry of Drummond's, sufficient of itself to establish his character.

<sup>3</sup> Any reader who struggles manfully to understand Donne, will certainly endorse Jonson's "censure." When he says afterwards (p. 477) that "Donne from not being understood would perish," he shows that the difficulty of reading him was hardly less in his own time than in ours. Coleridge has, both in rhyme and prose, described his style—

"With Donne, whose Muse on dromedary trots  
Wreathes iron pokers into true-love-knots;  
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, Fancy's maze and clue,  
Wit's forge and fire-blast, Meaning's press and screw!"

"Wonder-exciting vigour, intenseness and peculiarity of thought, using at will the almost boundless stores of a capacious memory, and exercised on subjects where we have no right to expect it—this is the wit of Donne."

<sup>4</sup> "The Lost Chaine" is Elegie xii. at p. 81 of the 1669 edition of his works. Some vigorous and humorous oburgation at the end of this piece is much in Jonson's own style. "The Calm" is at p. 147. Any person who has been becalmed in the Tropics, or voyaged in an iron boat in the Red Sea in the month of September, will acknowledge the extraordinary force and truth of Donne's picture—

"In one place lay  
Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Who live that miracle do multiply  
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.  
If in despite of these we swim, that hath  
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;  
But from the sea unto the ship we turn  
Like parboiled wretches on the coals to burn."

The "Elegie on the Untimely Death of the incomparable Prince Henry" mentioned a few lines below, was first published in 1613. Sir Edward Herbert is better known as Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It would require a subtle critic to distinguish between Donne's natural and simulated "obscurenesse." Isaac Walton goes further than Jonson, and says that most of Donne's pieces were written before he was twenty.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Collier discovered these verses in the handwriting of Ben Jonson among the Alcega papers at Dulwich. He doubtless wrote them from recollection, and as they differ materially from

peice of Chapman's translation of the 13 of the Iliads, which he thinketh well done.<sup>1</sup>

That Done said to him, he wroth that Epitaph on Prince Henry, *Look to me, Faith,* to match Sir Ed: Herbert in obscurenesse.

He hath by heart some verses of Spenser's Calender, about wyne, between Coline and Percy.<sup>2</sup>

the printed copy, they may well find a place in this note. With Jonson, as with the Last Minstrel—

"Each blank in faithless memory void  
The Poet's glowing thought supplied."

"How happy is he borne and taught,  
That serveth not another's will!  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And silly truth his highest skill.

"Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soule is still prepared for death,  
Untied to the world with care  
Of Princes' grace or vulgar breath.

"Who hath his life from humors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neyther flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make accusers great.

"Who envieth none whom chance doth rayse,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How swordes give slighter wounds than prayse,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

"Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertaynes the harmless day  
With a well-chosen booke or friend.

"This man is free from servile bandes  
Of hope to rise or feare to fall;  
Lord of himselfe, though not of landes,  
And having nothing, yet hath all."

COLLIER'S *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, p. 52.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Wotton was the author of the famous definition of an ambassador as a "man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country." This saying came to the ear of James, and gave him mortal offence.

<sup>2</sup> Instead of "Coline and Percy," it should have been "Cuddie and Percie," see Collier's Spenser, vol. i. p. 118. Who cannot fancy he hears Jonson repeating these lines; and "caverned Hawthornden" re-echoing the words?

"Whoever casts to compass wightye prise,  
And thinks to throw out thondring words of threate,  
Let pour in lavish cups and thrifite bits of meate,  
For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wise;  
And when with Wine the brain begins to sweate,  
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not Percie how the rhyme should rage,  
O! if my temples were distaind with wine,  
And girt in gurlonds of wild Yvie twine,  
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,  
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,  
With quaint Bellona in her equipage!"

Mr. Hales, the last biographer of Spenser (Globe edition, 1869), quotes these *Conversations* from the wretched edition of 1711!

## VIII.

The conceit of Donne's Transformation, or *Μετεμψύχωση*,<sup>1</sup> was, that he sought the soule of that apke which Eva pulled, and thereafter made it the soule of a bitch, then of a shee wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the Hereticks from the soule of Cain, and at last left it in the bodie of Calvin: Of this he never wrotte but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highlie, and seeketh to destroy all his poems.

## IX.

That Petronius, Plinius Secundus, Tacitus, spoke best Latine; that Quintiliane's 6, 7, 8, bookes were not only to be read, but altogether digested. Juvenal, Perse, Horace, Martiall, for delight; and so was Pindar. For health, Hippocrates.

Of their Nation, Hooker's Ecclesiasticall historie (whose children are now beggars), for church matters.<sup>2</sup> Selden's Titles of Honour, for Antiquities here; and ane book of the Gods of the Gentiles, whose names are in the Scripture, of Selden's.<sup>3</sup>

Tacitus, he said, wrot the secrets of the Councill and Senate, as Suetonius did those of the Cabinet and Courte.

## X.

For a Heroik poeme, he said, ther was no such ground as King Arthur's fiction; and that S. P. Sidney had ane intention to have transform'd all his Arcadia to the stories of King Arthure.<sup>4</sup>

## XI.

HIS ACQUAINTANCE AND BEHAVIOUR WITH POETS LIVING WITH HIM.  
Daniel was at jealousies with him.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Donne's "Metempsychosis, or Progress of the Soul," bears the date of 16th August, 1601, when Donne was twenty-eight years old. It commences,

"I sing the progress of a deathless soul,  
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controul,  
Placed in most shapes."

The "one sheet" must have held fifty-two stanzas of ten lines each. One of the most striking passages is in condemnation of killing fish. Had Izaak Walton forgotten this when he wrote his *Life*? Jonson (see *Discoveries*, p. 398 a), seems to allude to Donne as one of the persons who gained advancement in their professions by having only "saluted Poetry on the by," instead of having, like himself, "wholly addicted himself to her."

<sup>2</sup> This statement does not at all agree with what Izaak Walton says of Hooker's family. He left four daughters—Alice, Cicely, Jane, and Margaret—all of whom were traced by Walton. Perhaps Jonson merely meant that they were not so well off as such a man's children ought to have been.

<sup>3</sup> Selden's "Titles of Honor," a small quarto, was first published in 1614. It is prefaced by an Epistle from Jonson, which will be found in the "Underwoods" (*ante*, p. 301). His *De Diis Syris*, *Syntagmata Duo*, a history of the Idol deities of the Old Testament, was published in 1617. A copy of it, "with autograph and MS. notes by Ben Jonson," was sold at Bright's sale for 1*l.* 12*s.*

<sup>4</sup> No man ever had a sounder judgment in literary matters than Jonson. Not only did the subject of Arthur attract Spenser and Sidney, but Milton often pondered over it; and

"Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the table round again,  
But that a ribald King and Court  
Bade him toil on to make them sport."

The subject then sunk into the hands of Blackmore, in common with Queen Elizabeth and the Creation. At last in our own day it has been happily taken up by Mr. Tennyson and Lord Lytton.

<sup>5</sup> As Gifford says, "Jonson's disinclination to Daniel broke out rather early." He ridicules him in *Every Man in his Humour*, see vol. i. p. 58 a; and sneers at him in *The Silent Woman*, vol. i. p. 415 b; and again in *The Staple of News*, vol. ii. p. 310 a. See also *The Forest*, vol. iii. p. 272 b, where, speaking of Lucy, Countess of Bedford, he says—

"Tho' she have a better verser got  
(Or Poet, in the Court account), than I,  
And who doth me, though I not him, envy."

Drayton feared him ; and he esteemed not of him.<sup>1</sup>

That Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses.<sup>2</sup>

That Sir John Roe loved him ; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wroth a moral Epistle to him, which began, *That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best. God threateneth Kings, Kings Lords, [as] Lords do us.*<sup>3</sup>

He beat Marston, and took his pistoll from him.<sup>4</sup>

Sir W. Alexander was not half kinde unto him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton.<sup>5</sup>

That Sir R. Aiton loved him dearly.<sup>6</sup>

Nid Field was his schollar, and he had read to him the Satyres of Horace, and some Epigrammes of Martiall.<sup>7</sup>

That Markam (who added his English Arcadia) was not of the number of the Faithfull, i. [e.] Poets, and but a base fellow.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This remark seems to justify the doubt which many men had as to Jonson's real feeling towards Drayton. Jonson himself records the fact in the opening lines of his *Vision on the muses of his friend, Michael Drayton*, prefixed to the second volume of that poet's works in 1627 :

"It hath been questioned, Michael, if I be  
A friend at all ; or, if at all, to thee."

See the *Underwoods*, ante, pp. 291, 293.

<sup>2</sup> This appears altogether to dispose of the assertion of Dryden, that "Beaumont was so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure ; and 'tis thought used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots."

<sup>3</sup> These verses are printed as Donne's at p. 197 of the 1669 edition of his works. "Ushered out" is a mild phrase for what appears actually to have taken place, as Roe urges him to

"Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus  
God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords do us."

The lines are dated 6th January, 1603, that is, Twelfth Night of 1604, the first Christmas which James and his queen had passed in England. The Masque for the occasion was provided by Samuel Daniel, and was called *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*. Is it not just possible that Daniel may have suggested, or at least not interfered to prevent, the summary removal of the author of *The Poetaster*, and have thus given cause to Jonson's repeated assertion as to the envious feelings with which his brother poet regarded him ? The interesting circumstance of Jonson being "thrust out" from the palace, and "threatened" by the Lord Chamberlain, has hitherto, as far as I know, passed unnoticed by the Shakspearian critics. Lord Suffolk, if he was in any way to blame in the matter, must have been quite forgiven before Jonson wrote him the Epigram No. lxvii., ante, p. 238 a.

<sup>4</sup> There must in those days have been a good deal of rough horse-play among the hot-headed, high-spirited young writers of all work, and Jonson's strength and training would give him a great advantage over most of his companions. It is not easy to fix the date of this scuffle, but it was certainly before 1604, when Marston dedicated his *Malcontent* to BENJ. JONSONIO, AMICO SUO CANDIDO ET CORDATO. See vol. i. p. xxiv., xxix.

<sup>5</sup> Sir William Alexander was the author of *Darius, Cræsus, The Alexandrian, and Julius Caesar*—or, as he called them collectively, *The Monarchicke Tragedies*. He is better known as Earl of Stirling, a title which he received from Charles I. Here is further confirmation of the general belief as to Jonson's dislike of Drayton.

<sup>6</sup> "Apart from the other poets, under the tomb of Henry V. is Sir Robert Ayton, secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria [? Anne of Denmark], and ancestor of his modern namesake, the author of *The Lays of the Cavaliers*. He is the first Scottish poet buried here, and claims a place from his being the first in whose verses appears the *Auld Lang Syne*. His bust is by Farelli, from a portrait by Vandyck."—*Dean Stanley's Westminster Abbey*, p. 300.

<sup>7</sup> Nathan Field, "a distinguished player, second perhaps only to Burbage," was born in 1587 in the parish of St. Giles Without, Cripplegate. Jonson pays him a high compliment in *Bartholomew Fair*, see vol. ii. p. 199 a. He did full justice to the poet's tuition, and became well known as a dramatic author.

<sup>8</sup> The work referred to by Jonson is "The English Arcadia. Alluding his beginning from Sir Philip Syndes' ending, 1607." The title-page of a second edition, or of the completion of this continuation, announces it to be "full of various deceptions, and much interchangeable matter of wit." Gervase Markham, however, is only now remembered by his "Maister-Peece, containing all Knowledge belonging to the Smith, Farrier, or Horse-leech." From the extraordinary and ludicrous nature of the remedies, and the pretentiousness of the anatomical cuts, it is one of the most amusing books with which I am acquainted.

That such were Day and Middleton.<sup>1</sup>

That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him.<sup>2</sup>

Overbury was first his friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie.<sup>3</sup>

## XII.

### PARTICULARS OF THE ACTIONS OF OTHER POETS; AND APOTHEGMES.

That the Irish having rob'd Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wyfe escaped; and after, he died for lake of bread in King Street,<sup>4</sup> and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, He was sorrie he had no time to spend them. That in that paper S. W. Roughly had of the Allegories of his Fayrie Queen, by the Blating Beast the Puritans were understood, by the false Duessa the Q. of Scots.

That Southwell was hang'd; yet so he had written that piece of his, the Burning Babe, he would have been content to destroy many of his.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Works of Thomas Middleton were collected by Mr. Dyce and published in five volumes. It is a disputed point whether his *Witches* preceded or followed *Macbeth*; Malone ended by being of the latter opinion, but Gifford was strenuous the other way. Middleton held the office of "Chronologer of the City," and on his death in 1627 was succeeded by Ben Jonson. See note, vol. i. p. lvi.

<sup>2</sup> Jonson was eighteen years younger than Chapman, and three years older than Fletcher. He survived them both.

<sup>3</sup> In Manningham's "Diary" (Cam. Soc. 1868), under date 12th February, 1602—3, is the following entry:—"Ben Johnson, the poet, nowe lives upon one Townesend and scornes the world (*Tho. Overbury*)." Overbury was not more than twenty-two or three at the date of this entry; and although it has an unfriendly air about it, I cannot agree with Mr. Laing that he could have been Jonson's "mortall enimie" at this early date. See Jonson's Epigram upon him (*ante*, p. 252), which in all probability was not written before 1610. See also *post*, p. 478.

<sup>4</sup> All Spenser's biographers have said that he died on the 16th January, 1599; but it is evident, from Chamberlain's letter to Carleton of the 17th of that month, that Saturday the 13th was really the day. Prefixed to the *Faerie Queen* is a "Letter of the Author's to the most noble and valorous Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, expounding his whole intention in the course of the work;" but although Spenser writes it in order that his friend "may as in a handfull gripe at the discourse," it conveys only a portion of the information which must have been conveyed in the longer paper to which Jonson refers.

<sup>5</sup> Robert Southwell was born in 1560, and after being ten times tortured was executed at Tyburn 21st February, 1695. The following copy of the poem which Jonson so much admired is taken from Mr. David Laing's notes to these *Conversations* :—

"As I in hoary Winter's night  
 Stood shivering in the snow,  
 Surprised I was with sudden heat,  
 Which made my heart to glow;  
 And lifting up a fearfull eye  
 To view what fire was near,  
 A pretty Babe, all burning bright,  
 Did in the air appear;  
 Who scorched with excessive heat,  
 Such floods of tears did shed,  
 As though his floods should quench his flames,  
 Which with his tears were bred.  
 Alas! (quoth he), but newly born  
 In fiery heats I fry,  
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts  
 Or feel my fire but I;  
 My faultless breast the furnace is,  
 The fuel wounding thorns:  
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,  
 The ashes shames and scornes;  
 The fuel justice layeth on,  
 And mercy blows the coals,  
 The metal in this furnace wrought  
 Are Men's defiled souls:

Francis Beaumont died ere he was 30 years of age.<sup>1</sup>

Sir John Roe was an infinit spender, and used to say, when he had no more to spende he could die. He died in his armes of the pest, and he [Jonson] furnished his charges 20 lb.; which was given him back.<sup>2</sup>

That Drayton was chalenged for intitling one book *Mortimeriados*.<sup>3</sup>

That S. J. Davies played in ane Epigram on Draton's, who, in a sonnet, concluded his Mistriss might been the Ninth Worthy; and said, he used a phrase like *Dametis* in *Arcadia*, who said, For wit his Mistrisse might be a gyant.<sup>4</sup>

Done's grandfather, on the mother side, was Heywood the Epigramatist. That Done himself, for not being understood, would perish.<sup>5</sup>

For which as now on fire I am  
To work them to their good,  
So will I melt into a bath,  
To wash them in my blood.  
With this he vanished out of sight,  
And swiftly shrunk away,  
And straight I called unto mind  
That this was Christmas Day."

<sup>1</sup> Francis Beaumont was born 1586 (thirteen years after Jonson), and died 1616.

<sup>2</sup> It is much to be regretted that we are not better acquainted with the history of the Roe family. See *ante*, pp. 229, 231, 246, 256. Jonson appears to have been most warmly attached to Sir John, whom he calls *amicus probatissimus*; another, William, he held in the highest esteem; and Sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador to the Court of the Great Mogul, was as worthy to represent England in the East, and played his part as wisely and nobly, as Hastings or Wellesley. The detailed information which he collected on that embassy may still exist in the State Paper Office or the Bodleian Library, and, if discovered, should certainly be printed.

<sup>3</sup> That is, he was found fault with by the pedants of 1596 for styling a poem in "one book" *Mortimeriados*. The *Lamentable civill warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons*. "Grammaticasters," says Drayton, in a subsequent improved edition, "have quarrel'd at the title of *Mortimeriados*, as if it had been a sin against Syntaxis to have inscribed it in the second case. But not their idle reproof hath made me now abstain from fronting it by the name of *Mortimer* at all, but the same better advice which hath caused me to alter the whole." He complied with their murmurs and changed his stanza as well as his title. P.C. 1842.

<sup>4</sup> The Epigram, and the Sonnet that provoked it, are here subjoined. The latter may be much altered from its original form:—

"TO THE CELESTIAL NUMBERS.

"To this our world, to learning and to Heaven,  
Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine,  
One number of the Earth, the other both Divine,  
One woman now makes three odd numbers even,  
Nine orders first of Angels be in Heaven,  
Nine Muses do with Learning still frequent,  
These with the gods are ever resident.  
Nine worthy women to the world were given:  
My worthy One to these Nine Worthies addeth,  
And my fair Muse one Muse unto the Nine,  
And my good Angel (in my soul divine)  
With one more Order these Nine Orders gladdeth:  
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angel, then  
Makes every one of these three Nines a Ten."

"IN DECIMUM.

"Audacious painters have Nine Worthies made,  
But poet Decius, more audacious far,  
Making his mistress march with men of war,  
With title of Tenth Worthy doth her laze:  
Methinks that Gull did use his terms as fit,  
Which termed his Love 'a Giant for her Wit.'"

<sup>5</sup> See the previous note, p. 474, as to Donne's not being "understood." Campbell calls him the "best good-natured man with the worst-natured Muse;" but adds, "Yet there is a beauty of thought which at intervals rises from his chaotic imagination like the form of *Venus smiling on the waters*." Warburton, with characteristic arrogance, has described Donne's Sermons as full of "jingles and play on words;" on which Coleridge remarks, "I have, and that most carefully, read Dr. Donne's sermons, and find none of these jingles. The great art of an orator—to make



That Sir W. Raughley esteemed more of fame than conscience. The best wits of England were employed for making his Historie. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punick warre, which he altered and set in his booke.<sup>1</sup>

S. W. hath written the lyfe of Queen Elizabeth, of which ther is [are] copies extant.

Sir P. Sidney had translated some of the Psalmes, which went abroad under the name of the Countesse of Pembrock.<sup>2</sup>

Marston wrott his Father-in-lawes preachings, and his Father-in-law his Commedies.<sup>3</sup>

Shakespeare, in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, wher ther is no sea neer by some 100 miles.<sup>4</sup>

Daniel wrott Civill Warres, and yett hath not one batle in all his booke.<sup>5</sup>

The Countess of Rutland was nothing inferior to her Father Sir P. Sidney in poesie.<sup>6</sup> Sir Th: Overburie was in love with her, and caused Ben to read his Wyffe to her, which he, with ane excellent grace, did, and praised the author. That the morne thereafter he discorded with Overburie, who would have him to intend a sute that was unlawful. The lines my Lady keep'd in remembrance, *He comes to[o] near who comes to be*

whatever he talks of appear of importance—this, indeed, Donne has effected with consummate skill." With regard to his descent, Walton says that he was born of "good and virtuous parents," and that "by his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England; as also from that worthy and laborious judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged."

<sup>1</sup> It appears from a MS. in the British Museum, quoted by Mr. Tytler, that Raleigh had himself given much attention to "the dominion of the Tyrians and Carthaginians by sea," and the "sea-fights of the Grecians and Carthaginians." Mr. Tytler considered that the vast collections made by Raleigh for his work might yet be recovered. Making every allowance for the receipt of such literary assistance as Jonson refers to, there can be no doubt that the "History of the World" has justly added to Raleigh's renown. Oliver Cromwell told his son Richard to "recreate" himself with it: "It is a Body of History, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of story" (2nd April, 1650). And Dugald Stewart speaks with admiration of certain passages in which the illustrious prisoner had anticipated some of "the soundest logical conclusions of the eighteenth century."

<sup>2</sup> The only form in which these Psalms "went abroad" must have been in MS. copies, as they were certainly not printed till 1823. Walpole only speaks of them as being "said" to be preserved at Wilton. Of the *Arcadia*, even, the first edition was not issued till some years after Sidney's death.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i. p. xlv., where Gifford has satisfactorily identified William Wilkes, Rector of Barford St. Martin, in Wiltshire, and chaplain to King James, as the father-in-law of Marston.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i. p. xlii., for Gifford's note on this passage. Shakespeare copied the blunder from the novel from which he borrowed the story. It is worth while to note that the *Winter's Tale* was not in print when Jonson made this natural and harmless remark.

<sup>5</sup> "The Civill Warres between the Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, corrected and continued by Samuel Daniel, one of the Groomes of his Majesties most honorable Privie Chamber. London, 1609." This was the first complete edition of the work to which Jonson alludes.

<sup>6</sup> Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, had been dead six or seven years when this conversation took place; and Jonson had already published his opinion of her extraordinary poetical talents. See *ante*, p. 240 and p. 271. The mysterious winding up of Drummond's note is too well explained by the following passage in Beaumont's "Elegy":

"As soon as thou couldst apprehend a grief,  
There were enough to meet thee; and the chief  
Blessing of women, marriage, was to thee  
Nought but a sacrament of misery;  
For whom thou hadst, if we may trust to fame,  
Could nothing change about thee but thy name;  
A name which who (that were again to do't)  
Would change without a thousand joys to boot?  
In all things else thou rather led'st a life  
Like a betrothed virgin than a wife."

Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. xi. p. 308.

That shrewd critic and antiquary, C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, pointed out that the line which Lady Rutland kept in remembrance was afterwards appropriated by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It occurs in *The Lady's Resolve*, written on a window soon after her marriage, 1713:

"Let this great maxim be my Virtue's guide;  
In part she is to blame that has been tried;  
*He comes too near that comes to be denied.*"

*denied.* Beaumont wrot that Elegie on the death of the Countess of Rutland; and in effect her husband wanted the half of his. [*sic* in MS.] in his travells.

Owen is a pure pedantique schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the posteriors of litle children; and hath no thinge good in him, his Epigrames being bare narrations.<sup>1</sup>

Chapman hath translated Musaeus, in his verses, like his Homer.<sup>2</sup>

Flesher and Beaumont, ten yeers since, hath written the Faithfull Shipheardesse, a Tragicomedie, well done.<sup>3</sup>

Dyer died unmarried.<sup>4</sup>

Sir P. Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples, and of high blood, and long: that my Lord Lisle, now Earle of Worster, his eldest son, resembleth him.<sup>5</sup>

## XIII.

## OF HIS OWNE LYFE, EDUCATION, BIRTH, ACTIONS.

His Grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it: he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman.<sup>6</sup> His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfeitted; at last turn'd Minister: so he was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous born, a moneth after his father's decease; brought up poorly, putt to school by a friend (his master Cambden); after taken

<sup>1</sup> Hallam says, "Owen's Epigrams, a well-known collection, were published in 1609; unequal enough, they are sometimes neat, and more often witty; but they scarcely aspire to the name of poetry."

<sup>2</sup> This must refer to the *Hero and Leander* commenced by Marlowe, and finished by Chapman. Marlowe's share was the First and Second Book, or Sestiad, and, as I believe, a portion of the Fifth, including the episode of Tirza. "In their time it was supposed that the Musæus who wrote the Greek poem on which these Sestiads were founded was in very deed the ancient Athenian bard whom modern criticism has dismissed from his position as the flesh and blood predecessor of Hesiod and Homer, and fixed in *nubibus* along with Orpheus and other semi-mythological personages." The work of Marlowe and Chapman cannot be called even a paraphrase, and as a translation must have excited Jonson's indignation more than the Homer. He quotes the *Hero and Leander* in *Every Man in his Humour*. See vol. i. p. 39 a.

<sup>3</sup> Beaumont had no share in *The Faithful Shepherdess*. It was first produced about 1610, see vol. ii. p. 510 b, and utterly condemned by

"The wise and many-headed beast that sits  
Upon the life and death of Plays and Wits."

See *ante*, p. 290 b.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Edward Dyer was generally coupled with Sidney in contemporary estimation. He is celebrated by Taylor, the water poet, in a couplet quoted by Mr. Dyce (*Greene's Life*, p. 26):

"Spenser and Shakspeare did in art excell,  
Sir Edward Dyer, Greene, Nash, Daniell."

The reader must be careful to observe that there is a comma after *excell*.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Laing remarks on this passage, "As Jonson was only thirteen at the time of Sidney's death in 1586, and then moved in a very different sphere of life, it is very unlikely that he could have known anything of his personal appearance." But Jonson was born at Charing Cross and educated at Westminster School, and must have known the faces of the principal courtiers who thronged daily to Whitehall, as well as those of his schoolfellows and relations. How, above all, would such a boy as Jonson take note of such a man as the poetical and heroic Philip Sidney; while the circumstances of his death would brand the features for ever on his recollection.

<sup>6</sup> The following note by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, himself a member of a most distinguished border family, close neighbours to Annandale, furnishes the best comment on what Jonson says of his ancestors. See also vol. i. p. viii., note:—

"If Ben's grandfather went, as Jonson supposed, from Annandale to Carlisle, which lies very near it, he must have pronounced and written, if he could write, his name *Johnstone*. I believe there never was a *Johnson* heard of in Annandale or its vicinity; but it was the nest of the *Johnstones*; the lairds of the Lochwood, ancestors of the Marquises of Annandale, were the chiefs of the clan, and this consisted of many considerable clans of the name of Johnstone, the lairds of Wamphray, Sowdean, Lockerby, Greta, &c. I have examined as many of their pedigrees as I possess, in order to ascertain if Benjamin were ever a family name among them, but have not found it in Annandale."

After the Reformation there was a great run upon the Scriptures for Christian names.

from it, and put to ane other craft (*I think was to be a wright or bricklayer*),<sup>1</sup> which he could not endure; then went he to the Low Countries; but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the camps, killed anemie and taken *optima spolia* from him;<sup>2</sup> and since his coming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversarie, which had hurt him in the arme, and whose sword was 10 inches longer than his; for the which he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows.<sup>3</sup> Then took he his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prison. Thereafter he was 12 yeares a Papist.<sup>4</sup>

He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie.<sup>5</sup>

He married a wyfe who was a shrew, yet honest: 5 yeares he had not bedded with her, but remayned with my Lord Aubanie.<sup>6</sup>

In the tyme of his close imprisonment, under Queen Elizabeth, his judges could get nothing of him to all their demands but I and No. They placed two damn'd villains to catch advantage of him, with him, but he was advertised by his keeper: of the Spies he hath ane epigram.<sup>7</sup>

When the King came in England at that tyme the pest was in London, he being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a suord, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who perswaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he could not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manlie shape, and of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The trade, no doubt, was that of a layer of bricks. Peter Levins in his *Manipulus Vocabularum*, A.D. 1570, translates *Wright* by *Faber lignarius*, but *Faber* by itself would have been more accurate.

<sup>2</sup> Jonson refers to his military career with conscious pride in his Epigram *To True Soldiers*, ante, p. 250 b.

<sup>3</sup> See vol. i. p. xiii., and note. Mr. Collier in his *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 50, has printed a letter of Philip Henslowe's to his address, which for the first time revealed the name of Jonson's adversary. "26th of September, 1598.—Sence yow weare with me I have lost one of my company which hurteth me greatly, that is Gabrell, for he is slayen in Hogesden fylldes by the hands of bergemen Jonson, bricklayer; therefore I wold fayne have a littell of your counsell yf I could." Henslowe no doubt adds "bricklayer" to Jonson's name in bitterness of spirit for the loss of Gabriel Spenser, an actor whom he found it difficult to replace. That most inaccurate of all gossipis, Aubrey, made out that the victim was no less a man than Christopher Marlowe, who more than five years before had been laid in his bloody grave at Deptford.

<sup>4</sup> See Gifford's remarks on this conversion, vol. i. p. xiii., and note.

<sup>5</sup> There is some difficulty here, for according to Antony Wood he was not created M.A. of Oxford till the 19th of July, 1619, immediately after his return from Scotland. His words are, "Benjamin Johnson, the father of English poets and poetry, and the most learned and judicious of the comedians, was then actually created Master of Arts in a full House of Convocation." Would it be contrary to University usage to suppose that the degree had already been bestowed upon him in an informal manner? His *Volpone* (12th Feb. 1607-8) is dedicated, "To the most noble and most equal Sisters, the two Famous Universities." See vol. i. p. 333.

<sup>6</sup> Jonson dedicated his *Sejanus* to the "no less noble by virtue than blood, Fame, Lord Aubigny;" and he addressed one of his best "Epistles" to Katherine, his wife. See ante, p. 273. There is also an Epigram (p. 256) commencing—

"Is there a hope that man would thankful be,  
If I should fail in gratitude to thee,  
To whom I am so bound, loved Aubigny?"

<sup>7</sup> The Epigram No. lix. p. 236 a. So much vigilance was required to baffle the ever-renewed plots against the Queen, that the trade of spying became a very flourishing one. The most zealous and daring tools of the Jesuits were found among the converts, such as Jonson then was.

<sup>8</sup> In 1603, the year of Elizabeth's death, 30,578 persons died of the plague in London alone. See ante, p. 233 b, for the Lines which Jonson wrote on this occasion—

"Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;  
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy;  
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay—"

As he was seven years old in 1603, he must have been born in 1596, and if he had an elder sister

He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writting something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily imprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prison among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.<sup>1</sup>

He had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him,<sup>2</sup> wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to venerie. He thought the use of a maide nothing in comparison to the wantoness of a wyfe, and would never have ane other mistress. He said two accidents strange befell him: one, that a man made his own wyfe to court him, whom he enjoyed two yeares ere he knew of it, and one day finding them by chance, was passingly delighted with it; ane other, lay divers tymes with a woman, who shew him all that he wished, except the last act, which she would never agree unto.

S. W. Raulighe sent him governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclyned, among other pastimes (as the setting of the favour of damocells on a cwd-piece), caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was, thereafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawn by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour stretched out, and telling them, that was a more lively image of the Crucifix then any they had: at which sport young Raulighe's mother delighted much (saying, his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it.<sup>3</sup>

He can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them.<sup>4</sup> He with the consent of a friend cousened a lady, with whom he had made ane appointment to meet ane old Astrologer, in the suburbs, which she kepted; and it was himself disguised in a longe gowne and a whyte beard at the light of dimm burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ledder.

Every first day of the new year he had 20lb. sent him from the Earl of Pembrok to buy bookes.<sup>5</sup>

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wyne.<sup>6</sup>

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(see vol. i. p. xiv. and *ante*, p. 229 a) the father must have been married at least as early as 1594, when he was twenty-one years old. Gifford speaks of this piece of the *Conversations*, as one of the "spiteful attempts made by the vile calumniator Drummond to injure Jonson!"

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Collier thinks ("Hist. Dram. Poetry," vol. i. p. 356) that *Eastward Ho!* was acted before the end of 1604. In some few of the printed copies of 1605 there is one passage about the Scots which is omitted in the great majority of the existing copies. But there is not enough point in it to justify its quotation here. Jonson was again in trouble about a play in 1605. On this occasion his fellow prisoner was George Chapman. See his letter to Cecil, vol. i. p. xlix. The old mother producing the paper of "lustie strong poison" before Camden and Selden and Jonson would make a fine subject for a painter.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, note <sup>4</sup>, p. 477.

<sup>3</sup> Raleigh's son Walter accompanied his father on his last fatal expedition, and was slain in an ambush on the banks of the Orinoco on New Year's Day, 1618, in his twenty-third year. He had been matriculated at Corpus so early as 1607, and in his Oxford career had differences with his tutors, in which, as in the present case, he was applauded by his mother and condemned by his father after patient inquiry. It is strange that Mr. Edwards, the author of the latest and best *Life of Raleigh* (2 vols. 8vo, 1868) should have been ignorant of the existence of this note of Drummond's. Among Aubrey's MSS. was a note, said to have been in Izaak Walton's handwriting, in which it is mentioned that Jonson accompanied a son of Raleigh's on his travels, and that they had an angry parting. But Walton was in extreme old age when he wrote the note, and antedated the employment by about twenty years. See Aubrey's *Letters*, &c., vol. iii. p. 416. Gifford was thus misled into a denial of the truth of the tradition. See note, vol. i. p. lxii.

<sup>4</sup> It was hardly necessary to record that the author of *The Alchemist* had studied astrology, or that he disbelieved in the results obtained from it.

<sup>5</sup> A generous deed could not have been performed in a more delicate manner, and Jonson more than repaid it by telling the latest posterity that to be "Pembroke's mother" might be boasted of in the same breath with being "Sidney's sister."

<sup>6</sup> In reference to this statement, Gifford says that "Jonson's feelings were always strong, and

Being at the end of my Lord Salisbury's table with Inigo Jones, and demanded by my Lord, Why he was not glad? My Lord, said he, yow promised I should dine with yow, bot I doe not, for he had none of his meate; he esteemed only that his meate which was of his own dish.<sup>1</sup>

He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination.<sup>2</sup>

Northampton was his mortall enemie for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders: He was called before the Councill for his Sejanus, and accused both of poperie and treason by him.<sup>3</sup>

Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes, *i. [e.] sold them all for necessity.*<sup>4</sup>

He heth a minde to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what thereafter should befall him: for he would not flatter though he saw Death.<sup>5</sup>

At his hither comming, Sr Francis Bacon said to him, He loved not to sie Poesy goe on other feet than poetical Dactylus and Spondaeus.<sup>6</sup>

#### XIV.

##### HIS NARRATIONS OF GREAT ONES.

He never esteemed of a man for the name of a Lord.<sup>7</sup>

Queen Elizabeth never saw her self after she became old in a true glass; they painted her, and sometymes would vermilion her nose. She had allwayes about Christmass evens set dice that threw sixes or five, and she knew not they were other, to make her win and esteame herself fortunate. That she had a membrana on her, which made her incapable of man, though for her delight she tried many. At the comming over of

the energy of his character was impressed upon every act of his life," and that "more wine was drunk at the altar in the poet's day than in ours." But while thus admitting the anecdote to be characteristic both of the man and of the times, he goes on to say that it is "foisted" into the Conversations by Drummond, by whom it was most probably "wantonly invented to discredit" Jonson!

<sup>1</sup> The younger Cecil died May 24, 1612, so that this must have taken place before the quarrel with Inigo, and most probably either in July, 1606, or May, 1607. See the two *Entertainments at Theobalds*, vol. ii. p. 583 and 585. But Jonson, we may well believe, never let an opportunity slip of asserting the dignity of letters.

<sup>2</sup> Jonson was a free liver, and loved generous wines. He seems to be describing sleepless nights during a well earned attack of gout.

<sup>3</sup> *Sejanus his Fall* was "first acted in the yeare 1603, by the King's Maiesties Servants." One of the "principall Tragedians" being "Will. Shakespeare." It was unequivocally condemned by the "multitude":

"Who screwed their scurvy jaws and looked awry,  
Like hissing snakes adjudging it to die,  
When wits of gentry did applaud," &c.

See vol. i. p. 271. As Jonson tells us that the printed copy "is not (in all numbers) the same with that which was acted on the public stage," it is impossible to say what matters of "treason" the original may not have contained. It is impossible not to smile at an accusation of popery coming from Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, the very man against whom Lady Bacon warns her sons Anthony and Francis as "a dangerous intelligencing man, and no doubt a subtle papist inwardly; a very instrument of the Spanish papists." In another place she calls him *subtiliter subdolis*, and a "subtle serpent." He was a son of the Poet Earl of Surrey.

<sup>4</sup> Jonson was thus a *helluo librorum* in a double sense. But besides the occasional selling of books it must always be remembered that no man ever made a better use of them while in his possession, or was more generous in giving them. "I am fully warranted in saying that more valuable books given by individuals to Jonson are yet to be met with than by any person of that age. Scores of them have fallen under my own inspection, and I have heard of abundance of others." Gifford, vol. i. p. li.

<sup>5</sup> The successful clerical careers of Joseph Hall and John Donne were often in Jonson's mind (see *Discoveries, ante*). Besides, his own father had been a "minister."

<sup>6</sup> Alluding of course to Jonson's performing the journey to Scotland on foot. It is delightful to think of the kindly feeling which existed between the Prince of Philosophers and this great poet and scholar.

<sup>7</sup> No man that ever breathed, not even his namesake Samuel, had a more independent spirit than Ben Jonson.

Monsieur, ther was a French chirurgion who took in hand to cut it, yett fear stayed her and his death.<sup>1</sup> King Philip had intention by dispensation of the Pope to have married her.

Sir P. Sidneys Mother, Leicester's sister, after she had the litle pox, never shew herself in Court thereafter bot masked.<sup>2</sup>

The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his Lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; which she, after his returne from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died.<sup>3</sup>

Salisbury never cared for any man longer nor he could make use of him.<sup>4</sup>

My Lord Lisle's daughter, my Lady Wroth, is unworthily married on a jealous husband.<sup>5</sup>

Ben one day being at table with my Lady Rutland, her Husband comming in, accused her that she kept table to poets, of which she wrott a letter to him [Jonson], which he answered. My Lord intercepted the letter, but never chalenged him.<sup>6</sup>

My Lord Chancellor of England wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band, and other Councillours from the pyking of their teeth.<sup>7</sup>

Pembroke and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, The woemen were men's shadowes, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Johnson, he affirmed it true; for which my Lady gave a pennance to prove it in verse: hence his epigram.<sup>8</sup>

Essex wrote that Epistle or preface befor the translation of the last part of Tacitus, which is A. B. The last book the gentleman durst not translate for the evill it contains of the Jewes.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jonson had opportunities, beyond any literary man of his generation, of collecting information regarding the secret history of Elizabeth's Court. This story of the Chirurgion, if true, would account for the Queen's extraordinary conduct to *Monsieur*. See Froude's *History*, *passim*.

<sup>2</sup> This is referred to by Lord Brooke in his Life of Sir Philip Sidney. "The mischance of sickness having cast such a kind of veil over her excellent beauty, she chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time, than come upon the stage of the world with any disparagement."—P. C.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Walter Scott quotes this passage in the Introduction to *Kenilworth*, p. x., and appears to give credit to it. The famous satirical epitaph on the Earl of Leicester is also given in *Kenilworth* (note to Chap. xxiv.) from the MS. copy in the Hawthornden papers. Mr. Laing suggests that it may have been communicated to Drummond by Jonson.

"Here lies a valiant warrior,  
Who never drew a sword;  
Here lies a noble courtier,  
Who never kept his word;  
Here lies the Earle of Leicester,  
Who governed the Estates;  
Whom the Earth could never living love,  
And the just Heaven now hates."

<sup>4</sup> Both Burghley and Salisbury were intensely selfish in their distribution of patronage. Their great kinsman Francis Bacon, in a letter of advice to Buckingham, tells him to "Countenance and encourage and advance able men in all kinds, degrees, and professions. For in the time of the Cecils, the father and the son, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed."

<sup>5</sup> Lady Mary was the daughter of Robert, Earl of Leicester, younger brother of Sir Philip Sidney. Jonson dedicated *The Alchemist* to her (vol. ii. p. 2). See also Epigram ciii. p. 248 b. She was married to Sir Robert Wroth, of Durance, co. Middlesex.

<sup>6</sup> Lady Rutland being unhappy in her marriage, cultivated her hereditary talent for literature, and loved to have men of letters about her. "Chalenged," of course, means "took to task."

<sup>7</sup> The Lord Chancellor during Jonson's visit to Scotland was Francis Bacon. It is interesting to know the action which he employed when "the fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end" (see *Discoveries*, p. 400, *ante*). By the "pyking of their teeth," I think Jonson means that what was mere play to Bacon was serious toil to others.

<sup>8</sup> See the graceful and ingenious song at p. 267 a. Lady Pembroke was eldest daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert Talbot, 7th Earl of Shrewsbury. Clarendon says that Pembroke's domestic life was "most unhappy," for he paid much too dear for his wife's fortune by taking her person into the bargain.

<sup>9</sup> This piece of information is very interesting, for the Epistle or Preface is remarkable in itself, and would not shame any writer even of that age. Here is a brief extract: "In these foure bookes of the storie thou shalt see all the miseries of a torne and declining State: the Empire usurped: the Princes murdered: the people wavering: the souldiers tumultuous: nothing un

The King said Sir P. Sidney was no poet. Neither did he see ever any verses in England to the Scullor's.<sup>1</sup>

It were good that the half of the preachers of England were plain ignorants, for that either in their sermons they flatter, or strive to shew their own eloquence.<sup>2</sup>

## XV.

## HIS OPINION OF VERSES.

That he wrott all his first in prose, for so his Master, Cambden, had learned him.

That verses stood by sense without either colours or accent ; which yett other tymes he denied.<sup>3</sup>

A great many epigrams were ill, because they expressed in the end what should have been understood by what was said. That of S. Joh. Davies, 'Some loved running verses,' *plus mihi complacet.*

He imitated the description of a night from Bonifonius his *Vigiliū Veneris*.<sup>4</sup>

He scorned such verses as could be transposed.

"Wher is the man that never yett did hear  
Of faire Penelope, Uliases Queene?  
Of faire Penelope, Uliases Queene,  
Wher is the man that never yett did hear?"

## XVI.

## OF HIS WORKES.

That the half of his Comedies were not in print.<sup>5</sup>

He hath a pastoral intituled The May Lord.<sup>7</sup> His own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countesse of Bedford's, Mogibell Overberry, the old Countesse of Suffolk and inchan-

---

lawfull to him that hath power, and nothing so unsafe as to be securely innocent." This "last part of Tacitus" was translated by Sir Henry Savile, and was regarded by Jonson in a very different light from the translation of the *Annals* by Richard Greenway (see *post*, p. 491), and the Epigram to Savile, No. xcv. p. 245). In those days of intense religious feeling, when in particular the Old Testament was looked to for the daily rule of life, readers might have been shocked to find the Jews described by the great historian from a pagan point of view. A better reason may have been that this Book V. is a mere fragment.

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the earliest specimens of that "wut" for which, according to Sydney Smith, the countrymen of King James are now distinguished. Had he delivered these opinions seriously, they might have been easily refuted from his own writings. One sonnet of his composition is devoted to the loss which the muses sustained in the death of Sidney; and another "Decifring the Perlyte Poete" might almost be taken as a picture of Jonson himself, and the very opposite therefore of "the Scullor."

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Latimer's sermons would have been discourses after Jonson's own heart.

<sup>3</sup> I see no contradiction here. During the long conversations between the two poets verses of every sort and kind must have come under discussion, and it is easy to understand that while Jonson would, of course, prefer meaning to sound, he would still not admit that good sense alone constituted poetry.

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, p. 472.

<sup>5</sup> These are the opening lines of Sir John Davies' "Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing, judiciously proving the true observation of tune measure, in the Authentically and laudable use of Dauncing. London, 1596." Jonson has another fling at this couplet, see *post*, p. 489.

<sup>6</sup> How much it is to be regretted that Jonson did not mention (or Drummond omit to record) the names of the Comedies written before 1619, and not then in print. *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass* are the only ones known to us, as against at least seven that had been published.

<sup>7</sup> This is the only record left of what, judging by the powers displayed in *The Sad Shepherd*, must have been a delightful poem. Gifford calls Drummond's harmless criticism at the end a "libel which his treacherous friend, whose prudence was almost equal to his malignity, kept to himself, at least while the poet lived!" (See vol. ii. p. 487.) For the sake of this last hit Gifford had reluctantly to give up the notion that Drummond was the person aimed at in the Prologue to *The Sad Shepherd*.

"But here's an heresy of late let fall,  
That mirth by no means fits a Pastoral;  
Such say so who can make none, he presumes:  
Else there's no scene more properly assumes  
The sock."

teress; other names are given to Somerset's Lady, Pembroke, the Countesse of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first storie, Alkin commeth in mending his broken pipe. *Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clownes making mirth and foolish sports.*

He hath intention to writt a fisher or pastorall play, and sett the stage of it in the Lowmond lake.<sup>1</sup>

That Epithalamium that wants a name in his printed Workes was made at the Earl of Essex[s] marriage.<sup>2</sup>

He is to writt his foot Pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discoverie.<sup>3</sup>

In a poem he calleth Edinborough<sup>4</sup>

"The heart of Scotland, Britaines other eye."

A play of his, upon which he was accused, The Divell is ane Ass; according to *Comedia Vetus*, in England the Divell was brought in either with one Vice or other: the play done the Divel caried away the Vice, he brings in the Divel so overcome with the wickedness of this age that thought himself ane Ass. *Παρεργους* is discoursed of the Duke of Drounland: the King desired him to conceal it.<sup>5</sup>

He hath commented and translated Horace[s] Art of Poesie:<sup>6</sup> it is in Dialogue wayes; by Criticus he understandeth Dr. Done. The old book that goes about, The Art of English Poesie, was done 20 yeers since, and kept long in wyrtt as a secret.

He had an intention to have made a play like Plautus[s] Amphitrio, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here again is another opening for deep regret. Jonson evidently fully appreciated Highland scenery, thereby upsetting the theory of Macaulay, that the taste for such matters depended on roads, bridges, snug beds, and good dinners. (See Hist. chap. xiii.) After his return to England he wrote to Drummond for some promised particulars concerning Loch Lomond, in communicating which Drummond added, "a map of Inch Merionach, which may by your book be made most famous." See vol. i. pp. xlvi. xlvii.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. ii. p. 18. The names were given in the original 4to, but in the interval between 1606 and 1616, when the folio was published, events had occurred which rendered this marriage one of the most memorable for shame and guilt of any recorded in history.

<sup>3</sup> See the *Execration upon Vulcan*, ante, p. 321, where in enumerating the works destroyed he mentions—

"Among  
The rest my journey into Scotland sung  
With all the Adventures."

• If this Poem had all been written in the spirit of the single line preserved—

"The heart of Scotland, Britaine's other eye,"

Edinburgh, on the *ex pede Herculeum* principle, may have lost a poetic tribute not second to any that has been paid to her by the most illustrious of her sons.

<sup>5</sup> This is one of the Comedies which Jonson referred as "not in print." The spelling of Divell for Devil is the author's own, and I regret that, in this particular case at least, it was not retained by Gifford. The schemes by which *Meercraft* proposed to raise *Fitzdottrel* to the Dukedom of Drowndland are among the richest scenes in Comedy, but some of the details may have given offence to James, or perhaps have made him apprehensive that they might open the eyes of some of the "woodcocks" who helped to replenish his exchequer. See vol. ii. p. 235, &c.

<sup>6</sup> Jonson's translation of the *Ars Poetica* was accompanied by a vast body of notes, forming a critical commentary in a dialogue form, which, judging from the powers displayed in certain portions of *The Discoveries*, must have been of the very highest value. These all perished in the fire (circa 1693), which destroyed so many of his labours. In his *Execration upon Vulcan*, he places them in the first rank of his losses, and calls them—

"I dare not say a body, but some parts  
There were of search and mastery in the Arts;  
All the old Venusine, in poetry  
And lighted by the Stagyrite, could spy,  
Was there made English."

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Laing here says, "If the spectators were so persuaded they could not possibly relish the play." It is absolutely necessary, however, that the performers should be so much alike as to justify to the audience the confusion on which such a plot turns. In our own times there have been two



## XVII.

## OF HIS JEASTS AND APOTHEGMS.

At what tyme Henry the Fourth turn'd Catholick, Pasquill had in his hand a book, and was asked by Morphorius What it was? he told him, It was gramer. Why doe ye studie gramer, being so old? asked Morphorius. Because, answered he, I have found a positive that hath no superlative, and a superlative that wants a positive: The King of Spain is Rex Catholicus, and is not Catholicissimus; and the French King Christianissimus, yett is not Christianus.

When they drank on him he cited that of Plinie that they had call'd him *Ad prandium, non ad pœnam et notam*.

And said of that Panagyrist who wrott panagyriques in acrostics, windowes crosses, that he was *Homo miserrimæ patientiæ*.

He scorned Anagrams; and ha' ever in his mouth<sup>1</sup>

"Turpe est difficiles amare nugas,  
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum."

A Cook who was of ane evill lyfe, when a minister told him He would to hell; askt, What torment was there? Being answered Fyre. Fire (said he), that is my play-fellow.

A Lord playing at Tennis, and having asked those in the gallerie Whither a strock was Chase or Losse? A Brother of my Lord Northumberland's<sup>2</sup> answered, it was Loss. The Lord demanded If he did say it? I say it, said he, what are yow? I have played your worth! said the Lord. Ye know not the worth of a gentleman! replied the other. And it proved so, for ere he died he was greater than the other. Ane other English Lord losted all his game, if he had seen a face that liked him not he stroke his balls at that gallerie.

Ane Englishman who had maintained Democritus' opinion of atomes, being old, wrott a book to his son (who was not then six years of age), in which he left him arguments to maintain, and answer objections, for all that was in his book; only, if they objected obscuritie against his book, he bid him answer, that his Father, above all names in the world, hated most the name of Lucifer, and all open writers were *Luciferi*.

Butler excommunicat from his table all reporters of long poems, wilfull disputers, tedious discourers: the best banquets were those wher they mistered no musitians to chase tym.

The greatest sport he saw in France was the picture of our Saviour with the Apostles eating the Pascall lamb that was all larded.

At a supper wher a gentlewoman had given him unsavoury wild-foul, and thereafter, to wash, sweet water; he commended her that shee gave him sweet water, because her flesh stinked.

He said to Prince Charles of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted words to express the greatest villaine in the world, he would called him ane Inigo.

Jones having accused him for naming him, behind his back, A foole: he denied it; but, says he, I said, He was ane arrant knave, and I avouch it.<sup>3</sup>

One who fired a Tobacco pipe with a ballet [ballad] the next day having a sore-head, swoare he had a great singing in his head, and he thought it was the ballet: A Poet should detest a Ballet maker.

He saw a picture painted by a bad painter, of Easter, Haman and Assuerus. Haman courting Esther in a bed, after the fashion of ours, was only seen by one leg. Assuerus

brothers of the name of Webb, who so closely resembled each other in voice and appearance that when carefully dressed for the purpose it was impossible to distinguish them. This extraordinary likeness led to the revival of the *Comedy of Errors*, when for perhaps the first and last time the two Dromios were adequately represented.

<sup>1</sup> He may have been quizzing Drummond for his *Meliades*, i.e., Miles a Deo. But he had himself worked in Charles James Stuart as *Claims Arthurs Seate*, see ante, p. 64 a.

<sup>2</sup> I cannot identify this "brother of my Lord Northumberland's."

<sup>3</sup> It is worth while noting that as early as 1619, Jonson repeated these sarcasms against Inigo Jones.

back was turned, with this verse over him, And wilt thou, Haman, be so malicious as to lye with myne own wyfe in myne house?

He himselfe being once so taken, the Goodman said, I would not believe yee would abuse my house so.

In a profound contemplation a student of Oxeford ran over a man in the fields, and walked 12 miles ere he knew what he was doing.

One who wore side hair being asked of ane other who was bald, why he suffered his haire to grow so long, answered, It was to sie if his haire would grow to seed, that he might sow of it on bald pates.<sup>1</sup>

A Painter who could paint nothing but a rose, when ane Innkeeper had advised with him about ane ensing, said, That a horse was a good one, so was a hare, but a rose was above them all.

A little man drinking Prince Henrie's health between two tall fellowes, said, He made up the H.

Sir Henry Wotton, befor his Majesties going to England, being disguised at Leith on Sunday, when all the rest were at church, being interrupted of his occupation by ane other wenche who came in at the door, cryed out, "Pox on thee, for thou hast hindered the procreation of a chyld," and betrayed himself.<sup>2</sup>

A Justice of Peace would have commanded a Captaine to sit first at a table, because, sayes he, I am a Justice of Peace; the other drawing his sword comanded him, for, sayeth he, I am a Justice of War.

What is that, the more yow cut of it, groweth still the longer?—A Ditch.

He used to say, that they who delight to fill men extraordinarie full in their own houses, loved to have their meate againe.

A certain Puritain minister would not give the Communion save unto 13 at once: (imitating, as he thought, our Master.) Now, when they were sett, and one bethinking himself that some of them must represent Judas, that it could not be he returned, and so did all the rest, understanding his thought.

A Gentlewoman fell in such a phantasie or phrensie with one Mr. Dod, a puritan preacher, that she requeested her Husband that, for the procreation of ane Angel or Saint, he might lye with her; which having obtained, it was but ane ordinarie birth.

Scaliger wrintes ane epistle to Casaubone, wher he scorns his [us?] Englishe speaking of Latine, for he thought he had spoken English to him.

A Gentleman reading a poem that began with

"Wher is the man that never yet did hear  
Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene?"

calling his Cook, asked If he had ever heard of her? Who answering, No, demonstrate to him,

"Lo, ther the man that never yet did hear  
Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene!"<sup>3</sup>

A waiting woman having cockered with muskadel and eggs her mistresse page, for a shee meeting in the dark, his mistress invaded; of whom she would of such boldness have a reason. "Faith, Lady (said hee) I have no reason, save that such was the good pleasure of muskadel and eggs."

A Judge comming along a hall, and being stopped by a throng, cried *Dominum cognoscite vestrum*. One of them ther said, They would, if he durst say the beginning of that verse (for he had a fair wyfe): *Acteon ego sum*, cryed he, and went on.

A packet of letters which had fallen over board was devored of a fish that was tane

<sup>1</sup> In *The Staple of News*, vol. ii. p. 308 b, mention is made of—

"A precept for the wearing of long hair,  
To run to seed to sow bald pates withal."

<sup>2</sup> See Isaak Walton's *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* for an account of his being sent by the Grand Duke of Florence on a secret mission to Edinburgh. To avoid England he went by way of Norway.

<sup>3</sup> See note <sup>1</sup>, ante, p. 486.

at Flushing, and the letters were safely delivered to him to whom they were written at London.

He scorned that simplicitie of Cardan about the peeble stone of Dover, which he thought had that vertue, kept betweene one's teeth, as to save him from being sick.

A scholar expert in Latine and Greke, but nothing in the English, said of hott broath that he would make the danger of it: for it could not be ill English that was good Latine, *facere periculum*.

A translatour of the Emperours lyves, translated Antonius Pius, Antonie Pye.<sup>1</sup>

The word Harlott was taken from Arlotte, who was the mother of William the Conquerour; a Rogue from the Latine, Erro, by putting a G to it.<sup>4</sup>

Sr Geslaine Piercy asked the Maior of Plimmouth, Whether it was his own beard or the Town's beard that he came to welcome my Lord with? for, he thought, it was so long that he thought every one of the Town had eked some part to it.

That he stroke at Sr Hierosme Bowes' breast, and asked him If he was within.

An epitaph was made upon one who had a long beard,

"Here lyes a man at a beard's end," &c.<sup>5</sup>

He said to the King, his master, M. G. Buchanan, had corrupted his eare when young, and learned him to sing verses when he sould have read them.<sup>4</sup>

Sr Francis Walsingham said of our King, when he was Ambassadour in Sootland, *Hic nunquam regnabit super nos*.

Of all his Playes he never gained two hundred pounds.

He had oft this verse, though he scorned it:

"So long as we may, let us enjoy this breath,  
For nought doth kill a man so soon as Death."

\* \* \* \* \*

Heywood the Epigrammatist being appparelled in velvet by Queen Mary, with his cap on in the presence, in spite of all the Gentlemen, till the Queen herself asked him what he meant? and then he asked her, If he was Heywood? for she had made him so brave that he almost had misknown himself.<sup>5</sup>

His Impressa was a compass with one foot in center, the other broken, the word, *Deest quod ducet orbem*.<sup>6</sup>

Essex, after his brother's death, Mr. D'Euvreux,<sup>7</sup> in France, at tilt had a black shield void, the word, *Par nulla figura dolori*. Ane other tyme, when the Queen was offended at him, a diamond with its own ashes, with which it is cutt, about it the word, *Dum formas minuis*.

<sup>1</sup> This book is well known. But, after all, why is Antony Pye more absurd than Mark Antony?

<sup>2</sup> This derivation, which passed current long after Jonson's days, is now altogether exploded. The original form of the word is believed to be *korelet*, or little *kore*, as the word was at first spelled, being directly derived from *to hire*. *Rogue* is considered to be the past tense of the Anglo-Saxon verb *wreagan*, to conceal, to cloak.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Laing found this epitaph among the Mawthornden MSS

"At a beard's end here lies a man,  
The odds 'tween them was scarce a span;  
Living, with his wombe it did meet,  
And now, dead, it covers his feet."

<sup>4</sup> The Scotch practice of elocution still leans, I believe, in this direction. Sir Walter Scott's recitation, and nothing could be more effective, was a notable example in point.

<sup>5</sup> John Heywood (d. circ. 1565) was the maternal grandfather of John Donne, the poet and divine (see *ante*, p. 477). He was a friend of Sir Thomas More, and an inflexible Catholic, which, more than his verse, commended him to Queen Mary. On her death he went into exile, a circumstance which, according to Warton, moved the wonder of Anthony Wood, who could not understand how a poet could have so much principle. Had he been compelled to read his works the cause of wonder might have been removed.

<sup>6</sup> The mutual dependence of the legs of a pair of compasses was often in Jonson's mind.

<sup>7</sup> Walter Devereux was slain at the siege of Rouen. "His father," writes Sir E. Brydges, "is said to have originally conceived a higher opinion of his abilities than of those of his elder brother."—*Collins' Peerage*, vol. vi. p. 9, note.

He gave the Prince, *Fax gloria mentis honesta*.<sup>1</sup>

He said to me, that I was too good and simple, and that oft a man's modestie made a fool of his witt.<sup>2</sup>

His armes were three spindles or *rhombi*; his own word about them, *Percunctabor* or *Perscrutator*.<sup>3</sup>

His Epitaph, by a companion written, is,<sup>4</sup>

"Here lyes BENJAMIN JOHNSON dead,  
And hath no more wit than [a] goose in his head;  
That as he was wont, so doth he still,  
Live by his wit, and evermore will."

And other

Here lyes honest Ben,  
That had not a beard on his chen.<sup>5</sup>

#### XVIII.

##### MISCELLANIES.

John Stow had monstrous observations in his Chronicle, and was of his craft a tailor.<sup>6</sup> He and I walking alone, he asked two criples, what they would have to take him to their order.

In his *Sejanus* he hath translated a whole oration of Tacitus: the first four bookes of Tacitus ignorantly done in Englishe.<sup>7</sup>

J. Selden liveth on his owne, is the Law booke of the Judges of England, the bravest man in all languages; his booke "Titles of Honour," written to his chamber-fellow Heyward.<sup>8</sup>

Taylor was sent along here to scorn him.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is the motto of the Nova Scotia Baronets, whose order was instituted in 1625. It was probably given to them by Prince Charles.

<sup>2</sup> Pace William Gifford, there is some evidence, and every presumption that this is a just estimate of Drummond's character.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Laing states here that "Mr. J. P. Collier is in possession of a title page of a copy of the *Diana* of Montemayor, which formerly belonged to Ben Jonson, and upon the title page he has written his name, with the addition of the words *Tanquam Explorator*."

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Laing says, "These lines are also found in the Hawth. MSS., with some verbal alterations, entitled 'B. Johnson, his Epitaph, told to me by himselfe; not made by him.'"

<sup>5</sup> As represented in the best portrait, Jonson had thin black whiskers, and hardly any beard. The jokes previously recorded against beards had, no doubt, been made by way of repartee. In compensation he had a huge fell of jet black hair, which in his younger days must have given great dignity to his manly and thoughtful face.

<sup>6</sup> John Stow was born in 1525, forty-eight years before Jonson. He was also very poor before his death. He seems to have thought that the infirmity of old age and poverty put him on a level with the begging criples.

<sup>7</sup> Jonson's own notes to *Sejanus* prove the whole tragedy to be a mosaic of translations from, and allusions to the great Roman writers, who had described the events or lashed the vices of that time. Mr. Laing is puzzled to reconcile this disparaging remark on the Translation with what Jonson had previously said about Savile in his Epigram (p. 95). But it is evident that he could never have used the words "first four books" with regard to the *History*, when there are only four books altogether. He must have spoken here of the *Annals* of Tacitus, from the "first four books" of which, and not from the *History*, Jonson drew the materials of his *Sejanus*.

<sup>8</sup> The *Titles of Honor*, London, 1614, has a long dedication "To my most beloved Friend and Chamberfellow, Master Edward Heyward." This "bravest man in all languages" reciprocated Jonson's admiration.

<sup>9</sup> Hear what Taylor himself says on this point. "Reader, these Travails of mine into Scotland, were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but onely devised by my selfe, on purpose to make triall of my friends, both in this kingdom of England, and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things, which I had heard of that Country; and whereas many shallow-brained Critiques, doe lay an aspersion on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergoe this project, either in malice or mockage of Master BENJAMIN JOHNSON, I vow by the faith of a Christian that their imaginations are all wide, for he is a Gentleman to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ungratefull, as either to suffer any man's perswasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me to make so bad a requital for so much goodness formerly received."

Jonson indeed seems to have altogether acquitted his friend, the Sculler, from understanding

Cambden wrot that book "Remaines of Bretagne."<sup>1</sup>

Joseph Hall the harbenger to Done's Anniversarie.<sup>2</sup>

The epigram of Martial, *Vir verpium* he vantes to expone.

Lucan, Sidney, Guarini, make every man speak as well as themselves, forgetting decorum, for Dametas sometyms speaks grave sentences.<sup>3</sup> Lucan taken in parts excellent, altogidder naught.

He dissuaded me from Poetrie, for that she had beggered him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant.<sup>4</sup>

Questioned about English, *them, they, those*. *They* is still the nominative, *those* accusative, *them* newter; collective, not *them men*, *them trees*, but *them* by itself referred to many. *Which, who*, be relatives, not *that*. *Flouds, hilles*, he would have masculines.

He was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin, than all the Poets in England, and quintessence their braines.<sup>5</sup>

He made much of that Epistle of Plinius, wher *Ad prandium, non ad notam* is; and that other of Marcellinus, who Plinie made to be removed from the table; and of the grosse turbat.

One wrote one epigram to his father, and vanted he had slain ten, the quantity of *decem* being false. An other answered the epigram, telling that *decem* was false.

S. J. Davies' epigram of the whoores C. compared to a coule.

Of all styles he loved most to be named Honest, and hath of that ane hundred letters so naming him.

He had this oft,—

"Thy flattering picture, Phrenee, is lyke thee  
Only in this, that ye both painted be."<sup>6</sup>

the purposes for which, with some reason, he imagined him to have been "sent" by others; as is evident by his treatment of Taylor when he came across him in Scotland.

"Now the day before I came from Edenborough I went to Leeth, where I found my long approved and assured good friend, Master Benjamin Johnson, at one Master John Stuart's house: I thanke him for his great kindnesse towards me; for at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drinke his health in England; and withall willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends. So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well as I hope never to see him in a worse estate; for he is amongst Noblemen and Gentlemen that knowe his true worth, and their own honours, where with much respective love he is worthily entertained."

Jonson evidently intended that the man who was "sent to scorn him" should have to make a flourishing report of him.

<sup>1</sup> Camden's "Remains concerning Britain" was published in 1605 without the author's name. His great work the *Britannia* had been published in 1586, and passed through eight editions before the end of 1590, during the very year in which he was laying the young Jonson (and the world) under such obligations.

<sup>2</sup> See Donne's *Poems*, ed. 1669, p. 201, where the *Progress of the Soul*, *The Second Anniversary* is prefaced by *The Harbinger to the Progress*. As a satirist Bishop Hall is not excelled by Dryden and Pope, while as a writer of sermons he rivals Jeremy Taylor.

<sup>3</sup> He had already made this remark about the *Arcadia* (*ante*, p. 470).

<sup>4</sup> Jonson's vigorous talents and extraordinary industry would have insured his success in any pursuit, and he had such a passion for letters that we may be sure the pen would have been constantly in his hand whatever his profession might have been. He is a great poet certainly, though not of the highest class, but rather one after Sir Joshua Reynolds' heart, as being the possessor of great general powers forced in a particular direction. I find the following remark in Coleridge's handwriting in the margin of Charles Lamb's copy of the folio Beaumont and Fletcher, and I transcribe it because it seems to be more applicable to Jonson than to the man whose writings suggested it. "A noble subject for the few noble minds capable of treating it would be this. What are the probable, what the possible defects of *Genius*, and of each given sort of *Genius*? and of course what defects are psychologically impossible? This would comprise what semblance of *Genius* can Talent supply? and what *Talent*, united with strong feeling for Poetry, aided by *Taste* and *Judgment*? And how are the effects to be distinguished from those of *Genius*? Lastly, what degree of *Talent* may be produced by an intense desire of the end (ex. gr. to be and to be thought a Poet) without any natural, more than general, aptitude for the means?"

<sup>5</sup> The last part of this remark is somewhat obscure, but there can be little doubt that in the whole line of our poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, Jonson stands unrivalled in this respect. Gifford, indeed—and he was a most competent judge—was of opinion that in the vastness of range of his learning, no Englishman had gone beyond him.

<sup>6</sup> Jonson says in his "Discoveries," *ante*, p. 396, that in his youth he could have "repeated all that he had ever made," and that it so continued till he was past forty. Even in later life he says,

In his merry humor he was wont to name himself *The Poet*.

He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January 1619, in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton, which he minded to take back that farr againe: they were appearing like Coriat's: the first two dayes he was all excoriate.<sup>1</sup>

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.<sup>2</sup>

I have to send him descriptions of Edinbrough, Borrow Lawes, of the Lowmond.<sup>3</sup>

That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drousie, and given Mistress Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure.<sup>4</sup>

# XIX.

He sent to me this Madrigal:

## "ON A LOVERS DUST, MADE SAND FOR ANE HOURE GLASSE."

"Doe but consider this smal dust here running in the glasse  
by atomes moved,  
Could thou believe that this the bodie ever was  
of one that loved?  
And, in his Mistresse flaming playing like the flye,  
turned to cinders by her eye?  
Yes, and in death, as lyfe unblest  
to have it exprest  
Even ashes of Lovers find no rest."

And that which is (as he said) a Picture of himselfe.<sup>5</sup>

"I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with." Donne was one of the chief of his selected friends, and was the author of this epigram. (See his Works, 1669, p. 94). Jonson was forty-six years old when he visited Drummond.

<sup>1</sup> Darnton may be supposed to be Darlington. The name of Tom Coryate must have been a fertile subject of joking. The news of his death at Surat in December, 1617, had most probably not reached Scotland in January, 1619.

<sup>2</sup> Had Jonson's Journals reached us, even "hewen as they were," they would no doubt have thrown a flood of light on the Borders and Southern Highlands at the most interesting period of their history, when the clans in both parts had begun to find that harrying, and lifting, and rebellion were no longer to be recognised as honourable and rather engaging pursuits. Among many other points of resemblance between two very great men, no one has mentioned that Ben Jonson was the first distinguished Englishman who visited the Highlands, as Samuel Johnson was to visit the Hebrides.

<sup>3</sup> Drummond did not forget his promise, as evidenced by a letter of July 1st, 1619.

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, p. 473.

<sup>5</sup> These verses, in an altered form, will be found, *ante*, p. 285. It is proper to repeat here the "cordial, respectful, and affectionate" address with which they were prefaced.

## "To the Honouring Respect

Born

To the Friendship contracted with

The Right Virtuous and Learned

MASTER WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

And the Perpetuating the same by all Offices of

Love Hereafter,

I, Benjamin Jonson,

Whom he hath honoured with the leave to be called his,

Have with my own hand, to satisfy his Request,

Written this imperfect Song,

On a Lover's Dust, made Sand for an

Hour-glass."

<sup>6</sup> See "My Picture left in Scotland," *ante*, p. 286. These were headed with the following brief inscription, which may be regarded as a continuation of the longer one in the last note: "Yes that love when it is at full may admit heaping, receive another, and this a Picture of myselfe."

"I doubt that Love is rather deafe than blinde,  
 For else it could not bee,  
 That shee  
 Whom I adore so much, should so slight mee,  
 And cast my sute behinde !  
 I'm sure my language to her is as sweet,  
 And all my closes meet  
 In numbers of as subtle feete  
 As makes the youngest hee,  
 That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

"O ! but my conscious feares,  
 That flye my thoughts betweene,  
 Prompt mee that shee hath seene  
 My hundred of gray haire,  
 Told six and forty yeares,  
 Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace  
 My mountaine belly, and my rockye face,  
 And all these, through her eies, have stop'd her eares."

January 19, 1619.

*He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.*<sup>1</sup>

*For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.*<sup>2</sup>

*When his play of a Silent Woman was first acted, ther was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the Silent Woman, ther was never one man to say Plaudite to it.*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I have no doubt that Drummond, a valetudinarian and "minor poet," was thoroughly borne down by the superior powers, physical and mental, of Jonson, and heartily glad when he saw the last of his somewhat boisterous and somewhat arrogant guest. The picture drawn by one who thus felt himself "sat upon" at every turn was not likely to be a flattering one, and yet there is nothing in the Conversations to lead us to expect that the portrait given at the end of them would be composed almost entirely of shadows. But may we not suppose that on the 24th of January, 1619, on his way to Leith, Jonson may have passed the night at Hawthornden, and full of the idea of returning home and warmed with the generous liquors, for the abundance and quality of which

"The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye"

has always been famous, have forgotten that he was at the table of a prim Scotch laird, and dreaming himself already in the Apollo or at the Mermaid, given vent to each feeling as it rose, whether vanity, scorn, contempt, ridicule, mistrust, boasting, love of country and friends, passionate kindness, regardlessness of money and gain, eagerness to conquer, and readiness to own himself vanquished. Had Drummond waited till time and distance had mellowed his feelings, he would, I am persuaded, have employed some such terms as I have here substituted for the harsher sounding synonyms actually recorded.

<sup>2</sup> The spirit of toleration and respect for honest difference of religious opinion, which Jonson had arrived at by study and reflection, must have led him to be regarded as a "very Gallico" by the average Scotchman of his age; while his great and various experience of Courts and Courtiers, doubtless caused him to express anything but blind confidence in the large promises and smooth excuses of the Great. What follows about the characteristics of his poetry is quite consistent with what we know to have been his own honest belief, although surely no poet has ever been farther from allowing fancy to master reason. Enough has been already said of his peculiar ideas about translation.

<sup>3</sup> This amusing circumstance was in all likelihood derived from Jonson's own mouth, and at the worst is innocent and probable enough; but Gifford (vol. i. p. 402) must needs say of it, "The story is highly worthy of the hypocrite who picked it up; and not at all discreditable to the loads of malignant trash which the reporter has so industriously heaped together to fling at Jonson!"

# NOMINAL INDEX TO THE "CONVERSATIONS."

AITON, Sir Robert, 477.  
Alexander, Sir William, 477.  
Ariosto, 471.  
Arlotte, mother of William the Conqueror, 490.  
Arthur, King, 476.  
Aubigny, Earl of, 473, 482.

BACON, Sir Francis, 484, 485.  
Bartas, Du, 470, 472.  
Beaumont, Francis, 477, 479, 481, *ib.*  
Bedford, Countess of, 473.  
Bonifonius, 472, 486.  
Boulstred, Mrs., 473, 493.  
Bowes, Sir H., 490.  
Buchanan, George, 490.  
Butlar, 488.

CALVIN, John, 476.  
Camden, William, 481, 482, 483, 486, 492.  
Campion, Thomas, 470.  
Cardan, Jerome, 490.  
Casaubon, Isaac, 489.  
Chapman, George, 472, 475, 478, 481, 483.  
Charles, Prince, 488.  
Clarke, Tom, 493.  
Cotton, Sir Robert, 482.

DANIEL, Samuel, 470, *ib.* ; 476, 480.  
Davies, Sir John, 479, 486, 492.  
Day, John, 472, 478.  
Dekker, Thomas, 472.  
Democritus, 488.  
Devereux, Walter, 490.  
Dod, John, 489.  
Donne, Dr., 471, 473, *ib.* ; 474, 475, 476, 479, 487.  
Drayton, Michael, 470, 477, *ib.* ; 479, *ib.*  
Drummond, William, 474, 491.  
Dyer, Sir Edward, 481.

ELIZABETH, Queen, 482, 484, 490.  
Essex, Earl of, 478, 485, 490.  
Essex, and Earl of, 487.

FAIRFAX, Edward, 470.  
Field, Nathan, 477.  
Fletcher, John, 472, 478, 481.  
France, Abraham, 482.

GUARINI, 472, 492.

HALL, Bishop, 492.

Harington, Sir John, 472.  
Henry VIII., 481.  
Henry IV. of France, 488.  
Henry, Prince, 475, 489.  
Herbert, Sir E. (of Cherbury), 473, 475.  
Heyward, Edward, 491.  
Heywood, John, 490.  
Hippocrates, 476.  
Homer, 471.  
Hooker, Richard, 476.  
Horace, 470, 473, 476, 477, 487.

JAMES I., 486, 487, 490, *ib.*  
Jones, Inigo, 484, 488.  
Jonson, Ben, *passim*.  
—— his father, 481.  
—— grandfather, 481.  
—— mother, 483.  
—— wife, 482.  
—— son, 482.  
Juvenal, 470, 476.

LEICESTER, Earl of, 485.  
—— Countess of, 485.  
Lisle, Lord, 481, 485.  
—— his daughter, 485.  
Lucan, 472, 492.

MARCELLINOS, 492.  
Markham, Gervase, 477.  
Marphorius, 488.  
Marston, John, 477, 480, 483, *ib.*  
Martial, 470, 474, 477, 492.  
Mary, Queen of England, 481, 490.  
Mary, Queen of Scots, 478.  
Middleton, John, 478.  
Minshew, John, 472.  
Monsieur (of France), 485.  
Murray, Sir James, 483.  
Musæus, 481.

NORTHAMPTON, Earl of, 484.  
Northumberland, Earl of, 488.

OVERBURY, Sir Thomas, 478, 480, 486.  
Owen, John, 481.

PASQUIL, 488.  
Pembroke, Earl of, 483, 485, 487.  
—— Countess of, 480, 485.  
Perron, Cardinal de, 473.  
Persius, 476.  
Petarch, 472.

Petronius Arnort, 473, 476.  
Phaer, Thomas, 471.  
Philip II., 485.  
Piercy, Sir G., 490.  
Pindar, 476.  
Plautus, 487.  
Plinius Secundus, 470, 476, 488, 492.  
Plymouth, Mayor of, 490.

QUINTILIAN, 470, 476.

RALEIGH, Sir Walter, 470, 478, 480, 483.  
Raleigh, Lady, 483.  
—— Walter, 483.  
Roc, Sir John, 477, 479.  
Ronsard, 473.  
Rutland, Countess of, 480, 481, 485, 487.

SALISBURY, Earl of, 484, 485.  
Savile, Sir Henry, 486 (*note*).  
Scaliger, Joseph, 489.  
Sculley, The, 486.  
Selden, John, 476, 483, 491.  
Shakespeare, William, 471, 480.  
Sharpam, Edward, 472.  
Silvester, Joshua, 470.  
Sidney, Sir Philip, 470, 476, 480, *ib.* ; 481, 486, 492.  
Sidney, Lady, 485.  
Somerset, Earl of, 487.  
—— Countess of, 487.  
Southwell, Robert, 478.  
Spencer, Gabriel, 482.  
Spenser, Edmund, 470, 473, 478.  
Stirling, Earl of, 477.  
Stow, John, 491.  
Suetonius, 476.  
Suffolk, Lord, 477.  
—— Lady, 486.

TACITUS, 470, 476 ; *ib.* 485, 492.  
Tasso, 470.  
Taylor, John, 486, 491.  
Twyné, Thomas, 471.

VIRGIL, 471, 473.

WALSINGHAM, Sir Francis, 490.  
Warner, William, 471.  
Wilkes, Rev. William, 480.  
Worcester, Earl of, 481.  
Wotton, Sir Henry, 474, 489.  
Wroth, Lady Mary, 485, 487.  
—— Sir Robert, 485.



# Jonsonus Virbius : or, the Memory of Ben Jonson.

REVIVED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE MUSES.

MDCXXXVIII.

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## THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

It is now about six months<sup>1</sup> since the most learned and judicious poet, B. JONSON, became a subject for these Elegies. The time interjected between his death and the publishing of these, shows that so great an argument ought to be considered, before handled ; not that the Gentlemen's affections were less ready to grieve, but their judgments to write. At length the loose papers were consigned to the hands of a Gentleman,<sup>2</sup> who truly honoured him (for he knew why he did so). To his care you are beholding that they are now made yours. And he was willing to let you know the value of what you have lost, that you might the better recommend what you have left of him, to your posterity.

Farewell.

E. P.

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<sup>1</sup> *It is now about six months.* Jonson died on the sixth of August, 1637 ; the Poems must therefore have appeared about the beginning of March, 1638. [Here and in the Memoir (vol. i. p. lix.), the date of Jonson's death seems to have been altered from the Old Style to the New.—Sir Edward Walker, Garter, has left the following record of the fact—"Thursday, 17 August. Died at Westminster, Mr. Benjamin Johnson, the most famous, accurate, and learned poet of our age, especially in the English tongue, having left behind him many rare pieces, which have sufficiently demonstrated to the world his worth. He was buried the next day following, being accompanied to his grave with all or the greatest part of the nobility and gentry then in the towne."—(*Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vi. 405.)—F. C.]

<sup>2</sup> This "gentleman," we find in Howell's Letters, was Dr. Bryan Duppa, Bishop of Winchester. Nor was the present collection of tributary offerings the only praise of this excellent man. The patron of learning when learning was proscribed,—for the greater part of what is beautiful and useful in the writings of Mayne, Cartwright, and many others, religion and literature are indebted to the fostering protection of Doctor Bryan Duppa. He was born at Greenwich, 10th March, 1588, admitted of Christ Church Oxford, from Westminster School, in May, 1605. After passing through various honourable situations in the University and at Court, he was successively consecrated Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester, and died at his favourite residence, at Richmond, the 26th March, 1662. Charles II. visited him on his deathbed, and begged his blessing on his benedicted knees.

There is great pleasure in opposing these honourable and liberal proofs of the good understanding which subsisted between contemporary poets to the slight and imperfect premises from which dramatic editors have laboured to deduce proofs of most opposite and disgraceful feelings.—GILCHRIST.

AN EGLOGUE  
ON THE DEATH OF BEN JONSON.

BETWEEN MELIBÆUS AND HYLAS.

MELIBÆUS.

Hylas, the clear day boasts a glorious sun,  
Our troop is ready, and our time is come:  
That fox who hath so long our lambs de-  
stroyed,

And daily in his prosperous rapine joyed,  
Is earthed not far from hence; old *Ægon's*  
son,

Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,  
In part the sport, in part revenge desire,  
And both thy tarrier and thy aid require.  
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we  
stayed,

The prey-devourer had our prey been made:

*Hyl.* Oh! Melibæus, now I list not hunt,  
Nor have that vigour as before I wont;  
My presence will afford them no relief,  
That beast I strive to chase is only grief.

*Mel.* What mean thy folded arms, thy  
downcast eyes,

Tears which so fast descend, and sighs  
which rise?

What mean thy words, which so distracted  
fall

As all thy joys had now one funeral?

Cause for such grief, can our retirements  
yield?

That follows courts, but stoops not to the  
field.

Hath thy stern step-dame to thy sire re-  
vealed

Some youthful act, which thou couldst  
wish concealed?

Part of thy herd hath some close thief con-  
veyed

From open pastures to a darker shade?

Part of thy flock hath some fierce torrent  
drowned?

Thy harvest failed, or Amarillis frowned?

*Hyl.* Nor love nor anger, accident nor  
thief,

Hath raised the waves of my unbounded  
grief;

To cure this cause, I would provoke the ire  
Of my fierce step-dame or severer sire,

Give all my herds, fields, flocks, and all  
the grace

That ever shone in Amarillis' face.

Alas, that bard, that glorious bard is dead,  
Who, when I whilom cities visited,

Hath made them seem but hours, which  
were full days,

Whilst he vouchsafed me his harmonious  
lays:

And when he lived, I thought the country  
then

A torture, and no mansion, but a den.

*Mel.* JONSON you mean, unless I much  
do err,

I know the person by the character.

*Hyl.* You guess aright, it is too truly so,  
From no less spring could all these rivers  
flow.

*Mel.* Ah, Hylas! then thy grief I cannot  
call

A passion, when the ground is rational.

I now excuse thy tears and sighs, though  
those

To deluges, and these to tempests rose:

Her great instructor gone, I know the age  
No less laments than doth the widowed  
stage,

And only vice and folly now are glad,  
Our gods are troubled, and our prince is  
sad:

Iie chiefly who bestows light, health, and  
art,

Feels this sharp grief pierce his immorta  
heart,

Iie his neglected lyre away hath thrown,

And wept a larger, nobler Helicon,  
To find his herbs, which to his wish pre-  
vail,

For the less love should his own favourite  
fail:

So moaned himself when Daphne he  
adored,

That arts, relieving all, should fail their  
lord.

*Hyl.* But say, from whence in thee this  
knowledge springs,

Of what his favour was with gods and  
kings.

*Mel.* Dorus, who long had known  
books, men, and towns,

At last the honour of our woods and  
downs,

Had often heard his songs, was often fired  
With their enchanting power, ere he re-  
tired,

And ere himself to our still groves he  
brought,

To meditate on what his muse had taught:

Here all his joy was to revolve alone,  
All that her music to his soul had shown,

Or in all meetings to divert the stream  
Of our discourse; and make his friend his  
theme,

And praising works which that rare loom  
hath weaved,

Impart that pleasure which he had received.

So in sweet notes (which did all tunes  
 excell,  
 But what he praised) I oft have heard him  
 tell  
 Of his rare pen, what was the use and  
 price,  
 The bays of virtue and the scourge of  
 vice :  
 How the rich ignorant he valued least,  
 Nor for the trappings would esteem the  
 beast ;  
 But did our youth to noble actions raise,  
 Hoping the meed of his immortal praise :  
 How bright and soon his Muse's morning  
 shone,  
 Her noon how lasting, and her evening  
 none.  
 How speech exceeds not dumbness, nor  
 verse prose,  
 More than his verse the low rough tunes  
 of those,  
 (For such, his seen, they seemed,) who  
 highest reared,  
 Possess Parnassus ere his power appeared.  
 Nor shall another pen his fame dissolve,  
 Till we this doubtful problem can resolve,  
 Which in his works we most transcendent  
 see,  
 Wit, judgment, learning, art, or industry ;  
 Which *will* is never, so all jointly flow,  
 And each doth to an equal torrent grow :  
 His learning such, no author old nor new,  
 Escaped his reading that deserved his view,  
 And such his judgment, so exact his test,  
 Of what was best in books, as what books  
 best,  
 That had he joined those notes his labours  
 took,  
 From each most praised and praise-de-  
 serving book,  
 And could the world of that choice trea-  
 sure boast,  
 It need not care though all the rest were  
 lost :  
 And such his wit, he writ past what he  
 quotes,  
 And his productions far exceed his notes.  
 So in his works where aught inserted  
 grows,  
 The noblest of the plants engrafted shows,  
 That his adopted children equal not,  
 The generous issue his own brain begot :  
 So great his art, that much which he did  
 write,  
 Gave the wise wonder, and the crowd de-  
 light,  
 Each sort as well as sex admired his wit.  
 The he's and she's, the boxes and the  
 pit ;

And who less liked within, did rather  
 choose,  
 To tax their judgments than suspect his  
 inuse.  
 How no spectator his chaste stage could  
 call  
 The cause of any crime of his, but all  
 With thoughts and wills purged and  
 amended rise,  
 From th' ethic lectures of his comedies,  
 Where the spectators act, and the shamed  
 age  
 Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage ;  
 Where each man finds some light he never  
 sought,  
 And leaves behind some vanity he brought ;  
 Whose politics no less the minds direct,  
 Than these the manners, nor with less  
 effect,  
 When his Majestic Tragedies relate  
 All the disorders of a tottering state,  
 All the distempers which on kingdoms fall,  
 When ease, and wealth, and vice are  
 general,  
 And yet the minds against all fear assure,  
 And telling the disease, prescribe the cure :  
 Where, as he tells what subtle ways, what  
 friends,  
 (Seeking their wicked and their wished-for  
 ends)  
 Ambitious and luxurious persons prove,  
 Whom vast desires, or mighty wants do  
 move,  
 The general frame to sap and undermine,  
 In proud Sejanus, and bold Catiline ;  
 So in his vigilant Prince and Consul's parts,  
 He shews the wiser and the nobler arts,  
 By which a state may be unhurt upheld,  
 And all those works destroyed, which hell  
 would build.  
 Who (not like those who with small praise  
 had writ,  
 Had they not called in judgment to their  
 wit)  
 Used not a tutoring hand his to direct,  
 But was sole workman and sole architect.  
 And sure by what my friend did daily tell,  
 If he but acted his own part as well  
 As he writ those of others, he may boast,  
 The happy fields hold not a happier ghost.  
*Hyl.* Strangers will think this strange,  
 yet he (dear youth)  
 Where most he past belief, fell short of  
 truth :  
 Say on, what more he said, this gives relief,  
 And though it raise my cause, it bates my  
 grief,  
 Since fates decreed him now no longer lived,  
 I joy to hear him by thy friend revived.

*Mel.* More he would say, and better  
 (but I spoil  
 His smother words with my unpolished  
 style),  
 And having told what pitch his worth  
 attained,  
 He then would tell us what reward it  
 gained :  
 How in an ignorant, and learned age he  
 swayed,  
 (Of which the first he found, the second  
 made)  
 How he, when he could know it, reaped  
 his fame,  
 And long out-lived the envy of his name :  
 To him how dally flocked, what reverence  
 gave,  
 All that had wit, or would be thought to  
 have,  
 Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,  
 That to his ashes they can pay no more,  
 Except those few who censuring, thought  
 not so,  
 But aimed at glory from so great a foe :  
 How the wise too, did with mere wits  
 agree,  
 As Pembroke, Portland, and grave Au-  
 bigny ;  
 Nor thought the rigidest senator a shame,  
 To contribute to so deserved a fame :  
 How great Eliza, the retreat of those  
 Who, weak and injured, her protection  
 chose,  
 Her subjects' joy, the strength of her allies,  
 The fear and wonder of her enemies,  
 With her judicious favours did infuse  
 Courage and strength into his younger  
 muse.  
 How learned James, whose praise no end  
 shall find  
 (But still enjoy a fame pure like his mind),  
 Who favoured quiet and the arts of peace,  
 (Which in his halcyon days found large  
 encrease)  
 Friend to the humblest if deserving swain,  
 Who was himself a part of Phœbus' train,  
 Declared great JONSON worthingest to receive  
 The garland which the Muses' hands did  
 weave ;  
 And though his bounty did sustain his  
 days,  
 Gave a more welcome pension in his praise.  
 How mighty Charles amidst that weighty  
 care,  
 In which three kingdoms as their blessing  
 share,  
 Whom as it tends with ever watchful eyes,  
 That neither power may force, nor art  
 surprise,

So bounded by no shore, grasps all the  
 main,  
 And far as Neptune claims, extends his  
 reign ;  
 Found still some time to hear and to ad-  
 mire,  
 The happy sounds of his harmonious lyre,  
 And oft hath left his bright exalted throne,  
 And to his Muse's feet combined his own :<sup>1</sup>  
 As did his Queen, whose person so disclosed  
 A brighter nymph than any part imposed,  
 When she did join, by an harmonious choice,  
 Her graceful motions to his powerful voice :  
 How above all the rest was Phœbus fired  
 With love of arts, which he himself inspired,  
 Nor oftener by his light our sense was  
 cheered,  
 Than he in person to his sight appeared,  
 Nor did he write a line but to supply,  
 With sacred flame the radiant god was by.  
*Hyl.* Though none I ever heard this last  
 rehearse,  
 I saw as much when I did see his verse.  
*Mel.* Since he, when living, could such  
 honours have,  
 What now will piety pay to his grave ?  
 Shall of the rich (whose lives were low and  
 vile,  
 And scarce deserved a grave, much less a  
 pile)  
 The monuments possess an ample room,  
 And such a wonder lie without a tomb ?  
 Raise thou him one in verse, and there re-  
 late  
 His worth, thy grief, and our deplored  
 state ;  
 His great perfections our great loss recite,  
 And let them merely weep who cannot write.  
*Hyl.* I like thy saying, but oppose thy  
 choice ;  
 So great a task as this requires a voice  
 Which must be heard, and listened to, by all,  
 And Fame's own trumpet but appears too  
 small.  
 Then for my slender reed to sound his name,  
 Would more my folly than his praise pro-  
 claim,  
 And when you wish my weakness sing his  
 worth,  
 You charge a mouse to bring a mountain  
 forth.  
 I am by nature formed, by woes made, dull,  
 My head is emptier than my heart is full ;  
 Grief doth my brain impair, as tears supply,  
 Which makes my face so moist, my pen so  
 dry.

<sup>1</sup> In his Masques.—*Old Copy.*

Nor should this work proceed from woods  
and downs,

But from the academies, courts, and towns;  
Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew, and Maine,  
Godolphin, Waller, that inspired train,  
Or whose rare pen beside deserves the grace,  
Or of an equal, or a neighbouring place,  
Answer thy wish, for none so fit appears,  
To raise his tomb, as who are left his heirs:  
Yet for this cause no labour need be spent,  
Writing his works, he built his monument.

*Mel.* If to obey in this thy pen be loth,  
It will not seem thy weakness, but thy sloth:  
Our towns prest by our foes invading might,  
Our ancient druids and young virgins fight,  
Employing feeble limbs to the best use;  
So JONSON dead, no pen should plead excuse.

For Elegies, how! all who cannot sing,  
For tombs bring turf, who cannot marble bring,

Let all their forces mix, join verse to rhyme,  
To save his fame from that invader, Time:  
Whose power, though his alone may well restrain,

Yet to so wished an end, no care is vain;  
And Time, like what our brooks act in our sight,

Oft sinks the weighty, and upholds the light.  
Besides, to this, thy pains I strive to move  
Less to express his glory than thy love:  
Not long before his death, our woods he meant

To visit, and descend from Thames to  
Trent,

Mete with thy elegy his pastoral,  
And rise as much as he vouchsafed to fall.  
Suppose it chance no other pen to join  
In this attempt, and the whole work be thine?—

When the fierce fire the rash boy kindled,  
reigned,

The whole world suffered; earth alone  
complained.

Suppose that many more intend the same,  
More taught by art, and better known to  
fame?

To that great deluge which so far destroyed,  
The earth her springs, as heaven his  
showers employed.

So may who highest marks of honour wears,  
Admit mean partners in this flood of tears;  
So oft the humblest join with loftiest things,  
Nor only princes weep the fate of kings.

*Hyl.* I yield, I yield, thy words my  
thoughts have fired,  
And I am less persuaded than inspired;  
Speech shall give sorrow vent, and that relief,

The woods shall echo all the city's grief:  
I oft have verse on meaner subjects made,  
Should I give presents and leave debts unpaid?

Want of invention here is no excuse,  
My matter I shall find, and not produce,  
And (as it fares in crowds) I only doubt,  
So much would pass, that nothing will get out,

Else in this work which now my thoughts  
intend

I shall find nothing hard, but how to end:  
I then but ask fit time to smooth my lays,  
(And imitate in this the pen I praise)

Which by the subject's power embalmed,  
may last,

Whilst the sun light, the earth doth shadows, cast,

And, feathered by those wings, fly among  
men,

Far as the fame of poetry and BEN.

FALKLAND.<sup>1</sup>

#### TO THE MEMORY OF

#### BENJAMIN JONSON.

If Romulus did promise in the fight,  
To Jove the Stator, if he held from flight  
His men, a temple, and performed his vow:  
Why should not we, learned JONSON, thee allow

An altar at the least? since by thy aid,  
Learning, that would have left us, has been  
stayed.

The actions were different: that thing  
Required some mark to keep't from perishing;

But letters must be quite defaced, before  
Thy memory, whose care did them restore.  
BUCKHURST.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> With the success usually attendant upon his endeavours to philosophize, Horace Walpole has laboured to depreciate the character of this amiable and high-spirited man, who joined with the popular party in resisting royalty, till he discovered that their aims were directed not against the encroachments of prerogative, but against the crown itself. He

then took up arms for the king, and bravely fell at the fatal battle of Newbury, the 20th September, 1643.—GILCHRIST. See p. 340 of this volume.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, son of Edward, Earl of Dorset, by Mary, daughter and heir of Sir George Curson, of Croxall, in Derbyshire, married Frances, daughter and heir to

## TO THE MEMORY OF

HIM WHO CAN NEVER BE FORGOTTEN,

MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

Had this been for some meaner poet's herse,  
I might have then observed the laws of  
verse :

But here they fail, nor can I hope to express  
In numbers, what the world grants num-  
berless ;

Such are the truths, we ought to speak of  
thee,

Thou great refiner of our poesy,  
Who turn'st to gold that which before was  
lead ;

Then with that pure elixir raised the dead !  
Nine sisters who (for all the poets lies)  
Had been deemed mortal, did not JONSON  
rise

And with celestial sparks (not stol'n) revive  
Those who could erst keep winged fame  
alive :

'Twas he that found (placed) in the seat of  
wit,

Dull grinning ignorance, and banished it ;  
He on the prostituted stage appears

To make men hear, not by their eyes, but  
ears ;

Who painted virtues, that each one might  
know,

And point the man, that did such treasure  
owe :

So that who could in JONSON'S lines be  
high

Needed not honours, or a riband, buy ;

But vice he only shewed us in a glass,

Which by reflection of those rays that  
pass,

Retains the figure lively, set before,

And that withdrawn, reflects at us no more ;

So, he observed the like decorum, when

He whipt the vices, and yet spared the  
men :

When heretofore, the Vice's only note,

And sign from virtue was his party-coat ;

When devils were the last men on the  
stage,

And prayed for plenty, and the present age.

Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, by whom he had three  
sons and three daughters. He succeeded his  
father as Earl of Dorset, in 1652, and dying in  
1677 was succeeded by his son Charles the poet.  
—GILCHRIST.

<sup>1</sup> The family of Beaumont boasts a royal de-  
scendant; there is a letter of King John's to one of  
the Beaumonts, preserved in Kymer's *Fœdera*,  
acknowledging the consanguinity. The baronet

Nor was our English language, only  
bound

To thank him, for he Latin Horace found  
(Who so inspired Rome, with his lyric song)  
Translated in the macaronic tongue ;  
Clothed in such rags, as one might safely

vow,

That his Mæcenæ would not own him  
now :

On him he took this pity, as to clothe  
In words, and such expression, as for both,  
There's none but judgeth the exchange will  
come

To twenty more, than when he sold at  
Rome.

Since then, he made our language pure and  
good,

And us to speak but what we understood,  
We owe this praise to him, that should we  
join

To pay him, he were paid but with the  
coin

Himself hath minted, which we know by  
this,

That no words pass for current now but  
his,

And though he in a blinder age could  
change

Faults to perfections, yet 'twas far more  
strange

To see (however times, and fashions frame)  
His wit and language still remain the same

In all men's mouths ; grave preachers did it  
use

As golden pills, by which they might infuse  
Their heavenly physic ; ministers of state

Their grave dispatches in his language  
wrote ;

Ladies made curt'sies in them, courtiers  
legs,

Physicians bills ;—perhaps, some pedant  
begs

He may not use it, for he hears 'tis such,  
As in few words a man may utter much.

Could I have spoken in his language too,

I had not said so much, as now I do,

To whose clear memory I this tribute send,  
Who dead's my Wonder, living was my

Friend.

JOHN BEAUMONT, Bart.

before us was the eldest son of the author  
of "Bosworth Field," and other poems : he was  
born at Grace-dieu in Leicestershire, in 1607.  
In the rebellion, which followed hard upon the  
composition of this poem, Sir John Beaumont  
took up arms, obtained a colonel's commission,  
and was slain at the siege of Gloucester, 1644.—  
GILCHRIST.

[See ante, p. 290 of this volume —F. C.]

TO THE MEMORY OF  
MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

To press into the throng, where wits thus strive  
To make thy laurels fading tombs survive,  
Argues thy worth, their love, my bold desire,  
Somewhat to sing, though but to fill the quire :

But (truth to speak) what muse can silent be,  
Or little say, that hath for subject, thee?  
Whose poems such, that as the sphere of fire,

They warm insensibly, and force inspire,  
Knowledge, and wit infuse, mute tongues unloose,  
And ways, not tracked to write and speak disclose.

But when thou put'st thy tragic buskin on,  
Or comic sock of mirthful action,  
Actors, as if inspired from thy hand,  
Speak beyond what they think less, understand ;

And thirsty hearers, wonder-stricken, say,  
Thy words make that a truth, was meant a play.

Folly, and brain-sick humours of the time,  
Distempered passion, and audacious crime,  
Thy pen so on the stage doth personate,  
That ere men scarce begin to know, they hate

The vice presented, and there lessons learn

Virtue from vicious habits to discern.  
Oft have I seen thee in a sprightly strain,  
To lash a vice, and yet no one complain ;  
Thou threw'st the ink of malice from thy pen,

Whose aim was evil manners, not ill men.  
Let then frail parts repose, where solemn care

Of pious friends their Pyramids prepare ;

And take thou, BEN, from Verse a second breath,  
Which shall create Thee new, and conquer death.

Sir THOMAS HAWKINS.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE MEMORY OF  
MY FRIEND, BEN JONSON.

I see that wreath which doth the wearer arm  
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm

To keep off death's pale dart ; for, JONSON, then  
Thou hadst been numbered still with living men :

Time's scythe had feared thy laurel to invade,

Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.  
Amongst those many votaries that come  
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,  
Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright verse,

(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herse)  
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see,

How great a maim it suffers, wanting thee;  
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I  
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory :  
And since I nought can add but in desire,  
Restore some sparks which leaped from thine own fire.

What ends soever other quills invite,  
I can protest, it was no itch to write,  
Nor any vain ambition to be read,  
But merely love and justice to the dead,  
Which raised my fameless muse ; and caused her bring

These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,

To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe

The purest streams of language which can flow.

<sup>1</sup> *Sir Thomas Hawkins, Knt.*, was the grandson of Thomas Hawkins, Esq.—of a family resident at the manor of Nash, in the parish of Boughton under the Bleai, in Kent, from the time of Edward III.—who attained the age of 101 years, and died on the 15th March, 1588, and lies buried in the north chancel of the church of Boughton, under a tomb of marble, which bears honourable testimony to his services to King Henry VIII., and speaks of him as a man of great strength and lofty stature.

The friend of Jonson was the eldest of seven sons of Sir Thomas Hawkins of Nash, and married Elizabeth, daughter of George Smith of

Ashby Folville, in Leicestershire, by whom he had two sons, John and Thomas, both of whom he survived, and dying without issue in 1640, was succeeded in a considerable patrimony by Richard, his brother and heir, the lineal descendant of whom, Thomas Hawkins, Esq., was living at Nash in 1790.

Sir Thomas translated Caussin's *Holy Court*, several times reprinted in folio : the *Histories of Sejanus and Philippa*, from the French of P. Mathieu ; and certain Odes of Horace, the 4th edition of which is before me, dated 1638. In a poem before the latter he is celebrated by H. Holland for his skill in music.—GILCHRIST.

For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder  
age,

To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the  
stage;

Thy comic sock induced such purged  
sense,

A Lucrece might have heard without of-  
fence.

Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate  
Our English, and advance it to the rate  
And value it now holds, thyself was one  
Helped lift it up to such proportion,  
That, thus refined and robed, it shall not  
spare

With the full Greek or Latin to compare.  
For what tongue ever durst, but ours,  
translate

Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state?  
Both which in their unblemished lustre  
shine,

From Chapman's pen, and from thy Cat-  
line.

All I would ask for thee, in recompense  
Of thy successful toil and time's expense  
Is only this poor boon; that those who can,  
Perhaps, read French, or talk Italian;  
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,

(To shew their skill in foreign dialect)  
Prove not themselves so' unnaturally wise  
They therefore should their mother-tongue  
despise;

(As if her poets both for style and wit,  
Not equalled, or not passed their best that  
writ)

Until by studying JONSON they have known  
The heighth, and strength, and plenty of  
their own.

Thus in what low earth, or neglected  
room

Soe'er thou sleep'st, thy BOOK shall be thy  
tomb.

Thou wilt go down a happy corse, be-  
strewned

With thine own flowers, and feel thyself re-  
newed,

Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays  
Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise:  
And when more spreading titles are forgot,  
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth,  
rot;

Thou wrapt and shrined in thine own sheets  
wilt lie,

A Relic famed by all posterity.

HENRY KING.<sup>1</sup>

#### TO THE MEMORY OF

#### BENJAMIN JONSON.

Might but this slender offering of mine,  
Crowd 'midst the sacred burden of thy  
shrine,

The near acquaintance with thy greater  
name

Might style me wit, and privilege my fame,  
But I've no such ambition, nor dare sue  
For the least legacy of wit, as due.

I come not t' offend duty, and transgress  
Affection, nor with bold presumption press,  
'Midst those close mourners, whose nigh  
kin in verse,

Hath made the near attendance of thy  
hearse.

I come in duty, not in pride, to shew  
Not what I have in store, but what I owe;  
Nor shall my folly wrong thy fame, for we  
Prize, by the want of wit, the loss of thee.

As when the wearied sun hath stol'n to  
rest,

And darkness made the world's unwelcome  
guest,

We grovelling captives of the night yet  
may

With fire and candle beget light, not day;  
Now he whose name in poetry controls,

Goes to converse with more refined souls,  
Like country gazers in amaze we sit,

Admirers of this great eclipse in wit.  
Reason and wit we have to shew us men,

But no hereditary beam of BEN.  
Our knocked inventions may beget a spark,

Which faints at least resistance of the dark;  
Thine like the fire's high element was pure,

And like the same made not to burn, but  
cure.

When thy enraged Muse did chide o' the  
stage,

'Twas to reform, not to abuse the age.  
—But thou'rt requited ill, to have thy herse,

Stained by profaner parricides in verse,

<sup>1</sup> Henry King, eldest son of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, was born at Wornal in Buckinghamshire, in January, 1592. He was educated first at Thame, afterwards at Westminster, and lastly at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was entered in 1608. He was successively chaplain to James I., Archdeacon of Colchester, residentiary of St. Paul's, Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles I., Dean of Rochester, and lastly Bishop

of Chichester, in which place he died 1st October, 1669, and was buried in the Cathedral. The writings of Bishop King are for the most part devotional, but in his "Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets," 8vo, 1657, there is a neatness, an elegance, and even a tenderness, which entitle them to more attention than they have lately obtained.—GILCHRIST.



Who make mortality a guilt, and scold,  
Merely because thou'dst offered to be old :  
'Twas too unkind a slight'ning of thy name,  
To think a ballad could confute thy fame;  
Let's but peruse their libels, and they'll be  
But arguments they understood not thee.  
Nor is it disgrace, that in thee, through age  
spent,

'Twas thought a crime not to be excellent :  
For me, I'll in such reverence hold thy  
fame,

I'll but by invocation use thy name,  
Be thou propitious, poetry shall know,  
No deity but Thee to whom I'll owe.

HEN. COVENTRY.<sup>1</sup>

### AN ELEGY

#### UPON BENJAMIN JONSON.

Though once high Statius o'er dead Lucan's  
hearse,

Would seem to fear his own hexameters,  
And thought a greater honour than that  
fear,

He could not bring to Lucan's sepulchre ;

Let not our poets fear to write of thee,

Great JONSON, king of English poetry,

In any English verse, let none who'er,

Bring so much emulation as to fear :

But pay without comparing though his at all  
Their tribute—verses to thy funeral ;

Nor think what'er they write on such a  
name,

Can be amiss : if high, it fits thy fame ;

If low, it rights thee more, and makes men  
see,

That English poetry is dead with thee ;

Which in thy genius did so strongly live.—

Nor will I here particularly strive,

To praise each well composed piece of  
thine ;

Or shew what judgment, art, and wit did  
join

To make them up, but only (in the way  
That Famianus honoured Virgil) say,  
The Muse herself was linked so near to thee,  
Whoe'er saw one, must needs the other see ;  
And if in thy expressions aught seemed  
scant,

Not thou, but Poetry itself, did want.

THOMAS MAY.\*

### AN ELEGY

#### ON BEN JONSON.

I dare not, learned Shade, bedew thy herse  
With tears, unless that impudence, in verse,  
Would cease to be a sin ; and what were  
crime

In prose, would be no injury in rhyme.

My thoughts are so below, I fear to act

A sin, like their black envy, who detract ;

As oft as I would character in speech

That worth, which silent wonder scarce  
can reach.

Yet I, that but pretend to learning, owe

So much to thy great fame, I ought to shew

My weakness in thy praise ; thus to ap-  
prove,

Although it be less wit, is greater love :

'Tis all our faulty aims at ; and our tongues

At best, will guilely prove of friendly wrongs.

For, who would image out thy worth, great

BEN,

Should first bewhat he praises ; and his pen

Thy active brains should feed, which we  
can't have,

Unless we could redeem thee from the  
grave.

The only way that's left now, is to look

Into thy papers, to read o'er thy book ;

And then remove thy fancies, there doth lie

<sup>1</sup> Henry Coventry, son of the lord keeper, was educated at All Souls' College, Oxford, of which he was a fellow, and where, on the 31st August, 1636, the degree of M.A. was conferred upon him by the king in person; he took a degree in law the 26th June, 1638. He suffered much for the royal cause in the rebellion, but upon the restoration of the king he was made groom of the bedchamber to Charles II., sent upon embassies to Breda and Sweden, and on the 3rd July, 1672, was sworn one of the principal Secretaries of State. In 1680 he resigned his high office, and died at his house, near Charing Cross, on the 5th December, 1686, aged 68 years. He was buried in St. Martin's Church. — GILCHRIST.

\* Thomas May, — the son of Thomas May, Esq., who purchased the manor of Mayfield

Place, in Sussex (formerly an archiepiscopal palace, and afterwards the seat of the Greshams), and who was knighted at Greenwich in 1603, and died in 1616, — was born in 1595, educated at Sidney College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was admitted of Gray's Inn the 6th August, 1615. In 1617 he joined with his mother, Joan May, and his cousin, Richard May, of Eslington, in alienating the estate of Mayfield to John Baker, Esq., whose descendants have ever since enjoyed it. May's attachment to Charles I., and his subsequent apostacy, — his dramatic writings and translations, and his history of the parliament, are sufficiently known. He died — *already dead-drunk* — the 13th November, 1650. — GILCHRIST.

[See *ante*, p. 294, and note <sup>1</sup>, p. 295 of this volume. — F. C.]

Some judgment, where we cannot make, t'  
apply

Our reading: some, perhaps, may call this  
wit,

And think, we do not steal, but only fit  
Thee to thyself; of all thy marble wears,  
Nothing is truly ours, except the tears,

O could we weep like thee! we might  
convey

New breath, and raise men from their beds  
of clay

Unto a life of fame; he is not dead,

Who by thy Muses hath been buried.

Thrice happy those brave heroes, whom I  
meet

Wrapt in thy writings, as their winding  
sheet!

For, when the tribute unto nature due,  
Was paid, they did receive new life from  
you;

Which shall not be undated, since thy breath  
Is able to immortal, after death.

Thus rescued from the dust, they did ne'er  
see

True life, until they were entombed by thee.

You that pretend to courtship, here admire  
Those pure and active flames, love did in-  
spire:

And though he could have took his mis-  
tress' ears,

Beyond faint sighs, false oaths, and forced  
tears;

His heat was still so modest, it might warm,  
But do the cloistered votary no harm.

The face he sometimes praises, but the mind,  
A fairer saint, is in his verse enshrined.

He that would worthily set down his  
praise,

Should study lines as lofty as his plays.

The Roman worthies did not seem to fight  
With braver spirit, than we see him write;

His pen their valour equals; and that age  
Receives a greater glory from our stage.

Bold Catiline, at once Rome's hate and  
fear,

Far higher in his story doth appear;

The flames those active furies did inspire,  
Ambition and Revenge, his better fire

Kindles afresh; thus lighted, they shall  
burn,

Till Rome to its first nothing do return.

Brave fall, had but the cause been likewise  
good,

Had he so, for his country, lost his blood!

Some like not Tully in his own; yet while  
All do admire him in thy English style,

I censure not; I rather think, that we

May well his equal, thine we ne'er shall see.

DUDLEY DIGGS.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE IMMORTALITY OF MY LEARNED  
FRIEND,

MASTER JONSON.

I parlied once with death, and thought to  
yield,

When thou advised'st me to keep the field;  
Yet if I fell, thou wouldst upon my horse,

Breathe the reviving spirit of thy verse.

I live, and to thy grateful Muse would  
pay

A parallel of thanks, but that this day  
Of thy fair rights, thorough th' innumerable

light,

That flows from thy adorers, seems as  
bright,

As when the sun darts through his golden  
hair

His beams diameter into the air.

In vain I then strive to increase thy glory,  
These lights that go before make dark my

story.

Only I'll say, heaven gave unto thy pen

A sacred power, immortalizing men,

And thou dispensing life immortally,

Dost now but sabbatise from work, not die.

GEORGE FORTESCUE.<sup>2</sup>

AN ELEGY UPON THE  
DEATH OF BEN JONSON,  
THE MOST EXCELLENT OF ENGLISH  
POETS.

What doth officious fancy here prepare?—  
Be't rather this rich kingdom's charge and  
care

<sup>1</sup> Dudley Digges, son of Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls, was born at Chilham in Kent, 1612. He became a commoner in University College, Oxford, in 1629, took his B.A. degree in 1631, the year following was made probationer-fellow of All Souls', as founder's-kin, and in 1635 was licensed M.A. He was a man of strong parts and considerable attainments, and was firmly attached to the service of the king. He died at an early age, of a malignant fever called the *Camp disease*, and was

buried in the chapel of All Souls' College, October, 1643.—GILCHRIST.

<sup>2</sup> I am unable to mention anything concerning George Fortescue, further than his having some commendatory verses prefixed to Rivers's *Devout Rhapsodies*, 4to, 1648; Sir John Beaumont's *Bosworth Field*, 8vo, 1629; and Sir Thomas Hawkins's translation of some of Horace's *Odes*, 4th edition, 8vo, 1638.—GILCHRIST.

To find a virgin quarry, whence no hand  
E'er wrought a tomb on vulgar dust to  
stand,

And thence bring for this work materials  
fit :

Great JONSON needs no architect of wit ;  
Who forced from art, received from nature  
more

Than doth survive him, or e'er lived before.

And, poets, with what veil soe'er you hide  
Your aim, 'twill not be thought your grief,  
but pride,

Which, that your cypress never growth  
might want,

Did it near his eternal laurel plant.

Heaven at the death of princes, by the  
birth

Of some new star, seems to instruct the  
earth,

How it resents our human fate. Then why  
Didst thou, wit's most triumphant monarch,  
die

Without thy comet? Did the sky despair  
To teem a fire, bright as thy glories were?  
Or is it by its age, unfruitful grown,  
And can produce no light, but what is  
known

A common mourner, when a prince's fall  
Invites a star 't attend the funeral?

But those prodigious sights only create  
Talk for the vulgar : Heaven, before thy  
fate,

That thou thyself might'st thy own dirges  
hear,

Made the sad stage close mourner for a  
year ;

The stage, which (as by an instinct divine,  
Instructed,) seeing its own fate in thine,  
And knowing how it owed its life to thee,  
Prepared itself thy sepulchre to be ;

And had continued so, but that thy wit,  
Which as the soul, first animated it,  
Still hovers here below, and ne'er shall die,  
Till time be buried in eternity.

But you ! whose comic labours on the  
stage,

Against the envy of a froward age

Hold combat ! how will now your vessels  
sail,

The seas so broken and the winds so frail,  
Such rocks, such shallows threat'ning  
everywhere,

And JONSON dead, whose art your course  
might steer ?

Look up ! where Seneca and Sophocles,  
Quick Plautus and sharp Aristophanes,  
Enlighten yon bright orb ! doth not your  
eye,

Among them, one far larger fire, descry,  
At which their lights grow pale? 'tis  
JONSON, there

He shines your Star, who was your Pilot  
here.

W. HABINGTON.<sup>1</sup>

### UPON BEN JONSON,

THE MOST EXCELLENT OF COMIC POETS.

Mirror of poets ! mirror of our age !

Which her whole face beholding on thy  
stage,

Pleased and displeased with her own faults  
endures,

A remedy, like those whom music cures.  
Thou not alone those various inclinations,  
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,  
Hast traced with thy all-resembling pen,  
But all that custom hath imposed on men,  
Or ill-got habits, which distort them so,  
That scarce the brother can the brother  
know,

Is represented to the wondering eyes,

Of all that see or read thy Comedies.

Whoever in those glasses looks may find,  
The spots returned, or graces of his mind ;

And by the help of so divine an art,  
At leisure view, and dress his nobler part.

Narcissus cozened by that flattering well,  
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,

Had here, discovering the deformed estate  
Of his fond mind, preserved himself with  
hate.

But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad  
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had

<sup>1</sup> William Habington, the son of Thomas Habington, of Hendlip, in Worcestershire, by Mary Parker, sister to the Lord Mounteagle, to whom the mysterious letter was sent by which the Gunpowder Plot was discovered, was born at his father's seat on the 5th November, 1605. He was educated in the religion of his father at Paris and St. Omer's. He married Lucy, daughter of Lord Powis, the Castara of his muse, and died on the 30th November, 1654. The poems of Habington, though aspiring to none of the higher classes of poetry, are toler-

ably musical in their numbers, and indicate a purity of morals and gentleness of manners in their author : they must have been at one period popular, since they passed through three impressions between 1635 and 1640. Indeed, his merits have been rewarded with unusual liberality, his comedy found a place in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays ; his Life of Edward IV. was admitted into Bishop Kennet's Compleat History of England, and the volume of poems before spoken of has been lately reprinted.—GILCHRIST.

Beheld what his high fancy once embraced,  
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion  
graced.

The sundry postures of thy copious muse,  
Who would express, a thousand tongues  
must use :

Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art ;  
For as thou couldst all characters impart,  
So none can render thine, who still escapes,  
Like Proteus in variety of shapes,  
Who was nor this nor that, but all we find,  
And all we can imagine in mankind.

E. WALLER.<sup>1</sup>

#### UPON THE POET OF HIS TIME

BENJAMIN JONSON,

HIS HONOURED FRIEND AND FATHER.

And is thy glass run out? is that oil spent,  
Which light to such tough sinewy labours  
lent?

Well, BEN, I now perceive that all the Nine,  
Though they their utmost forces should  
combine,

Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daughters,  
but

One still will spin, one wind, the other cut.  
Yet in despite of spindle, clue, and knife,  
Thou, in thy strenuous lines, hast got a life,  
Which, like thy bay, shall flourish every age,  
While sock or buskin move upon the stage.

JAMES HOWELL.<sup>2</sup>

#### AN OFFERTORY AT THE TOMB OF THE FAMOUS POET

BEN JONSON.

If souls departed lately hence do know  
How we perform the duties that we owe  
Their reliques, will it not grieve thy spirit  
To see our dull devotion? thy merit  
Profaned by disproportioned rites? thy  
herse

Rudely defiled with our unpolished verse?—  
Necessity's our best excuse: 'tis in  
Our understanding, not our will, we sin ;  
'Gainst which 'tis now in vain to labour, we  
Did nothing know, but what was taught  
by thee.

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Waller born in 1609, died of a dropsy, the 1st October, 1687.—GILCHRIST.

<sup>2</sup> James Howell, the author of "Familiar Epistles," is so well known that it seems scarcely necessary to say more than that he was born at Abernart, in Carnarvonshire, educated at Jesus College, Oxford, and died in November, 1666,

The routed soldiers when their captains  
fall

Forget all order, that men cannot call  
It properly a battle that they fight ;  
Nor we (thou being dead) be said to write.  
'Tis noise we utter, nothing can be sung  
By those distinctly that have lost their  
tongue ;

And therefore whatsoever the subject be,  
All verses now become thy ELEGY :  
For, when a lifeless poem shall be read,  
Th' afflicted reader sighs, BEN JONSON'S  
dead.

This is thy glory, that no pen can raise  
A lasting trophy in thy honoured praise ;  
Since fate (it seems) would have it so ex-  
prest,

Each muse should end with thine, who was  
the best :

And but her flights were stronger, and so  
high,

That time's rude hand cannot reach her  
glory,

An ignorance had spread this age, as great  
As that which made thy learned muse so  
sweat,

And toil to dissipate ; until, at length,  
Purged by thy art, it gained a lasting  
strength ;

And now, secured by thy all-powerful writ,  
Can fear no more a like relapse of wit :

Though (to our grief) we ever must  
despair,

That any age can raise thee up an heir.

JOHN VERNON.<sup>3</sup>  
*è Societ. In. Temp.*

#### TO THE

#### MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time ;  
The wonder of a learned age ; the line  
Which none can pass ; the most propor-  
tioned wit

To nature, the best judge of what was fit ;  
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen ;  
The voice most echoed by consenting men ;  
The soul which answered best to all well  
said

By others, and which most requital made ;

and was buried in the Temple Church.—GILCHRIST.

<sup>3</sup> John Vernon was the son and heir of Robert Vernon, of Camberwell, in the county of Surrey, Knt.; he was admitted of the Inner Temple the 15th October, and Charles I. (1626), and was called to the bar the 15th October, 1634.—GILCHRIST.

Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,  
Returning all her music with his own,  
In whom with nature study claimed a part,  
And yet who to himself owed all his art :

Here lies BEN JONSON ! Every age will  
look

With sorrow here, with wonder on his  
Book.

J. C.

### TO THE SAME.

Who first reformed our stage with justest  
laws,

And was the first best judge in your own  
cause :

Who, when his actors trembled for applause,

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer  
His own, by right, to a whole theatre ;  
From principles which he knew could not  
err.

Who to his Fable did his persons fit,  
With all the properties of art and wit,  
And above all, that could be acted, writ.

Who public follies did to covert drive,  
Which he again could cunningly retrieve,  
Leaving them no ground to rest on, and  
thrive,

Here JONSON lies, whom, had I named  
before,

In that one word alone, I had paid more  
Than can be now, when plenty makes me  
poor.

JOHN CLEVELAND.<sup>1</sup>

### TO THE

### MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

As when the vestal hearth went out, no fire  
Less holy than the flame that did expire,  
Could kindle it again : so at thy fall  
Our wit, great BEN, is too apocryphal  
To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much  
To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.  
What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of  
old,  
Without an extasy cannot be told.

We must be ravished first ; thou must in-  
fuse

Thyself into us both the theme and muse.  
Else (though we all conspired to make thy  
herse

Our works), so that 't had been but one  
great verse,

Though the priest had translated for that  
time

The liturgy, and buried thee in rhyme,  
So that, in metre we had heard it said,

Poetic dust is to poetic laid :

And though, that dust being Shakspeare's,  
thou might'st have

Not his room, but the poet for thy grave ;  
So that, as thou didst prince of numbers

die

And live, so now thou might'st in numbers  
lie,

'Twere frail solemnity : verses on thee

And not like thine, would but kind libels  
be ;

And we (not speaking thy whole worth)  
should raise

Worse blots, than they that envied thy  
praise.

Indeed, thou need'st us not, since above all  
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.

Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy  
tomb,

Th' inscription worn out, and the marble  
dumb,

So that 'twould pose a critic to restore  
Half words, and words expired so long be-  
fore ;

When thy maimed statue hath a sentenced  
facc,

And looks that are the horror of the place,  
That 'twill be learning, and antiquity,

And ask a SELDEN to say, this was thee,  
Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st

thou fear

That will be ruined, or lose nose, or  
hair.

Let others write so thin, that they can't be  
Authors till rotten, no posterity

Can add to thy works ; they had their whole  
growth then

When first born, and came aged from thy  
pen.

<sup>1</sup> Amid much coarseness, indelicacy, and quaintness, "the genuine remains of John Cleveland" contain many examples of nervous thought and unaffected tenderness. Though educated under a Puritan minister, he rejected the frigid tenets and anti-monarchical feelings of the sectaries, and satirized their disloyalty and hypocrisy without mercy. When his zeal and perseverance in the royal cause had brought his

person under restraint, the dignified and manly terms in which he remonstrated with Cromwell, and which under a meaner usurper would have put his life in jeopardy, extorted from the Protector his liberty. He was born at Loughborough in 1613, educated at Christ's and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, and died in Gray's Inn, on the 29th April, 1658 :—greatly lamented by the royalists.—GILCHRIST.

Whilst living thou enjoyedst the fame and sense

Of all that time gives, but the reverence.

When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say

Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray: 'Tis bastard poetry, and of false blood

Which can't, without succession, be good.

Things that will always last, do thus agree

With things eternal; th' at once perfect be.

Scorn then their censures, who gave out, thy wit

As long upon a comedy did sit

As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots

And mendings took more time than Fortune plots:

That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,

That all thy plays were drawn at the Mermaid first;

That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine

Hath more right than thou to thy CATILINE.

Let such men keep a diet, let their wit Be racked, and while they write, suffer a fit:

When they've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,

Such as with less, the state draws treason out;

Though they should the length of consumptions lie

Sick of their verse, and of their poem die, 'Twould not be thy worse scene, but would at last

Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste.

He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule's true,

Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.

So when thy FOX had ten times acted been,

Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen;<sup>1</sup>

And so thy ALCHEMIST played o'er and o'er, Was new o' the stage, when 'twas not at the door.

We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit The first time saw, the next conceived thy wit:

Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,

That but to some not half thy acts were parts:

Since of some silken judgments we may say, They filled a box two hours, but saw no play.

So that th' unlearned lost their money; and Scholars saved only, that could understand.

Thy scene was free from monsters; no hard plot

Called down a God t' untie th' unlikely knot:

The stage was still a stage, two entrances

Were not two parts o' the world, disjoined by seas.

Thine were land-tragedies, no prince was found

To swim a whole scene out, then o' the stage drowned;

Pitched fields, as Red Bull wars, still felt thy doom;

Thou laid'st no sieges to the music room; Nor wouldst allow, to thy best Comedies,

Humours that should above the people rise. Yet was thy language and thy style so high,

Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reached to th' thigh;

And both so chaste, so 'bove dramatic clean, That we both safely saw, and lived thy scene.

No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit, Thou wrot'st thy comedies, didst not commit.

We did the vice arraigned not tempting hear,

And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.

For thou ev'n sin did in such words array, That some who came bad parts, went out good play.

Which, ended not with th' epilogue, the age Still acted, which grew innocent from the stage.

'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt

Served but with pleasure to reform the fault: Men were laughed into virtue, and none more

Hated Face acted than were such before. So did thy sting not blood, but humours draw,

So much doth satire more correct than law; Which was not nature in thee, as some call Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy gall:

That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spite,

Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write; That 'twas revenge, not truth; that on the stage

Carlo was not presented, but thy rage; And that when thou in company wert met, Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was not.

<sup>1</sup> [Meaning that each day was as crowded as the first had been, only that the spectators were admitted at a cheaper rate than on the first day. —J. P. COLLIER.]

We know thy free vein had this innocence,  
To spare the party, and to brand th' offence;

And the just indignation thou wert in  
Did not expose Shift, but his tricks and gin.  
Thou mightst have used th' old comic freedom, these

Might have seen themselves played like  
Socrates;

Like Cleon, Mammon might the knight  
have been,

If, as Greek authors, thou hadst turned  
Greek spleen;

And hadst not chosen rather to translate  
Their learning into English, not their hate:  
Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft  
Of thy humanity, might be called theft;  
The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange,  
Or borrowed in thee: did grow thine by the change,

Who without Latin helps hadst been as  
rare

As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakspeare  
were:

And like them, from thy native stock  
couldst say,

Poets and Kings are not born every day.

J. MAYNE.<sup>1</sup>

IN THE MEMORY OF THE  
MOST WORTHY BENJAMIN  
JONSON.

Father of poets, though thine own great  
day,

Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker  
ray

Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame,  
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds  
thy name.

For in the acclamation of the less

There's piety, though from it no access.

And though my ruder thoughts make me of  
those,

Who hide and cover what they should dis-  
close;

Yet, where the lustre's such, he makes it  
seen

Better to some, that draws the veil between.

And what can more be hoped, since that  
divine

Free filling spirit took its flight with thine?

Men may have fury, but no raptures now;

Like witches, charm, yet not know whence  
nor how;

And, through distemper, grown not strong  
but fierce,

Instead of writing, only rave in verse:

Which when by thy laws judged, 'twill be  
confessed,

'Twas not to be inspired, but be possessed.

Where shall we find a muse like thine,  
that can

So well present and shew man unto man,  
That each one finds his twin, and thinks  
thy art

Extends not to the gestures but the heart?

Where one so shewing life to life, that we  
Think thou taught'st custom, and not cus-  
tom thee?

Manners, that were themes to thy scenes  
still flow

In the same stream, and are their com-  
ments now:

These times thus living o'er thy models, we  
Think them not so much wit, as prophecy;

And though we know the character, may  
swear

A Sybil's finger hath been busy there.

Things common thou speak'st proper,  
which though known

For public, stamp't by thee grow thence  
thine own:

Thy thoughts so ordered, so expressed, that  
we

Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but  
see,

Language so mastered, that thy numerous  
feet,

Laden with genuine words, do always meet  
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,

Shewing the poet, like the wiseman, All.

Thine equal skill thus wresting nothing,  
made

Thy pen seem not so much to write as  
trade.

That life, that Venus of all things, which  
we

Conceive or shew, proportioned decency,

<sup>1</sup> Jasper Mayne, whose entertaining comedies have endeared his name to dramatic readers, was born at Hatherly in Devon, 1604, educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B.A. 1628, and M.A. 1631. Ejected from his vicarages of Pyrtton and Cassington by the Parliamentary visitors, he found an asylum under the roof of the Earl of Devonshire, and the storm sub-

siding, was restored to his livings, made Canon of Christ Church and Archdeacon of Chichester. He died the 6th December, 1672. His character has been thus briefly and boldly sketched: "*Ingenio sunt felicissimo et eruditiois propendium omnigena locupletato, fruebatur; theobus accurate doctus et annunciator euangetici disertus: Poeta porro non incelebris et ob sales ac facetias in precio habitus.*"—GILCHRIST.

Is not found scattered in thee here and there,

But, like the soul, is wholly everywhere.

No strange perplexed maze does pass for plot,

Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.

Thy labyrinth's doors are opened by one thread

That ties, and runs through all that's done or said :

No power comes down with learned hat and rod,

Wit only, and contrivance is thy god.

'Tis easy to gild gold ; there's small skill spent

Where even the first rude mass is ornament :

Thy muse took harder metals, purged and boiled,

Labour'd and tried, heated, and beat and toiled,

Sifted the dross, filed roughness, then gave dress,

Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.

Be it thy glory then, that we may say,

Thou run'st where th' foot was hindered by the way.

Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein,

Skilled when to spare, and when to entertain :

Not like our wits, who into one piece do

Throw all that they can say, and their friends too ;

Pumping themselves, for one term's noise so dry,

As if they made their wills in poetry.

And such spruce compositions press the stage,

When men transcribe themselves, and not the age :

Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shewn,

Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.

Thy models yet are not so framed, as we

May call them libels, and not imagery ;

No name on any basis : 'tis thy skill

To strike the vice, but spare the person still.

As he, who when he saw the serpent wreathed

About his sleeping son, and as he breathed,

Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,

To kill the beast, but keep the child alive :  
So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when

They kill the poisons, do but wake the men ;

Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure

Thy lancements better than another's cure ;

And justly too : for th' age grows more unsound

From the fool's balsam, than the wiseman's wound.

No rotten talk brokes for a laugh ; no page

Commenced man by th' instructions of thy stage ;

No bargaining line there ; provocative verse ,

Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse ;

No need to make good countenance ill, and use

The plea of strict life for a looser muse.

No woman ruled thy quill ; we can descry

No verse born under any Cynthia's eye :  
Thy star was judgment only, and right sense,

Thyself being to thyself an influence.

Stout beauty is thy grace ; stern pleasures do

Present delights, but mingle horrors too :  
Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,

With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.

Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did drink

More oil than the author wine, while he did think ?

We do embrace their slander : thou hast writ

Not for dispatch but fame ; no market wit :  
'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell,

But that it might endure, and be done well :  
Nor wouldst thou venture it unto the ear,

Until the file would not make smooth, but wear ;

Thy verse came seasoned hence, and would not give ;

Born not to feed the author, but to live :  
Whence 'mong the choicer judges risse a strife,

To make thee read as classic in thy life.

Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,

'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,  
Write not to time, but to the poet's day :

There's difference between fame, and sudden pay.

These men sing kingdoms' falls, as if that fate

Used the same force to a village, and a state ;

These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,  
As if it had only a sallad been :



Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights  
 rise  
 Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.  
 But thou still put'st true passions on ; dost  
 write  
 With the same courage that tried captains  
 fight ;  
 Giv'st the right blush and colour unto  
 things,  
 Low without creeping, high without loss of  
 wings ;  
 Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough  
 care,  
 Big without swelling, without painting fair,  
 They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,  
 Are not wits, but materials of wit.  
 What though thy searching wit did rake  
 the dust  
 Of time, and purge old metals of their rust ?  
 Is it no labour, no art, think they, to  
 Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers  
 do ?  
 And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,  
 Making the sea's had wealth adorn the land ?  
 What though thy culling muse did rob the  
 store  
 Of Greek and Latin gardens to bring o'er  
 Plants to thy native soil ? their virtues were  
 Improved far more by being planted here.  
 If thy still to their essence doth refine  
 So many drugs, is not the water thine ?  
 Thefts thus become just works ; they and  
 their grace  
 Are wholly thine : thus doth the stamp and  
 face  
 Make that the king's, that's ravished from  
 the mine ;  
 In others then 'tis ore, in thee 'tis coin.  
 Blest life of authors ! unto whom we owe  
 Those that we have, and those that we want  
 too :  
 Thou art all so good, that reading makes  
 thee worse,  
 And to have writ so well's thine only curse.  
 Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate  
 That servile base dependence upon fate ;  
 Success thou ne'er thoughtist virtue, nor  
 that fit,  
 Which chance, and th' age's fashion did  
 make hit ;  
 Excluding those from life in after-time,  
 Who into poetry first brought luck and  
 rhyme ;

Who thought the people's breath good air :  
 styled name  
 What was but noise ; and, getting briefs  
 for fame,  
 Gathered the many's suffrages, and thence  
 Made commendation a benevolence.  
 Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and  
 did win  
 That best applause of being crowned within.  
 And though th' exacting age, when  
 deeper years  
 Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,  
 Would not permit thou shouldst grow old,  
 'cause they  
 Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young : we  
 may  
 Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they  
 more  
 Condemned thee, 'cause thou wert so good  
 before.  
 Thine art was thine art's blur, and they'll  
 confess  
 Thy strong perfumes made them not smell  
 thy less.  
 But, though to err with thee be no small  
 skill,  
 And we adore the last draughts of thy quill :  
 Though those thy thoughts, which the now  
 queasy age,  
 Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,  
 Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds  
 hence,  
 When there will be more manners and  
 more sense ;  
 'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford  
 Thy silence as much fame, as once thy  
 word :  
 Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,  
 Wast food before, art now religion ;  
 Thought still more rich, though not so richly  
 stored,  
 Viewed and enjoyed before, but now  
 adored.  
 Great soul of numbers, whom we want  
 and boast ;  
 Like curing gold, most valued now thou  
 art lost !  
 When we shall feed on refuse offals, when  
 We shall from corn to acorns turn again ;  
 Then shall we see that these two names are  
 one,  
 JONSON and POETRY, which now are gone.

W. CARTWRIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The plays and poems of William Cartwright are too well known to dramatic readers to render a minute account of his life necessary or even excusable. Wood, whose narrative corresponds with the calculation of Humphrey Mosely, a

printer to whom literature is much indebted, says that he was born in 1611, educated first at Cirencester, afterwards at Westminster, and lastly at Oxford, where, in 1628, he was admitted student of Christ Church, and where, in 1635, he took

## AN ELEGY

## UPON BEN JONSON.

Now thou art dead, and thy great wit and name  
 Is got beyond the reach of chance or fame,  
 Which none can lessen, nor we bring enough  
 To raise it higher, through our want of stuff;  
 I find no room for praise, but elegy,  
 And there but name the day when thou didst die:  
 That men may know thou didst so, for they will  
 Hardly believe disease or age could kill  
 A body so informed, with such a soul,  
 As, like thy verse, might fate itself control.  
 But thou art gone, and we like greedy heirs,  
 That snatch the fruit of their dead father's cares,  
 Begin to inquire what means thou left'st behind  
 For us, pretended heirs unto thy mind:  
 And myself, not the latest 'gan to look  
 And found the inventory in thy Book;  
 A stock for writers to set up withal:  
 That out of thy full comedies, their small  
 And slender wits by vexing much thy writ  
 And their own brains, may draw good saving wit;  
 And when they shall upon some credit pitch,  
 May be thought well to live, although not rich.  
 Then for your songsters, masquers, what a deal  
 We have? enough to make a commonweal  
 Of dancing courtiers, as if poetry  
 Were made to set out their activity.  
 Learning great store for us to feed upon,  
 But little fame; that, with thyself, is gone.  
 And like a desperate debt, bequeathed, not paid  
 Before thy death has us the poorer made.  
 Whilst we with mighty labour it pursue,  
 And after all our toil, not find it due.

JO. RUTTER.<sup>1</sup>

the degree of Master of Arts. In 1642 the editor of this collection (B. Duppa), appointed him his successor in the Church of Salisbury. On the 12th of April, 1643, he was chosen Junior Proctor of the University of Oxford, where he died on the 29th of the November following,

"Praised, wept, and honoured by the muse he loved."—GILCHRIST.

VOL. III.

## TO THE

## MEMORY OF IMMORTAL BEN.

To write is easy; but to write of thee  
 Truth, will be thought to forfeit modesty  
 So far beyond conceit thy strengths appear,  
 That almost all will doubt, what all must hear.  
 For, when the world shall know, that Pindar's height,  
 Plautus his wit, and Seneca's grave weight,  
 Horace his matchless nerves, and that high phrase  
 Wherewith great Lucan doth his readers maze,  
 Shall with such radiant illustration glide,  
 (As if each line to life were propertied)  
 Through all thy works; and like a torrent move,  
 Rolling the muses to the court of Jove,  
 Wit's general tribe will soon entitle thee  
 Heir to Apollo's ever verdant tree.  
 And 'twill by all concluded be, the stage  
 Is widowed now; was bed-rid by thy age.  
 As well as empire, wit his zenith hath,  
 Nor can the rage of time, or tyrant's wrath  
 Encloud so bright a flame: but it will shine  
 In spite of envy, till it grow divine.  
 As when Augustus reigned, and war did cease,  
 Rome's bravest wits were ushered in by peace:  
 So in our halcyon days, we have had now  
 Wits, to which, all that after come, must bow.  
 And should the stage compose herself a crown  
 Of all those wits, which hitherto she has known:  
 Though there be many that about her brow,  
 Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre throw;  
 Yet, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these three shall  
 Make up the gem in the point vertical.  
 And now since JONSON'S gone, we well may say,  
 The stage hath seen her glory and decay.

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Rutter translated the *Cid* from the French of Corneille, the first part of which was presented with success at the Cockpit. He was also the author of a pastoral tragi-comedy, called the *Shepherd's Holiday*, 8vo, 1635. The particulars of his life are, it is believed, altogether unknown.—GILCHRIST.

[See p. 295 of this volume, and note.—F. C.]

Whose judgment was't refined it? or who  
Gave laws, by which hereafter all must go,  
But solid JONSON? from whose full strong  
quill,

Each line did like a diamond drop distil,  
Though hard, yet clear. Thalia that had  
skipt

Before, but like a maygame girl, now stript  
Of all her mimic jigs, became a sight  
With mirth to flow each pleased spectator's  
light;

And in such graceful measures did discover

Her beauties now, that every eye turned  
lover.

Who is't shall make with great Sejanus'  
fall,

Not the stage crack, but th' universe and  
all?

Will Catiline's stern fire, who now shall  
show,

Or quenched with milk, stilled down by  
Cicero?

Where shall old authors in such words be  
shown,

As vex their ghosts, that they are not their  
own?

Admit his muse was slow. 'Tis judgment's  
fate

To move, like greatest princes, still in state.  
Those planets placed in the higher spheres,  
End not their motion but in many years;  
Whereas light Venus and the giddy moon,  
In one or some few days their courses run.  
Slow are substantial bodies: but to things  
That airy are, has nature added wings.

Each trivial poet that can chant a rhyme,  
May chatter out his own wit's funeral  
chime:

And those slight nothings that so soon are  
made,

Like mushrooms, may together live and  
fade.

The boy may make a squib; but every line  
Must be considered, where men spring a  
mine:

<sup>1</sup> It seems somewhat remarkable that nothing should be known of the author of a book so popular as Feltham's "Resolves" has always been, beyond the bare circumstances related by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine, of his father, Thomas Feltham, being a Suffolkman, and that Owen was one of three children. Although Owen has many poems scattered up and down, it is upon his prose work that his fame depends; and his "Resolves," though by no means free from pedantry, is rational and pious, and shows a mind of no ordinary strength and attainments. If Feltham was indeed the author

And to write things that time can never  
stain,

Will require sweat, and rubbing of the  
brain.

Such were those things he left. For some  
may be

Eccentric, yet with axioms main agree.

This I'll presume to say. When time has  
made

Slaughter of kings that in the world have  
swayed:

A greener bays shall crown BEN JONSON'S  
name,

Than shall be wreathed about their regal  
fame.

For numbers reach to infinite. But he  
Of whom I write this, has prevented me,

And boldly said so much in his own praise,  
No other pen need any trophy raise.

OW. FELTHAM.<sup>1</sup>

#### TO THE MEMORY

#### OF BEN JONSON.

I do not blame their pains, who did not  
doubt

By labour, of the circle to find out  
The quadrature; nor can I think it strange  
That others should prove constancy in  
change.

He studied not in vain, who hoped to give  
A body to the echo, make it live,

Be seen, and felt; nor he whose art would  
borrow

Belief for shaping yesterday, to-morrow:  
But here I yield; invention, study, cost,

Time, and the art of Art itself is lost.  
When any frail ambition undertakes

For honour, profit, praise, or all their sakes,  
To speak unto the world in perfect sense,

Pure judgment, JONSON, 'tis an excellence  
Suited his pen alone, which yet to do

Requires himself, and 'twere a labour too  
Crowning the best of Poets: say all sorts

Of bravest acts must die without reports,

of the ode in answer to Ben Jonson's address to himself (which is printed by Langbaine, and afterwards by him called Mr. Oldham's), it must be owned that by the present effusion he was equally ready to do homage to the general merits of the departed bard; nor did he deteriorate the value of his offering by the coldness of delay.

*Si bene quod facias, facias cito: nam cito factum,*

*Gratum erit; ingratum, gratia tarda facit.*

Quæcunq;

Count learned knowledge barren, fame abhorred,

Let memory be nothing but a word ;  
Grant JONSON th' only genius of the times,  
Fix him a constellation in all rhymes,  
All height, all secrecies of wit invoke  
The virtue of his name, to ease the yoke  
Of barbarism ; yet this lends only praise  
To such as write, but adds not to his bays :  
For he will grow more fresh in every  
story,  
Out of the perfumed spring of his own  
glory.

GEORGE DONNE.<sup>1</sup>

A FUNERAL SACRIFICE TO THE SACRED  
MEMORY OF HIS THRICE HONOURED  
FATHER,

BEN JONSON.

I cannot grave nor carve ; else would I give  
Thee statues, sculptures, and thy name  
should live  
In tombs, and brass, until the stones or  
rust  
Of thine own monument mix with thy dust :  
But nature has afforded me a slight  
And easy muse, yet one that takes her flight  
Above the vulgar pitch. BEN, she was thine,  
Made by adoption free and genuine ;  
By virtue of thy charter, which from heaven,  
By Jove himself, before thy birth was given.  
The sisters nine this secret did declare,  
Who of Jove's counsel, and his daughters  
are.  
These from Parnassus' hill came running  
down,  
And though an infant did with laurels crown.  
Thrice they him kist, and took him in their  
arms,  
And dancing round, encircled him with  
charms.  
Pallas her virgin breast did thrice distil  
Into his lips, and him with nectar fill.  
When he grew up to years, his mind was all  
On verses ; verses, that the rocks might call  
To follow him, and hell itself command.  
And wrest Jove's three-fold thunder from  
his hand.  
The satyrs oft-times hemmed him in a ring,  
And gave him pipes and reeds to hear him  
sing ;

Whose vocal notes, tuned to Apollo's lyre,  
The syrens, and the muses did admire.

The nymphs to him their gems and corals  
sent ;

And did with swans, and nightingales pre-  
sent,

Gifts far beneath his worth. The golden  
ore,

That lies on Tagus or Pactolus' shore,  
Might not compare with him, nor that pure  
sand

The Indians find upon Hydaspes' strand.  
His fruitful raptures shall grow up to seed,  
And as the ocean does the rivers feed,  
So shall his wit's rich veins the world supply  
With unexhausted wealth, and ne'er be  
dry.

For whether he, like a fine thread does file  
His terser poems in a comic style,  
Or treats of tragic furies, and him list

To draw his lines out with a stronger  
twist ;

Minerva's, nor Arachne's loom can shew  
Such curious tracts ; nor does the spring  
bestow

Such glories on the field, or Flora's bowers,  
As his work, smile with figures and with  
flowers.

Never did so much strength, or such a  
spell

Of art, and eloquence of papers dwell.

For whilst that he in colours, full and true,  
Men's natures, fancies, and their humours  
drew

In method, order, matter, sense and grace,  
Fitting each person to his time and place ;  
Knowing to move, to slack, or to make  
haste,

Binding the middle with the first and last :  
He framed all minds, and did all passions  
stir,

And with a bridle guide the theatre.

To say now he is dead, or to maintain  
A paradox he lives, were labour vain :  
Earth must to earth. But his fair soul does  
wear

Bright Ariadne's crown ; or is placed near,  
Where Orpheus' harp turns round with  
Læda's swan :

Astrologers, demonstrate where you can  
Where his star shines, and what part of the  
sky

Holds his compendious divinity.

<sup>1</sup> George Donne, the mediocrity of whose  
muse is compensated in some measure by the  
warmth of his friendship, appears to have limited  
his endeavours to measured praises of his com-  
panions' labours. He was evidently familiar

with several poets of eminence, and has commen-  
dations prefixed to the plays of Massinger and  
Ford, as well as before the writings of authors of  
inferior fame.—GILCHRIST.

There he is fixed; I know it, 'cause from  
thence,  
Myself have lately received influence.  
The reader smiles; but let no man deride  
The emblem of my love, not of my pride.  
SHACKERLEY MARMION.<sup>1</sup>

ON THE BEST OF ENGLISH POETS,

BEN JONSON,

DECEASED.

So seems a star to shoot; when from our  
sight

Falls the deceit, not from its loss of light;  
We want use of a soul, who merely know  
What to our passion, or our sense we owe:  
By such a hollow glass, our cozened eye  
Concludes alike, all dead, whom it sees die.  
Nature is knowledge here, but unrefined,  
Both differing, as the body from the mind;  
Laurel and cypress else had grown to-  
gether,

And withered without memory to either:  
Thus undistinguished, might in every part  
The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.  
Forbid it, holy reverence, to his name,  
Whose glory hath filled up the book of  
fame!

Where in fair capitals, free, uncontrolled,  
JONSON, a work of honour lives enrolled:  
Creates that book a work; adds this far  
more,

'Tis finished what unperfect was before.  
The muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome  
Brought forth, our best of poets hath called  
home,

Nurst, taught, and planted here; that  
Thames now sings

The Delphian altars, and the sacred springs.  
By influence of this sovereign, like the  
spheres,

Moved each by other, the most low (in  
years)

Consented in their harmony; though some  
Malignantly aspected, overcome  
With popular opinion, aimed at name  
More than desert: yet in despite of  
shame

Even they, though foiled by his contempt  
of wrongs,

Made music to the harshness of their songs.

Drawn to the life of every line and limb,  
He (in his truth of art, and that in him)  
Lives yet, and will, whilst letters can be  
read;

The loss is ours; now hope of life is dead.  
Great men, and worthy of report, must fall  
Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all:  
Since he, whose pen in every strain did use  
To drop a verse, and every verse a muse,  
Is vowed to heaven; as having with fair  
glory,

Sung thanks of honour, or some nobler  
story.

The court, the university, the heat  
Of theatres, with what can else beget  
Belief, and admiration, clearly prove  
Our POET first in merit, as in love:

Yet if he do not at his full appear,  
Survey him in his Works, and know him  
there.

JOHN FORD.<sup>2</sup>

UPON THE

DEATH OF MASTER BEN JONSON.

'Tis not secure to be too learned, or good,  
These are hard names, and now scarce un-  
derstood:

Dull flagging souls with lower parts, may  
have

The vain ostents of pride upon their grave,  
Cut with some fair inscription, and true cry,  
That both the man and Epitaph there lie!  
Whilst those that soar above the vulgar  
pitch,

And are not in their bags, but studies rich,

<sup>1</sup> Shackerley Marmion, heir of the Shackerleys of Little Longsdon, in Derbyshire, was the eldest son of Shackerley Marmion, lord of the manor of Aynho, in Northamptonshire, where the poet was born in January, 1602. Wood has attributed the dissipation of the family estate to the Shackerley before us, from the habitual prodigality of poets; but the estate was alienated by the elder of the name in the 13th year of James I., when the poet was only 13 years of age. The poet Shackerley was educated at Thame, and afterwards at Wadham College, where, in 1624, he took his Master of Arts degree. He joined Sir John Suckling's memorable regiment, and died after a short illness in 1639.

He has left several plays, some of which possess considerable merit, and has commendatory verses prefixed to the writings of his contemporaries.—GILCHRIST.

<sup>2</sup> John Ford was the second son of Thomas Ford, Esq., of Bagtor, a hamlet in the parish of Islington, in Devonshire, where the poet was baptized the 17th April, 1589. On the 6th November, 1602, Ford was entered of the Middle Temple, and while there published "Fame's Memorial, or the Earl of Devonshire, deceased," a poem, 4to, 1606. He wrote for the stage as early as 1613, and as he ceased his dramatic labours in 1639, it is likely he did not long survive that period.—GILCHRIST.

Must fall without a line, and only be  
A theme of wonder, not of poetry.  
He that dares praise the eminent, he must  
Either be such, or but revile their dust :  
And so must we, great Genius of brave  
verse !

With our injurious zeal profane thy herse.  
It is a task above our skill, if we  
Presume to mourn our own dead elegy ;  
Wherein, like bankrupts in the stock of  
fame,

To patch our credit up, we use thy name ;  
Or cunningly to make our dross to pass,  
Do set a jewel in a foil of brass :  
No, 'tis the glory of thy well-known name,  
To be eternized, not in verse but fame.

JONSON ! that's weight enough to crown thy  
stone :

And make the marble piles to sweat and  
groan

Under the heavy load ! a name shall stand  
Fixed to thy tomb, till time's destroying hand  
Crumble our dust together, and this all  
Sink to its grave, at the great funeral.

If some less learned age neglect thy pen,  
Eclipse thy flames, and lose the name of  
BEN,

In spite of ignorance thou must survive  
In thy fair progeny ; that shall revive  
Thy scattered ashes in the skirts of death,  
And to thy fainting name give a new birth ;  
That twenty ages after, men shall say  
(If the world's story reach so long a day)  
Pindar and Plautus with their double quire  
Have well translated BEN the English lyre.

What sweets were in the Greek or Latin  
known,

A natural metaphor has made thine own :  
Their lofty language in thy phrase so drest,  
And neat conceits in our own tongue ex-  
prest,

That ages hence, critics shall question make  
Whether the Greeks and Romans English  
spake.

And though thy fancies were too high for  
those

That but aspire to Cockpit-flight, or prose,

Though the *fine* plush and velvets of the  
age

Did oft for *sixpence* damn thee from the  
stage,

And, with their mast and acorn stomachs  
ran

To the nasty sweepings of thy serving-man,  
Before thy cates, and swore thy stronger  
food,

'Cause not by them digested, was not good ;  
These moles thy scorn and pity did but  
raise,

They were as fit to judge as we to praise.  
Were all the choice of wit and language  
shown

In one brave epitaph upon thy stone,  
Had learned Donne, Beaumont, and Ran-  
dolph, all

Survived thy fate, and sung thy funeral,  
Their notes had been too low : take this  
from me,

None but thyself could write a verse for  
thee.

R. BRIDEOAKE.<sup>1</sup>

ON

### MASTER BEN JONSON.

Poet of princes, Prince of poets (we,  
If to Apollo, well may pray to thee,)  
Give glow-worms leave to peep, who till  
thy night

Could not be seen, we darkened were with  
light.

For stars t' appear after the fall of the sun,  
Is at the least modest presumption.

I've seen a great lamp lighted by the small  
Spark of a flint, found in a field or wall.

Our thinner verse faintly may shadow forth  
A dull reflection of thy glorious worth ;

And (like a statue homely fashioned) raise  
Some trophies to thy memory, though not  
praise.

Those shallow sirs, who want sharp sight  
to look

On the majestic splendour of thy book,

<sup>1</sup> Ralph, son of Richard and Cicely Brideoake, was born at Chatham Hill, near Manchester, about 1614. On the 15th July, 1630, he was admitted of Brazen Nose College, but removed to New College, where, in 1636, he was created M.A. by royal mandate. Being patronized by the Earl of Derby, he defended that nobleman's house against the parliamentary forces ; but the earl being taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, Brideoake plied Lenthall with so much zeal and skill to preserve his patron's life, that, though he was unsuccessful in

his object, he so interested the Speaker that he was appointed preacher to the Parliament. Notwithstanding his acceptance of this office, upon the Restoration he was appointed chaplain to Charles II., installed Canon of Windsor, Dean of Salisbury, and ultimately advanced to the see of Chichester. While in the active discharge of his episcopal duties he was seized with a fever that hastily terminated his existence, on the 5th October, 1678. He was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where a handsome monument remains to his memory.—GILCHRIST.

That rather choose to hear an Archy's  
prate,

Than the full sense of a learned laureat,  
May, when they see thy name thus plainly  
writ,

Admire the solemn measures of thy wit,  
And like thy works beyond a gaudy show  
Of boards and canvas, wrought by Inigo.  
Ploughmen, who puzzled are with figures,  
come

By tallies to the reckoning of a sum ;  
And milk-sop heirs, which from their  
mother's lap

Scarce travelled, know far countries by a  
map.

Shakespeare may make grief merry, Beau-  
mont's style

Ravish and melt anger into a smile ;  
In winter nights, or after meals they be,  
I must confess, very good company :  
But thou exact'st our best hours' industry ;  
We may read them ; we ought to study  
thee :

Thy scenes are precepts, every verse doth  
give

Counsel, and teach us not to laugh, but  
live.

Thou that with towering thoughts pre-  
sum'st so high,  
(Swelled with a vain ambitious tympany)  
To dream on sceptres, whose brave mis-  
chief calls

The blood of kings to their last funerals,  
Learn from Sejanus his high fall, to prove  
To thy dread sovereign a sacred love ;  
Let him suggest a reverend fear to thee,  
And may his tragedy thy lecture be.

Learn the compendious age of slippery  
power

That's built on blood ; and may one little  
hour

Teach thy bold rashness that it is not safe  
To build a kingdom on a Cæsar's grave.

Thy plays were whipt and libelled, only  
'cause

They are good, and savour of our king-  
dom's laws.

Histrio-Mastix (lightning like) doth wound  
Those things alone that solid are and  
sound.

Thus guilty men hate justice ; so a glass  
Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul face.

There's none that wish thee rods instead of  
bays,

But such, whose very hate adds to thy praise.

Let scribblers (that write post, and versify  
With no more leisure than we cast a dye)

Spur on their Pegasus, and proudly cry,  
This verse I made in the twinkling of an eye.

Thou couldst have done so, hadst thou  
thought it fit ;

But 'twas the wisdom of thy muse to sit  
And weigh each syllable ; suffering nought  
to pass

But what could be no better than it was.  
Those that keep pompous state ne'er go in  
haste ;

Thou went'st before them all, though not  
so fast.

While their poor cobweb-stuff finds as quick  
fate

As birth, and sells like almanacks out of  
date ;

The marble glory of thy laboured rhyme  
Shall live beyond the calendar of time.

Who will their meteors 'bove thy sun ad-  
vance ?

Thine are the works of judgment, theirs of  
chance.

How this whole kingdom's in thy debt ! we  
have

From others periwigs and paints, to save  
Our ruined skulls and faces ; but to thee  
We owe our tongues, and fancies remedy.  
Thy poems make us poets ; we may lack  
(Reading thy Book) stolen sentences and  
sack.

He that can but one speech of thine re-  
hearse,

Whether he will or no, must make a verse :  
Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that  
fruit

Do bring forth trees, which in more branches  
shoot.

Our canting English, of itself alone,  
(I had almost said a confusion)

Is now all harmony ; what we did say  
Before was tuning only, this is play.

Strangers, who cannot reach thy sense, will  
throng

To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue  
As unto birds that sing ; if't be so good

When heard alone, what is't when under-  
stood !

Thou shalt be read as classic authors ; and,  
As Greek and Latin, taught in every land.

The cringing Monsieur shall thy language  
vent,

When he would melt his wench with com-  
pliment.

Using thy phrases he may have his wish  
Of a coy nun, without an angry pish !

And yet in all thy poems there is shown  
Such chastity, that every line's a zone.

Rome will confess that thou mak'st Cæsar  
talk

In greater state and pomp than he could  
walk :

Catiline's tongue is the true edge of swords,  
We now not only hear, but feel his words.

Who Tully in thy idiom understands  
Will swear that his orations are commands.

But that which could with richer language dress

The highest sense, cannot thy worth express.

Had I thy own invention (which affords  
Words above action, matter above words)

To crown thy merits, I should only be  
Sumptuously poor, low in hyperbole.

RICHARD WEST.<sup>1</sup>

#### TO THE MEMORY OF

#### BENJAMIN JONSON.

Our bays, methinks, are withered, and they look

As if (though thunder-free) with envy, strook;

While the triumphant cypress boasts to be  
Designed, as fitter for thy company.

Where shall we now find one dares  
boldly write

Free from base flattery yet as void of  
sight?

That grovels not in 's satires, but soars  
high,

Strikes at the mounting vices, can descry  
With his quick eagle's pen those glorious crimes,

That either dazzle, or affright the times?  
Thy strength of judgment oft did thwart

the tide

O' the foaming multitude, when to their  
side

Thronged plush, and silken censures, whilst  
it chose,

(As that which could distinguish men from  
clothes,

Faction from judgment) still to keep thy  
bays

From the suspicion of a vulgar praise.

But why wrong I thy memory whilst I  
strive,

In such a verse as mine to keep't alive?

Well we may toil, and shew our wits the  
rack,

Torture our needy fancies, yet still lack

Worthy expressions thy great loss to  
moan;

Being none can fully praise thee but thy  
own.

R. MEADE.<sup>2</sup>

#### UPON THE

#### DEATH OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

Let thine own Sylla, BEN, arise, and try  
To teach my thoughts an angry extasy,

That I may fight Contempt, and with just  
darts

Of fury stick thy palsy in their hearts!

But why do I rescue thy name from  
those

That only cast away their ears in prose?

Or, if some better brain arrive so high,

To venture rhymes, 'tis but court bal-  
lady,

Singing thy death in such an uncouth  
tone,

As it had been an execution.

What are his faults (O envy!)—That you  
speak

English at court, the learned stage acts  
Greek?

That Latin he reduced, and could com-  
mand

That which your Shakspeare scarce could  
understand?

That he exposed you, zealots, to make  
known

Your profanation, and not his own?

<sup>1</sup> Richard West, the son of Thomas West of Northampton, was admitted student of Christ Church, from Westminster School, in 1632; took his degrees of bachelor and master of arts, and during the rebellion joined the soldiers of his sovereign. At the restoration he became rector of Shillingston in Dorsetshire, and prebendary of Wells. He published some sermons, and has "a Poem to the pious memory of his dear brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Randolph," prefixed to the works of that excellent dramatic writer.—GILCHRIST.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Meade was born in Fleet Street, in 1616; after receiving the earlier part of his education at Westminster, he removed to Christ

Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of M.A., and afterwards a doctor's degree in physic. When the rebellion broke out, in common with almost all the poets of his day,—he followed the fortunes of his royal and indulgent master, and was appointed by the Governor of Oxford to treat with the Parliamentary army concerning the surrender of that city. After the death of the king he followed Charles II. into France, and was employed by that monarch as his agent in Sweden. Returning into England, he died in the same house, it is said, in which he was born, the 12th Feb., 1652. He left one comedy, "The Combat of Love and Friendship," printed in 4to, 1654.—GILCHRIST.



That one of such a fervent nose, should be  
Posed by a puppet in Divinity?

Fame write them on his tomb, and let him  
have

Their accusations for an epitaph :  
Nor think it strange if such thy scenes  
defy,

That erect scaffolds 'gainst authority.  
Who now will plot to cozen vice, and tell  
The trick and policy of doing well?

Others may please the stage, his sacred  
fire

Wise men did rather worship than ad-  
mire :

His lines did relish mirth, but so severe ;  
That as they tickled, they did wound the  
ear.

Well then, such virtue cannot die, though  
stones

Loaded with epitaphs do press his bones :  
He lives to me ; spite of this martyrdom,

BEN, is the self-same poet in the tomb.

You that can aldermen new wits create,

Know, JONSON'S skeleton is laureat.

H. RAMSAY.<sup>1</sup>

En

JONSONUS NOSTER

Lyricorum Dramaticorumque

Coryphæus

Qui

Pallade auspice

Laurum à Græcia ipsaque Roma

rapuit,

Et

Fausto omine

In Britanniam transtulit

nostram ;

Nunc

Invidia major

Fato, non Æmulis

cessit.

Anno Dom. MDCLXXXVII.

Id. Nonar.

FR. WORTLEY,<sup>2</sup>

Bar.

IN OBITUM

BEN JONSONI

POETARUM FACILE PRINCIPIS.

In quæ projicior discrimina ? quale tremen-  
tem

Traxit in officium pietas temeraria musam ?

Me miserum ! incusso pertentor frigore, et  
umbrâ

Territus ingenti videor pars funeris ipse

Quod celebros ; famæ concepta mole fatisco.

Exiguumque strues restringit prægravis  
ignem.

Non tamen abistam, nam si spes talibus  
ausis

Excidat, extabo laudum JONSONE tuarum

Ubirior testis : totidem quos secula norunt,

Solus tu dignus, cujus præconia spiret,

Deliquum musarum, et victi facta poetæ.

Quis nescit, Romane tuos, in utrâque  
triumphos

Militiâ, laurique decus mox sceptrâ secu-  
tum ?

Virgilius quoque Cæsar erat, nec ferre prio-  
rem

Noverat : Augustum fato dilatus in ævum,

Ut regem vatem jactares regia, teque

Suspiceres gemino prælustrem Roma mo-  
narcha.

En penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,

Munera jactantes eadem, similique beatos

Fortuna ; hæc quoque sæcla suum videre  
Maronem,

Cæsarei vixit qui lætus imagine sceptri,

Implevitque suum Romano carmine no-  
men.

Utque viam cernas, longosque ad summa

paratus ;

En series eadem, vatunquæ similimus ordo.

Quis neget incultum Lucreti carmen, et

Enni

Deformes numeros, musæ incrementa La-  
tinæ ?

Haud aliter nostri præmissa in principis

ortum

<sup>1</sup> H. Ramsay was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, whence, in 1638, he contributed a poem to the "*Musarum Oxoniensium Charisteria pro serenissima Regina Maria, recens è nixus laboriosè discrimine recepta*," printed in 4to.—GILCHRIST.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Francis Wortley, son of Sir Richard Wortley, of Wortley in Yorkshire, became a commoner of Magdalene College (according to Wood), in 1610, and a baronet the year following.

When the Parliament took up arms in defiance of the king, Sir Edward fortified Wortley Hall, and defended it for the king's service. Upon the declining of the royal cause Sir Edward was made prisoner and committed to the Tower. Compounding for his release from imprisonment by forfeiting a large portion of his estate, he became embarrassed with debts. Wood, from whom this account is taken, has given a list of his writings ; but professes to be ignorant of the time of Sir Edward's death.—GILCHRIST.

Ludicra Chauceri, classisque incompta sequentum;

Nascenti apta parum divina hæc machina regno,

In nostrum servanda fuit tantæque decebat Prælusisse Deos ævi certamina famæ;

Nec ~~quidam~~ vates, nec te Shakspeare sili-

Aut quicquid sacri nostros coniecit in annos

Consilium fati: per seros ite nepotes

Illustres animæ, demissaque nomina semper

Candidior fama excipiat; sed parcite divi,

Si majora vocant, si pagina sanctior urget.

Est vobis decor, et nativæ gratia Musæ,

Quæ trahit atque tenet, quæ me modò læta remittit,

Excitum modò in alta rapit, versatque legentem.

Sed quàm te memorem vatium Deus: O nova gentis

Gloria et ignoto turgescens musa cothurno!

Quàm solidat vires, quàm pingui robore surgens

Invaditque hauritque animam: haud temerarius ille

Qui mos est reliquis, probat obvia, magisque fundit

Felici tantum genio; sed destinat ictum, Sed vafer et sapiens cunctator prævia sternit,

Furtivoque gradu subvectus in ardua, tandem

Dimittit pleno correptos fulmine sensus.

Huc, precor, accedat quisquis primo igne calentem

Ad numeros sua musa vocat, nondumque subacti

Ingenii novitate tumens in carmina fertur

Non normæ legisve memor; quis ferre soluti

Naufragium ingenii poterit, mentisque ruinam?

Quanto pulchrior hic mediis qui regnat in undis,

Turbine correptus nullo: cui spiritus ingens Non artem vincit: medio sed verus in oestro,

Princeps insano pugnantem numine musam Edomat, et cudit suspensio metra furore.

In rabiem Catilina tuam conversus et artes

Qualia molitur; quali bacchatur hiatu?

En mugitum oris, conjurat æque Camœnæ,

Divinas furias et non imitabile fulmen!

O verum Ciceronis opus, linguæque disertæ

Elogium spirans! O vox æterna Catonis,

Cæsaream reserans fraudem, retrahensque sequaces

Patricios in cædem, et funera certa reorum!

Quis fando expedit primæ solennia pompæ,

Et circumfusi studium plaususque theatri?

Non tu divini Cicero dux inclyte facti,

Romæ majores vidit servata triumphos.

Celsior incedis nostro, Sejane, cothurno

Quàm te Romani, quàm te tua fata ferebant:

Hinc magis insigni casu, celebrique ruina

Volveris, et gravius terrent exempla theatri.

At tu stas nunquam ruituro in culmine vates,

Despiciens auras, et fallax numen amici,

Tutus honore tuo, genitæque volumine famæ.

A Capreis verbosa et grandis epistola frustra

Venerat, offenso major fruerere Tonante,

Si sic crevisses, si sic, Sejane, stetisses.

O fortunatum, qui te, JONSONE, sequutus

Contextit sua fila, suique est nominis author.

T. TERRENT.<sup>1</sup>

#### VATUM PRINCIPI

BEN. JONSONO

SACRUM.

Poëtarum Maxime!

Sive tu mortem, sive ecstasin passus, Jaces verendum et plus quam hominis funus.

Sic post receptam sacri furoris gloriam,

Cum exhaustum jam numen decoxit emerita vates

Jugique fluxu non reditura se prodegit anima,

Jacuit Sibyllæ cadaver,

Vel trepidis adhuc cultoribus consulendum.

Nulli se longius indulsit Deus, nulli ægrius valedixit;

<sup>1</sup> This poem by Thomas Terrent is a very creditable proof of his skill in the composition of Latin poetry, in which it should seem he principally exercised his muse, since we find a similar tribute prefixed by the same author to the plays and poems of Thomas Randolph.

Terrent was educated at Christ Church, Ox-

ford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts, and was tutor of the College. He is entirely overlooked by Antony Wood, unless he be the *Jerumæ* Terrent said to be the tutor of Cartwright the poet. (*Athenæ*, 2, 35), which seems not unlikely.—GILCHRIST.

**Pares testatus flammæ,**  
 Dum exul, ac dum incolæ.  
 Annorumque jam ingruente vespere,  
**Pectus tuum,** tanquam poeseos horizonta,  
 Non sine rubore suo reliquit :  
**Vatibus** nonnullis ingentia prodere ; nec  
 scire datur :  
 Magnum aliis mysterium, majus sibi,  
 Ferarum ritu vaticinantium  
 Inclusum jactant numen quod nesciunt,  
 Et instinctu sapiunt non intellecto.  
 Quibus dum ingenium facit audacia,  
 prodest ignorare.  
 Tibi primo contigit furore frui pro-  
 prio,  
 Et numen regere tuum.  
**Dum pari luctâ** afflatibus indicium  
 commisisti,  
 Bis entheatus :  
 Aliasque musis mutas addidisti, artes  
 et scientias,  
 Tui plenus poeta.  
 Qui furem insanix eximens  
 Docuisti, et sobrie Aonios latices hau-  
 riri.  
 Primus omnium,  
 Qui effrænem caloris luxuriam frugi con-  
 silio castigaveris,  
 Ut tandem ingenium sine veniâ placi-  
 turum  
 Possideret Britannia,  
 Miraretur orbis,  
 Nihilque inveniret scriptis tuis donandum,  
 præter famam.  
 Quod prologi igitur  
 Velut magnatum propylææ domini titulos  
 proferunt,  
 Perpetuumque celebratur argumentum,  
 ipse author,  
 Non arrogantis hoc est, sed judicantis,  
 Aut vaticinantis,  
 Virtutis enim illud et vatis est, sibi  
 placere.  
 Proinde non invidiâ tantum nostrâ, sed  
 laude tuâ  
 Magnum te prodire jusserunt fata.  
 Qui integrum nobis poetam solus ex-  
 hibuisti,  
 Unusque omnes exprimens.  
 Cum frondes ali laureas decerpunt, tu  
 totum nemus vindicas,  
 Nec adulator laudas, nec invidus per-  
 stringis :  
 Utrumque exosus,  
**Vel sacrificio tuo mella, vel medicinæ ace-**  
 tum immiscere.  
 Nec intenso nimis spiritu avenam di-  
 rupisti,  
 Nec exili nimis tubam emaculasti ;

Servatis utrinque legibus, lex ipse  
 factus.  
 Unâ obsequi religione imperium nactus es :  
 Rerum servus, non temporum.  
 Ita omnium musarum amasius,  
 Omnibus perpetuum certamen astas.  
 Sit Homeri gloria  
 Urbes de se certantes habere, de te dispu-  
 tant musæ,  
 Qui seu cothurno niteris, inter poetas to-  
 nans pater,  
 Sive soccum pede comples rotundo,  
 Et epigrammata dictas agenda,  
 Facetiasque manibus exprimen-  
 das,  
 Adoranda posteris ducis vestigia, et nobis  
 unus es theatrum metari.  
 Non arenæ spectacula scena exhibuit  
 tua,  
 Nec poemata, sed poësin ipsam par-  
 turiit,  
 Populoque mentes, et leges ministravit,  
 Quibus te damnare possent, si tu poteras  
 peccare.  
 Sic et oculos spectanti præstas, et  
 spectacula ;  
 Scenamque condis quæ legi magis gestiat  
 quam spectari.  
 Non histrioni suum delitura ingenium,  
 Alii, quæ nullus Apollo, sed Mer-  
 curius numen,  
 Quibus afflatus præstant vinum et  
 amasia,  
 Truduntque in scenam vitia, morbo  
 poetæ.  
 Quibus musa pagis primisque plaustris  
 apta,  
 Præmoriturum vati carmen,  
 Non edunt, sed abortiunt ;  
 Cui ipsam etiam prælum conditorium  
 est,  
 Novæque lucinæ fraude in tenebras emit-  
 tuntur authores,  
 Dum poemata sic ut diaria,  
 Suo tantum anno et regioni effingunt,  
 Sic quoque Plauti moderni sales,  
 Ipsi tantum Plauto σύγγραφοι :  
 Et vernaculæ nimium Aristophanæ  
 facetiæ  
 Non extra suum theatrum plausus invene-  
 runt :  
 Tu interim  
 Sæculi spiras quoque post futuri ge-  
 nium.  
 Idemque tuum et orbis theatrum est.  
 Dum immensum, cumque lectore crescens  
 carmen,  
 Et perenne uno fundis poema verbo,  
 Tuas tibi gratulamur foelices moras !

Quamquam quid moras reprehendimus, quas  
nostri fecit reverentia?

Æternum scribi debuit quicquid æter-  
num legi.

Poteras tu solus

Stylo sceptris majore orbem moderari.

Romæ Britannos subjugavit gladius,

Romam Britannis calamus tuus,

Quam sic vinci gestientem,

Cothurno Angliaco sublimiorem quam suis  
collibus cernimus.

Demum quod majus est, ætatem nobis nos-  
tram subjicis;

Oraculique vicarius,

Quod jussit *Deus*, fides præstat sacer-  
dos,

Homines seipsos noscere instituens.

Lingua nostra

Tibi collectanea tecum crevit,

Vocesque patrias, et tuas simul formasti.

Nec indigenam amplius, sed JONSONI jac-  
tamus facundiam,

Ut inde semper tibi contingat tuâ linguâ  
celebrari;

Qui et Romam

Disertiores docuisti voces.

Municipali denuo iocomeate superbientem,  
Græciamque etiam

Orbis magistram excoluisti,

Nunc aliâ quàm Atticâ Minervâ eloquen-  
tem.

Te solo dives poteras aliorum ingenia com-  
temnere,

Et vel sine illis evasisses ingenii com-  
pendium:

Sed ut ille pictor,

Mundo daturus par ideæ exemplar,

Quas hinc et inde pulchritudines

Sparserat natura,

Collegit artifex:

Formæque rivulus palantes in unum cogens  
oceanum,

Inde exire jussit alteram sine nævo  
Venerem.

Ita tibi ~~parere~~ machinam molito,  
In hoc etiam ut pictura erat poesis:

Alii inde authores materies ingenio tuo  
accedunt,

Tu illis ars, et lima adderis.

Et si poetæ audient illi, tu ipsa  
poesis;

Authorum non alius calamus, sed  
author.

Scriptores diu sollicitos teipso tandem  
docens,

Quem debeat genium habere victurus  
liber.

Qui præcesserunt, quotquot erant, viarum  
tantum iudices fuerunt:

Tu solum Columna.

Quæ prodest aliis virtus, obstat  
domino.

Et qui cæteros emendatis trans-  
scripseras,

Ipse transcribi nescis.

Par prioribus congressus, futuris  
impar,

Scenæ Perpetuus Dictator.

ROB. WARING.<sup>1</sup>

## EPITAPHIUM

### IN BEN. JONSON.

Adsta, hospes! pretium moræ est, sub isto

Quid sit, discere, conditum sepulchro.

Socci deliciæ; decus cothurni;

Scenæ pompa; cor et caput theatri;

Linguarum sacer helluo; perennis

Defluxus venerum; scatebra salsi

Currens lene joci, sed innocentis;

Artis perspicuum jubar; coruscum

Sydus; judicii pumex, profundus

Doctrinæ puteus, tamen serenus;

Scriptorum genius; poeticus dux,

Quantum O sub rigido latet lapillo!

WILLIAM BEW.<sup>2</sup>

N. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Waring, the son of Edward Waring, of Lea in Staffordshire, and of Oldbury in Shropshire, was born in Staffordshire, in 1613, was elected into Christ Church, Oxford, from Westminster School, and took the degree of Master of Arts. In 1647 he was chosen proctor and historical professor: but, following the loyal example of his companions in taking up arms for the king, he was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors. He then travelled into France with Sir William Whitmore, "a great patron of distressed cavaliers,"—but returning to England, he contracted an inveterate disorder which terminated his existence in 1658.—GILCHRIST.

<sup>2</sup> William Bew was born at Hagborne in

Berkshire, and after being educated at Winchester School, removed to New College, Oxford, of which he became fellow in 1637, and where he took his degree as Master of Arts in 1644. When his rebellious subjects took up arms against the king, Bew joined the soldiers of his sovereign, and had a majority of horse. Being chosen proctor for 1648, he was set aside by the Parliamentary visitors, and, being ejected from his fellowship by the same authority, he quitted England and served the Swedes in their war against the Poles. Hitherto arms appear to have been his profession,—but more peaceable times arriving, with the return of Charles II., Bew returned, and being restored to his fellow-

## IN OBITUM

## BEN. JONSON.

Nec sic excidimus : pars tantum vilior audit  
Imperium Libitina tuum, caelestior urget  
Æthereos tractus, mediasque supervolat  
auras,

Et velut effusum spissa inter nubila lumen  
Ingenii strictura micat : felicior ille,  
Quisquis ab hoc vincturam actavit lampada  
Phœbo.

In famulante faces accendimus, idque  
severæ,

Quod damus alterius vitæ, concedimus  
umbræ.

Sic caput Ismarii, cæsa cervice, Poetæ,  
Nescio quid rapido vocale immurmurat  
Hebro,

Memnonis adverso sic stridit chordula  
Phœbo,

Datque modos magicos, tenuesque reci-  
procat auras.

Seu tu grandiloqui torques vaga frœna  
theatri,

En tibi vox geminis applaudit publica pal-  
mis ;

Seu juvat in numeros, palantes cogere voces  
Mæoniâ JONSONE cheli, tepronus amantum  
Prosequitur cœtus, studioso imitamine va-  
tum.

BENJAMINI insignis quondam quintuplice  
ditis

Suffit mensæ, densaque paropside, sed tu  
Millenâ plus parte alios excedis, et auctis  
Accumulas dapibus, propriâ de dote, pla-  
centam.

SAM. EVANS, LL. Bacc.  
No. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

ship, he became vicar of Ebberbury in Oxford-  
shire. On the 22nd June, 1679, he was conse-  
crated Bishop of Llandaff, and died in his nine-

## IN

## BEN. JONSON.

Quod martes Epico tonat cothurno,  
Sive aptat Elegis leves amores,  
Seu sales Epigrammatum jocosos  
Promit, seu numerosiora plectro  
Jungit verba, sibi secundat orsa  
Cyrthæus, nec Hyantiæ sorores  
Ulli dexterius favent poetæ,  
Hoc cum Mæonide sibi et Marone,  
Et cum Callimacho, et simul Tibullo  
Commune est, aliisque cum trecentis :  
Sed quod Anglia quotquot eruditos  
Fæcundo ediderit sinu poetas  
Acceptos referat sibi, sua omnes  
Hos industria finxerit, labosque  
JONSONI, hoc proprium est suumque totum,  
Qui Poëmata fecit et Poetas.

R. BRIDEOAKE.<sup>1</sup>

Ἰωνσων ποτε φῦντι παρεστη ποτνια Μοῦσα,  
Και Βρομιος, και Ερως, και Χαριτων θιασος,  
Ενιος αρτιτοκον λαβε νεβριδι, σπαιρξε τε κισσῶ,  
Λουσας και ποτισας νεκταρ τῷ βοτρυνος.  
Κυσσαν δι' αἱ Χαριτες, και αειθαλεσσι ροδοισιν  
Εστεφον, ηδ' ιεροῖς βακχαριδος πεταλοις.  
Κεστον τυτθος ερως, συλησας μητερα δωκεν,  
'Αγρον θελξινοφ φιλτρον αοιδωπολῳ'  
Τοῖς δ' επι Μῦσα σοφῳ ψιθυρισματι παιδ' εμνησε,  
Χρυσειας πτερυγας λικνου υπερσχομενη'  
Χαιρε θεῶν κηρυξ, γαιης μεγα χαρμα Βρετανιης.  
'Χαιρ' ελπις Σκηνων των ετι γυμνοποδων'  
'Αἰς συ χορηγησων εἴτ' εμβας, εἰτε κοθορνους,  
'Ελλαδα και Γωμην ες φθονον οιστρελασεις'  
Γαυριων θρυκοῖσι νεοδηγητοιο Θεατρον,  
Ικρι' αμειψαμενον μαρμαρεων ψαλιδων.  
Η' και ἀπιπταμενη, βρεφους παλαμην ενηκε  
Πλινθον, ἀρειοτερης συμβολον οικοδομης.

tieth year, on the 10th Feb., 1705.—GIL-  
CHRIST.

<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Chichester. See p. 517.



## Supplementary Pieces.

TO HIS MUCH AND WORTHILY-ESTEEMED FRIEND, THE  
AUTHOR OF "CINTHIA'S REVENGE."

[These lines are prefixed to *Cynthia's Revenge: or Menander's Extasie. Written by John Stephens, Gent., London. 1613.* Mr. W. C. Hazlitt (to whose valuable *Hand Book* I am indebted for a knowledge of the existence of this and the three following pieces) states his conviction that "although the name of Stephens appears upon the title, internal evidence establishes the authorship of Swallow."—F. C.]

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Who takes thy volume to his virtuous<br/>hand<br/>Must be intended still to understand :<br/>Who bluntly doth but look upon the same<br/>May ask, <i>What Author would conceal his<br/>name ?</i><br/>Who reads may roave,<sup>1</sup> and call the pas-<br/>sage dark,</p> | <p>Yet may as blind men, sometimes, hit the<br/>mark.<br/>Who reads, who roaves, who hopes to<br/>understand,<br/>May take thy volume to his virtuous hand.<br/>Who cannot read, but only doth desire<br/>To understand, he may at length admire.<br/>B. I.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

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[From "The New English Canaan. Containing an Abstract of New England in three Books, written upon tenne Yeares Knowledge and Experiment of the Country. [By Thomas Morton.] Amsterdam. 1627. 4to.—F. C.]

<p>I sing the adventures of nine worthy wights, And pity 'tis I cannot call them knights, Since they had brawn and brain, and were right able To be installed of Prince Arthur's table ; Yet all of them were squires of low degree, As did appear by rules of Heraldry. The Magi told of a prodigious birth, That shortly should be found upon the earth, By Archimede's art, which they mis- conster Unto their land would prove a hideous monster. Seven heads it had, and twice so many feet, Arguing the body to be wondrous great ; Besides a forked tail, heaved up on high, As if it threatened battle to the sky. The Rumour of this fearful prodigy Did cause the effeminate multitude to cry, For want of great Alcides' aid, and stood Like people that have seen Medusa's head :</p>	<p>Great was the grief of heart, great was the moan, And great the fear conceived by every one, Of Hydra's hideous form and dreadful power, Doubting in time this monster would devour All their best flocks, whose dainty wool consorts Itself with scarlet in all Prince's Courts. Not Jason, nor the adventurous youths of Greece, Did bring from Colchos any richer fleece : In emulation of the Grecian force, These Worthies nine prepared a wooden horse, And, pricked with pride of like success, devise How they may purchase glory by this prize, And, if they give to Hydra's head the fall, It will remain a platform unto all Their brave achievements, and in time to come, <i>Per fas aut nefas</i> they'll erect a throne.</p>
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<sup>1</sup> To *roave*, or *rove*, a term of archery ; means here to *take a guess*.

Clubs are turned trumps : so now the lot  
 is cast  
 With fire and sword to Hydra's den they  
 haste,  
 Mars in the ascendant, Sol in Cancer  
 now,  
 And Lerna Lake to Pluto's Court must  
 bow.  
 What though they are rebuked by thun-  
 dering Jove,  
 'Tis neither gods or men that can re-  
 move  
 Their minds from making this a dismal  
 day :  
 These nine will now be actors in this play,  
 And summon Hydra to appear anon  
 Before their witless combination.  
 But his undaunted spirit, nursed with  
 meat  
 Such as the Cyclops gave their babes to  
 eat,  
 Scorned their base accons, forwith Cecrops  
 charm  
 He knew he could defend himself from  
 harm  
 Of Minos, Eacus, and Radamand,  
 Princes of Limbo, who must out of hand  
 Consult 'bout Hydra what must now be  
 done.  
 Who having sate in Counsel one by one  
 Return this answer to the Stygian fiends ;  
 And first grim Minos spake, " Most loving  
 friends,  
 Hydra prognosticks ruin to our state,  
 And that our kingdom will grow deso-  
 late ;  
 But if one head from thence be ta'en  
 away,  
 The body and the members will decay."  
 "To take in hand," said Eacus, " this  
 task,  
 Is such as hare-brained Phaeton did ask  
 Of Phœbus to begird the world about,  
 Which, granted, put the nether lands to  
 rout.  
 Presumptuous fools learn wit at too much  
 cost,  
 For life and labour both at once he lost."  
 Stern Radamantus being last to speak,  
 Made a great hum, and thus did silence  
 break :  
 "What if with rattling chains or iron  
 bands,  
 Hydra be bound either by feet or hands,  
 And after being lashed with smarting rods,  
 He be conveyed by Styx unto the gods,  
 To be accused on the upper ground  
*Of læsæ majestatis* ; this crime found,  
 'Twill be impossible from thence I trow  
 Hydra shall come to trouble us below."  
 This sentence pleased the friends ex-  
 ceedingly,  
 That up they tossed their bonnets and did  
 cry,  
 "Long live our Court in great prosperity !"   
 The Sessions ended, some did straight  
 devise  
 Court Revels, antics, and a world of joys ;  
 Brave Christmas gambols, therewith open  
 hall  
 Kept to the full, and sport the Divell and  
 all !  
 Labours despised, the looms are laid away,  
 And this proclaimed the Stygian holiday !  
 In came grim Minos with his motley beard,  
 And brought a distillation well prepared ;  
 And Eacus, who is as sure as text,  
 Came in with his preparatives the next.  
 Then Radamantus, last and principall,  
 Feasted the Worthies in his sumptuous  
 hall.  
 There Charon, Cerberus, and the rout of  
 fiends,  
 Had lap enough, and so their pastime ends.



## The Ghyrlond of the Blessed Virgin Marie.

[From "The Female Glory; or, the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady, the holy Virgin Mary, God's own Immaculate Mother. London, printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson. 1635." I doubt much whether these stanzas are Jonson's.—F. C.]

Here are five letters in this blessed name,  
Which, changed, a five-fold mystery  
design;

The M the Myrtle, A the Almonds claim,  
R Rose, I Ivy, E sweet Eglantine.

These form thy ghyrlond. Whereof,  
Myrtle Green,

The gladdest ground to all the num-  
bered five,  
Is so implexed, and laid in between,  
As Love here studied to keep Grace alive.

The second string is the sweet Almond  
bloom,

Uprighted high upon Selinis crest;  
As it alone, and only it, had room  
To knit thy crown, and glorify the rest.

The third is from the garden called the  
Rose,

The Eye of flowers, worthy for his scent

To top the fairest Lily now that grows,  
With wonder on the thorny regiment.

The fourth is humble Ivy, intersert  
But lowly laid, as on the earth asleep,  
Preserved in her antique bed of Vert,  
No faith's more firm, or flat, than  
where't doth creep.

But that which sums all is the Eglantine,  
Which, of the field, is classed the  
sweetest brier,  
Inflamed with ardour to that mystic  
shine  
In Moses' bush, unwasted in the fire.

Thus Love, and Hope, and burning  
Charity,  
Divinest graces, are so intermixed  
With odorous sweets and soft humility,  
As if they adored the Head whereon  
they're fixed.

## The Reverse, on the Back Side.

These Mysteries do point to three more  
great,

On the reverse of this your circling  
crown,

All pouring their full share of graces  
down,

The glorious Trinity in Union met.

Daughter, and Mother, and the Spouse of  
God,

Alike of kin to that most blessed Trine

Of persons, yet in Union ONE divine,

How are thy gifts and graces blazed  
abroad!

Most holy and pure Virgin, blessed Maid,  
Sweet tree of life, King David's strength  
and tower,

The House of gold, the gate of heaven's  
power,

The Morning Star, whose light our Fall  
bath stayed.

Great Queen of Queens, most mild, most  
meek, most wise,

Most venerable Cause of all our joy,

Whose cheerful look our sadness doth  
destroy,

And art the spotless mirror to man's eyes



The Seat of Sapience, the most lovely  
Mother,  
And most to be admiréd of thy sex,  
Who mad'st us happy all in thy  
reflex,  
By bringing forth GOD's only Son, no  
other.

Thou throne of glory, beauteous as the  
Moon,  
The rosy Morning, or the rising Sun,

Who like a Giant hastes his course to run,  
Till he hath reached his two-fold point of  
Noon.

How are thy gifts and graces blazed abroad  
Through all the lines of this circum-  
ference,  
T' imprint in all purged hearts this virgin  
sense  
Of being Daughter, Mother, Spouse of GOD.  
B. I.

## Cock Lorrel's Song.

[In the recently published volume of "Loose and Humorous Songs, from Bishop Percy's folio MS.," is a version of the Cocklorrel Song in the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* which contains a multitude of various readings, and the following six stanzas, which take the place of the single one, commencing "The jowl of a jailor served for a fish," at vol. iii. p. 156 b.—F. C.]

Then broiled and broacht on a butcher's  
prick [skewer],  
The kidney came in of a Holy Sister ;  
This bit had almost made his devilship  
sick,  
That his doctor did fear he would need  
a glister :

"For hark," quoth he, "how his belly  
rumbles !"  
And then with his paw—that was a  
reacher—  
He pulled-to a pie of a Traitor's numbles,  
And the giblets of a Silent Teacher.

The jowl of a Jailor was served for a fish,  
With vinegar pist by the Dean of Dun-  
stable,  
Two Aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish,  
With a dried Deputye, and a souséd  
Constable.

These got him so fierce a stomach again  
That now he wants meat whereon to  
feed-a ;  
He called for the victuals were dressed for  
his train,  
And they brought him up an Olla po-  
drida,

Wherein were mingled Courtiers, Clown,  
Tradesmen, Merchants, Banquerouts  
store,  
Churchmen, Lawyers, of either gown  
Of Civil or Common ;—Player and  
Whore ;

Countess and Servant ; Lady and Woman ;  
Mistress and Chambermaid ; Coachman  
and Knight ;  
Lord and Huisher ; Groom and Yeoman ;—  
Where first the fiend with his fork did light.  
All which devoured, &c. &c. &c.



## Ode ἀλληγορικῇ.

[These spirited, and thoroughly Jonsonian stanzas, are prefixed to a Poem, published in 1603, with the following title, "PANCHARIS: The first Booke, containing The Preparation of the Love betweene Owen Tudyr, and the Queene, long since intended to her Maiden Majestie; And now dedicated to *The Invincible James*, Second and greater Monarch of Great *Britaine*, King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, with the Islands adjacent. Printed at London by V. S. for Clement Knight. 1603."

This work, of which only one copy is known to exist (among Burton's books in the Bodleian) was first described in 1865 by Mr. Collier, in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, vol. ii. p. 443, and afterwards reprinted in the following year in his "green series," or "Illustrations of our Old English Literature." Particular attention was called by him to this Ode of Jonson's, which has notwithstanding been overlooked by Mr. Hazlitt. The notices of Scotland are especially interesting, as showing for how many years before he actually visited it, the localities of his ancestral land had occupied his mind. His mention of the drinking habits of the Danes, in the same year in which *Hamlet* was first published, has hitherto escaped Shakspearian commentators.—F. C.]

## I.

Who saith our times nor have nor can  
Produce us a black swan?  
Behold where one doth swim,  
Whose note and hue  
Besides the other swannes admiring him,  
Betray it true:  
A gentler bird than this  
Did never dint the breast of *Tamiris*.

## II.

Mark, mark, but when his wing he  
takes,  
How fair a flight he makes!  
How upward and direct!  
Whilst pleased Apollo  
Smiles in his sphere to see the rest affect  
In vain to follow.  
This swanne is only his,  
And *Phabus'* love cause of his blackness is.

## III.

He showed him first the hoof-cleft spring,  
Near which the *Thespiads* sing;  
The clear *Dircean* fount  
Where *Pindar* swam;  
The pale *Pyrene* and the forked *Mount*:  
And when they came  
To brooks and broader streams,  
From *Zephyr's* rape would close him with  
his be

## IV.

This changed his down, till this, as white  
As the whole beard in sight,  
And still is in the breast;  
That part nor winde,  
Nor sun could make to vary from the rest,  
Or alter kinde;  
So much doth virtue hate,  
For style of rareness, to degenerate.

## V.

Be then both rare and good: and long  
Continue thy sweet song.  
Nor let one river boast  
Thy tunes alone;  
But prove the air, and sail from coast to  
coast:  
Salute old *Mone*.  
But first to *Cluid* stoop low,  
The vale that bred thee pure, as her hills'  
snow.

## VI.

From thence display thy wing again  
Over *Ierna* main  
To the *Eugenian* dale;  
There charm the rout  
With thy soft notes, and hold them within  
pale  
That late were out.  
Music hath power to draw,  
Where neither force can bend, nor fear can  
awe.

## VII.

Be proof, the glory of his hand,  
 (*Charles Montjoy*) whose command  
 Hath all been harmony ;  
 And more hath won  
 Upon the *Kerne*, and wildest *Irishry*  
 Than time hath done,  
 Whose strength is above strength,  
 And conquers all things ; yea itself, at  
 length.

## VIII.

Who ever sapt at *Baphyre* river,  
 That heard but spight deliver  
 His far-admir'd acts,  
 And is not rapt  
 With entheate rage to publish their bright  
 tracts?  
 But this more apt  
 When him alone we sing) ;  
 Now must we ply our aim, our swan's on  
 wing.

## IX.

Who (see) already hath o'erflown  
 The *Hebrid* Isles, and known  
 The scattered *Orcades* ;  
 From thence is gone  
 To utmost *Thule* ; whence he backs the  
 Seas  
 To *Caledon*,  
 And over *Grampius* mountain  
 To *Loumond* lake, and *Twede's* black-  
 springing fountain.

## X.

Haste, haste, sweet singer ! nor to *Tine*,  
*Humber*, or *Ouse* decline ;  
 But over land to *Trent* :  
 There cool thy plumes,  
 And up again, in skies and air to vent  
 Their reeking fumes ;  
 Till thou at *Tames* alight,  
 From whose proud bosom thou began'st  
 thy flight.

## XI.

*Tames*, proud of thee and of his fate  
 In entertaining late  
 The choise of *Europe's* pride,

The nimble *French*,  
 The *Dutch*, whom wealth (not hatred) doth  
 divide,  
 The *Danes* that drench  
 Their cares in wine : with sure  
 Though slower *Spaine*, and *Italy* mature.

## XII.

All which, when they but hear a strain  
 Of thine shall think the *Maine*  
 Hath sent her *Mermaides* in,  
 To hold them here ;  
 Yet, looking in thy face, they shall begin  
 To lose that fear ;  
 And (in the place) envy  
 So black a bird so bright a qualitie.

## XIII.

But should they know (as I) that this  
 Who warbleth *PANCHARIS*,  
 Were *Cycnus*, once high flying  
 With Cupid's wing ;  
 Though now, by Love transformed and  
 daily dying,  
 (Which makes him sing  
 With more delight and grace) ;  
 Or thought they *Leda's* white adulter's  
 place

## XIV.

Among the stars should be resigned  
 To him, and he there shrined ;  
 Or *Tames* be wrapt from us  
 To dim and drown  
 In heaven the sign of old *Bridannus*.  
 How they would frown !  
 But these are mysteries  
 Concealed from all but clear prophetick  
 eyes.

## XV.

It is enough, their grief shall know  
 At their return, nor *Po*,  
*Iberus*, *Tagus*, *Rheine*,  
*Scheldt*, nor the *Maas*,  
 Slow *Arar*, nor swift *Rhone*, the *Leyre*,  
 nor *Seine*,  
 With all the race  
 Of *Europe's* waters can  
 Set out a like, or second to our *Swan*.



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